

Mind Trek DSR

James Richard

A patient diagnosed with schizophrenic DSR has been on what he describes as a Mind Trek. A team of medical researcher's decide to interview him, as they do, they discover the person behind the medical condition.



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Part One

Jim walks towards the front door.

The door bell rings.

Jim opens the door to find three people at the door step.

Dr Thomas, Dr Dave and Dr John.

Thomas Sorry we are a bit late, the traffic was none too good.

They are ten minutes late.

Jim That's OK. It gave me time to tidy up.
 Come in, come in.

Doctors Thomas, Dave and John walk in and sit down.

Jim shuts and locks the door.

Jim sits down on the settee opposite the three professionals.

Jim is dressed casually.

Dr Dave and Dr John are wearing suites.

Dr Thomas is dressed in a shirt and tie.

There is a large television opposite Jim.

Dr Dave and Dr John look at the television.

Jim switches the television off.

Thomas How have you been then?

Jim Fine, nothing much has happened. I have learnt to ignore a lot of
 the things that were bothering me and anyway the medication
 seems to cut a lot of it out.

Thomas That is good. I guess you are wondering who these gentlemen are?

Dr Thomas gestures to the two other professionals.

Thomas This is Dr John, he is a medical officer and this is Dr Dave, he is a
 science officer, they both work for a government medical research
 department.

The two professionals shake hands with Jim as they are introduced.

<Voice> *Jim smiles each time but says nothing. Jim has learnt not to ask
 questions or offer any input. As whatever he has said is interpreted
 as a symptom.*

<Jim> *Resistance is futile. [The Borg. Star Trek:TNG]*

<Voice> *From past experience, Jim has come to realise that his illness removes his basic human rights for self determination. All he can do is go along with the doctors and wait until they declare that he is no longer ill.*

<Voice> *Unfortunately in this World, sanity itself is objective.*

<Voice> *Jim knows that there is something wrong with him but he has been unable to figure it out. Weird thoughts have been passing through his mind for several months now and he has been through psychological torture trying to cope with them. He has been through many episodes of mental attacks, enough to make a whole series of the X Files and at least two series of Star Trek. He has now learnt to come to terms with this roller coaster mental state.*

<Voice> *Jim has a good sense of humour and has used this to his advantage. Jim has realised that he is in control of his imaginary world. He uses comic relief to break the tension and to defend himself against the strange thoughts that attack him. This all sounds pretty wacky and insane, this is because Jim has been diagnosed with Delusional Self Reference, DSR for short.*

<Voice> *DSR is a mental illness, branded under the heading schizophrenia, and is the same illness David Icke, the ex-TV presenter who thought he was Jesus Christ and now goes around giving talks on how he thinks that the top people in power are aliens.*

<Voice> *Jim has been through the basic tests that the medical profession do, three blood tests and a brain scan. These tests are to show if the patient has been exposed to any hallucinogenic drugs, is suffering from a blood disorder, or has any major brain defects. Once they have ruled out these known physical causes they assume the patient has an excess dopamine or neuroadrenaline in their brain. They prescribe strong drugs such as Risperdal to dampen down this chemical imbalance in the brain.*

<Voice> *In countries where medicine is less prolific they use mantra's and mental exercise to help patients. The symptoms for schizophrenia are diverse and some of them might be thought of as just normal behaviour for some people. But it is the combination of these symptoms that cause schizophrenia to be diagnosed.*

Thomas *Dr John would like to ask you a few questions.*

<Jim> *I bet he would.*

Jim OK.

Jim turns to Dr John.

Dr John Good morning.

Jim Hi.

Dr John looks down at a set of notes in his lap.

Dr Thomas sits back and Dr Dave looks down at his set of notes.

Jim is sitting forward with his hands in his lap, looking at the notes in Dr Johns lap.

There is a ten second pause before Dr John speaks.

Dr John I see your family called in Dr Thomas after you had been acting strangely for several weeks.

Jim Yes, I had managed to work myself up into a bit of an excited state after doing something a bit out of character.

<Jim> *And potentially dangerous.*

Dr John And what was that then?

Jim I would rather not discuss it, it was a silly thing to do and I realise now that it was part of my illness.

<Jim> *I am not going down that road again.*

Dr John In Dr Thomas's notes, he has said that you made some sort of public protest and that you thought you had been followed back home by a group of unknown people. Is that correct?

Jim looks at Dr Thomas.

Jim Well, yes.

Dr John Can you give me a bit more information?

Jim I was a bit worked up and wanted to vent my anger in a civilised way. I thought nothing of it at the time. This is the Untied Kingdom, not a military state.

<Jim> *Isn't it?*

Dr John Why do you think you were followed?

Jim I saw one man three times, at one point he was standing at the corner of a square looking straight at me. I was at the opposite corner.

Dr John He might have been just curious?

Jim He might have been. Then there was a blind man on the tube. A man had made a point of helping him on and asking for somebody to let him know when the train reached Richmond. The train terminated there so it was a bit of a silly request.

Dr John That does not sound too disturbing.

Jim While I was looking in the door window, I saw him starring at me. I was standing next to the door and he was sat in the seat diagonally opposite.

Dr John But blind people do stare, they cannot see who they are starring at.

Dr John turns to Dr Thomas and smiles.

Jim When I turned to look at him, he turned away abruptly, as if he had seen me look towards him.

Dr John Oh.

<Jim> *That's right, oh.*

Dr John looks down at his notes.

Dr Dave writes some notes in the margin of his note book.

Jim sits back in his seat with one arm on the arm of the sofa.

Thomas Jim. That does not mean that he could see you, it was just a coincidence.

Jim I know, but I am just explaining why I managed to work myself up into a state.

<Voice> *Jim remains calm and collected, he no longer feels the need to try to explain things to anybody, they have not been interested for months now and any attempt to get him involved in the charade of being interested was a non-starter.*

Dr John Was there anything else?

Jim Before this I had met a homeless man at Waterloo station who seemed interested in me. Probably for my loose change but he showed me his list of convictions for beating up policemen and told me of how he had fought in the Falklands war.

Dr John Why did you talk to him?

Jim He came and sat beside me. I thought it would be rather rude to get up and leave when he had just sat down.

Dr John looks down at his notes and scribbles down something.

Jim looks at the note book to see what he is writing.

Dr John looks up.

Dr John Go on.

Jim Well he seemed to think I was a policeman or something. I guess he thought he might be able to have a fight with me. I remember, as he sat down I saw a man on the escalator staring straight at me, he looked like one of these young homeless types.

Dr John So you felt threatened?

Jim Yes, I felt threatened and misunderstood.

Anyway, he kept trying to look at my briefcase, I thought he might have been thinking of taking it. As we talked, he began to sway more and more.

Dr John Was he drunk?

Jim I do not know, I could not smell anything.

He was looking a bit funny so I offered him a couple of quid, which he took. I thought he would then move on, but he stayed. He was beginning to look quite agitated and was saying how his brother was a business man in Glasgow, I kept saying you are a good man, you are a good man.

Jim sits forward.

Jim I decided it was time to go. I said I was going and stood up. He stood up too. I shook his hand and said good bye. He said he would like to follow me. As we walked he was swaying around, looking at my briefcase as I swung it back and forth. Eventually he peeled off and I went down to the tube.

Dr John turns to Dr Dave, then to Dr Thomas.

Dr John That sounds a bit lucky, he might have tried to mug you.

Jim I did not get the feeling he was interested in mugging me. He was just interested in my briefcase. This was before I had those two other incidents. Which made me think maybe he was part of the same group of people.

Jim sits back in his seat.

Jim That is why I worked myself up, because I did not know whether these incidents were related or what was happening. Now I realise I was just imagining it all and linking the incidents together in my head into a cohesive story about being followed.

Thomas That's right Jim it was all part of the illness, there is no reason for people to follow you, is there?

Jim No.

<Jim> *Especially now they think I am just another nutter.*

Thomas Well, now that I have introduced you to Dr John I must be on my way, if you don't mind Jim?

Jim looks at the two doctors and then back at Dr Thomas.

Thomas Dr John and Dr Dave want to stay on for a bit longer and discuss some things with you. Do not be worried, they are not part of your treatment. They are just conducting some research into cases of schizophrenia. I thought you would be helpful. And it is good therapy.

Dr Thomas stands up, Jim stands up too and opens the door.
Jim unlocks the front door and steps aside to let Dr Thomas out.
Dr Thomas looks at the two professionals.

Thomas Bye then.
Dr John Thank you for your help.

Dr Thomas steps out of the front door.

Thomas Jim. Do not worry, they won't ask you too many questions and you don't have to answer if you don't want to.
Jim OK.
Thomas I will see you the same time in a fortnight.

Dr Thomas walks off towards his car and Jim locks the front door.
He goes back into the front room.

Jim Would you like a drink?
Dr John That is very kind of you, but no thank you. Please sit down and we can continue.

Jim sits down.

Jim OK. What else do you want to know?
Dr John I am glad Dr Thomas has left us, as I could see that you were not particularly relaxed.
Jim No, he is OK.
<Jim> *I just have to watch what I say.*
Dr John Well that's fine, but you do not have to worry about us, we will not be passing on any information to Dr Thomas. We are here purely for academic reasons.
Dr Dave Yes, we just want to know a bit more about your symptoms and experiences.

Dr Dave sits forward and looks straight into Jim's right eye.

<Voice> *One of Jim's experiences was related to a painting he had done some ten years ago. It was an abstract. He had done it as an experiment in colour. During his illness he had rummaged through his old junk, trying to get a handle on what it was that was happening to him. His initial thoughts were that his creative side of his brain was looking for attention. So he looked at some of the paintings and drawings he used to do. He had never understood this one and now when he looked at it he could see that it was translated image of a right eye. He had turned the picture upside down and became quite shocked by its vividness. It had worried him, as he was partially blind in the right eye. He wondered how and why he had painted it.*

Jim What would you like to know?

<Jim> *And don't ask me about my right eye.*

Dr Dave sits back and looks at his notes.

Dr John We understand that you hear voices?

Jim No, I have never heard voices.

<Jim> *And I don't think I am David Icke.*

Dr John Oh, we understood that you had.

Jim No, that is not what I said. I explained to Dr Thomas that I had made stories up from records and music that I have. I became very preoccupied with it all, I was trying to work out what was going on with me.

Dr John Oh? and what did you find out?

Jim smiles.

<Voice> *Jim knows this is not a good thing to do, as misplaced smiling can be perceived as a symptom of schizophrenia.*

<Jim> *Damn, I smiled, quick say something funny.*

Jim Not a lot, apart from that I could get a job on Who's Line Is It Anyway. You know the television series.

<Jim> *OK say something stupid.*

Dr John Why is that?

Jim Because I was very good at making up a story based upon almost anything.

Dr John For example?

Jim Well, I think my first episode was with my sons' toys.

Dr Dave What these ones here?

Jim Yes, some of those ones. I would use his Buzz Lightyear as a defence. To infinity and beyond and all that. It was quite interesting really, if I had not seemed so real I would have found it funny. It was a bit like going back to having childish fears.

Dr John Were you in control of yourself.

Jim Yes. I had no feeling of being out of control. All I felt was the need to act out certain sequences or actions, a bit like being in a play. I just followed the story as best I could, using my own imagination.

Dr John Interesting.

Jim I am glad my wife is not here, she found that word frightening, as I would say it quite often, when I was ill.

Dr John shuffles in his seat. Dr Dave smiles.

Dr John Can you remember any of the stories?

Jim Yes. The first one was to do with passing some sort of test. I seemed to be asking myself what it was in life that I valued. I went through quite a bit of soul searching for that one. I came to the conclusion that my priorities had been misplaced and that I need to spend more time enjoying myself.

Dr John Anything in particular?

Jim I would rather not say. I did listen to some of my wife's music and I could tell she was not happy.

Dr John What sort of music was that?

Jim Sting, Clanad and Enya. It was quite funny as I asked my wife if she fancied Sting. She took it a bit too seriously. A few months later there was an episode on Ally McBeal about Sting being sued for breach of promise by one of his fans. It was a funny coincidence.

<Jim> *Oops, I hope he doesn't read anything into that.*

Dr Dave looks at his notes and writes something down.

Jim frowns at him.

Jim It was just a coincidence, you don't have to write it down.

Dr Dave It may be of interest to our research.

Jim There were plenty more coincidences after I passed the tests I set myself.

Dr John Really?

Jim Just coincidences, you don't need to get all excited. After I had completed the tests I had set myself, the reward was to be a super duper star. Whatever that means?

Dr John And what do you think it meant?

Jim I am not really sure, but I did try to make a few wishes, to see if they worked.

Dr Dave Wishes you say, and did they work?

Jim Well they were sort of silly ones. I can only remember a few of them, I was not really paying attention to myself as I was feeling quite elated. As you might imagine.

Dr John Tell us some of the ones you remember.

Jim The day after I made the first batch of wishes, the ex-girlfriend of that rock guitarist. You know, the one who did Wild Thing, he died of an overdose in the 70's?

Dr Dave I know the one you mean, Jimi Hendrix.

Jim Well I wished that he could say goodbye to his loved ones, as he had died so tragically.

Dr John You are a fan of his then?

Jim No. But he has influenced some of the people I am a fan of. Anyway, his girlfriend decided to auction off his guitar and said something about it being the right time to say goodbye to the past. It was not much but it was interesting, even if it was just a coincidence.

Dr John Are there any others, that you remember?

Jim There was one later on, but it was not really a wish. I was just thinking that it would make a good football match if the Germany verses England match had lots of goals. It was while the England coach was on television.

Dr Dave You mean the match where England beat Germany five-one?

Dr Dave and Dr John look at each other.

Jim Yes, that really was a funny coincidence, as I do not even like football and I thought both sides should score lots of goals. Not just England.

Dr John Any others?

Jim Well there were quite a few other coincidences, but I cannot think of any wishes that came true. I had a go at the lottery, just in case, but with no luck.

<Jim> *Doesn't everybody with DSR?*

Dr John And do you think that these wishes came true because of you?

Jim Like I said they were coincidences. But they were coincidences that I could have done without. Because of my illness.

Dr John Tell us about some more of these coincidences?

Jim Well my brain was working overtime, and I was able to link things together quite easily. For instance, I made the mental connection between Buzz Lightyear and an old friend of mine.

Dr John In what sense?

Jim Well he looks a bit like Buzz Lightyear, and he used to use his lighter to burn the wings off wasps. One of Buzz Lightyear's sayings is I will blast you with my laser. Lighter?

Dr John A tenuous link.

<Jim> *Well I thought it was funny.*

Jim I agree, but he was very ill, at about the same time I was having these episodes. It's just another coincidence.

Dr John I can see how your mind was working, you were making connections between unrelated things.

Jim In that case, I did not find out he was ill until after I had the episode, nor was he on my mind, at the time.

Dr John But you still made the link. Whether he was ill or not is irrelevant.

Jim Yes, I guess so.

<Jim> *I had better not let them get me too involved in this otherwise they will be locking me up.*

Dr John sits back and looks at Dr Dave.

Dr John Would you like to ask any questions?

Dr Dave Yes.

Dr Dave looks at his notes and then across to Jim.

Jim looks up from the floor.

Dr Dave It says here that you had some sort of connection with the television and watched a rather a lot of films during your illness.

Jim Yes, at first I was using the films to work through issues. I had the feeling that I was using them to fight some great battle between good and bad. One of the first films I watched was the Good, the Bad and the Ugly.

Dr Dave That's a classic film.

Jim Yes, I hadn't watched it for some years. I likened my watching it to an episode of Red Dwarf, in which Lister, the Cat and Rimmer have to purge the Red Dwarf's computer of a virus using a peace program. In the Good the Bad and the Ugly, they make a comment about how futile and pointless war is. For its time, it was quite revolutionary.

Dr John What started all this, film watching?

<Jim> *Do I really want to tell them about Big Brother?*

Jim Well it depends on how much time you have?

Dr John looks at Dr Dave, then back to Jim.

Dr John Well, we have nothing else booked in for today.

Dr John smiles.

<Jim> *Well you asked for it.*

Jim To be exact, interacting with films came after interacting with music. As I have already mentioned, I was listening to music first.

Dr Dave Well you sort of skipped over it a bit.

Jim Oh. Well I was listening to music to relax, but as I did so I was reading something into it all. At first it was quite useful, it allowed me to see things that I had not noticed. But then I started making stories out of the music. It became addictive, as if I was being driven. I understand this was just part of my illness.

Dr John Don't worry, we won't hold what you say against you. We can see you are much better now. Do carry on.

<Jim> *I can hear the white van pulling up as I speak.*

Jim OK. I was listening to some of my old twelve inch records.

Dr Dave You have records? most people only use CD's these days.

Jim Yes, I used to collect them, I have over a thousand reasonably rare records. Anyway, I listened to some of my favourite oldies. I usually only listen to just the A sides, but I decided to listen to the B sides too. As I did this I was able to make up a story about spider spirits.

Dr John Spider spirits?

Dr Dave looks at Dr John, then moves his hand down to his bag.

Dr Dave Do you mind if I tape this, as there are quite a few people with these sorts of symptoms.

Jim Well, I would rather you did not. I am not a clear speaker.

Dr John It does not matter.

<Jim> *It does not matter that I am not a clear speaker or that you tape me?*

Dr John looks at Dr Dave, and gestures him to stop.

Dr Dave stops and sits back up.

Dr John You were saying.

<Jim> *Before I was so rudely interrupted. [Rik. The Young Ones]*

Jim The spider spirits wanted a place to live. Well a planet actually, and they were invading people. I managed to convince them to leave for a better planet in the Draco star cluster.

Dr John You got all this from your record collection?

Jim Well it sounds weird doesn't it? but that is the nature of delusion, you are able to delude yourself. But I would, if pushed, be able to pick them out again.

<Jim> *It was no different than acting in a play.*

Dr John That will not be necessary.

Jim Anyway, I sent them there, then blew it up!!

Dr John Why did you do that?

Jim Would you trust them not to come back? I remember thinking that if I let them be, they would only come back at sometime in the future. I didn't fancy having to go through all that again.

Dr John Are you scared of spiders?

Jim Not really, but the idea of insect spirits is pretty yucky. I do not believe in ghosts either, so being deluded about spider spirits was not very frightening for me.

Dr Dave Do you know about the film Final Fantasy?

Jim Yes, I recently saw it, it was a similar story. But not enough to be a coincidence.

Dr Dave What did you think of the Final Fantasy film?

Jim It was pretty naff, I could not really get into it, as the computer graphics were like the 3D adventure games, despite all the money spent.

<Jim> *My Final Fantasy was much better, and it was free!!*

Dr Dave Do you have any ideas about what all this might have been about.

Jim Well, from where I was sitting I was working through a myriad of possible realities, and it was just one of them, I guess that is what insanity is. Losing grip on reality.

Dr John That is quite a good description.

Jim I likened it to the Improbability Drive in the Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy. In fact now I look at science-fiction and comedy I can see the similarities with what I experienced.

Dr John It is a sad fact that a lot of people experience mental illness problems, but mostly with forms of depression.

Jim I am lucky in a way, as I have never been depressed.

<Jim> *I just go mad. The bells, the bells. [The hunch back of Notre Dame]*

Dr John looks down at his notes.

Dr Dave smiles to himself and then looks at Jim.

Before he gets a chance to speak Jim stands up.

Jim Are you sure you would not like to have a drink? I am really thirsty.

Jim looks at the two professionals.

Dr John Not for me.

Dr Dave A black coffee would be great. Thank you.
Jim A black coffee it is then.

Jim disappears into the kitchen, leaving the two professionals alone to discuss their next set of questions.

<Jim> *What do these guys want? They are not your typical research students. Where's the coffee? This had better not be another episode. I am better now, am I not? Well you are talking to yourself, which is no good sign. Having said that, true schizophrenia is when you start hearing voices when no one is there. Being ordinary mad is an improvement. They had better still be there when I go back.*

<Voice> *Jim had never had visual hallucinations. Well none that he knew of. But because he understood the nature of schizophrenia he questioned every sensory input. As a child he had thought he had heard his grandma calling him when they visited her house. This was soon after her death. So Jim understood how the mind could play tricks.*

Jim switches the kettle on and returns to the front room.

Jim The kettles on.
Dr Dave Sit down then.

Jim sits back down.

Jim looks agitated but not so the two professionals notice.

Dr John I know you have gone through quite a bit already, but could you quickly give us a synopsis of what changed in your life once you became ill?

<Jim> *Apart from having you lot in my life.*

Jim Well obviously I have not been able to work. Actually I found that I could no longer work, my mind was so preoccupied, that I found concentrating on work tasks quite difficult. Although general household tasks were no problem.

Dr John begins to write in shorthand what Jim is saying.

Dr Dave looks quite relaxed.

<Jim> *I bet that Dr Dave has put his recorder on.*

Jim I became preoccupied with my past, this was prompted by my mother. My brother had also been talking to me about what videos I had. I think he was trying to help but I became quite fanatical about collecting all the films that I had not bought, but wanted to, after he mentioned that. Luckily this was a good thing to do as I never have really had time to watch much television, and at first I just enjoyed being entertained by them. But then I began to interact with them.

Dr Dave Interact, in what way?

Jim Similar to the music interaction. The more I indulged myself with this interacting fantasy, the more I became convinced something was a foot.

Dr John What do you mean 'a foot'?

Jim Oh. I am just using a Sherlock Holmes saying. You will find that I tend to insert sayings from fictional characterisations, I think it is quite common, isn't it?

Jim looks at Dr Dave for confirmation.

Dr John Yes, it is perfectly normal, I was just wondering where it came from.

Jim Because I am not your average type, at the best of times. I use characterisation's to enhance what I am saying. Don't tell me this is part of my illness, as that is how I am.

<Jim> *Take one boring sentence. Add in a catch phrase. Or paraphrase. And voila. Instant acceptance. The brain needs speech to be seasoned. To help with its digestion.*

Dr John No, it is fine.

<Jim> *That is not how Dr Thomas used to see it.*

Jim looks again at Dr John and Dr Dave.

<Jim> *Are you sure you are not part of my deluded mind?*

Jim Well I bought lots of video's, as there were sales on at the shops and it was actually cost affective to buy some videos rather than renting them. I also rented quite a few of the newer ones.

Jim stands up and walks over to a cabinet which is opposite the two professionals, he opens the door to reveal some fifty videos. The two professionals look shocked.

Jim I have not bought all of them recently only about twenty.

Jim hears the kettle boil.

Jim I'll just go and make that coffee.

Jim leaves the room and makes the coffee. The two professionals get up and walk over to the cabinet. There are quite a few well known films, they begin to look at them. Jim returns with two cups of coffee.

Jim Here you go.

Jim hands the cup of coffee to Dr Dave.

Dr Dave Thank you.

Jim I will walk you through them if you want?

Dr John Well maybe the highlights, I am not sure how relevant it will be. Obsessions and compulsions are part of the illness.

Jim Yes, I did feel I was a bit like the chap in Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

Dr Dave Good coffee.

Dr Dave takes another sip of his coffee, Jim takes a sip of his too, so as to wet his mouth.

Jim Well there is the Spaghetti Western trilogy. They were going cheap, I think twelve pounds for the lot. There's Amadeus, it was quite strange watching that again. It is about the classical musician, in the film he is slowly worked to death by one of his competitors. I guess it has some meaning for me, but when I watched it the first time back in 1985 it was just another good film. The Unforgiven is next, it was sort of the last western done by Clint Eastwood. In it a retired gun-slinger goes on a bounty hunt. It had no real significance to me apart from being a good film with Clint Eastwood.

Dr John Did you interact with these films?

Jim Yes. I sort of chatted with actors in my head. Sometimes what was said made sense. If you watch Amadeus the first scene has one of the actors saying 'It is like listening to a recording from the gods', or something like that. He is referring to Amadeus but I took it to mean it was how the interactivity worked.

Dr Dave What. A sort of telepathy?

<Jim> *Telepathy? How does telepathy work. No one ever tells you. If we were sensitive to brainwaves. We would all be mad by now with all the electromagnetic radiation floating around.*

Jim No not telepathy. As the film was recorded ages ago. The only way it might work would be for some sort of biophysical wormhole to exist between everyone who could perceive these things. But for me it was just happening. The 'how' was of little importance, as I was just trying to understand the message. Remember I felt confused and under attack, although I could not rationally explain why.

<Jim> *Why did I tell them that?*

Dr John It is difficult to understand how the mind works at the best of times. With your illness it must have been very confusing.

Jim You could say that.

Dr Dave I see you have some violent films too.

Jim Yes, I like Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Robocop I and II. I did not watch these when I was ill. Their stories are still fresh in my memory.

Dr Dave So you were sort of refreshing your memory then?

Jim I guess so. I do have a record called Clear by Cybertron, which I had listened to several times. I tend to listen to it to draw lines under periods in my life. I think we all use music to evoke or reflect upon certain emotional states.

Dr John Which of the films did you enjoy most?

Jim Well to be honest I always like a good laugh. I found What Women Want hilarious. It was at a time when I was still thinking people could perceive my thoughts, so it was very apt. A sort of reverse of what I was experiencing.

Dr John I can imagine.

Jim Galaxy Quest was also funny as I had begun to think that if people in the films could sense me, in some way, that they might start to try to communicate with, what ever it was they were sensing. I had asked Patrick Stewart from Star Trek to help me several times, when I was feeling threatened. This is all very confusing for me now, as I really did lose track of time when I was ill. There was so much stuff going through my mind that it all feels like spaghetti.

Dr Dave Just tell us about Galaxy Quest?

Jim Well it is about a group of aliens who ask the cast of a television science-fiction show to help them defeat some bad alien race. It sort of tied in with what I had asked from Patrick Stewart. The problem with trying to work it all out, was the time sequencing. As I was watching things out of chronological order. So I never really managed to create a clear cohesive message. In this deluded world of mine.

<Jim> *Careful, you don't want them to lock you up. Defocus. Defocus.*

Dr John Unfortunately, part of the illness is confusion, you were unlikely to make any sense of your delusions.

<Jim> *But I have made some sense from them now, it is just that because they were delusions, their sense is of little use.*

Jim I know.

<Jim> *If in doubt, agree.*

Dr Dave I quite like the idea of using films to work out what you are doing. The science in television sci-fi is quirky but they do discuss some interesting topics. Although they always seem to have a solution. Science is rarely that simple.

Jim I am not sure why I focused in on films. I think it started as a passive way to resolve issues, but when it became interactive, I found it very difficult to stop.

Dr John I would not worry too much, it is all over now.

<Jim> *Well not really, I have to live with all this stuff. It is like knowing something but not being able to understand it. I have an itch that I cannot scratch.*

Jim I did try to test some of the things I was thinking. In fact it was one of my friends who helped me to describe that it was just a thinking process and not a believing process. I never really believed it. I just enjoyed pretending and it made sense at the time. I needed to disprove it to myself, to drop the pretence.

Dr Dave Did your friend help you?

Jim Well, we sort of messed it up. I got him to choose three videos from the video shop. He then chose one of those video's randomly, without seeing what it was.

Dr Dave What was it?

Jim The Kid with Bruce Willis. I then asked him to give me a word and I would ask Bruce to say the word.

Dr Dave That is a simple test, and what word did he choose?

Jim Actuarial.

Dr Dave I bet Bruce Willis did not say that?!

Jim You are right. I sort of started too soon and Bruce asked if I would go away if he did say it. I said yes. But he never said it, so I guess he wanted me to stay. I just phrased the question wrong. I should have thought about it before doing it.

Dr John But you realise you created that excuse to keep the delusion going?

Jim You are right. But these guys do have scripts to keep to. There may be out-takes with Bruce Willis saying 'Actuarial', who knows, it's between Bruce Willis and the film editor.

Dr John looks hard at Jim.

Dr John You do realise that it was a delusion?

Jim Yes, it was all part of my illness, I was just saying.

<Jim> *Sort of. It was a very extraordinary thing to think and to make sense. I cannot say for certain that it did not happen, as I do not have access to all of the evidence. Not that I think it did, but if it did then Bruce Willis would be the one to know. Well maybe.*

Dr Dave Did you try anything else?

Jim Before this I had bought a video called Grosse Pointe Blank. I took the title to mean that I could treat the film as a 'blank' film and help to direct the lead character. Which I did. If you watch the film you see that the lead character is put through many situations. I would help guide his actions and make decisions.

Dr Dave That is an interesting concept, a sort of Who's Line Is It Anyway but for films.

Jim It was very entertaining to do, but I am not sure how the cast felt. That was a joke by the way.

<Jim> *Ark-ark, from Mork and Mindy. I am going to have to stop doing that. And stop talking to myself. Now shut-up. The second sign of madness is arguing with yourself. Don't be silly you just made that up.*

Jim smiles and takes a sip from his coffee.

Dr John I can see why you persisted with the delusion if it was entertaining.

Jim It was entertaining at times but the overall feelings were not at all pleasant. I would not like to go there again.

<Jim> *Sade, taken from the Lovers Rock album. Last one, honest. Talking to these guys is a mistake. Next they will be saying that you have split personalities.*

Dr John That is good. I am sure Dr Thomas will be releasing you from his care in the not too distant future.

<Jim> *Having reality become so fluid is not at all pleasant. Now I know why people like to keep the Status Quo going, it is reassuring. I personally believe that to imagine and to test theories is very healthy. Just not when your sanity is in question.*

Jim That would be nice.

Jim sips his coffee again and then sits back down.

The two professionals follow.

Dr Dave I must admit that you have taken your illness very well, and seem to treat it quite objectively.

Jim Well I really do not have a choice, I have to deal with it. I think it was worse for my family, especially my wife, as for some time I perceived her as a threat.

Dr John Really, that is not in your notes.

Jim It was not something I really wanted to shout about. I knew her intentions were good but my delusions did not. She does not really understand me that well. Our relationship is not a typical one, and sometimes we disagree very strongly with each other.

Dr John That is not an issue, I thought you were going to say you thought of hurting her.

Jim No I would never do that, although I am sure she would have hurt me, had I not been able to put a brave face on my illness.

Dr Dave In what way?

Jim I would rather not say, I was delusional and it will do no good to speak about it. She changed a lot towards me once I started with the treatment. I think it settled her own fears. Whatever they were.

Dr John What about the rest of the synopsis?

Jim Well after all that film watching, I decided it was not helping so I started watching television more. I felt it was easier to communicate in real time, as it were. It is quite strange thinking about it now.

Dr Dave Go on.

Jim I watched a lot of news and some history programs, nothing to do with Hitler though, as I had worked out that if I was not deluded then knowledge of future might change the past.

Dr Dave I guess it would, having a means to communicate with people from the past would have some interesting consequences.

<Jim> *That word again, interesting.*

Jim I know now that I was deluded. However, for a time I was very concerned and trapped myself in a nice little delusional paradox.

Dr John How did you get yourself out of it, was it the medication?

Jim No. I worked out that everything had happened already. I just needed to be careful that was all. Everything would work itself out.

Dr John I bet the medication helped.

Jim ignores the statement and focuses on Dr Dave.

Jim I watched a good history program on the battle's between William Wallace and Long Shanks. It was a 'what if' history programme. They talked through what happened and then walked through a 'what if' scenario. I worked out that if William Wallace had pushed onto London after his battles in the North. Sort the surrender of the English forces there, then marched to fight the French on the South coast, that he would have been victorious. So changing history. The program confirmed through their 'what if' scenario that it was likely that he would have taken London, had he continued his march southwards.

Dr Dave Why did you think it would work?

Jim My logic was simple, the English hate the French more than the Scots. Once London had fallen, the English forces would have joined the Scots to beat back the French.

Dr John How did that tie in with your delusions?

Jim Well, I pretended the narrator was asking my opinion. I guess I was just exercising my brain in reality. As I was a bit bored.

Dr Dave It sounds as if your delusions were very convincing.

Jim That was part of the problem. I think we all delude ourselves to a point and my delusions were using that latent delusional state to enforce themselves.

Dr John So did watching television help then?

Jim Not really, it did untangle some of the spaghetti, but it caused me to start trying to prove whether or not the idea of some sort of thought transmission was actually possible.

Dr John That sounds unusual, not many people bother with proving their delusions.

Dr John smiles and looks at Dr Dave.

Jim raises his eyebrows.

Jim Well it seemed the only way to expel them from my mind. If I could prove that they were not real, then I could stop thinking about them.

Dr John But you know that delusions cannot be disproved?

You will always find a way around to keep the delusion going.

Jim There by hangs the problem. But I thought it was worth having a go. I did try a number of things but none of them worked out. As you stated, you can always find an excuse for why they failed. I probably made a right fool of myself, but it was very important to me to get some sort of proof. One way or the other.

Dr John Did you manage to prove your delusions?

Dr John looks at Jim in the eyes, and there is a brief pause.

<Jim> *Of coarse not. A delusion is a delusion. I had a few snippets of reality breaking into my delusions but nothing that was planned, and I am not going to discuss them with you two.*

<Voice> *Jim thinks back quickly, two incidents spring to mind, one where he pretended to beep his horn, and someone else beeped theirs, another was when a total stranger tried to talk to his wife, while they were waiting at traffic lights. This was after he had asked himself for some sort of proof that his thought transmission delusion worked. He had put these two down to some sort of delusion in themselves, although he found that idea more disturbing than the idea of being able to perform some sort of thought transmission.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *They almost had me then, they wanted me to give them some proof. Then the white van would be here to take me away.*

Dr John It must have been disappointing to discover that your delusions were not real.

Jim I was not so much disappointed, more relieved. To believe in the unreal is quite disturbing.

<Jim> *There hangs the problem, it is quite easy to be fooled into believing something that is unreal, just have to look at magicians. The only reason you know you are being fooled is because they are magicians, otherwise you might think you were deluded. Your brain tricks you all the time, you just have to look at television, the movement on the screen is not real, nor are the voices coming from their lips, it is all a trick.*

Dr John That is a very healthy view point. So what else happened to you?

Dr John continues with his note taking. Jim finishes off his coffee, sits back in his seat and looks across to Dr Dave.

Jim The final phase of all this excitement was to try to capture and understand what had happened to me.

Dr John Through art?

Jim Well, I had captured some of what I had done during my illness, I had made some notes on what I had thought. But because part of my illness was related to music, I decided to use music as a therapy. I have a computer synthesiser program that I used for a bit, back in 1998. Some of the tracks I made then were quite relevant to my illness.

Dr John And what were these tracks?

Jim Well, as a computer programmer, one of the first things you do is write a 'Hello World' program. After some experimentation with the synthesiser I created a track entitled First Noise. This was related to the fact that it was my first track. On the comments for the track I had put, 'First Noise: as in first blood'. The only reference I can think of, for that, is the first Rambo film. I have no idea why I put that comment, unless it was as a statement that I was somehow retaliating against all the rubbish tracks I had already heard.

Dr John What other tracks?

Jim There is a web site where they place the best tracks that are sent to them. You can download these tracks for free, and play them. If you really want to, you can make audio CD's too.

Dr Dave That's sounds pretty cool.

Jim Well I found it fun, and I have always wanted to create my own music.

Dr Dave What sort of music is it?

Jim Well, I call it Freestyle Acid Mantra. But it is basically just drums and synthesiser music. I would guess there is not much of a market for it, it is just a hobby for me. I stick to a sixteen beat track.

Dr Dave sits back in his chair.

Dr Dave I know nothing about music.

<Jim> *I know nothing. [Fawlty Towers]*

Jim Nor do I, but I know what I like. Anyway, the next track was called Hello World. I made the synthesiser say 'hello'. Which is just a sequence of notes, but it was quite effective.

Dr John How were these tracks relevant?

Jim Well I do remember asking myself about what they all meant, as I was using just my creativity, when I made them. That is, I really did not think about what I was doing, I just did it. I gave the tracks their meaning after I had created them. Which I guess is a bit, arse about face. When I was ill I equated three tracks called Deep Space, to three experiments carried out in Deep Space. Because I am interested in physics and astronomy. I thought they were related to three Big Bangs.

Dr Dave You mean like the Big Bang? The one which created our Universe?

Jim It seems quite strange now, but for me, at that moment in time, the music was a message from an external source, trying to tell me about something important.

<Jim> *This was all before I was told I was delusional.*

Dr John That is typical DSR, you thought you were being controlled by an external force?

Jim Not controlled, communicated with, I was the Babble fish, the Universal Translator. At first I thought it was the creative side of my mind trying to get my attention. My work had been a priority for some time and I had sort of started to close myself down.

<Voice> *Jim had watched an episode of Star Trek Voyager. Where Voyager had fallen into a chaotic rift in space. One of the crew members went mad. They discovered that alien life-form's were trying to communicate with him, through his delusions. The alien's were trying to help them find their way out of the chaotic rift in space. Out of all of the Star Trek spin-off's. Jim found Star Trek Voyager the most interesting.*

Dr Dave So the message was that there were three Big Bangs?

Jim Well I have thought through the possibilities, but at the time I thought the message was that there were three Big Bangs, the last one was an expanding Universe, as I had put the extension On and On, in the title. The rest of the tracks after that didn't really make much sense, even at the time.

<Jim> *This is just plain crazy. I have no idea why I am telling these guys this. They are going to lock me up and throw away the key.*

Dr Dave Maybe none of them made sense?

Jim Well, they don't now, but at the time they did.

Dr John That was just part of your illness.

Jim Anyway, I decided to try to finish off the tracks I had left half done and then make some more to try to capture my thoughts. A way of creating something positive from all my troubles.

Dr John That sounds like good therapy, although if the music caused more delusions it would have been a bad idea.

Jim No, they only helped to work through what was in my mind at the time. The first set allowed me to carry on a story whereby I was in contact with some sort of alien consciousness. I watch a lot of science-fiction, so this was quite easy to do. The music came quite freely, some of it was quite good.

Dr John You were on the medication then?

Jim Yes, it was while I was being treated. The last track I did was a sort of an end of the story track. It was entitled 'No password, no show'. Which was the conclusive proof part of my delusion. Unless someone could walk up to me and give me the password, then the thought delusion was a real delusion.

Dr Dave It was actuarial wasn't it?

Jim smiles.

Jim No.

<Jim> *No one will guess it unless they have heard my thoughts, and since no one has given the password, no one has heard my thoughts. QED. Computer. End delusion.*

Dr John So what else did you do?

Jim Well one thing I learnt from doing those tracks was that I enjoyed making music. So I started to collect samples from the records I had listened to when I was ill. I then used these samples to make more tracks but this time with words in them, not just drums and synthesiser. Some of them are pretty good. Although because of my style, they are rough.

<Jim> *But that is the way. Ah-ha. I like it.*

Dr John Did this help you?

Jim Yes, I found a lot of references that were relevant to my illness. A bit like putting a jigsaw puzzle together. Some of the music I listen to is quite violent, so that is probably why I managed to get myself so worked up in the first place.

<Jim> *FBI's got a gun in my mouth. Ice-T.*

Jim The entertainment business is all about illusion and there is not much difference between illusion and delusion, apart from the perpetrator.

<Jim> *I can't stand the taste. Ice-T.*

Dr John That's good.

<Jim> *The only problem is that I now have thirty albums of this Freestyle Acid Mantra stuff and it is all I listen to. I have become addicted to my own music. How vain can you get?*

Jim I have learnt a lot about the World and myself from this illness.

Dr John It sounds as if it has been a positive influence.

Jim I think that it has made me more aware of the tightrope of sanity. When I listen to music or watch television I can see the echo's of insanity.

Dr John Can you explain?

Jim Creativity is playing with what is real and making something new out of it. The science of today would be thought of a madness just two hundred years ago. But because we have been slowly immersed in this new technology we see it as normal. Well most of us do, we do not see it as alien. Not that it is alien. Just that our perception of what is alien has changed as our technology has changed.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Dr John looks at Dr Dave, they look concerned.

Jim sees this and sits forward, slowly.

<Jim> *I was mad, but I am OK nooowwww. Christmas cracker joke. 1986.*

Jim Take UFO's. Most flying objects these days can be explained, but two hundred years ago, you would have been scared witless if you saw flying lights. The concept of flight and people flying is no longer alien to us. In fact, nowadays, if someone saw a flying bedstead they would think that it was a publicity stunt.

Dr Dave I guess you are right. Although the bedstead itself is not an alien object.

Jim But the concept of people in flight was, two hundred years ago.

<Jim> *Did you know it was the Victorians who invented powered flight? The problem was they used steam power. Which was impractical. Now. Not a lot of people know that.*

Dr John Sorry you have totally lost me.

Jim The point is that the mind likes to play games with reality, it is part of the learning process. Humour does this too, it takes the expected and turns it on its head.

<Jim> *When is a door not a door? when it is a jar. Another Christmas cracker, 1977.*

Jim It is only when we can connect with new ideas that they make any sense.

Dr John I still do not see what you are driving at.

<Jim> *That's because I am not driving, I am sitting on a sofa. Bum-Bum, Ha-Ha. Basil Brush 1975.*

Jim Being delusional was not the main part of the problem with my illness, it was the disconnection with my perceived reality that was the problem. I am tricked all the time by technology and myself, but when I did not understand the nature of the trick, or delusion, then I became frightened. Since the original problem was fear, I was caught in a feedback loop of self perpetuating fear. The only solution is to remove the feedback from the loop. In my case it was a mixture of understanding and medication.

Dr John Have you forgotten how you felt when you were ill?

Jim No. But I can cope with the anxiety, it was the disassociation that was the problem.

<Jim> *How can anyone forget that much pain. It was like mental torture. A roller coaster of emotion and delusion. Having your very identity being stripped from you. If I was not such a stubborn mule, I might have been blown away by the winds of insanity.*

Dr John Disassociation?

<Jim> *Dis-association. Dat-association. Whatever.*

Jim As the illness progressed I felt more and more threatened, the amount of information I was trying to cope with vast, I began to lose my grip on my personal identity. You know the things that make you, you.

Dr Dave That sounds pretty devastating.

Jim It was. It was like being in a car crash of the mind. Dr Thomas described it as a heart attack of the brain. Hopefully, unlike the heart, the mind gets stronger from such attacks.

Dr Dave looks at Dr John.

Dr John Patients who recover, tend not to relapse. So you are most likely correct.

<Jim> *That does not sound very conclusive.*

Jim sits back in his seat and looks towards the clock.

Dr John Well I guess we must be going.

Dr Dave Yes, thank you for your help. Your input is very useful.

Dr John and Dr Dave stand up. Jim stands up too.

Jim unlocks the front door. The two professionals pick up their things, then make their way to the open door.

Dr John We may want to do a follow up interview, if that is all right?

Jim That should not be a problem. Will you tag along with Dr Thomas again?

Dr John Yes, that would probably be the best thing to do. When is he due back?

Jim In a fortnight.

Dr John Well, we might see you then. Goodbye.

The two professionals walk towards their car.

Jim waves, then shuts and locks the front door.

<Voice> *Jim is not sure whether or not he has helped or hindered his position. The doctors did not seem too concerned about his answers. But Jim was still unsure as to whether or not they would return with Dr Thomas. For a follow up interview. Or whether Dr Thomas would recommend that he be hospitalised. After he had read their notes.*

<Voice> *Jim does not trust Dr John. Dr John could still show his notes to Dr Thomas. Trust, for people with schizophrenia is a difficult word. Jim has to trust the doctors to a point. Or else be forced to conform to their regime. The doctors do not perceive the need to question their motives. This is because their training desensitises them from normal human questioning. They are doctors, they are above personal motives. Conscious or subconscious. Ask any psychologist if this is true. And you know what they will say. No. Nobody can remove themselves from their subconscious. It is just that for the medical system to work. You must submit to the idea that doctors are doing their best for you. The patient. With schizophrenia. You understand that you cannot even trust your own senses. So how can you trust someone else's. Without question.*

Part Two

The door bell sounds.

Jim unlocks and opens the front door.

Doctors John, Dave and Kate are standing on the door step.

Dr John May we come in?

Jim I was not expecting you, is there something wrong? You only visited me yesterday. Where is Dr Thomas?

Jim looks out of the door.

Dr John Sorry we did not phone. We just want to clarify some things with you. This is Dr Kate, she is our specialist in schizophrenia and she wants to take some baseline data. I am sorry for the lack of warning.

Jim I suppose it is alright. You are lucky, my wife is out today.

<Jim> *This is a delusion. But what is with the woman doctor ? oo-eerr misses. Frankie Howard.*

Jim steps aside to let them in.

The professionals make their way into the front room.

They sit down as before with Dr Kate closest to where Jim is.

Jim sits down.

<Voice> *Jim has been put off balance by this visit. He was just settling himself down to watch a film that he had taped, The Day The Earth Stood Still. He had seen it was on a long time ago and had taped it to watch later, but had never got round to it. It was another one of those things that he had wanted to do but never had the time to do.*

<Jim> *And?*

Dr John That's better.

Dr John is sat in the middle with Dr Dave to his left and Dr Kate to his right.

Dr John settles himself a bit more. Jim looks at him and then at the other two.

Dr John I guess not much has happened since yesterday?

Jim No, it was a quiet night, I have been sleeping fine for a few weeks now.

Dr John As I said, this is Dr Kate.

Dr Kate gestures to shake his hand. Jim responds, he stands up and shakes her hand. He then sits back down quickly.

Dr John And Dr Dave you already know.

<Voice> *Jim feels a bit wrong footed by the introduction of a female doctor, the missing Dr Thomas and the unannounced visit. He thinks maybe they think he has something to hide, or maybe they just find his case unusual.*

Dr John I will let Dr Kate start, as she has a few questions to ask. Dr Kate.

Dr Kate is holding a clip board, she is dressed smartly in trousers and a blouse.

<Voice> *Jim is a normal heterosexual, he has noticed that she is a woman and feels a little uncomfortable with the idea of being cross examined by a female doctor.*

Dr Kate looks at her clipboard and then at Jim.

Dr Kate I am just going to ask you a few straight forward questions about your mental illness.

Jim Alright.

<Jim> *Keep it cool. Don't get all agitated, this could mean nothing. They're not carrying a straight jacket or a tranquilliser gun.*

Dr Kate looks at her clipboard.

Dr Kate Did you, at anytime during your illness, suffer from any disturbance of thought patterns?

Jim Yes. In the sense that I was consumed by the need to discover what was happening. I could do general chores but technical work proved too confusing.

Dr Kate And did you notice any physical changes?

Jim My left eye-lid had been twitching while driving for a few weeks, but it was nothing major. Probably just nervous tension.

Dr Kate What I mean is, did you suffer from any uncontrollable ticks?

<Jim> *Arse! [from Father Ted]. What like that?*

Jim In what sense?

Dr Kate Twitches or vocal outbursts.

Jim No. I tend to bounce my leg up and down, but it is just a way of losing nervous energy.

Dr Kate Had you become withdrawn?

Jim I am not a particularly sociable person normally, but I had become less willing to make time for activities outside the immediate family.

Dr Kate knocks her bag over. She bends down to pick it back up. Jim has a clear view of her cleavage. It makes Jim feel uncomfortable, so he looks over to the television.

<Jim> *Oops, Breast alert.*

<Jim> *And can I say just one thing. Breasts, Breasts, Breasts. [Jeff from Coupling]*

Dr Kate sits back up. Dr John and Dr Dave are still looking across to Jim. Jim turns back and makes eye contact with Dr Kate. Dr Kate smiles, looks down at her clipboard and then continues with the questions.

<Jim> *What was that about. Another test?*

Dr Kate Did you suffer from any hallucinations?

Jim I do not think so. How would you know?

Dr Kate You would know.

Dr Kate half looks up from her clipboard.

<Jim> *Nice eyes.*

Dr Kate Did you suffer from any delusions?

<Jim> *What, like thinking the World was a good place, no that was before all this.*

Jim Yes. The most prominent was a thought transmission delusion. I think that stemmed from needing to get information about what was happening to me.

Dr Kate OK. Finally did you suffer from any form of paranoia?

Jim Yes. I began to take general concerns about security more personal. I think it was the fear of being followed that triggered that off though. I am pretty security conscious anyway, having lived in London most of life.

Dr Kate Fine. That's it from me, for now.

Dr Kate looks at Dr John.

Dr John Dave, you would like to ask a few questions?

Dr Dave Yes. Jim.

Dr Dave looks at Jim and smiles.

Dr Dave You say that the thought transmission delusion was the most prominent delusion and yesterday you mentioned the term 'biophysical wormhole'?

<Jim> *Ah, they like the idea of thought transmission. It is a pretty cool delusion, but it did have its drawbacks.*

Jim Yes?

Dr Dave Could you give us any more information about this particular delusion. You appear to have considered it in depth.

<Jim> *Certainly. [The three stooges]*

Jim Well, as a science graduate, you tend to think about things laterally. Trying to work out how a delusion might work is nonsense from a doctors view point, but for me it was a task which I had hoped would get the delusion out of my mind. However, when I considered all the possibilities I came up with a plausible science-fiction theory.

<Jim> *Wait a minute. Did I tell him about this? I thought I fudged over it all?*

Dr Dave What these biophysical wormholes?

Jim Physics is on the brink of going up its own ass at the moment, with the mathematical side of The Theory of Everything and string theory. They know that the mathematics is interesting but the more they look into it the less they realise they actually know. One thing is for sure, the microscopic world is vastly different from the macroscopic world we are all familiar with. In quantum mechanics things have probabilities of happening, empty space becomes a froth of short lived elementary particles and what happens below the planck length is a mystery.

<Jim> *Physics is becoming more like science-fiction every year.*

Dr Dave So you are saying that physics can explain your thought transmission delusion?

<Jim> *You plonka Rodney. Delboy. Only Fools and Horses.*

Jim In physics there is a theory about microwormholes, but it is just a theory. The nearest thing to a visible wormhole is a black hole, and we can only see black holes by how they affect light. Microwormholes are said to exist on the microscopic level.

Dr Dave OK. Take me through your theory.

<Jim> *In your dreams, you have been to Tunisia.*

Jim I am not saying it is a theory, just a train of thought, full of ifs. If microwormholes exist, and if they exist in abundance, then it is possible that we might all be connected to each other and everything, for all possible times.

Dr Dave Pardon?

<Jim> *Granted.*

Jim A wormhole is a hole in space and time. It is supposed to connect to another wormhole at the other end. Haven't you watched Star Trek's Deep Space Nine?

Dr Dave Yes. But that wormhole is huge.

Jim That is why they call them microwormholes. You understand the idea of wormholes, why not microwormholes?

Dr Dave I guess because they need large amounts of gravity to create them?

Jim OK but in principle, if you shrank the DS9 wormhole down, you would understand it?

Dr Dave Yes. In a purely fictitious way.

Dr John turns to Dr Dave.

Dr John I haven't a clue what you two are on about.

Dr Kate looks at Dr John.

Dr Kate I understand what Jim is saying.

Dr Kate looks back at Jim.

Dr Kate Go on.

<Jim> *You're eyes just got nicer.*

Jim OK. If microwormholes exist and they exist in abundance, then, potentially all points in space and time could be connected, right?

Dr Dave How do you get to that conclusion?

<Jim> *Because I am out of my flipping mind. Out of my tree. I am a sandwich short of a picnic. I am totally INSANE.*

Jim I can see I am going to need to give you something to hold onto while I take you on this excursion of 'How to theorise on the delusion of thought transmission'. Excuse me for a second.

Jim stands up and rushes over to a book cabinet.

<Jim> *Where are those books? If I can give them some sort of reference material then that will give them the hand on my journey through madness.*

Jim Found them.

Jim pulls out a pile of books.

<Voice> *While Jim was ill he could not read books. He had tried but found the task quite impossible. Instead he had listened to music and watched television. He had never really been a great reader, but he had chosen some quite pivotal books to read, as well as those he had been required to read from school. Jim had gained a liking for Shakespeare after reading Macbeth at school, but could not follow the plots when he tried to read the plays from books. Instead, Jim had watched their film interpretations, his favourite being Mel Gibson's Hamlet. Jim had also read Pride and Prejudice, well he had skipped through it and watched it on the BBC. He had found the period dresses rather sexy, what with the long skirts and pert breasts. The BBC had recently created another version of the story, not as good as the first, but certainly portraying the same feelings. Jim associated with the Darcy character, as although he had deep feelings he kept them to himself.*

Jim This one by John Gribbin. In it he discusses the link between life and the cosmos. Although he does not discuss wormholes there, he does discuss the CHON cycle.

Dr Dave The 'what' cycle?

<Jim> *Ah-ha, I have him hooked.*

Jim The Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen cycle. Both life and the stars rely on these basic elements for their energy generation. In the stardust book the bottom line is that life originates from stellar activity, in fact the current theory is that the basic building blocks for life are stored in inter-stellar dust clouds. We are in effect star children.

Dr Dave I have heard of that theory.

Dr John It sounds an interesting concept. I understand the importance of elements in the CHON cycle.

Jim I think all the Stardust book does is to introduce your mind to think big thoughts. Allowing you to then think even bigger thoughts.

Dr Dave Such as?

Jim Such as there may well have been millions of Big Bangs in the past, with each one tuning the parameters of natural law to create a more sustainable Universe. The current Universe being a stable Universe.

Dr Dave How did you get from stardust to Big Bangs?

Jim At the end of the Stardust book, he discusses the possible evolutionary nature of Universe, and the idea of a multiverse. He uses mathematicians theories, but I prefer a more intuitive theory. Whereby the Universe is like a perfect system, expanding and condensing with little or no loss of energy. The ultimate condensation being black holes, with these black holes eating each other up until they are so massive that they cause a rapid implosion, and then explosion. The next Big Bang.

Dr Dave But all the matter in the Universe is accelerating away from The Big Bang.

Jim The problem with mathematics is that it is restricted by numbers. The word infinity means forever, given an infinite amount of time the Universe will stop accelerating, gravity will take affect and the Universe will re-condense.

<Jim> *Computers have no concept of infinity. Infinity means endless. Without end. Never ending.*

Jim Physicists use the term escape velocity, but with the absence of any other force, a ball thrown at the Earth's escape velocity will eventually fall back to Earth, due to the Earth's gravitational force. Gravity is one force that may be weak but it has longevity on its side. The balls velocity will be slowly retarded by the Earth's gravitational force, until it stops and then accelerates back to Earth Back down the 'R' squared curve.

<Jim> *Like a ball being rolled up an infinite hill. It does not matter how slight the gradient is. Provided there is no friction. The ball will roll back down the hill.*

Jim It may take a long time but it will happen. In a perfect system, even the smallest force cannot be ignored. In such a system.

Dr Dave I guess not.

<Jim> *Now I have persuaded your mind enough to think differently, lets cut to the chase.*

Jim OK back to the microwormholes. Lets assume that there are microwormholes and they are abundant. Let's say that they can only exist in a particular compound. In this book, the case of the missing neutrinos, John Gribbin tries to put the scale of the Universe into perspective. It is one of his qualities, to be able to relate things to every day life.

<Jim> *Mathematics proves nothing, until it can be confirmed experimentally.*

Jim One example he uses is about how numerous and small atoms are. In the example he had a twelve gram bag of carbon atoms, he removed one atom for every second the Universe has been in existence, at the end he was left with a near full bag of carbon atoms, with only a millionth of the original atoms removed.

Dr Kate Wow, that certainly puts things into perspective.

<Jim> *Pucker up misses. I will be getting to the good stuff in a minute. And what exactly is the good stuff?*

Jim Now if each of those carbon atoms had an associated microwormhole, with the other end attached to another carbon atom for each second you could have a link to every second that the Universe has been in existence.

Dr Dave These are pretty big 'ifs'.

Jim I know, but they do make a nice basis for a theory for my thought transmission delusion.

Dr John So long as you know it is a delusion.

<Jim> *It certainly is, but it is a common idea, so maybe there is some physical reason for this.*

Jim Yes, of coarse. Shall we have a coffee break?

Dr Dave That would be nice.

Dr Kate Yes, please.

Dr John That sounds like a good idea.

Jim What would you like?

Dr John A white coffee with no sugar.

Dr Kate Same for me.

Dr Dave Make mine black, thank you.

Jim Back in a minute.

Jim leaves the room.

<Jim> *Well that did not seem too bad. Cups, cups, come here cups. Right. Kettle. Boil.*

Jim decides to wait in the kitchen for the kettle to boil.

The three professionals talk to each other about Jim's theory.

The kettle eventually boils.

Jim makes the drinks and carries them in on a tray.

<Jim> *Right, lets see if they want to speak to me further, down the hospital. Quick hold him down while I sedate him.*

Jim Here you go.

Jim passes the drinks out and then sits down.

<Jim> *Right. Where were we?*

Dr Dave I think we all understand the idea of these microwormholes now. It is a big 'if' for them to exist, but for the sake of your theory we will assume they do.

Jim I must admit, I am still unsure why you want to know about them in so much detail.

Dr John We are interested in conducting research. Part of conducting our research is an interest in detail. Your input may be relevant to future diagnosis and treatments. That is all.

Dr Kate Don't worry Jim, we are not here to trick you.

<Jim> *Breasts. Jeff. Coupling.*

Jim OK.

<Jim> *I will shut up, just in case they get the idea that something is wrong, when it is not. If in doubt, play dumb.*

Dr Dave So we are agreed that there might be microwormholes, and that these may even exist inside atoms.

Jim Yes, and that these microwormholes are abundant.

Dr Dave Yes, the twelve gram bag of carbon atoms, how could we forget.

<Jim> *Are you being sarcastic. I hate it when people get sarcastic. Alexie Sayle. The Young Ones.*

Jim Right, so there you go, we have all these microwormholes lying around, connecting space and time. This is where it gets pretty hairy.

Dr John Hairy?

Jim Just an expression. Let's say that these microwormholes act as transmission medium allowing signals to be sent from one side to the other.

Dr Dave Wait a minute. That sounds pretty fantastic.

Jim Not really, if you understand the big wormholes, they can transmit or pass material, in one direction. Black holes suck up matter, with a wormhole, they also exhaust matter. In DS9 they send ships through both ends. All I am suggesting is that if you tap one end of a microwormhole, the other end notices.

<Jim> *Like a string-can telephone.*

Jim I am not saying they are actually tapped just disturbed in some way.

<Jim> *Like me.*

Dr Dave Go on then.

<Jim> *My audience is wavering. I am just going to have to jump aren't I?*

Jim takes a sip of coffee.

Jim What if these microwormholes are collected by us? What if we are riddled with them. What if the brain uses these microwormholes to pass information to other brains, as in ESP and identical twins. What if the brain uses them to pass information through time? As in déjà vu, or Nostradamus.

Dr Dave Wait a minute. Now that is pure fiction.

Jim I am not saying it isn't but it is not beyond the realms of possibility. The idea of wormholes is based on real physical science. The affects of these microwormholes might be observable experiences, or even delusions. How would a brain cope with information from such external sources?

Dr John I am not at all happy with your reasoning. It may be a suitable science-fiction theory, but it has no basis in the realms of science or medicine.

Dr Dave Dr John, I understand your objections, but Jim is just providing us with details about one of his delusions. There is no need to worry about his reasoning. Think of it as an example of delusional rationality.

<Jim> *Was that an insult?*

Jim I think my reasoning is fine, but it is fantasy. I only came up with the idea because I was delusional. It is based on very superficial evidence but I am not trying to prove it to be correct, just to explain it.

<Jim> *Calm down Jim.*

Dr Kate I am sure that as a piece of science-fiction it has its merits, although, how it would fit in with Star Trek, SG-1 and Sliders, I do not know.

Jim When you think about it, it is almost religious in its conception. We are all linked, not only through space but also through time. I thought it was quite a beautiful theory. In fact when you look and listen to art, you find the idea of oneness and connectivity with the Universe is all part of the human spirit. Why not use microwormholes to help provide an explanation?

Dr John Apart from it coming from your delusional mind?

<Jim> *Now that was an insult.*

Jim The idea of a God can be described as delusional, yet ninety five percent of the World believes in a God, in one form or another. I do not believe in a God, nor do I believe in microwormholes, but they do provide a possible explanation to my thought transmission delusion.

<Jim> *What is his problem?*

Dr John But you are explaining a delusion.

Jim As you know, delusions seem very real to the person who has them. I would not be able to prove that it was not a delusion, unless I could talk to those people who I believed I had communicated with. Since this communication is fuzzy, I do not think I could prove it, even if I tried. Anyway, who would admit to it? And even if they did it could just be psychosomatic.

Dr Dave As an explanation, it might possibly work, but it is beyond any current thinking and you have no real evidence.

Jim Agreed.

Dr Dave If you had found a more solid explanation, what would you have done?

Jim I am not sure what you mean?

Dr Dave If you had discovered a way of communicating with people through your mind, what would you have done?

Jim But it is not possible is it? it was a delusion.

Dr John But suppose you had an explanation for the delusion?

Jim A delusion ceases to be a delusion if it is real, doesn't it?

Dr Dave Yes, it does. Alright, suppose we believe your microwormhole theory, what would happen then.

<Jim> *You would need to go on medication.*

Jim You would be delusional too?

Dr John Quite right.

Dr Dave OK lets suppose that, say ESP is possible. Would you think that your theory is relevant?

Jim Well, my thought transmission delusion can be explained using the microwormhole theory, so it might be used to explain ESP too, but I have no information about ESP. Anyway, it is all fantasy, I made it up to explain my delusion. Don't try to confuse me.

<Jim> *Try? They are. They actually seem interested.*

Dr Dave OK that was probably a bad idea.

Dr Kate Can you explain how the theory might work for your delusion?

Jim I can try. I thought that I was able to communicate in some way with people. This communication was different for each person and was inconsistent. My original thought was that my subconscious was playing tricks with me, by being very clever and making things seem to make sense.

<Jim> *A bit like watching the Fast Show.*

Dr Dave Such as?

Jim Well as far as the television goes, I did try to get a reaction out of the presenters. This only appeared to work once, it was with Jeremy from BBC breakfast news. I was annoyed that nothing was working so I mentally yanked his third leg. He did give the screen a funny look, but I probably just imagined that.

Dr Kate smiles.

Dr Kate What a funny thing to do.

<Jim> *She has a wicked sense of humour.*

Jim It was the only thing I thought would get a knee jerk reaction. At the time I was just seeing if I could see any affects from the delusion. To disprove it. Like I said when I was annoyed I could even imagine a reaction. I wish I had taped all the television I had watched to see if it was imagined or if it was a coincidence.

Dr Dave Didn't you try to repeat it?

Jim No, I don't think he liked it the first time. And what would have been the point?

Jim smiles.

Dr Dave So how would your theory work if it had worked?

Jim But it didn't.

Dr Dave OK was there anything that you did experience that you could use your theory to explain?

<Jim> *Do I really want to give them more rope?*

Jim Well, I did an experiment with my mother. I asked her to guess what number I was thinking?

Dr Kate What number YOU were thinking?

Jim Yes, me. She guessed it right too.

Dr Dave And did you repeat the experiment?

Jim Yes, but she guessed wrong. Although she guessed right the second time, after I said it was wrong.

Dr Dave So how do you think that might work then?

Jim Well if there is a common mental pattern for objects and numbers, then like a video phone, the image of the number three is decoded and sent down the microwormhole. It is then picked up and encoded at the other end. Obviously it is a complicated process, as the right microwormhole has to be accessed, the message has to be transmitted somehow and the recipient has to acknowledge the message. There's no point sending a message if the person at the other end does not listen or understand the message.

<Jim> *It would be like trying to talk to a brick wall.*

Jim I think that would be the basic problem with these microwormholes. Even if it is possible to transmit down them, the recipient has to be listening and be able to understand the message. Plus they are quantum tunnels and so might not always work.

Dr Dave An interesting concept, but quite unimaginable.

<Jim> *Well it makes sense to me, even if it is all fantasy.*

Jim Haven't you ever had an idea or thought spring to mind? or had a telephone conversation starting 'I was just thinking about you?'

Dr Kate I have.

Dr John looks at Dr Kate.

Jim Well, there you go. I am not saying it is the answer to why that happens but it is a possible answer.

Dr Dave So you are saying that is how your thought transmission delusion was working?

Jim No.

<Jim> *Here we go again.*

Jim It was very much more personal than that. It is best described as being in a film. With me as the lead character. Have you ever watched The Truman Show with Jim Carrey?

Dr Dave Yes, it was on this Christmas

Jim I know, I watched it too.

Dr John You know it is very relevant to DSR?

Jim Yes. But it is the idea of being directed that I associated with. I did not feel controlled, I had total freedom to do what I liked but I chose to follow the plot, to see where it was going. I described it as like being in a computer game. Now that has a reference to The Matrix doesn't it?

Dr Dave A little.

<Jim> *They say The Matrix is about 'The One'. Someone who can control the natural forces. As if they were in a game. This idea is all very DSR.*

Jim Well, I thought I was onto something, but I quickly became confused, so I assume the connection was broken.

Jim touches his chin with his left hand.

Jim My first thought was that this direction was related to the Sun and Sun spots. But I can't see how that would work, as it takes a few minutes for light to travel from the Sun to the Earth, so there would have been a noticeable stuttering of events. It is quite insane really, isn't it?

Dr Dave It is hard to imagine, I have never experienced mental illness. But you were ill, your brain was over revving itself.

Jim But maybe it allowed me to use these microwormholes in some way. Maybe it was my brain trying to interpret all the connections? I know it was more likely that my brain was just short circuiting across neural paths, leading to the confused thoughts, but as an alternative, it is much more attractive. From my point of view.

Dr John Part of your symptoms would have been the feeling that you were somehow special.

Jim We are all special.

Dr John No, but the feeling euphoria is a symptom.

Jim All I am saying is that I found a nicer way of looking at what happened. Rather than just discarding all those thoughts and delusions, I used them as a jump board for expanding my understanding of the Universe. Maybe it is total fantasy, but it is harmless fantasy.

Dr Dave I would not say it was harmless. Your theory suggests that it is possible to implant thoughts into other peoples minds.

Jim That can be done already, through autosuggestion, but I would guess both participants need to be willing for it to work, as both the transmitter and receiver need to be operational. Like I said, it is a very fuzzy way of sending information. There are no words involved, just thoughts.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim You couldn't speak to anybody, as you would with words. Well not if my delusions are anything to go by. You would need to suggest something.

Dr Kate Such as?

<Jim> *What nice eyes you have. See it does not work.*

Jim Well numbers might be common thoughts. Maybe feelings, or music, or even smell and taste.

Dr Dave But how do you target the person at the other end?

Jim I do not know, maybe the person at the other end recognises themselves as the target, by vision for those you have never met or by name association for those you have?

<Jim> *I don't really know. [Mavis. Coronation Street]*

Jim Anyway, it is all fantasy.

Dr Dave But you have obviously thought about it a great deal?

Jim Yes. It was part of my therapy.

Dr John Just so long as it did not make you worse.

Dr Dave So, would you like to try it out on one of us?

<Jim> *I don't think so.*

Jim Why, it was a delusion. Anyway, I can't think like that way anymore.

<Jim> *Got you.*

Dr Dave It was just a thought.

Jim sips his coffee, the doctors follow suite.

There is a minutes silence as they gather their thoughts.

Dr Kate When communicated your thoughts? How did those you communicated with respond?

Jim I am not sure what you mean?

Dr Kate Well did their actions somehow change, did they try and communicate back?

Jim Well I thought I did notice changes. Now I think these were only there because I noticed them. Before I had ignored them. Like, if you look out for a type of car when you are driving, you see lots of them but when you are not looking you don't notice them?

Dr Kate But what sort of changes did you see?

Jim OK I thought I saw news readers shuffle more in their seats, or breath more heavily. One even looked quite excited, but I think that was more to do with her impending promotion. Without all the facts you cannot say this happened because of that, all you can do is say this happened when I was paying attention.

Dr Dave Did you try to get them to communicate back to you?

Jim Yes, I did try once. I asked the presenters to scratch their nose if they could sense me.

Dr Dave Did they scratch their nose?

Jim Well one did, but it must have just been a coincidence, as I asked her to do it again and she did not. One swallow does not make a summer and all that.

Dr Dave So you were having some success, although it was only initial success.

Jim These initial coincidences. Just confused things. The facts are that there were no successes. Just spurious results. I was not trying to prove it conclusively, just enough to move the theory on. I knew there would be no solid evidence. As I knew it was all a delusion, even though I thought it was happening.

<Jim> *If you know what I mean Harry. [Frank Bruno]*

Dr John And you are happy with that?

Jim I am not happy that I had these thoughts, but I was happy to put them to rest. I would have liked to have had no successes at all, the coincidences just kept it all going.

Dr John It must have been quite difficult for you?

Jim Yes, it was.

Dr Kate You mentioned that you felt like you were in the Truman Show. Who was the director in your show?

Jim I never found out. I tried to imagine who it might be but with no conclusion. My conclusion to all this mental gymnastics was that my subconscious was just having some fun with me. So in a sense, I was the director.

<Jim> *You played yourself. [Ice-T]*

Dr Dave I think that is it for now.

Dr John I have nothing more to ask.

Dr John looks at Dr Kate.

Dr John Thank you for your time.

The doctors all stand up. Jim stands up and moves towards the front door. Jim unlocks door and opens it. The three doctors step outside.

Jim Will I be seeing you, when Dr Thomas calls?

Dr John I can't really say, it depends if there are any more questions forthcoming from our studies.

The doctors walk towards their car. Jim shuts and locks the front door. Jim switches on the television and starts to watch his video, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

<Voice> *Jim was happy with their visit. Nothing had been said that was too concerning. The professionals had remained, professional. The introduction of Dr Kate had made the interview more visually pleasing. And Jim had seen no signs that she was there to catch him out.*

<Voice> *The Day The Earth Stood Still is a 1950's film about an alien who comes to warn the governments of Earth that it is in danger of being destroyed by the Space Police. Of which, he is one. He demonstrates how powerful they are by stopping all machines on the Earth for an hour. Of coarse the film is just fiction. But it illustrated that even back then, the desire for peace was strong. However, it had crossed Jim's mind that maybe the warning was real. And that maybe the story would reveal something to him. It did not.*

Part Three

Jim is sitting in the front room watching the news.

The door bell sounds.

Jim stands up and switches off the television.

Jim unlocks and opens the front door.

Doctors John, Dave and Kate are standing on the door step.

Jim looks out to see if Dr Thomas is there.

Jim No Dr Thomas then?

Dr John No, he has a stomach bug, he sends his apologies. May we come in?

<Jim> *Mmmmmmm's. Tommy Boyde. Night Trek.*

Jim Yes. Please, come in.

Jim steps back to let the doctors in.

They all walk in and sit down in their last positions.

From left to right, Dr Kate, Dr John and Dr Dave.

Jim shuts the door and locks it. Jim then sits down.

<Voice> *Dr Kate is wearing a red trouser suit. Dr Dave is wearing a blue suit and Dr John is wearing a green suit. Jim notices that they appear to be dressed smarter than usual. He also notices that there are in order. That is, red, green and blue are the three primary colours for light. These colours formed part of his delusions when he was ill, they were part of a repeating theme in his life.*

<Jim> *Ignore the colours it is just a coincidence.*

Dr John Well, how have you been? You look quite well.

Jim I am fine, I feel almost normal apart from the tiredness.

Dr John I would not worry too much about that, you are just catching up on all that sleep you lost when were ill. Have you been keeping yourself busy?

Jim Yes. Mainly general chores. I have been easing myself back into work too, as well as trying to get into some sort of shape.

Dr John Have you had any more episodes?

Jim No. None at all. I still think about what happened, but that is just part of coming to terms with it. But it no longer draws me in.

Dr Dave looks at Jim

Dr Dave I looked into your microwormhole theory.

Jim Did it make any more sense to you?

Dr Dave As far as I understand them, there is a possibility that they might exist, but there are currently no recognised theories on their nature. So the linking of microwormholes to delusions or ESP is too fantastical for modern science. I think wormholes are best left in space and science-fiction.

Jim I did not say it was a definite theory, it is just one which I like. I have a good conspiracy theory about Princess Diana too, which I worked out while I was ill. It is based on a set of facts. I like the theory, even though I know that the reality is, that she died in the car crash.

Dr Kate Really? What is it then?

Dr John Dr Kate, please.

Dr Dave No. It may be relevant, in that it will provide an insight into the patients thought processes.

<Jim> *Talk as if I am not here why don't you.*

Jim It is a really good conspiracy theory.

<Jim> *You know us schizophrenics. We can make even Bambi look like a rabid deer out to destroy humanity.*

Dr John OK. But make it brief.

Jim It is based on the premise that she is still alive.

Dr John But she is dead, you realise that?

Jim Yes. But imagine I am writing a story and wanted to use her life as its basis, but I want to give it a fairy tale ending.

Dr John OK?

Jim Lets imagine that she did not like all the media attention she was getting and wanted to escape from it. If only for a time. She might arrange for a double to take her place, allowing her to move about unhindered by the press. A romance would have attracted a lot of media attention. So she may have asked Dodie to date her double. Switching with the double when she met up with Dodie. How this was kept secret is not part of my theory, but I would guess, provided they swapped clothes and looked different from each other, once they had, they would be able to get away with it. If I met Lady Diana in the street I would not recognise her, especially if she wore a wig and was under dressed.

<Jim> *It would be nicer if she was undressed, but under dressed is more practical. Hold that mental image. On second thoughts, best not.*

Dr Kate I guess not. Some people could not get away with it. But she set fashions and so people expected her to look a certain way.

<Jim> *Back to the fairy tale story.*

Jim So there is now a double in the car with Dodie when it crashes.

Dr Dave I guess it is possible, but what about the doctors?

Jim You mean, the doctors at the hospital?

Dr Dave They would not allow themselves to be used to cover up such a thing.

Jim Maybe not, but they would rely on the relatives identifying the body. Also, who else would be with Dodie? All of the press was following her.

Dr Kate But how would you cover up such a thing?

Jim Well, provided she did have an alternative life, shared with her double then she would have just assumed her doubles identity.

<Jim> *Remember you are talking to a patient, I do have a mental illness. I cannot be expected to think of everything.*

Dr Kate But what about her sons?

Jim I really do not know. She may have contacted them and Charles. I have an idea she contacted her bodyguard, as that is why there is so much of her stuff missing from Kensington Palace. In my conspiracy theory that is. All I have done is make the facts fit a theory. With the evidence I have. For me there is reasonable doubt. I never saw her body or heard of any dental records being checked. Everyone assumed it was her in the car. Without confirmation then, she has the opportunity of disappearing from a life we know she was unhappy with. Back to the obscurity from whence she came. For me that is a fairy tale ending and much more pleasant than being a victim of just another car crash.

Dr Kate It is a much more romantic ending, especially if she found her true love too.

Dr Dave But how would she hide such thing?

Jim Provided she kept her secret, secret. She would be able to limit the amount of people who knew. Dodie would have been the only one who really needed to know, and her double. Both of these people died in the car crash. The only other person would be her bodyguard. But it is all fantasy, I do not believe it to be true, it is just a possible alternate reality.

Dr John But again it is based on a delusion. That Princess Diana is still alive. You have no reason to believe she is alive.

Jim Well no, not really. But I do think that the Peter Pan play park in Kensington Gardens is very Diana. Only she would have thought of such a memorial. So her friends knew her very well. But in the conspiracy theory, she would have suggested it, via someone who knew she was alive.

Dr Kate You are right, it is very Diana. Your theory would make a much nicer ending to her life story.

Jim It is a pity that I am wrong. Life would be much nicer in a delusional world. Maybe that is why people have mental problems, as a way of coping with the cruel real world.

Dr John Escaping from reality is part of the problem, but the delusions are just a symptom.

Dr Dave Can we get back on track now?

Dr Kate Yes, sorry. I was just intrigued by Jim's conspiracy theory.

Dr John Jim. You mentioned that some of your delusions related to music. Were there any in particular that you remember?

<Jim> *What? Apart from the spider spirits record trek?*

I had better stick to the more popular music, I doubt if these guys even know who George Clinton is.

Jim Have you heard of Jamiroquai?

Dr Dave Yes.

Dr Kate Yes.

Dr John looks at Dr Dave.

<Jim> *I guess not Dr John.*

Jim Well their music is sort of hippie funk. Well I did latch onto their music for a time. Their first album is called Emergency On Planet Earth. It's a pretty cool album, very green and earthy. Their next album Space Cowboy, was a change in direction with a more adolescent feel to it. Their third album, Travelling Without Moving, was a bit more spiritual. The travelling without moving track formed part of a delusion I had, where I imagined I could fly.

Dr John looks at Jim in a concerned way.

Jim It's all right, I wasn't jumping off things, just imagining flying. I could imagine places I had been, and even some of the space sequences you see on science programs. When you listen to the track, Use The Force, you see that it is quite dangerous for someone with delusions.

<Jim> *Dr John needs to stop thinking like a doctor.*

Jim Then there was the Synkronized album, and the track Where Do We Go From Here. If you listen to the track you hear Jay K say he's sending out a message, I hope you have the sense to read between the lines. He mentions something about the back and telephoning. So I looked at the back of the CD and there is a number that looks like a telephone number.

Dr Kate Did you ring it?

<Jim> *I like Jay Kay, but not that way. Also I did not like the mood he was in, that album had some very dark tracks.*

Jim No. I was delusional but not that delusional, he was singing to a girl.

Dr Kate You never know, I might see if it is a real number.

<Jim> *I would rather you did not, at one point I thought I was starring in my own version of The Twelve Monkeys.*

Jim Well their last album is pretty good, A Funk Odyssey. It is a bit more spiritual, back to their old self I think. I saw Jay Kay on the television, promoting the album. It was when I was still ill, I asked him if he could sense me. He then went and described his fluorescent gear on the album cover. So I took it to mean that is how he sees me.

<Jim> *Crazy but true.*

Dr Dave But he did not try to communicate with you directly.

<Jim> *No, I was delusional.*

Jim No. I was just linking my questions with answers he was giving to the interviewer.

Dr John Was that sort of communication typical?

Jim Well it started off as a listening process but then it became communicative. Where by I was interacting with the artists.

<Jim> *There were two times when they synchronised vividly. Once when my chain came off my bike and I was listening to Batman, Batman that big blade is heading straight for us.*

Jim looks to one side.

<Jim> *The other time was when I was driving along and I seemed to be directed by the radio. The records chosen were directing me to the BBC. I was as mad as a hatter then though.*

Dr John How did you cope with that?

Jim I stopped listening to music.

<Jim> *That's when I started making my own music.*

Jim sits back and looks at the three doctors. His eyes rest on Dr Kate, she is looking at her notes.

<Jim> *Red is very provocative. I remember once I asked the BBC weather girls to wear red. And they did. That was another funny coincidence. I guess I should ask them if they want a drink. The doctors, not the weather girls.*

Jim Would anybody like a drink?

Dr John Good idea, I think we need a break. You don't mind do you? This is taking rather longer than a normal visit.

Jim No. It helps to pass the time.

Dr Kate White coffee with no sugar, please.

Dr John Same here.

Dr Dave Can I have a black coffee, please.

Jim Two white, one black. Back in a minute.

Jim walks into the kitchen.

<Jim> *Three coffee's coming up.*

Jim fills the kettle and puts it on.

<Jim> *Cups, one, two, three, four.*

Jim returns to the front room.

But remains standing.

Jim Kettles on.

Dr John That's fine.

Dr Dave While we are waiting. Could you tell me about how you thought you were communicating with people?

Jim I suppose so. I never really had anybody, say, hey how do you do that. But I had the standard, I was just thinking of you. As far as the television and films went, they never said 'what is that?', or 'I keep getting thoughts in my mind like someone is talking to me'. The only film I remember where there was a line out of sequence was in Stella Got Her Groove Back where Whoopie said 'God is here'.

Dr Dave So you thought that people thought you were God?

Jim It might have felt that way to people. A connection with another being, isn't that spiritual? That was the way I was thinking. Some people might find it God like, others might find it frightening. It all depends upon the connectivity and the person.

Dr Dave Well I am sitting here in front of you and I feel nothing unusual.

Jim Obviously. I know it was not real, but I could not help thinking about it at the time.

<Jim> *Don't try and catch me out. I am over all that.*

The kettle boils.

Jim Back in a minute.

Jim walks out to the kitchen and makes the coffee.

He returns with a tray.

Jim There you go.

Jim lays the tray down, takes his cup and sits down.

Dr Dave So what other ways did you experience communication?

<Jim> *I never heard any voices, apart from my own mental voice. Mental voice. Bum-Bum. Basil Brush.*

Jim Well I did ask myself the question, how does it feel then, for other people. All I felt was happier than before, a bit more extrovert, and purposeful.

Dr Dave You communicated with yourself?

<Jim> *Doesn't everyone?*

Jim I used a video to do it. It was strange as I was feeling mediocre before I started. The taping of myself picked me up. Maybe that is why celebrities get a kick out of doing television and films.

Dr Dave But you haven't watched all the films ever made, nor do you watch every television channel.

Jim True. But I have watched quite a few.

Dr Kate OK name some of your favourite personalities.

<Jim> *This is slowly degenerating into a chat show. I remember pretending to be interviewed by some of my fantasy female celebrities. That was funny. It was like reading a script, pretending to be the interviewer, while being the interviewee.*

Jim What, films or television?

Dr Dave Films first.

<Jim> *Good choice.*

Jim Actors or Actresses?

Dr Kate Actresses.

<Jim> *This could be embarrassing.*

Jim Geena Davis. Jodie Foster. Demi Moore. I like Cameron Diaz now, too. Emma Thompson, sometimes. Oh, Renee Zellweger, she is pretty. I am not sure if I like all her films though. And Gwyneth Paltrow, she was good in Shakespeare in Love. Oh yes, Sigorney Weaver, she's an acquired taste.

Dr Dave And the actors?

Jim Arnold Schwarzenegger, Harrison Ford, Mel Gibson, Nicholas Cage, Jim Carrey. What's his face?, Bruce Willis. That chap out of Leon and Godzilla. John Travolta. Clint Eastwood and Samuel L. Jackson. I also like Tom Hanks and Dustin Hoffman but not as much.

Dr Kate And television actresses?

<Jim> *This might be difficult. There are so many.*

Jim Just actresses or personalities?

Dr Kate Yes, personalities as well.

Jim Emma Forbes from Live and Kicking. Lynda Carter, from Wonder Woman. Erin Gray, from Buck Rogers. The sci-fi women, Jeri Ryan, Lucy Lawless, Gillian Anderson. Other actresses would be Helen Baxendale, Joanna Lumley, Lisa Kudrow, Calista Flockhart and the Oxo woman. I can never remember her name. Lynda? Bellingham? You are lucky I am not just saying their character names.

Dr John Well most of those actresses are not World famous are they?

Jim Not particularly. But they are good.

Dr John In your opinion.

<Jim> *That is the only one I have.*

Jim But that was, what was asked for. I do not choose them because they have any particular skills, just that I like them. If I was a director I would have other considerations. But as a viewer I am just interested in whether or not I like the character's they play, and their style. I have no idea if they are technically brilliant, they just come across as good people.

Dr Kate Do you fantasise about them?

<Jim> *You dirty thing.*

Jim Yes, of course. But not all the time.

Dr Kate smiles, Jim looks away. Dr Dave smiles.

Dr Kate What type of fantasies?

<Jim> *Do you want to talk dirty?*

Jim I would rather not say, but I am a normal chap, I am sure most people fantasise. Use your imagination.

Dr Kate But, when you were ill, surely you thought you could communicate with them too?

<Jim> *Oh no. She has uncovered the secret bonus affect.*

Jim Yes?

Dr Kate Well, didn't you try to communicate with them?

<Jim> *What do I do now? That part should be censored.*

Jim Well I did try to get Bruce Willis to help.

Dr Kate That was not what I meant.

Jim What did you mean?

Dr Kate Well if I thought I could communicate with say, Paul Newman I might try to seduce him.

Jim Really, it never crossed my mind. Anyway, I am a gentleman, and they are all ladies. I am sure they would not succumb to such advances.

Dr John I do not think you know women very well.

Dr Kate Yes, of course a woman would be susceptible to such advances. It is the basis of every romantic novel. To be seduced by a man's spirit, that sounds very evocative. Have you never heard of Beauty and the Beast?

<Jim> *Thanks.*

Jim Yes, but why would they want to flirt with just a feeling?

<Jim> *Stupid, you just answered your own question.*

Dr Kate Because it is romantic. Provided they are in control and it is just a fantasy, most women would find the idea of being seduced by a spirit very exciting. It would be the ultimate form of safe sex. For them.

Jim Really, it is a pity it was all just a delusion. I would have enjoyed seducing my way through all my fantasy women.

Dr Kate I am not sure whether they would have, if they knew it was real and who you were.

<Jim> *Best not tell then, eh?*

Jim Why not?

Dr John The difference between fantasy and reality is quite marked. Most people are quite happy to watch things they never would want to experience.

Dr Kate So who is your fantasy woman?

Jim It depends what you mean? In terms of a pure soulful fantasy woman, it would have to be Sade. I have no idea of what she is like in reality, but her songs are something out of this World.

Dr Dave I always thought her songs were elevator music.

Jim They are not in your face, if that is what you mean. They are aimed at your soul, if you happen to have one. The music is secondary to her songs, and she keeps the lyrics simple. Most of her songs are about love, and that is what she sings about best. There are not many women singers who can make songs as good as her. It's all done with vocal texture and believing what you are singing. Unfortunately, she has to deal with reality. You can see how she has changed through her albums. I think now, her true love is her daughter.

Dr Kate I think Sade is very good. I have her greatest hits.

Jim She did a track on there called, Please send me someone to love. It is not very good, but it shows how she feels these days. She is very beautiful, I am surprised she has not been able to find her soul mate.

Dr Kate She is your fantasy woman?

Jim I do not find her sexy though. She is too gentle. A fantasy woman would need to be everything.

Dr Kate What? You do not find her sexy?

Jim Not from her public persona. She is very beautiful, but when I think of Sade I think of love and commitment. I certainly do not think of raunchiness and sex.

Dr Kate sits forward and looks into Jim's eyes.

Jim looks away, shuffles in his seat, and then looks back.

Dr Kate So who is sexy then?

<Jim> *All women are sexy, in their own way.*

Jim What another singer?

Dr Kate Yes, why not, another singer.

Jim Mmmm. Sophie Ellis Bextor?

Dr Kate Sophie Ellis Bextor!

Dr Kate sits back and looks at Dr John and then Dr Dave.

Dr Kate Sophie Ellis Bextor, she's a baby.

<Jim> *She may be young but she has grace.*

Jim OK Kim Wilde. I used to fancy her something chronic.

Dr Kate What the gardening sex kitten?

Jim The problem is I do not really like her music. But she is very sexy, in fact she is even more so these days. I even liked her when everyone said she was overweight. The video of your love is holy, is, Kim Wilde at her best.

Dr Dave So you like women in frocks?

Jim I guess so, but we are talking fantasy women here aren't we? I have non-celebrity fantasy women too. They are just women who I know, but cannot have.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

<Jim> *I do not mean you. Not that I could have you.*

I do like your eyes, but you are not my fantasy woman.

Jim I am no good at pretence, so any woman would have to put up with me. I can put up with them, I have no illusions about human nature, women get moody for no reason, they blame the nearest and dearest for everything. You just have to ride the waves and make the best of the good times. I am no angel either, but I will do the best I can, with what little I have.

Dr Kate We are all human.

<Jim> *Oopps, I slid that one into doldrums. Bummer.*

Jim Fantasy women are great. How they convert to reality women is probably why celebrities have so much trouble with relationships. Men are lucky, they live in a fantasy world most of their lives.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Women are taught to love, this allows the man to have an ego boost on tap.

<Jim> *We all need ego boosts sometimes, when we are low. That is where fantasy women come in.*

Dr Kate Men, generally, have a problem with emotions. That is a fact.

Jim Not so much a problem, they just prefer emotional reflection, to the emotional sharing that women prefer.

Dr Dave Come on you two, you are yourselves, getting into a fantasy world.

Dr John Yes, come on. We need to move things on a bit now.

Jim OK. But before we do I would like to know Dr Kate's fantasy man. It is only fair.

<Jim> *And don't say Tom Cruise.*

The two doctors look at Dr Kate and so does Jim.

Dr Kate This is not fair.

Jim Please.

Dr Kate If I had to say someone, it would be Mel Gibson.

Jim Really?

Dr Kate Yes, if I had to pick someone.

<Jim> *But he's just a baby. Dr Kate about Sophie Ellis Bextor not five minutes ago.*

Jim He's cool.

Dr Dave Let's move on a bit. So. When you thought you could communicate with people through thought transmission, who else did you try to communicate with?

<Jim> *Who didn't I communicate with, would be a quicker question.*

Jim Well I tried to get help from the news readers on the BBC.

Dr John Why news readers?

Jim Because they read the news live, so they could make movements or gestures. We have been here before, haven't we?

Dr Dave Yes, but we just wanted to know the sort's of people and what you communicated.

Jim How is that relevant to your research?

Dr Dave It is not strictly relevant, but it does add depth to our notes.

<Jim> *This sounds a bit iffy to me.*

Jim Well there really was too much going on to give a complete list. But it was mainly the people I mentioned before in films and television.

<Jim> *I had better add a little dramatic touch here.*

Jim looks away, rolls his eyes and then looks back.

Dr John Never mind about the detail then. How did this delusion affect you?

<Jim> *What, thinking you were able to touch the minds of everybody on the planet, past, present and future?*

Jim It scared me. I remember one morning having a bath and feeling very ill. There was lots of images going through my mind, I felt very hot and sticky, even though I was cleaning myself down. To be honest, there was quite a long period where I felt hypersensitive, every sound seemed to grate on my nerves.

Dr John Those are just symptoms of the illness.

Jim Things eventually calmed down and the overwhelming sensations were squelched down, or faded away. Whatever.

Dr Dave So how do you reason out the concept of your thought delusion, given its consequences?

<Jim> *I just went with the flow.*

Jim I just accepted it.

Dr John I wish all mental patients could do the same. Part of the problem with recovery is the lack of accepting the illness.

<Jim> *I am not saying anything.*

Dr Dave And had you been able to communicate with, lets say, Bruce Willis. How did you expect him to help you?

Jim Bruce Willis was only a test for my friend. If he had said actuarial, it would have proven the connectivity.

Dr John Surely it would have made sense to communicate directly with your friend?

<Jim> *Madness ain't that straight forward.*

Jim I did in a way, but my thinking was that the thought transmission seemed strongest when the person was someone I did not know, but respected or had some attachment to. I did ask my friend to guess a number between one and a hundred, but it freaked him out. He said I was staring strangely at him. I think he imagined that. Maybe he just looked straight into my eyes.

<Jim> *Maybe he realised what I was saying, and that I was not kidding more like. It's a scary thought, madness. I do not know how I would have reacted if he had said the same thing to me?*

Dr Dave So you found it easier to communicate with people you had never met?

Jim Basically, yes. If I had to define a type, it would be people who like to act or are comfortable with public facing.

Dr Dave Did you get any strong reactions from anybody?

Jim What, that I thought at the time were related?

Dr Dave Yes.

Jim The two news reader's I remember were Kate from Newsround on the BBC and Penny on GMTV.

Dr Dave Any reason why you thought those two were more tuned in, as it were?

Jim I just remember getting strong reactions. I know they were just coincidences, but at the time it all felt so real.

Dr John You did not try to contact them directly?

Jim No.

Dr John Why not, wouldn't that of confirmed your thought transmission theory, one way or another?

Jim At the time I felt very threatened. I just wanted to know if what I was thinking was correct or not. It was not. Anyway, they would have had me arrested, as some psycho stalker.

Dr John I was thinking more along the lines of a letter.

Jim No. At the time I was still very unsure of reality. It was best to do things at their own pace.

<Jim> *If it don't fit, don't force it. George Clinton.*

Jim I knew it was all crazy, it just seemed so real. I don't think they would have responded to a letter either. Anyway what would you say?

Dr Kate Jim is right. A letter would be more frightening. Jim, didn't you ever think that your delusion was, well, perverted?

Jim Why?

Dr Kate Well you seem to have concentrated mainly on women, and to have a delusion where you can communicate with them sounds a bit like one of these chat lines. Don't you think?

Jim I wouldn't know, I have never used them. Are they any good?

Dr John I think what Dr Kate is trying to say is that your thought delusion might be sexually motivated.

<Jim> *Psychiatrists, everything has to be sexually related.*

Jim Well I suppose when you look at it from the view point of a woman, you would. But it wasn't like that. I do not normally chat to people, not even the people I know. It was all fantasy, it was just in my head. I only focused on women because it was more comfortable being, thinking of being, inside a woman's mind. If you thought you could communicate with anybody in the whole World, through thought, you would probably choose Mel Gibson. Wouldn't you?

Dr Kate I really do not know.

Jim Come off it, put yourself in the position where you think you can communicate by thought. Now think of a way you can do it without anybody suspecting it is you. No, that's not going to work, it does not make sense to me now. Sorry.

Dr Kate It's all right.

<Jim> *Why doesn't it make sense anymore? It should, my thought logic was not affected. I reacted how I would have reacted under the circumstances. Maybe that is it, it was the circumstances. I remember feeling isolated, and alone. So I turned to fiction, maybe that is why the thought transmission delusion surfaced.*

Dr John Are you alright Jim?

Jim Yes, I was just trying to remember why I had turned to the television for help. I guess it was because it was the only line of communication left open to me. I felt like a prisoner in my own home. And the information on the television these days is so varied, maybe that is why this all happened.

<Jim> *No. That is not right. I remember waking up with the word BANG on a loop in my mind. I just could not stop it. BANG, BANG, BANG. That was scary.*

Dr John It was all part of the anxiety you were feeling.

Dr Kate Jim, sorry, I did not mean to imply you were a pervert. I was just wondering if there was any sexual motive behind the delusion. You know us psychiatrists?

<Jim> *You just don't get it do you? It was like being on Big Brother, everything I did could be seen by anyone who tuned in. Anyone could hear my thoughts, if they wanted to, it was like I was broadcasting my thoughts out to the World. It was inhuman.*

Jim What, that problems of the mind are related to sex? Yes, I have heard that.

Dr Kate So, do you think your problems were related to sex.

<Jim> *Everything is related to sex. Sweeping statement number one hundred and forty three.*

Jim No. Well, maybe. I do have problems with women.

Dr Kate Problems? What sort of problems?

<Jim> *Here we go, I will have to put myself in therapy after this lot have had a go at me.*

Jim Well I am not very good at speaking to women, present company excluded.

Dr Kate What, chatting women up you mean?

<Jim> *Yes. So I guess my thought delusion is a way of making myself more attractive to women. NOT!*

Jim I get uncomfortable with women, even now. I know I am not much to look at, well I am, but that's because I am fat. But I don't think women find me attractive, maybe they did when I was a slim Jim, but that was ten years ago. Now I am fat bald Jim.

<Jim> *Do not ask me if I find you attractive, all women are attractive. Sweeping statement number twenty three.*

Dr Kate Do you find me attractive.

<Jim> *I said, don't ask me that. Computer, go to red alert.*

Jim Yes, you are attractive, wouldn't you say chaps?
<Jim> *That's it, drag these two in before she starts something.*
Dr John Err, yes, you are attractive.
Dr Dave Yes. Most definitely.
<Jim> *Situation defused. Computer return to yellow alert.*

Dr Dave smiles at Jim. Then turns and looks at Dr Kate.
Dr Kate looks down at her notes.

<Jim> *I think there is something in that.*
Dr Kate Thanks for the compliment. I do my best.
<Jim> *She fancies herself too.*
Jim But there is a big difference between finding someone attractive and wanting to have a relationship with them.
Dr Kate So how many women have you had a relationship with?
<Jim> *Oh no, you plonka, quick think of something.*
Jim Pass.
<Jim> *You handbag. You woman's blouse. Why can't you just learn to lie?*
Dr Kate Pardon.
<Jim> *Granted.*
Dr Dave He said pass.
Jim I would rather not get into anything that is too personal. It may well be that my sex life has something to do with my illness, it may not. I would rather it did not become part of your research.
<Jim> *So how may partners have you had then?*
Dr Kate Fine.
<Jim> *Five? Interesting.*
Jim I am sorry, but I do not see the relevance.
Dr John I agree, we really do need to be moving this along. Was there anything else you wanted to ask?
Dr Kate Do you suffer from any physical symptoms when you are uncomfortable with women?
<Jim> *What, like a hard on?*
Jim Yes.
Dr Kate Can you describe them?
Jim Yes.
Dr Kate Please do then.
<Jim> *Who is perverted now?*
Jim Well it depends upon the woman, but I generally feel hot and bothered.
Dr Kate A raise in temperature. That is normal.
Jim I generally do not feel relaxed, unless it is with someone I trust, and it takes time to build up that trust.
Dr Dave This is quite normal behaviour.

Dr John Please move on.

Dr Kate I was just trying to ascertain if there were any abnormal symptoms.

<Jim> *Like...?*

Jim You mean when I am talking in my mind?

Dr Kate Yes, that would be useful.

Jim No. No symptoms. But I do tend to stare into their eyes. A bit like a hypnotist.

<Jim> *Are you feeling randy yet? I mean sleepy?*

Dr Kate Is this a voluntary action?

<Jim> *You are not going to ask me to stare into your eyes, you pervert.*

Jim Usually, but sometimes I am drawn into their eyes.

<Jim> *Some women have eyes that grab you by the soul and drag you in like a rampaging vixen.*

Dr Dave Drawn into their eyes?

Jim What, haven't you ever watched someone and been so taken by their stare that you feel fixed by it?

Dr Dave I can't say that I have.

Jim Not even your wife?

Dr Dave Especially not my wife.

Dr Kate Do you feel drawn to my eyes?

Jim Nope.

Dr Kate Could you look into my eyes?

Jim I can, but I do not think it will do anything.

Dr Kate Well, lets see.

<Jim> *I guess this is some wacky therapy. I am a tad autistic but I won't throw a fit you know.*

Jim looks into Dr Kate's eyes.

<Voice> *Jim really is not happy with this little experiment. He feels very uncomfortable. He knows his stare is a bit crazy looking and Dr Kate might get spooked by him. He only looks into his wife's eyes these days. Most of the time he avoids eye contact all together. The last time he felt transfixed by a woman's stare was with a local news reader. Her eyes had reminded him of an actresses eyes, who in turn reminded him of his wife, before she became so consumed by her work. It is true what they say, that the eyes are the windows to the soul.*

<Jim> *Yes, you have nice eyes. You are attractive, physically, but I am not interested in you. Maybe if you were not a doctor and I was not married, I might talk to you.*

Jim stops staring.

<Jim> *Was it good for you?*

Dr Kate Well, that was uneventful.

<Jim> *What you expected to hear my voice? or may be fall to the floor in ecstasy? or even notice I am a human being, not just a patient?*

Jim I am not autistic you know?

Dr Kate I just wanted to see if you had any abnormal reactions, sometimes patients do things without them knowing.

<Jim> *Like bad drivers you mean?*

Jim Well I am pretty normal, even when I was ill I did not lose control over my actions, just my thoughts.

<Jim> *It was like a thought firework display.*

Dr Dave So Jim, how did you reconcile yourself with your illness?

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Dave You said you accepted it, but how did you return to normal?

Jim What, when did it all stop?

Dr Dave Yes.

Jim Well part of the problem with it is that it never really stops.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim You can never erase what happened.

<Jim> *Well you could but that is called electro-therapy. I prefer music therapy and media therapy. When you realise that everyone is in the same boat, more or less, it helps to make it acceptable. I just flipped out for a second. A minute. An hour. A day. A week. A month. A year.*

Dr Dave Yes, but you must have reached a point where you no longer felt ill.

Jim I think I described it to my key worker as a peaked curve, where the peak was a few days after my protest. I was really worried about how the authorities might of reacted to my peaceful protest. I am no anarchist, but the news had been full of the World trade riots and one of the protesters had been gunned down. In my mind I thought, well if they thought I was dangerous they might have shot me. Or maybe it was some other organisation. That was my peak. That was when my mind turned on the gas. The neuroadrenaline.

<Jim> *From that point on, I was well and truly pumped up.*

Dr Dave It sounds as if you have reasoned out how you became so ill. But it would not have all come from that single incident.

Jim I know, I was run down at work and my wife is a teacher, and we have our son to look after. It all takes its affect. But that was the flash point.

Dr John So when did you realise you were ill?

Jim I did not realise I was ill until Dr Thomas told me I was ill. Up until then I thought I was on a mission. The events I had experienced had pushed me into some sort of role, whereby I was the hero, the superman. The man who saves the day.

Dr John That is definitely part of the illness.

Jim But it was so strange, I began to feel so alive. I guess it is some sort of natural drug, the only downside were the delusions. My wife got worried by my actions and then she called my mother down. I was still worried that I was under threat so having my mum around didn't help, as she might have been in danger. It all began to get too much for me, my mum is very emotional. If I had been allowed to rest by myself then I would have been able to calm down and you guys would never have been needed.

Dr John Our research shows that it just gets worse.

<Jim> *Well I know myself, it was all the fussing that aggravated it all.*

Jim Well that's how I felt.

Dr Dave When you felt better you stopped communicating with people?

<Jim> *How would I know, I am just the broadcaster?*

Jim Yes, I stopped trying to communicate with people. It was funny as when I thought about the delusion, I realised that it would make a good story.

Dr Dave Why?

Jim Well, imagine that I am some sort of X Man, with the power of thought transmission. If all it took was for me to look at a picture or think of someone to connect with them, then think of how many people I have contacted. Now imagine that this connection is spiritual, and people not only sense it, but that it awakens a dormant part of their soul, giving them a greater feeling of being. Isn't there some Indian lady who goes around giving people hugs, now imagine that sensation being passed by just thought.

Dr Kate That is another romantic notion. You are quite full of them aren't you?

<Jim> *Full of something, maybe.*

Jim I guess so, if that is what romantic notion's are.

<Jim> *A flower power X Man with a thought transmission delusion, now there must be a film in there somewhere.*

Dr Dave Surely someone would have noticed it was you?

<Jim> *Don't get too caught up in this, they are still doctors, they might still be able to section you.*

Jim Ah-ha. I thought about this. there is very little chance of anybody working out that it is me, or anybody else, as the time line for all the events has yet to pass.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim Well, for instance, if I get a liking for 1970's football on my death bed, by watching those matches they would experience the sensations. But I hate football, I never watch it, I only see the highlights on the news, sometimes, so I would not match all of the search criteria. That's if someone was trying to find me. And this all supposes the people doing the search have access to all the data. If someone did want to find me, they would have to talk to me directly, while on television. That would be the only way to get it to work. And even then I would have to own up to it, but so could anybody else watching.

Dr Dave I guess it would be quite a little paradox wouldn't it.

Jim Well, it was all a delusion so I have no need to worry.

<Jim> *Well apart from my medical records, no one would know.*

Dr John But we know about your delusion don't we?

Jim Yes, but it was just a delusion. I do not see anything to worry about. No one is after me because there is no thought transmission.

<Jim> *Having said that I was concerned about all those science-fiction writers dying. But that was when I was ill. I am no great writer, I am not even a writer. But it did remind me of the film Terminator, where a robot is sent back in time to kill the leader of the resistance. But I am no leader of a resistance movement either. I am not even a rebel. Well not one that attracts attention or leads people anyway.*

Dr Kate So you thought your thought transmission was some sort of mutation then?

<Jim> *Oh dear, there lies yet another a tale.*

Jim Well if you remember I took a test and part of the success for passing this test were wishes, I guessed the thought transmission was part of that. Although I initially thought it had always been there, but it was only then that I felt it. It is not something you would think about unless you were deluded.

Dr Kate I guess not.

Jim I see elements of my illness all the time now on television and in films. But there was one event which freaked me out a bit. It was when I was shopping and I bought the X Files movie video.

Dr Dave That does not sound too strange, the story is about aliens isn't it?

Jim That was not what freaked me out. It was that the tape inside was an X File TV film called Bio Genesis. I should have taken it back. But I was intrigued by the title, so I watched it. Fox Mulder behaves very schizophrenic, but they say it is to do with ESP. The story is about an alien space craft which has the writings of all the religions on it but in native Red Indian. My initial reaction towards my illness, was that I was experiencing some sort of spiritual high. I have heard of the God Spot in the brain. I think there is a three tier model to the brain, animal, conscious and super conscious. All three parts have access to the lower brain, but our conscious is tiered.

Dr John That sounds like no model I have ever heard of.

<Jim> *That's because I made it up. Silly.*

Jim Well we are the conscious tier. The animal tier is left over from our past, and the super conscious is there to stop us from harming the whole.

Dr Dave The whole?

Jim Yes, in this model we have a conscious that reasons for the best of mankind. The self sacrifice part of us. We all have it, even if it is not particularly well developed in some of us. It might be called the community conscious, and is probably related to the God Spot. The brain itself is physically in two halves, isn't it?

Dr John Yes?

Jim But when these two halves are separated the person still has one conscious, even though they appear to develop two independent ones? That is there is still one person, one self, even though the two sides of the brain seem to act independently?

Dr Kate I have heard of some of those experiments. They surgically split the brain to reduce symptoms of epilepsy. One paper mentioned a patient who would laugh when his right side brain saw the word laugh. When asked why he had laughed he made up an excuse, as if he did not know why he had laughed.

Jim That sounds more like there were two split consciousness, with only one having access to the speech centre.

<Jim> *They must have messed him up pretty badly. He is still ill, he just doesn't know it.*

Dr John Yes, it does at that.

Jim I liked the idea that the early civilisations thought they were directed by the Gods, and that they had no idea of self-awareness. My opinion is that you do not get a real conscious until you learn to communicate properly with a language. Before that happens, you are just reacting with your animal conscious. Once language kicks in you begin to get a conscious, as you are then able to reason. The third tier happens when people need to group together and survive as a community. Religion being the conscious mind's interpretation of the super conscious.

<Jim> *That made sense, didn't it?*

Dr John A three tier evolutionary model of the brain, interesting.

Dr Dave You have quite few theories don't you?

Jim It helps pass the time.

Dr John So are you saying that these three tiers are physical?

Jim No. They are just mental models, they may have physical portions allocated to them but they do not exist here or there.

<Jim> *They are like big bad Hank, they are everywhere. Sugar Hill Gang.*

Dr John But the brain can be segmented.

Jim If all I can do is pull a chip out of a circuit board, I will not know what that chip does, all I know is that it affects certain functions. I would have to pull out all the chips in turn and then map their affects to understand how the circuit board actually worked. Now, if that circuit board was for a parallel processor, like the brain, I would need to identify the functionality of groups of chips. Our understanding of the brain is at a very basic level. We do not yet understand how it all hangs together.

<Jim> *If you add in my biophysical microwormholes, you don't stand a chance. Why do doctors think they have all the answers?*

Dr John The brain is a very complex organ, granted, but we have more than a basic understanding of its chemistry.

Jim I think it all depends upon what you call basic. We know the Universe is made up of mostly space, we also know that most of what is not space is pure hydrogen. Yet we live in a world where neither pure hydrogen nor space play a very large role. So our understanding of the Universe is basic. That is, we only really understand what we experience or have experience of. To say nothing goes on in space is not true, we just do not know what goes on because we do not possess the ability to experience it. Just because the Europeans did not know of the Americas, did not mean that they were not there.

Dr Dave I think you are being overly philosophical. But I get your point.

Dr John But all we can do, is act upon current knowledge.

Jim Agreed, but it does not mean that the expansion of knowledge through thinking or peoples experiences should be dismissed, just because we have some understanding of the brain. Understand that you are using the same fallible organ to interpret that knowledge. The brain is very good at assuming things, but not so good at dealing with the extraordinary.

<Jim> *It must be very difficult dealing with us crazies. Sheep worrying used to be a capital offence.*

Dr John You are suggesting that doctors ignore facts?

Jim I am suggesting that if there is a super conscious then it is in its own interest not to be found, unless it itself is at risk.

Dr Dave You are suggesting a Gaii of the mind?

Dr Kate What is a Gaii?

Dr Dave It is a model put forward for explaining how the planet Earth might be seen as a single entity.

Jim As a scientist you are taught to treat things as systems. The Gaii model is nothing particularly exciting, apart from that it helps non-scientists understand how the whole planet works. With humans only being a part of the system.

Dr Dave Doesn't it go further? Doesn't it infer that the Earth has a spirit?

Jim It all depends on how you interpret the word spirit?

Dr Dave Well most people would say it is what makes them?

Jim I think the idea is to illustrate how alive planet's are, when viewed using a time scale more akin to their own. We humans are very self centred, we find it difficult to understand things that are not human, unless we give them human characteristics.

Dr Kate Why do men always make cars and ships out to be women?

<Jim> *No comment.*

Jim Well my idea of the super conscious is that it exists in all of us, like a piece of DNA. We are the cells. We have the potential to become whatever the super conscious needs to survive.

<Jim> *We are Borg. Star Trek TNG.*

Dr Dave Well, in a sense, if you look at the human race as a single entity. Then you could model it in the same way as the Gaii model. But how do you explain all the wars?

Jim Wars are caused by conscious thought, people don't accidentally start wars. They are caused by the conscious mind seeking power.

Dr Dave So when does this super conscious make its presence known?

Jim I don't think we need to know about it, it is made from us. I think it holds the veto on our brains usage. Or if it does not yet, it will, evolution will see to that. Without a super conscious the human race will kill itself out. Only those who have developed beyond conscious self interest will be able to progress further. The super conscious is interested in the development of our spiritual well being.

Dr Kate You are saying that it replaces God. Aren't you?

Jim I have no God or Gods to replace. All I have done is reason through my own experiences. The super conscious like biophysical microwormholes are a possibility, that is all. These theories make sense to me, but according to current medical evidence I am mentally ill. So they are the ramblings of a mad man.

<Jim> *Barking mad if you ask me, especially for mentioning them to doctors.*

Dr John So you still believe in thought transmission?

<Jim> *You are feeling sleepy. Which is a criminal offence. Sleepy is a dwarf and does not like being felt.*

Jim No. I do not believe in thought transmission. But I can imagine it, so I do not discount it. What I do not believe in is a God.

<Jim> *I also do not believe in Father Christmas, The Tooth Fairy or miracles.*

Dr John But you said you made wishes during your illness, is that not part of the thought transmission.

<Jim> *Size of an elephant. Been there, done that.*

Jim There were instances where a wish and a piece of reality collided but they were coincidences, were they not?

<Jim> *I maybe mad but I am not stupid.*

Dr John Yes. Making wishes was part of your illness.

<Jim> *I wish I could be back home. Oh I am back home, I am. Dorothy. The wizard of Oz.*

Jim From where I was sitting, it was more to do with understanding the thought processes. Religious people pray don't they? A wish is a sort of prayer. Maybe it was just one of my delusional biophysical microwormholes giving me information about the future? or maybe my wishes were passed onto other people. Just a thought.

<Jim> *Just a thought. Bum-Bum. Ha-Ha. Basil Brush.*

Dr Dave I think we are just wandering around in silly territory now. Aren't we?

<Jim> *More like the United States of Insanity.*

Jim Yes. I am beginning to get a headache.

Dr John Let's move on then.

Dr Kate I am still interested with your link to films. Most people with schizophrenia find themselves obsessed by celebrities, sometimes with tragic consequences.

<Jim> *Smeg. They think I might be a stalker.*

Jim I was not, and, am not obsessed with celebrities or fame. These people are in your face all the time, they are pumped into our homes, day after day. It is no wonder they become the focus of attention for schizophrenics.

Dr Kate So what was your link to films then?

<Jim> *Do we have to go through this again?*

Jim I thought, in my delusional mind, that the films I had watched were somehow trying to tell me something. Actually I think they are more to do with mental notes to myself.

Dr Kate In what way?

Jim There are certain things in my life that I know I am good at and other things that I am not good at.

<Jim> *A man's got to know his limitations. Clint Eastwood.*

Dr Kate Are you literally saying that the films are mental notes to yourself?

Jim Well obviously I did not write them, but I choose the films I watch and the ones that stick are mental notes to myself.

Dr Kate So how did the thought transmission delusion appear?

<Jim> *Abra-cadabra. Just like that. Tommy Cooper. I remember when he died on stage, that was really sad.*

Jim I cannot remember, it just did. I cannot even remember the film that I was watching when it first occurred to me. In my delusional state I was linking all sorts of events to each other. Have you ever watched that strange film. Pi?

Dr Kate No?

Jim Have you?

Jim looks at Dr Dave.

Dr Dave No. What is it about?

Jim It is about a schizophrenic mathematician who is trying to make sense out of the World using numbers. Here I have the video, I bought it because I thought it might help me understand myself more.

Jim stands up and gets the tape from the cupboard and then sits back down.

Jim Here.

Jim points to the back of the box.

Jim Here are some quotes from the film. '11:15. Restate my assumptions. One, mathematics is the language of nature. Two, everything around us can be represented and understood through numbers. Three, if you graph these numbers, patterns emerge. Therefore, there are patterns everywhere in nature.'

Dr Dave Interesting statements, but you know what they say about assumptions?

<Jim> *Yes, but I will pretend I don't.*

Jim No?

Dr Dave Assumptions make an ASS out of U and ME.

<Jim> *Ha-ha. But without some assumptions we are stuck in mental quick sand.*

Jim Very good. Maybe he does not mean assumptions, maybe he means statements, but restating statements does not scan well.

<Jim> *They also quote. '9.18. Personal note. When I was a little boy my mother told me not to stare into the Sun. So when I was six I did'. That was when he thought he began to get his headaches, maybe there is a link there with me. I remember accidentally staring into the Sun during the eclipse last year. And wasn't it this year there was unusual solar activity?*

Jim But the idea that mathematics can be used to describe nature, to a degree, is now accepted. This is Chaos Theory.

Dr Dave Yes. Fractals and other mathematical formulae are used for computer animations.

Jim Well this film was not really about Pi. More about the Golden Spiral and the Golden Rectangle. Pi is an unusual number because it has never been found to have an exact value, in that it never ends. Yet it is used in everyday life, to calculate the properties of circles. The poetic contrast being that something so complex is used to define something so simple.

Dr Dave Mathematics does allow us to understand the real World to some quite extraordinary depth.

Jim It was interesting. In the film the quest was for a number with two hundred and sixteen digits. It was the Holy Grail for the mathematics, as well as for the business and religious communities. The knowledge of the existence of the number gave computers consciousness. It eventually destroyed the lead character. I think they lost the plot somewhere, but it was full of interesting ideas.

<Jim> *Very schizophrenic.*

Dr Dave Well it has certainly lost me.

Dr Kate It sounds like a schizophrenics story to me.

<Jim> *It was strange as I had bought that film Supernova at the same time. That was about a ninth dimensional bomb designed to destroy space travelling aliens. The film was set around a blue giant sun. Just another coincidence, that mathematics and suns should come up at the same time. It is easy to find patterns, when you look for them.*

Jim I must admit I found it quite disturbing. At times.

<Jim> *From the looking comes the seeing. [George Clinton]*

Dr John Getting back to your questions.

Dr Kate Yes. So you say you use films as mental notes.

Jim Yes. The things we own help us to identify who we are, this was part of what I had experienced when I started to get ill. I tried to effectively reprogram myself.

<Jim> *One's with real eyes. Realise. [George Clinton]*

Dr Kate Through films?

Jim Through films and music. Photos and keep sakes. It all helped to reaffirm my identity. Although, I was probably too ill for it to stop the delusions. That was when I started to get the idea about thought transmission. I could see all these patterns and I was looking for an explanation as to how they were occurring. Once I had ruled out all other possibilities I was left with only one answer, I was somehow communicating with the World at large. It never occurred to me that I was deluded. Well you wouldn't would you?

Dr Kate Well, we would, as we see it all the time.

<Jim> *What delusions or deluded people?*

Jim looks at Dr Kate.

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim Well once Dr Thomas had told me that it was a chemical imbalance in the brain, everything snapped back into place. As I had been working myself up into a frenzy with all of the options that were possible, if thought transmission was a reality. I can tell you, it scared the frick 'n' frack out of me.

<Jim> *Thinking the unthinkable is mind blowing, especially when you are deluded and think it is actually reality.*

Dr Kate So, did you ever try to contact any of your favourite celebrities?

Jim Not really. When I was ill I sent an e-mail to Sade saying how much I liked her music and how it mirrored my moods. When I think about it, it really is not like me, but I just wanted to know why her Lovers Rock album was so sad.

Dr Kate So you had not contacted any celebrities prior to your illness?

<Jim> *Only if you count the thought transmission delusion.*

Jim No. Unless you include Blue Peter and Take Hart?

Dr Kate No I wouldn't. Any other celebrities?

Jim Ah. Mr Johnny Vaughan. I think he had kept me going for about a year, as I used to watch him on the Big Breakfast. Then they took him off. He is now on BBC Choice doing his own show. I sent him a letter saying how good I thought he was. I just thought he needed a bit of a boost.

<Jim> *His series Orrible lived up to its name.*

Dr Kate And why did you think it should come from you?

<Jim> *When I was ill I put it together, that he must of sensed me. I remember how good the paper reviews were and how he always had that cheesy grin. I reckoned even that Kelly Brook could sense me, that was why she looked so bemused. Of coarse, it was really because she was so tired. And Johnny is the master at cheesy grins.*

Jim Every little helps.

<Jim> *Tesco club card advert.*

Dr Dave I have a question if I may?

Dr Kate Be my guest.

Dr Dave If you wanted a movie done about your life, who would you want to be you?

Jim pushes his head back in amazement, like Jim from Taxi.

Jim Wow. What a question. It would have to be Jim Carrey. He did such a good job in Man On The Moon. In fact the film Me, Myself and Irene caught my attention too, because of the title. I wrote a poem years ago called, Me Myself and I. Personally, I had not recalled hearing the saying but that title was very personal. Along with another, Man, Machine and Me. Anyway the film is about a schizophrenic with a dual personality. Luckily, I am not that bad.

<Jim> *Am I?*

Dr Dave Jim Carrey. He is pretty zany, I do not see that you are particularly zany?

<Jim> *You haven't seen my bottom speak.*

Jim Jim Carrey does not have to always play the clown.

<Jim> *The same way I have chosen not to be a clown.*

Dr Dave I guess not.

<Jim> *If you wanted me to say, what YOU think I should say, you should have said so?*

Jim You could be played by John Travolta.

<Jim> *He can be irritating too.*

Dr Dave Thanks.

<Jim> *It was not meant to be a compliment.*

Jim Dr Kate, you could be played by Sigourney Weaver.

<Jim> *Jodie Foster would have my heart in two seconds flat, she'd be no good. Sigourney Weaver is more refined, plus you have a mental barrier, as she might blast my head off.*

Dr Kate I am no Rippley.

Dr John And me?

<Jim> *You are certainly not Harrison Ford or Arnold Schwarzenegger. Maybe Rowan Atkinson.*

Jim Tom Hanks?

<Jim> *Sorry Tom.*

Dr John And Dr Thomas?

Jim Well he would have to be played by Dustin Hoffman. I am not sure if that was useful, but it was fun.

Dr Dave I would have had you down as a Phil Mitchell or a Dennis Waterman.

<Jim> *Not a William Shatner?*

Jim That is because you are looking at my physical appearance.

<Jim> *Time to beam me up Scotty. Scotty? Come in Scotty.*

Dr Dave But I certainly do not see you as Jim Carrey.

<Jim> *I have landed on a strange planet. Buzz Lightyear. Toy Story.*

Dr Kate Who is Jim Carrey?

<Jim> *Alien. Stop. Or I will blast you with my laser.*

Dr Dave He was in Ace Ventura, Pet Detective and The Mask.

<Jim> *You can't shoot me. I am a fricasseeing rabbit, do you have a fricasseeing rabbit license? Bugs Bunny.*

Dr Kate And Batman?

<Jim> *Computer, what is our current position?*

Dr Dave Yes. He was the Riddler.

<Jim> *Your current position is on holo world three.*

Dr Kate I would not caste him as you Jim.

<Jim> *That's because I can't do impressions, I am a zany impressionist trapped inside Phil Mitchell's body. Help! Man the life boats. Women and children first. Leave the schizophrenics tied to the chairs. They make good rafts. Right, where's my straight jacket?*

Jim It was just a suggestion.

Dr Kate No, you are more like Phil Mitchell, or maybe Benny, out of Crossroads?

<Jim> *Great. So it's a choice between fat, stupid and a crook, or fat, stupid but loveable. They're just taking the Michael. Computer. Delete doctor holo characters.*

Jim Lovely.

<Jim> *Computer. If you were real I would rip all your boards out and use you as an occasional table.*

Dr John Lets move on with the questions.

<Jim> *Dave. Is that you Dave? Why are you angry? HAL 9000 computer. 2001: A Space Odyssey.*

Dr Kate So you felt linked to films, you never tried to contact celebrities, apart from Sade. And only then because you wanted to know why she was sad. You think you would best be played by Jim Carrey, a comic. You associate yourself with mainly action heroes. You have no preferred female types and you write poetry?

<Jim> *Pick a man up on his poetry, why don't you.*

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate And you make music?

<Jim> *What is this? Twenty questions?*

Jim Electronic music.

<Jim> *I could never get the hang of real instruments, all that practising.*

Dr Kate You are also intelligent and appear to be emotionally stable.

<Jim> *Are you going to propose to me? Don't even think about it. I am already married and I am your patient. It would be both morally and ethically incorrect.*

Jim If you say so.

<Jim> *Maybe I am like the Vulcan's in Start Trek. Emotionally stable on the surface, but hiding a torrent of emotions underneath.*

Dr Kate So.

<Jim> *When am I free for dinner?*

Jim waits for her next question.

<Jim> *Why am I insane?*

Dr Kate So.

<Jim> *Where are the Andes? So. What. What. W-h-a-t?*

Dr Kate So why thought transmission delusions? Could it be because you have poor communication skills? Obviously not, you are quite happy talking to us and you are managing to communicate competently. Dr John. Can you help?

Dr John Jim. Dr Kate is trying to understand why your illness took the form it did. Do you have any suggestions?

Jim I thought we had covered this?

Dr Dave I think we may have, but it does not hurt to go over it again, maybe in more detail?

<Jim> *Plonkas.*

Jim Fair enough. From what I remember I managed to lock myself into a mental cage

<Jim> *Blah, blah. Blah, Blah, Blah.*

Jim There by I could not trust any body. All lines of communication were considered compromised. It was then that I noticed coincidences on television, as if the presenters were trying to help me.

Dr John The television was on?

<Jim> *Yeh, like I would stare at a television that was switched off.*

Jim Yes? Well I wanted some answers, so I went along with this illusion. At first I thought it was just that I was using the media to understand my problems. But then it became communicative.

<Jim> *Welcome to holo world three.*

Dr John In what way?

Jim Well I remember a news story in which a man had found Allah, the Muslim faith. I am not religious but I know of the religions and Islam is a good practical faith. There are no airs and graces about it, they believe in prophets not sons of God, like the Christians. Anyway, the story was about this man and how Islam had changed his life. I think I watched the story three times on three separate bulletins. The news presenter topping and tailing it each time. On the third viewing I suddenly thought, hey maybe they are talking about me. Maybe they think I have found Islam. They were wrong of course, I have no belief in any Gods. I remember the news presenter tailing with the comment, 'we got there eventually'.

<Jim> *Her eyes are beautiful.*

Jim That comment hit me hard, it was like a confirmation that people were communicating with me. I know now that it was a coincidence, she was probably talking about something else. But at the time it was a very striking coincidence.

Dr John You may have just imagined her comment.

<Jim> *No.*

Jim Maybe, but I do not think so.

Dr Dave So you are not religious then?

Jim No. I have no faith, I do not believe in a God, I am a true atheist. Maybe that is why I did not suffer quite so much from the DSR. I went along with the delusions but I never really believed them. They had no power over me. I described it to my brother. It was like being in a game. I could not be harmed, I was in control and I could quit if I wanted to.

Dr John So why didn't you just quit?

Jim I was interested in what the next level might be. Like any game, you have no real reward apart from how far you go.

<Jim> *It did get scary though.*

Dr John But you were playing with your mental health.

<Jim> *I am not sure I was. Certainly at the time, I felt very alive but scared of peoples reaction to me. People fear what they do not understand. Most people are really scared of insane behaviour. Unless you are a comic or actor.*

Jim Well it was not until it stopped, that I realised how tired I had become.

Dr John So what levels did you reach?

<Jim> *Computer. Level one diagnostic on holo character Dr John.*

Jim Let me see. Level one would be a self diagnosis of my physical health. I had determined that I was not as young as I used to be. In fact, I became acutely aware that I was overweight.

<Jim> *No more break dancing or body popping for this fat old Home Boy.*

Dr John You are overweight. And level two?

<Jim> *Don't mince words, tell me the truth. Does my bum look big in this. The Fast Show.*

Jim Level two, was I think to do with personality. What kind of person I was. Do I think what I mean. Or was I just all mouth and no trousers.

Dr John Yes, and level three?

Jim Level three was can I work through a series of tasks and pass the final exam.

Dr John And that was when you realised you were ill?

<Jim> *No, that was when I felt better, better than I had ever done.*

Jim I did not know the third level was the end of the tests until it had finished. Once it had I realised that they were tests created by myself. I equated it to some sort of lock out function on my brain, to wake myself up. Well part of me anyway.

<Jim> *It sounds mad when I say it out loud.*

Dr John Quite a little adventure then?

<Jim> *Yes, it sounds very mad, you had better stop before they call for backup. We have a code three-eleven.*

Jim Like I said before, to me it was my creative side trying to get my attention. It certainly managed to do that.

Dr John What happened after you passed the final test?

<Jim> *Oh dear, he is perusing it.*

Jim It was then I began to. Well feel very happy. That was when I started to get very restless and began to see messages in everything. I guess the neroadrenaline was kicking up quite a stink in my head.

Dr John You could say that. So from what you are saying it seems as though you induced the increase in neroadrenaline, by playing this game?

Jim I guess I did.

<Jim> *Maybe it was part of some great plan. Designed by myself to help myself. Like the film. Total Recall.*

Dr John Well at least you know how to stop it now. Should you experience it again in the future.

<Jim> *But I have already passed the entrance exam, why should I have to take it again?*

Dr John And if you find not playing the game fails, then you can always go back to Dr Thomas for another course of medication.

Jim Hopefully, it will not happen again.

Dr Kate You suggested that you thought you had special powers other than thought transmission. What were these?

Jim Like I said it was all very confusing. It was not like a story that had been written down, I had to interpret my experiences. The word 'yes' can be said in many different ways, yet it is a very simple word. I had the same problem with my thoughts. Because there was little or no context, I found them very difficult to interpret, plus I was dealing with my emotions and external input from my family.

<Jim> *I remember one time I managed to spin around and around for nearly five minutes, without stopping. Is that a power? I would be sick if I tried it now.*

Dr Kate But what powers did you think you possessed?

Jim I did not really know, I just felt really good. I remember saying to my brother that I felt like I had access to the computer that came after Deep Thought, you know, from The Hitch Hikers Guide To The Galaxy?

Dr Dave What, you mean the planet Earth super computer?

Dr Dave smiles.

<Jim> *The answers forty two, but you didn't specify the question?*

Jim Well, to me it felt as if I had accessed the matrix to that super computer.

<Jim> *Go on, ask me a question. Any question. Holly. Red Dwarf.*

Dr Dave So what is the answer to life, the Universe and everything then?

<Jim> *Forty two.*

Jim That was not one of the things I looked into.

Dr Kate What did you look into?

<Jim> *You do not want to know what I looked into.*

Jim You really do not want to hear what I thought. They are the thoughts of insanity, with no proof just fiction. Even I think some of them are just too much.

Dr John What, aliens have taken over the World?

<Jim> *I do not really want to get into this, I am still on probation, they might see my thoughts as symptoms. Anyway, I would be just worrying the sheep.*

Jim I am not David Icke.

Dr Kate We know. But we are interested in your thoughts and experiences.
Jim But my thoughts are private, like my theories, why should I share them. Especially if you will block them from your mind because they are too scary.
<Jim> *You do not want me to tell you, trust me.*
Dr John There is very little that scares me.
Dr Kate I am OK with it. You will not find that I am a weak feeble woman.
Dr Dave Jim, how bad can it be?
<Jim> *You really do not want to know.*
Jim I will only tell you if you promise not to use it against me.

Dr John and Jim sit forward in their seat's.

Dr John We have already told you that we have nothing to do with your treatment, anything you tell us is for our research only. It will not go any further.
Jim OK but you must keep to your remit.

Dr Dave sits forward in his seat.

Dr Dave Jim, of coarse we will. Please stop building this into more than it is.
<Jim> *All the kings horse's.*
Jim Well what sort of things should I start with? Certainly not the science-fiction stuff. They are more suitable for publication as short stories. What about a question my brother asked?
Dr Dave Sure, what was the question?
<Jim> *Here goes my freedom.*
Jim Well, my brother had asked a question about America. He said, what do you think of it? Well, I told him that I thought it was a military state. Their idea of freedom is meant only for those at the top. This is probably where David Icke got his aliens idea from. The problem is that he did not understand that it was he, who was the alien.
Dr Dave Pardon. What do you mean?
Dr John America is a military state? What. Like Syria?
Dr Kate Can you explain?
Jim I will start with David Icke. He saw the people at the top as aliens. An alien is defined as being out of harmony with nature or foreign. The fact is that people with schizophrenia are the aliens. We. They have a different spin on the World. Their minds are scrambled. I found that I became disassociated. I could look at the World from the point of view of an alien. I could see the human system rather than the humans. I could see the wood rather than just the trees.
<Jim> *It was a dark and stormy night. Scary story time.*

Dr John And David Icke's aliens?

Jim Well, anyone who gets power becomes disassociated with the rest of us. To a point. Some more than others. I personally would hate to have power, I find even the idea of power frightening. Other people find it intoxicating. Power for them is a natural drug.

Dr Kate You do hear of people going power crazy. So there is some truth in what you are saying.

Dr John Certainly, there are chemicals being released into the brain when people get over excited. But they would not make people become aliens. They do not even make them ill.

Jim sits back in his seat.

Jim It is probably less likely these days, as there is a powerful media which tends to keep them in check. But that was not my point. David Icke saw aliens because he could see the way they behaved, he explained it using fiction. There is a close link between schizophrenia and fiction. Who feeds who? I do not know. It is like asking, 'what came first the chicken or the egg?'.

<Jim> *The answer, is the egg, but the question is rhetorical.*

Dr Dave This is going back to your biophysical microwormhole theory isn't it?

Jim No. This was before all that. But yes, it does sort of fall into place doesn't it? The super computer is wired together using biophysical microwormholes.

<Jim> *It would make a great story for a play. Vivian. The Young Ones.*

Dr Dave And you are saying that the people in power are aliens because?

Jim I am saying that they are disassociated from the rest of us by the way they think of other people. Like a schizophrenic they do not see individuals, only the system.

<Jim> *We are Borg.*

Dr John But these people are psycho analysed regularly.

<Jim> *You would think so.*

Jim I am not saying they are schizophrenic. That is ridiculous, all I am saying is that they become disassociated with real people. The same is true for accountants and teachers.

<Jim> *Just another brick on the wall. Pink Floyd.*

Dr Kate And doctors?

Jim Yes, sorry. And doctors. It is part of your job to treat patients not people.

<Jim> *That was clever. Now you have alienated them.*

Dr Dave But we are treating you as a person, aren't we?

<Jim> *Resistance is futile. The Borg. Star Trek TNG.*

Jim sits forward in his seat.

Jim Well we seem to be behaving quite civilised. But you are the doctors, you have positions of authority and power, you could say to Dr Thomas that you think I am still ill and that I need to be brought into hospital for observation. I hope that you will not, but you could. To you, I am still the patient.

<Jim> *That is your power. You can take my freedom.*

Dr John Jim. I realise part of your illness is a distrust in doctors but we will not do or say anything to Dr Thomas.

<Jim> *I have always preferred to sort myself out, because doctors treat you as a patient. When I need to be treated as a patient I will. 'Go see the doctor'. Kool-Mo-Dee.*

Jim I do not distrust you, but I know you see me as a patient. The same way I see a cashier, or a shop assistant. I am someone who is ill. That is your focus. We all see people's roles first, it is difficult to see past them. Even if you want to.

<Jim> *Even for me.*

Jim Society is turning more and more into a system, and people are being given roles in that system. Soon we will all be running on auto pilot, doing the things we have been programmed to do by society. Religion was man's first attempt to perform social engineering.

<Jim> *Well at least that is how I see it.*

Jim Now we have computers we can social engineer using them. So long as people are kept busy enough they stop thinking, they begin to run on auto pilot. Science has accelerated past my parents generation, so much so that they have to trust their children to help guide them. But even the children find that the pace of change overwhelming. And who benefits from this?

Dr John The Aliens?

Dr Dave The people in power.

Jim point's at Dr Dave.

Jim Yes. The people in power. If you are a card shark, you have the power to confuse your victim with the quickness of the hand. A card shark will rob you blind and you will walk away feeling that you were treated fairly.

Dr Kate So the people in power become card sharks?

<Jim> *Stop playing dumb.*

Jim The people in power use their power to keep their power and protect their way of living. There is nothing wrong with having money or being powerful, what is wrong is to abuse that power to the detriment of others. That was what David Icke meant when he talked of aliens. He meant a type of people who only worry about themselves, who can only see themselves and who do not care how the system treats the individual.

<Jim> *The rest of us.*

Dr Dave So the aliens are people out of harmony with society?

Jim And David Icke sees the extreme aliens, the ones in power. The point being, that they, the people in power, probably do not even realise what they are doing.

Dr Kate So, what was this about, America being a military state?

Jim America is full of guns. There are more guns in America than people. There is enough military hardware in private hands in America to start a small war. This fact is counter balanced by the extreme nature of their federal security services.

<Jim> *FBI's got a gun in my mouth. Ice-T.*

Jim This countering force creates the military state, that is America. When you are scared of your own people, then the governments response can only be to create a military state. Get rid of the guns and you will get rid of this mentality.

Dr Dave That does not sound too scary to me.

<Jim> *You do not find the idea of being shot scary? I would not live in America even if you paid me to.*

Jim Well in America there is a great deal of ghettoisation. There are poor ghetto's, there are rich ghetto's, there are even ghetto's for the old. In the poor black ghetto's you might as well as be in a war zone. They are drug ridden, gun ridden holes of despair. They are the negativity in the great American dream. Yet they are tolerated.

<Jim> *Unbreakable. Bruce Willis and Samuel L. Jackson. Lucky white guy, unlucky black guy. You work it out?*

Dr John I am sure the American authorities do everything in their power to rid themselves of them.

Jim I am not so sure. When I was ill I thought about the economy of America, and how they had called it the Goldilocks economy. Well, in the story of Goldilocks there were three bears. So where are the three bears?

Dr Kate They are out walking in the woods?

Jim Maybe in the story. But that question made me think. What other economies were there? The black economies, of drugs and crime. But that is only two bears? Where is the third? Then I watched a program on Channel 5 about body parts.

Dr Kate Body parts?

Jim Yes, body parts. In America there is a growing trade in human body parts. They are sold and traded between authorities, there are even companies whose main business is selling human body parts.

Dr Dave I did not know that.

Dr John We do it here, but they cannot be sold. They must be donated.

<Jim> *We have come for your liver. Monty Python.*

Jim Well this program looked at the case of an athlete who had been injured and the parents felt pressured into switching off the life support. When they looked into the background of their sons treatment they found that he may have had a small chance of recovery. The hospital was affiliated to a body parts company, who saw their son as a cash crop.

<Jim> *And we are not going until we get it. It's you own fault, you signed the donor card. Monty Python.*

Dr Kate That can't be right. It sounds disgusting. Totally unethical.

Jim It is probably a tainted way of putting it. But the facts were presented to an independent doctor who said he would have chosen a different course of action. But the point I extracted from that program was that dead people were worth money, provided they were young and reasonably fit. In fact a dead person under the age of twenty five is worth around a quarter of a million dollars to the body parts business.

Dr Dave That is a lot of money. Are you sure?

Jim Well that was what they said. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Dr John Well they are worth nothing over here, in monetary terms.

Jim Well they are, they are worth the lives of those people who can be saved using their body parts. The conclusion I came to was that, poor people are worth more dead than alive. In America the system has no economic reason to sort out the ghetto's, as they are a prime source of body parts. Gun shot wounds tend not to affect the whole body. A large portion of the body can be reclaimed or recycled into body parts. I would guess that even if someone dies of a drug overdose, their body parts can still be used.

Dr John Yes. Some of the organs could be used, certainly their limbs would remain unaffected.

Dr Kate But it is quite unthinkable that people would treat other human beings that way.

<Jim> *Lucky that I can think the unthinkable then.*

Jim What that they would feed the system with corpses to make profit?

Dr Kate Yes. Doctors save life, they do not take it.

Jim I am not saying that the doctors or nurses deliberately kill people. The Channel 5 program suggested it for dramatic affect.

Dr Dave What are you saying then?

Jim That the body part system, when modelled, feeds off the poor. It is accepted that body parts are needed and that the poor are expendable casualties.

Dr John The poor are not expendable casualties. The source of the body parts is questioned over here.

Jim Economically they are worth more dead than alive. Most of the poor are either on social or are low paid. A poor person has to earn over twenty thousand dollars a year to become economically viable as a paid up member to the United States of America. Otherwise they are worth more dead than alive.

<Jim> *That is why America is becoming more ghettoised, so they know where to get the body parts from. A sick thought. I trust you agree.*

Dr Dave Quite a harsh mentality.

Jim Do not take it the wrong way. I do not think like that, but that is how the system will begin to work. If the authorities fail to monitor or check for these sorts of things, then they are failing the people. I cannot imagine anyone actually trying to engineer the system to work like this, but it is a system and as such it will try to find a steady state. And that steady state may be in contradiction to common human values.

Dr John So you are saying that body parts is the third bear, the little bear?

Jim Yes, he may be little now but he will grow up to be big and strong, just like daddy bear.

<Jim> *Rap, guns, drugs and money. Public Enemy.*

Dr Dave I can see why you were worried about our reaction.

Jim Did you see the documentary about the meeting that planned the concentration camps? In the second World War?

Dr Dave Yes. I did. It was quite chilling. That so many people in authority would sanction the extermination of a whole population.

Jim looks at Dr Dave.

Jim But you listened to the way they talked. They were not interested in the humanity of what they were planning, they just treated it as a problem. Then designed a system to overcome that problem.

Dr Kate You are talking about the slaughter of six million people as a solution to a problem?

Jim That is how they saw it. They wanted to get rid of an ethnic group and they had to find a solution. Most crimes against humanity are not so well discussed or documented. They are usually just allowed to happen because of inaction.

<Jim> *It is easy to kill with silence. The silence of the lambs. Jodie Foster.*

Dr John You do not need to worry about the Worlds problems.

Jim I do not worry about the Worlds problems, but I do think about them. I think, why are people in the third World allowed to die?

Dr John They are not allowed to die.

<Jim> *Don't interrupt. I am on a rant.*

Jim They are. The third World system means that there must be a third World, where poverty and war is a controlling factor for the agriculturally dependent populous. Take a country like China. It survives quite happily using a mix of agriculture and technology. The political system may be undemocratic but very few democracies allow communal agriculture to survive. I am not condoning or condemning the system, but the first step to fixing a system is to understand it. It does not hurt to think about them.

<Jim> *When moving a mountain, it is best to start with small stones.*

Dr Dave I understand what you mean, you are saying that the system must first be defined. Given boundaries and conditions. Once this is done it can be engineered more easily.

<Jim> *Otherwise you are the captain of a ghost ship.*

Jim The problem is understanding the system. Most people find it difficult to understand human systems, because they project their own beliefs onto the model.

Dr Dave But there are social engineers aren't there, who try to understand human nature.

Jim What, anthropologists?

Dr Dave Yes. Don't these people understand these systems?

Jim The problem with World systems, they are like the weather, very difficult to predict. The difference being that unlike the weather, we can influence them, because we are part of them. Anyway, anthropologists only study people, most real systems involve economics and science too. Anyway, this is all a bit much to be discussing at this time of day.

<Jim> *What is the time?*

Dr John Yes. Goodness me. Is that the time? We had better take a break. Sorry Jim. You do not mind if we leave you know.

<Jim> *Hurrah, Hurrah.*

Jim No.

Dr John We will be back in two hours.

<Jim> *Drats and double drats.*

Jim OK.

The professionals stand up and make their way out.
 The door is locked so Jim has to squeeze past to unlock it.
 The professionals make their way out.
 Dr Kate and Dr Dave walk towards the car.

Dr John See you in a couple of hours then?

Jim No problem.

Dr John turns and walks on to join the other two professionals.

<Jim> *Don't forget the straight jacket.*

Jim shuts the door and locks it.

Part Four

Jim walks into the front room.

<Jim> *That was a bit unusual. Why did they not tell me they wanted to spend the whole day talking? I need a drink.*

Jim tidies up the cups and takes them into the kitchen.
He turns the kettle on and makes himself a drink.

<Jim> *What did I say? I didn't say anything too crazy, did I? There's nothing wrong in modelling systems in your mind is there? Maybe they did not like the body parts theory, or Goldielocks and the three bears? They are just models. That's not part of my illness, I have always used analogies to help visualise stuff. Maybe it was my references to David Icke? Maybe they want to do a cross reference or something. What was that series he was on? Channel four wasn't it? They investigated the Waco incident and the FBI murder of that boy and his mother that preceded it. Maybe that scared the sanity out of me. I remember being shocked at the attitude of the FBI officers. What was that link I had with Pulp Fiction? Oh yes. The scene in the bathroom, with the police officers discussing an incident, involving a speeding motorist. That reminded me of when I got stopped by a patrol man and he was high on something. He wanted to lock me up. Just for doing ninety on the freeway. There was nothing on the roads apart from a pick-up in front of me. Why didn't he stop the pick-up? He told me to hold it, when I went to get my driving license. Maybe he thought I was going for a gun? And my wife was none too pleased, just like in Pulp fiction. It was our anniversary too.*

Jim takes his drink and goes to sit down in the front room.

<Jim> *That was quite scary. You do not expect to be locked up for a traffic offence. Maybe I just have the sort of nature that upsets people in authority. Maybe I have upset that lot with my talk about body parts. It is an attack on their profession. Maybe they took it personally?*

Jim stands up and walks over to the cabinets.
He opens a cupboard door and takes out an Apple laptop.

Jim Let's take a look at my pictures then.

<Jim> *I can't seem to put this thing down sometimes. Apple sure know how to make computers.*

Jim starts the computer.

The start-up screen displays the Star Trek Voyager start-up picture, then bursts to life.

<Voice> *Jim is a computer professional. He has spent the last ten years working his way through the computer profession. He has worked for many companies, in various industries. At one point he was part of the top one percent of computer professionals, making his living supporting the financial institutions top people. Not the traders, but the risk managers. The people who keep the business away from the rocks, the people who make sure the fan and the sticky stuff never collide. Jim works with quite sophisticated systems and so the choice of an Apple computer, one of the simplest to use systems around, was a logical one. The only down side was its poor security features.*

The computer finished booting.

<Jim> *Right. Lets see what I have so far.*

Jim manipulates the track pad to bring up his image viewer.

<Jim> *Calista, Cameron, Demi. Erin, Gail, Geena, Gillian, Gweneth. Helen, Jeri, Jodie, Kelly, Kim, Kim, Lisa, Lucy, Lynda. Renee, Sade, Sigorney, Sophie and Victoria. These are some of my favourite things.*

Jim selects the Cameron Diaz folder.

<Jim> *Lets have a look at these photo's.*

The screen bursts into colour with a huge list of files showing thumbnail images of Cameron Diaz.

<Voice> *Jim had spent quite a few weeks searching for images of his favourite female celebrities. He had decided that they might shed some light on his biophysical microwormhole theory. His reasoning being that they might actually sense him looking at them. He knew that celebrity fixation was quite normal, for schizophrenics, but he wanted to see if there was any physical evidence. Maybe the celebrity would somehow let him know they could sense him. In fact, all he discovered, was that his favourite celebrities were camera shy, and that those who were not seemed to entice him. He had watched a television show about TV science-fiction programs, and listened in horror as Erin Gray, from Buck Rogers, had told of how a fan had told her that she was his childhood fantasy girl. Erin had been very annoyed to hear this, and this had made Jim flinch, as he too had been transfixed by her on screen presence. Her pretty face and her tight fitting clothes. At the time he was still quite ill, and he had thought she was talking to him.*

<Voice> *A couple of the pictures Jim had collected showed the celebrities with their computers, he kept these as he thought that it might have been some sort of a message. The pictures that stood out where of Gillian Anderson with a magnifying glass to her right eye, one with Jodie Foster holding her hands to her forehead like a memory man, and a similar pose with Sophie Ellis Bextor. Which was not really enough to confirm anything. The only good thing that had come out of all this, was his reawakened interest in women. Although the fact that he was married was a slight drawback to any celebrity based fantasy relationship. And of coarse, the fact that he was a diagnosed schizophrenic.*

<Jim> *Cameron, Cameron, Cameron. I never even knew you existed until I saw There's Something About Mary. And there is certainly something about you. The camera loves you. Your most enchanting photographs are close ups, in fact the closer the better. Out of all the photos I have, yours are the best. And there are so many. If I met you, it would be like that episode with Jeff from Coupling and that girl from Israel. The Girl with two breasts.*

Jim looks deep into the eyes of Cameron Diaz's photograph.

<Jim> *Wouldn't it be great if biophysical microwormholes existed, and that we could meet on a virtual plane, in a frozen space-time. But what would I do? What would be the consequences? And what if everyone could do the same thing? Provided both parties have control over the process, there should not be any issues. Virtual two timing, now that would be difficult to handle, yet everyone dreams of other lovers. No one has the right to enslave anybody, and being stopped from having dreams is a form of enslavement. But what would I do? Well, reality and fantasy are two different things.*

Jim sighs.

<Jim> *If I could communicate with her through thought transmission I would not have to do or say anything. She would know what my thoughts were, I would be an open book, and so would she. But I do not sense an open book when I look into her eyes.*

Jim moves onto the next picture.

<Jim> *I see a beautiful. Correction. Very beautiful woman. I see her physically. Very physically. I do not sense her inner being, her soul. Which you would have to for the biophysical microwormholes to exist, and to work. Unless they work at different levels? Or maybe it is because there is no feedback.*

Jim moves through the photographs.

<Jim> *So what do I sense from these pictures? Well I already know that she is a quirky person, she is a child of today, she has a wicked sense of humour. Maybe she is laughing at me? Now that does sound schizophrenic. Maybe my theory is just part of my illness. I cannot make anything from these photos. This one. In this one she has her hand to her head, but it is more like go away I have a headache. I like this one, she has her hair natural there. It took years for my wife to stop dyeing her hair. She even used to deny she dyed her hair. Women, they can lie for the most silliest of reasons. Wow, a nipple, where did that one come from? It must be one of those arty photo series. And are those bubbles in the water?*

Jim brings up the full image and zooms in on the bubbles.

<Jim> *Well they look like bubbles. Very Shrek. Maybe she is an Ogress under all that physical beauty? I just make this stuff up, don't I? I am just stringing things along, knitting coincidences into a fantasy.*

Jim moves onto the next photograph, then the next, then the next.

<Jim> *She doesn't attract my attention. She demands it. Nearly all these photos have her staring straight into the camera, with those beautiful blue eyes. It is so easy to stare at a photograph and I suppose a camera too, once you get used to it. But who is on the other side? I guess that is where the fantasy begins. Maybe she is so photogenic because she imagines here dream man looking at her in the magazine. Or watching her in a film. Maybe it is that which makes her stand out from all the other women.*

Jim slowly moves through the pictures.

<Jim> *Maybe it is something more that. Maybe it is something inside that gives her peace, that allows her to perform. Certainly I could not look into a camera and feel comfortable. My physical appearance is not hideous, but I do not feel at ease with cameras. I find them intimidating. I tolerate cameras. Probably because I like my privacy. Maybe with her it is the other way around, maybe she prefers her image, to her private self? I wonder if that is where Shrek comes in? But women are so critical. They tie themselves up in criticism, they choke their natural beauty with correctness.*

Jim continues through the pictures.

<Jim> *No. That is not it. She looks quite natural there. And still radiant. Is that why they call them stars, because they shine? I must admit I prefer real stars to celebrities. The Hubble telescope must be one of the best things NASA has ever done. Face photographs. She really is The Face. You can see why she does so well.*

Jim clicks on the Gwyneth Paltrow folder.

<Jim> *Gwyneth Paltrow. Now I did not even know your name, before I became ill.*

Jim begins to move through her photographs.

<Jim> *Now you are very interesting. You have a real pleasant face. You are probably quite aggressive though. You certainly would not take kindly to the existence of thought transmission. Is that your mother with you? She looks just like you. What does that say? Blythe Danner? That is unusual, to have your family in a photograph. She is an actress too? That is why then.*

Jim continues on through the photographs.

<Jim> *You really can change your appearance. I prefer the natural look myself, but none of these photographs make you look too bad. No, I was wrong. And again. Chic modern styles do not suite you. You are definitely best suited to serene classical styles, although you appear to have a wanton streak in you. I sound like a fortune teller. When the moon passes through your sign, the dish will run away with the spoon.*

Jim selects the Mixed folder.

<Jim> *And what about you lot? How would you feel if my theory was reality? What is this? Julia Sawalaha? I never get chatted up, men think I am unobtainable? Why do women show their cleavage? It is very nice but really distracting when they do it in reality. Is it a come on? It is a bit silly, as it can happen accidentally and then it is just embarrassing. Anyway Julia, this is the twenty first century, women are allowed to participate in the initialisation of a relationship. In fact it is recommended. Most nice men would not approach a celebrity. I think the most I have ever done is say hello, and that was to Ian Hislop. Not that I fancy him. But it seemed rude not to say something. I once helped Martina Navratolova, when I was a security guard at Wimbledon. She is really very beautiful too. She makes you just want to hug her. Celebrities isolate themselves from the rest of us, probably because they get so much hassle from pooh-pooh heads. I think they need to be integrated back into the community. They should not have to hide themselves away.*

Jim selects the Sigorney Weaver folder.

<Jim> *Ah, Ms Weaver. What a strange woman you are. I can see that you do not wear fame easily. Or possibly you are just fed up with playing the hard heartless woman. Even in Heartbreakers they managed to deal you a poor hand. But look at this photo. You are the very essence of womanhood. You should show a director that photograph. Then tell them the sort of part you would like to play. I remember you in Gorillas, you were a very sexy woman in that. These two are your best photos. There you are, in nothing but shorts and vest, and this one, you are in black joggers and T-shirt. There is not an Alien to be seen.*

Jim sits back and looks at all of the folders.

<Jim> *How sad am I? Sitting here with a collection of celebrity photos. If I had known I would be doing this last year I would have laughed. These people, however nice, are not my friends. I do not know them. Why do I feel attached to them? What is it that has changed to bind me to them? Well logically it is because you like the work that they help produce. They are the human interface to the best the World has to offer. Well best is a slight exaggeration. They offer a homogenised palatable view on the World, and life. As the actors get more famous they get to choose the better scripts, they are able to influence their careers, which is based upon their chosen image. The bigger the actor, the more they choose their image.*

Jim shuts the Apple laptop down.

Closes the lid, puts it to his side and then sits back, with his hands on top of his head.

<Jim> *Maybe, I am like them, trapped in a stereotype. Even my family thought the worst of me. Just because I went along with my madness and tried to see where it was leading me. To enlightenment or insanity? Certainly the doctor thought it was to insanity, but the information he had was second hand. The information I gave him was tainted by that. At the time I felt as high as a kite, but very scared. A myriad of possible scenarios were in my mind, all being considered. It was an information overload.*

Jim sits forward and puts his head between his knees.

<Jim> *Why does the thought of it all tear at my soul? Was I that far gone? Was my journey into the unknown so dangerous? I never even left the house, how can I be at danger inside my own head?*

Jim sits back up. Looks at the television and sighs.

<Jim> *Mind and movement control. That's a line out of one of Keith Le Blanc's tracks, the band Tackhead. Why do I think of Bugs Bunny when I think of him? Mel Blanc, that's the link. My mind is still playing games with words. For that matter, why did I think of that line. Oh, the television. The good old adult pacifier. The best time to go shopping is when there is a big match on television or when the lottery draw is on. The television, like all technology, can enslave us or free us. It all depends upon the recipients state of mind. The only question I need to ask myself is, am I better off with it? Am I improving? Does it help? And then hope that everyone else is making sure that they ask themselves the same question.*

Jim picks up the laptop and puts it back into the cupboard.

<Jim> *What would I have done, if Bruce Willis had said actuarial?*

Jim smiles to himself.

<Jim> *I think my friend would have died of shock. And I think I would have burst out laughing.*

Jim sits back down.

<Jim> *Should I put the television on? Naw, lets just sit here in the quiet, and see what my mind has to offer.*

Jim sits back and looks up at the ceiling.

<Jim> *Nothing. My mind is a blank. Where's all the thoughts when you want them? Buried by the sound of silence.*

Jim closes his eyes and lets out another sigh.

Part Five

The door bell sounds.

Jim opens his eyes.

<Jim> *That was weird.*

Jim stands up and walks over to the front door.

Jim unlocks and opens the door.

The professionals are standing on the door step.

<Jim> *We'll be back. [The Terminator]*

Dr John Hello Jim. Good lunch?

<Jim> *Lunch? Lunch is for wimps.*

Jim Please, come in.

<Jim> *What. No straight jacket?*

Jim steps aside.

The doctors walk in and sit down in their previous positions.

From left to right, Dr Kate, Dr John and Dr Dave.

Jim shuts the door and locks it.

Jim sits down.

<Jim> *Ground hog day. or what?*

Dr John Sorry this is all taking so long. I should have told you we had planned to spend the day with you. Your input is most helpful. Most of our, patients, do not have your approach to their illness.

<Jim> *I wonder why?*

Jim Oh. Really?

Dr Dave Yes. You seem to be most analytical in your reasoning. Although I must remind you that we are not here to treat you. Our interest in your case is purely from a research perspective.

<Jim> *So they think I am entertaining? Great.*

Jim I am glad that some good might come out of all this.

<Jim> *So what do you want to ask me next then?*

Dr Kate Jim. You mentioned that you could make stories out of records or music?

<Jim> *They want me to do Stars in their eyes.*

Jim Yes?

<Jim> *But the eyes are in the stars. Or so I thought when I was ill. What stars, I do not know. Celebrities or the real stars. The ones in the sky, silly.*

<Voice> *During Jim's illness he had tried to work out how this communication might have worked. His first thought was connected to the Sun. He had listened to a lot of records and they had all been connected with the Sun and Sunshine. In his mind he pictured a signal being passed through the Sun. The Sun is very massive and churns out vast amounts of electromagnetic energy every second. In his mind he had envisaged an alien race using the power of the Sun to transmit a message to organic life forms. Again this theory was based on the idea of wormholes. The only problem with the theory was how did any aliens know that he had received the message. Such a method of communication could only be used to broadcast messages. They might possess a mega-powerful telescope but even it would not be able to track him all the time. However, the idea of using the Sun as a transmitter was a good idea and one which none of the so called scientists interested in finding aliens had thought out. None but the most intelligent and sophisticated life forms would have the technology to spot patterns sent through such an intense and random transmitter. Humans are so dumb that they actually filter out transmissions from the Sun. Yet it is the most obvious source of electromagnetic radiation. Buried somewhere in all the noise might lie the echoes from another world. Created accidentally or purposely. Well in Jim's mind anyway. Remember Jim is an ideas man, he is not so good at the proofs. And of coarse he is recovering from a serious mental illness.*

Dr Kate What did you make of Sophie Ellis Bextors album then?

<Jim> *I would like to make something with her. Oo-er.*

Jim Make of it?

Dr Kate Yes. What did you make of her album. What did you think?

<Jim> *I was on another planet for a second then.*

Jim It was a good album. I liked the first single she did. The one with the DJ. If this ain't love. I always associate it with that other single, by Moloko, sing it back.

Dr Kate But have you listened to the album?

<Jim> *Read my lips?*

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate pulls a CD out of her bag and reads the back.

Dr Kate Take me home. Lover. Move this mountain. Murder on the dance floor. Sparkle. Final Move. I Believe. Leave the others alone. By chance. The Universe is you. Is it any wonder. Everything falls into place.

<Jim> *No, if this ain't love, though.*

Dr Kate None of these tracks mean anything to you?

<Jim> *You want me to tell you a story? Max B.*

Jim Well take me home is good. Sparkle is interesting. I believe, that is funky. The Universe is you, is good too. Let me have a look at that.

Dr Kate passes the CD over to Jim.

Jim opens it and looks at the lyrics.

<Jim> *Rory, Rory, tell us a story.*

Jim The only thing that caught my eye with this was the track, Leave the others alone. She talks of the next generation. And black and gold being a safe combination. Well this reminds me of my business.

Dr Kate OK Read the lyrics and make up a story for us. Please.

Jim reads the first track.

<Jim> *You deserve a girl like me.*

Jim What? I am reading your mind?

Dr Kate Yes. That's an example.

<Jim> *I am going to be your lover. Stay another song. You're the only one. Sparkle in my mind. I've been talking to myself again. Together we make good sense. I'll give you me. If you leave the others alone.*

Jim This is funny. By Chance. Take this down. Turn it around. I am water underneath a bridge. Does she mean she is a bridge over troubled waters?

Dr Kate Maybe.

<Jim> *I don't want to get involved with relativity. You can't have me. I rely on probability. That all sounds like quantum mechanics. Lie awake and dream of you. Is it any wonder that I'm finding someone in this place here next to me.*

Jim Everything falls into place. And we all go mad and throw it away? Is that what you mean?

Dr Kate Maybe. Can you make up a story based on that album then?

Jim What based upon reality or my fantasies?

<Jim> *I mean my sick perverted schizophrenic mind.*

Dr Kate Make it for yourself.

Jim I will give you two then. The first one is about Sophie and her quest for love. She has obviously felt a great love, the lyrics are hers. Or at least she knows how to feel love. No this is not coming very easy to me.

<Jim> *It works better when I am in fantasy mode.*

Dr Kate I thought you said you could make up stories based on music?

<Jim> *Less of the pressure. I am not that stupid. You are doctors, you might see it as part of my illness.*

Jim OK If I was still ill I would say she was singing to me?

Dr Kate Yes. You would. Go on.

<Jim> *So they want me to pretend to be delusional. Fine. Switching to fantasy mode.*

Jim Well. Part of my illness was what I would describe as a blood fever, or as the Vulcan's out of Star Trek call it, a 'Pon Farr'. This is an uncontrollable urge to mate and happens every seven years to adult Vulcan's.

<Jim> *Wait a minute, I was nearly thirty five when this all started. Lets see, I had a funny turn in the year after getting married. That was when I was nearly twenty eight. Then at University, when I was coming up to twenty one. I don't remember anything at fourteen, but I remember having my first attempt at love when I was nearly seven. Is that where they get their sequences from? Schizophrenia? Or am I just seeing patterns where there are none?*

Dr Kate What has Star Trek got to do with this?

Jim In Star Trek they have a mating fever called 'Pon Farr'. It reminds me of my illness. A fight between logic and emotion. Sanity and Insanity.

Dr Dave But the 'Pon Farr' is sexual?

<Jim> *You don't know Star Trek that well, do you?*

Jim Well, sex is part of it but it is more to do with love. It is the price the Vulcan's have to pay for their use of pure logic. Anyway, let's say I am able to communicate using thought transmission and my feelings for Sophie Ellis Bextor are transmitted too. The signal would be strongest during my illness.

Dr Kate You love her?

Jim Love is a very strong word for me. I do not use it lightly. I do not know her, so I cannot say that I love her. But she does attract my attention.

Dr Dave Back to the story.

Jim OK. Well take me home is obvious. She wants me to choose her. Maybe there is some competition going on between the female pop artists, and they are seeing who can attract this, fantasy lover. Sophie senses me listening to her songs?

Dr Kate Did you like Sophie before you heard Take Me Home?

Jim Yes. But like I said I always mixed up Sophie and Moloko. Actually, Sophie reminds me of my wife. It is a sad thing to say, but she does.

Dr Kate It's quite a nice thing to say to your wife. Sophie is very glamorous.

<Jim> *I was thinking about Sophie. It would make her uncomfortable.*

Jim I guess.

Dr Kate Continue.

Jim OK. So she is singing to me. So she is saying she likes what she feels. In fact, if you listen to Kylie's new records she is singing about the same sorts of stuff. Can't get you out of my head. It's in your eyes. Anyway, Sophie wants to be closer to me, or this fantasy lover. Whatever. So she is playing hard to get. Well easy actually. I guess she knows her own mind.

<Jim> *I personally would not want to get involved with a fantasy lover. I would want to get to know them. Then they would no longer be a fantasy*

Dr Kate Women like romance. There is nothing more romantic than a fantasy lover.

<Jim> *Until you discover who it is, that is. Me! [Radio]*

Jim Murder on the dance floor is really the odd one out. All I can think of is that this is to do with this competition between the female pop singers? Sparkle says it all. The Final move is more to do with frustration. Maybe she wanted a sign or some physical presence to be felt. I believe? it suggests she is satisfied with just the feeling. Leave the others alone is saying she wants me to herself. By chance is about the echo properties of the thought transmission.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Well, the communication is two-way. If I am listening to her music as she writes it, then if she goes with the flow, she will tap into the echo. In my thoughts.

Dr Dave That's an interesting consequence of thought transmission.

<Jim> *It's a good way to live your life. To go with the flow. So long as the flow is good.*

Jim I have mentioned it before, when we discussed films. Amadeus?

Dr Dave So you did.

Jim The universe is you, is her describing the feeling. Maybe she has understood some of the thoughts about my biophysical microwormholes? Is it any wonder? I think she probably lost the feeling. Which explains the line we all go mad and throw it away, in Everything falls into place.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim It is an insane idea isn't it? Thought transmission. It goes against what we perceive to be reality. How would it fit in with life as we know it? Potentially we could influence others or even take control of their minds. Now that is crazy. But the idea of a method of communication that traverse both space and time is pretty huge, and it does not use technology. Most people find the idea of the mobile phone complicated.

Dr Dave True. So how come you understand thought transmission?

<Jim> *I just got back from another world. Parliament.*

Jim I guess because it makes sense to my warped mind. I also understand how mobile phones work, in a general way. One thing I am good at is understanding concepts. For instance, I understand the theory of the living Universe.

Dr Dave The theory of the living Universe?

Jim The theory of the living Universe is based upon my biophysical microwormhole theory. I invented it. Given that the Universe is some how tied together with these biophysical microwormholes, it might be that when the Universe was a single entity, that it may have been alive at some time in its near infinite existence. A fantastic thought I am sure you agree. With biophysical microwormholes, this life would have had links to all points in time.

<Jim> *Oopps. Doctors over board. I lost them.*

Jim In the theory of the living Universe, we were one, we are one, we will be one.

Dr John Very mystical, but it is based on your idea that biological material contains microwormholes. Surely these wormholes would destroy any biological organism?

Jim Why? They are part of the subatomic particles. You can't see them, you can't detect them, well not yet. Maybe in the future.

Dr Kate This living Universe theory is interesting. Most religions believe in a God, which you might describe as a living Universe. Are you saying that in your theory that, God, was an entity that existed before the Big Bang?

<Jim> *Get out of here. Eddy Murphy.*

Jim No. I do not believe in a God. But if biophysical microwormholes exist then they might have existed before the Big Bang, when all known matter was condensed into a single ball. I have no idea how many Universes there might be, or whether this entity is your idea of God or not.

<Jim> *With biophysical microwormholes it might even be an entity that will exist in the future. When the Universe re-condenses.*

Dr Dave But you said you felt you were being communicated with?

<Jim> *Use my own words against me then?*

Jim Yes. But like the computer that came after Deep Thought in The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy. I am just a small piece of that computer. Would you call the operator or the operating system of a computer God? Who knows, maybe the computer is built from the Universe in the future and it is being reverse engineered in some way? Once you break the space-time communication boundary you can do pretty much what you like, in terms of influencing events. I guess the downside in the theory is that it is impossible to transmit matter down them. You might be able to transmit energy, but that might cause problems with the fabric of wormhole itself.

<Jim> *Maybe that is why I woke up thinking BANG when this all started? Who knows, who cares? Apart from me that is.*

Dr Dave You use your theories like they were real. The same as the writers of Star Trek .

<Jim> *And why not?*

Jim But that is how you must think in a fantasy world. It is like a children's story. The magician has a magic wand. No one asks how a magic wand works, its magic, it just does. At least my theories cling to reality, however slight their grip.

Dr John I think we can deduce that you have a good imagination.

<Jim> *Children have good imaginations, adults with good imaginations have vision. The difference being, adults have the knowledge and the mind to reason out the impossible. Provided they are not delusional.*

Jim You could say that.

Dr Kate So Sophie Ellis Bextor is after you?

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *In-my-dreams.*

Jim I very much doubt it. But it is possible to make up a story about her wanting to meet an entity, a fantasy lover, based on her album. She does not really talk about anyone specific. She doesn't mention holding hands, or kissing or anything physical. So why not an entity, or at the very least a fantasy lover.

Dr Kate I guess so.

<Jim> *I remember her being interviewed on Liquid News. She was very nervous. Maybe it was because of her new found pop status. But when she said I can't do this, it hit a nerve with me. At the time, I thought that she did not want to take it further.*

Jim I can selectively make up stories, on most of the celebrities I like. I guess I choose them so they fit. I cannot prove anything, it is all circumstantial. If you asked Sophie Ellis Bexter about her reasons for the lyrics she would say something totally different.

Dr Kate So you do not think she can sense your thoughts?

<Jim> *I can think what I like. But in reality. No.*

Jim No.

Dr John So why the story?

Jim I don't know. It matches with my train of thought.

<Jim> *With your egocentric imagination more like.*

Dr Dave So did you think of any other stories while you were ill. Other than the ones based on biophysical microwormholes?

<Jim> *May we. [French for: But yes]*

Jim A few.

Dr Dave Would you give us an example?

<Jim> *I should become a science-fiction writer. No, I do not want to add to the Worlds paranoia about aliens.*

Jim There was one about The Ultimate Game. An alien race learns to control insects, then reptiles, then mammals, using nano technology. They then go from world to world playing games with the local population. Earth was one of their games. A scientist discovers one of the nano units in a coma patient. He then has to pursued the authorities that the technology exists, after it self destructs.

<Jim> *Mission impossible.*

Dr Dave That sounds like a good story. A bit like Predator.

<Jim> *More like the two World War's without the technology.*

Jim Well it came more from watching people playing these three dimensional games. Given the increase in technological development, we will be able to play gladiator with insects within this century. All I did was take that technology and put it in the hands of an alien race. Maybe it will be us who are playing the games with the clones, we will inevitably develop.

<Jim> *The Matrix. But for real.*

Dr Dave That's more of a horror story?

Dr Kate How do you feel about the story?

Jim It is pretty sick. But people playing games, with peoples lives is an everyday occurrence. All I did was add in the technology to allow direct manipulation, and an alien race for the sake of the science-fiction fans.

Dr John What do you mean?

Jim The government sets up laws, those are like rules to a game. Criminals are an extreme in the system, they manipulate people for their own benefit. Take drug dealing. Nobody sells drugs to people because they are their friend. They just want another customer. They want a source of income. They want to be able to control their income. You could probably plot the graph of a drug addict. Dealer income against time. Businesses do the same. As soon as you treat people as numbers you lose the human side of the equation. Democratic governments are meant to be for the people, they should not treat people as numbers.

<Jim> *Jim dribbles down the side of the pitch, sliding past the defence.*

Dr John Do you believe that drug dealers, governments and business men are the same?

<Jim> *And straight into his own goal.*

Jim No. That was not what I meant.

<Jim> *I was just making another sweeping statement, which obviously lost you at the half way mark.*

Dr John But you went from the law to drug dealers to business men in one sentence?

<Jim> *Give it up, change the subject.*

Jim Another story was to use Star Trek as a basis, but use everyday characters. Like three computer consultants. They would have an office, with a shed load of computers. They would take support calls from big customers who need their help. They would have a shuttle, a space wagon.

Dr Dave Sounds promising. Anything else?

Jim The characters would be based on the three of the original Star Trek characters?

Dr Dave Kirk, Spock and Doctor McCoy?

Jim Kirk and Spock, but there would be no need for a doctor. I was thinking more of a Scotty character, he could be the hardware engineer. And of coarse you would need a secretary. Probably best to use a Seven character there. You could even include a Picard character as the director of the company.

Dr Dave It sounds like a good idea. Why don't you try it?

Jim I am no good at comedy.

<Jim> *I am an ideas man.*

Dr Dave That's a pity. You might have had something there.

<Jim> *Another poorly made situation comedy perhaps?*

Jim Talking of Star Trek. I remember where I first heard about microwormholes. It was on one of the Star Trek Voyager shows. I downloaded the story when I was ill. It was funny as the story was called Pathfinder.

Dr John Why is that funny? It's the name of your day hospital, isn't it?

Jim Yes. And the name I use to describe new ways of performing systems integration. I tried to sell myself as a Pathfinder. Part of my business is looking into emerging technologies and seeing how they can be integrated into businesses. So the title, The Pathfinder Project, was amusing. Especially with everything that has happened.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim The story is about a scientist back on Earth discovering a new way of communicating with Voyager.

Dr Dave For those of you not familiar with Star Trek, Voyager is a space ship that has been lost in Deep Space and is making its way back home. Even Star Trek technology can not communicate with Voyager.

<Jim> *Thanks for the synopsis.*

Jim Anyway, the scientist is called Reg, he is a neurotic with a holo deck fetish and an insomniac. He escapes into the holo world, where he has programmed the Voyager crew to be his ideal colleagues, so he is the centre of attention, the star of the crew.

Dr Kate Sounds like he has problems too?

Jim He does. He has a counsellor, a character from Star Trek, The Next Generation. She is an empath. Someone who can sense peoples emotions. You can see why I was interested in his episode?

Dr Dave Yes. It does seem to have resonance with what you experienced. But many people have the same problems you have had. The story was probably just based on someone else's experience, or their projected audience. You know, a lot of Trekkies are neurotic.

<Jim> *Neurotic. Showing undue adherence to an unrealistic idea of things. That's me.*

Jim Like me?

Dr John A bit.

<Jim> *Nuff said.*

Jim Anyway. He manages to set up a microwormhole using a pulsar and transmits a message to Voyager. Who respond and he is proved to be a real hero. Which I suppose goes back to the idea of DSR.

<Jim> *Considering I had asked Patrick Stewart for help, it might have been his response.*

Dr Dave Did you see that episode before, or after your illness?

Jim I certainly watched a follow up episode. I stopped watching Star Trek Voyager for a bit. I was too busy. It used to be on Sunday nights. I have digital now and it is on most nights. I try to watch it.

Dr Dave What I meant was, did it give you the idea of microwormholes?

Jim Sort of. I was reading a lot of science books, as I have mentioned. When they talked about them, I put more credence to that episode. Although I do not remember watching it, that recently.

Dr John So how did you download the story of it then?

<Jim> *By the power of Grey skull. He-Man.*

Jim I searched for the word microwormhole on the internet?

Dr John Oh. And how many returns did you get?

<Jim> *Thunder, Thunder, Thunder-Ho. Thundercats.*

Jim Five, two were for the Pathfinder episode. I do not remember what the others were for. Try it yourself.

<Jim> *Nah, what's up Doc?*

Dr Dave So how did you turn it into biophysical microwormholes then?

Jim Well I really do like Star Trek, and science-fiction in general. But they always rely on technology. They have this underlying spiritual essence but they never explain any of it. The only religions they have explained in any detail, are the Bejoran and the Vulcan beliefs. The Bejoran's have Q type entities that live in their wormhole.

<Jim> *Oh-eerr misses. Frankie Howard.*

Dr Dave Yes. I have seen Deep Space Nine.

Dr Kate What is a Q entity?

Dr Dave The Q, as they are called, are a God like race, who seem to spend all their time harassing members of the Federation.

<Jim> *Illogical. Since they are immortal beings, that would be difficult.*

Jim I am not overly impressed with the Q. Like the holo deck episodes, they seem to use them for pure fictional purposes. A sort of escapism for the writers.

Dr John So your biophysical microwormholes are based on?

<Jim> *Pure fantasy. The delusions of a mentally ill patient.*

Jim Based upon my own delusional observations. I am not an alien, I am not a robot, or a cyborg. There is nothing particularly interesting about my life. Yet I experienced all these things in my mind. I have the power to create great fantasies which satisfy me, to a point. I can even be a great actor, in my own mind. In fact, in my own mind I can do, or be anybody I want to be.

<Jim> *Jim. You are ranting.*

Jim I can even travel the great distances of the known Universe. I can imagine a new Universe. I can even think back to before the Universe began.

<Jim> *Stop. Jim. You are loosing it.*

Dr Kate Go on.

<Jim> *Oops. Lost it.*

Jim Well, I just like the idea, that someone like me, could be what people think of as God, or a great spiritual presence, or their fantasy lover. It is funny. Like The Life of Brian by Monty Python.

<Jim> *When I was ill, I thought The Life of Brian was about the life of Brian. If a super intelligent mega being, like a God, did grace us with its presence, it certainly would not start a religious revolution. There are much more subtler ways to influence humanity. Anyway look what happened when a relative of a God visited last time. They nailed him to a piece of wood.*

Dr Dave I Suppose. They say God works in mysterious ways?

Dr Dave smiles.

Dr John So you used your DSR to enhance your imagination?

Jim No. I have always had a good imagination. It is just that now, I have travelled a bit further down the road of enlightenment. By imagining biophysical microwormholes I have opened up the possibilities of being able to explain my illness to myself. And other mentally perceived phenomenon. Maybe it is a way of giving people back their imagination, their spirit. Science has removed so much of the awe to life, that we are in the very real position of being replaced by machines. Yet everyone knows that they are a unique individual, they just forget it, as life gets them down.

<Jim> *Technology will either free us or enslave us.*

Dr John It is all very well explaining it to yourself, but the rest of us know that your thought transmission is a delusion.

<Jim> *Why don't doctors get out more?*

Jim I do not care if it was a delusion. It was very interesting. It allowed me to imagine myself in the position of someone who could do all the things I thought I could do. To be at the centre of the everything.

Dr John What is your point?

<Jim> *I don't know. It was just so nice to be able to create a new way of looking at the Universe.*

Jim I guess it is that I survived, and I am better for it?

<Jim> *Don't you think biophysical microwormholes are a really neat idea?*

Dr John That is good. But if you know you cannot do thought transmission, why does that make you feel better? Surely you would prefer to have that power?

<Jim> *Fight the power. Public Enemy.*

Jim I like the fantasy of being able to communicate with people through thought transmission. But I would not like it to be a reality. Think of the consequences?

<Jim> *On second thoughts don't.*

Dr John It's a delusion, why bother?

Dr Dave You mean people being able to hear your thoughts? I would imagine it would be quite intrusive?

<Jim> *You could say that.*

Dr Kate Don't forget the romantic side of it?

<Jim> *That is a perk.*

Jim What, someone to watch over me? But it does not include the ability to see. As far as my delusions went I only seemed to be able to communicate with people on television. Only then if they were listening and were able to listen.

Dr Dave That is a bit limiting?

Jim It makes sense really. If you walked into a room everybody would know what you were thinking.

<Jim> *Sometimes it feels like that.*

Dr Kate Well we can not sense what you are thinking.

Jim I know. It only seemed real when I was ill. I can still think about it and reference my own experience.

Dr John I still do not understand the point, if it was a delusion.

Jim It is a way of exercising the imagination. I have wrestled with the thought delusion and I have come up with a science-fiction explanation. From that I get a workable alternative reality.

Dr John That would be fine if you were not recovering from a mental illness. But it may cause further complications.

<Jim> *Ah, Sweet. He does care.*

Jim I would not worry about my mental health. I do not find it disturbing. If anything, finding a plausible explanation helped to calm it down.

Dr Kate What, a sort of psycho analytical approach to your illness?

Jim Yes. A fear of the unknown magnifies problems. The fact that doctors do not really understand the brain and how it works means that mental illness has to be dealt with, using suppression techniques. Which for someone who is acutely paranoid, only amplifies their distress. Doctors would do much better if they were able to talk their patients down from their mental illness.

Dr John Do you have any idea how complicated mental illness cases are?

<Jim> *Yes. I was one.*

Jim I am not saying it would be easy. But from what I have seen, the use of drugs only creates more problems. My favoured solution was isolation at home. I did ask my wife to book into a hotel, while I sorted myself out. But she refused, maybe she was worried for my safety. But part of my illness was to do with human interaction, it would not have mattered who was around. I would have been reading things into their behaviour. Maybe if I had locked myself in a room, it might have helped. I just felt under attack.

Dr John That was the brain running itself into the ground. Your brain would have been awash with chemicals. Even with drugs it takes months to sort it all out.

Jim I have said it before, but the most important thing for me was to know where I was being attacked from. When Dr Thomas said it was a problem with my brain, it seemed to all make sense. Before that I had been playing myself, like a toy.

<Jim> *Too much information running through my brain. The Police.*

Dr Kate It must have been pretty distressing for both you and your family.

Jim You could say that.

There is a brief pause.

Dr Dave What about a coffee?

Jim Good idea. Same as before?

Dr Dave That would be great. Do you need any help?

Jim No. You are alright. Two whites without. One black without. Back in a minute.

Jim stands up and walks into the kitchen.

He puts the kettle on and prepares the drinks.

<Voice> *Jim had gone through many hypotheses in working out that biophysical microwormholes might be responsible for his delusions. His initial delusion was a feeling that he was being watched, this is typical of paranoia. He then began to feel he was being communicated to, by many unconnected sources. This can be put down to schizophrenia, although it normally manifests itself as unsolicited auditory or visual hallucinations, such as a voice heard in a silent room. Jim had watched a program about espionage in the second World War and knew that they had used the BBC World service to transmit messages to their operatives. In his delusional state he had likened his experiences to that of an operative behind enemy lines.*

<Voice> *In fact Jim had played war games when he was a child. Even at the age of five he had managed to evade being found, by simply hiding in tall grass in a garden. He had worn a friend's army helmet, and in his child's mind, he had become invisible. His friends were not so impressed, they had become so upset that they had gone home. Jim stopped playing war games once he understood that with war comes death, and that death was very real, and very painful.*

- <Voice> *Once he had started to look for hidden messages in the media, he began to think that he could communicate with those who were listening, through thought transmission. This happened because he was afraid of being discovered by the enemy, that he had convinced himself were after him. Once the thought transmission delusion had taken hold of him, it was hard for Jim to stop the cascade of thoughts that fell upon him. He had soon created an imaginary world for himself where he was some sort of X Man with the power of thought transmission. An X Man being an evolutionary quantum leap, a human being with extraordinary powers. This is typical of Delusional Self Reference, where by the patient believes they are some super human being, usually Jesus Christ.*
- <Voice> *Jim was unusual in this sense, as he had showed no signs of the typical symptoms, although he was surely experiencing them. Jim was not a religious person, he had stated on many occasions that he was an atheist, with no belief in a God, or any other super natural being. Therefore his theories of biophysical microwormholes and the potential for a living Universe, could be the way his atheist mind copes with the heightened emotional and mental state, he experienced while he was suffering from his mental illness.*
- <Voice> *Using a mix of science-fiction and mathematical physics to understand his imaginary world. Jim's problem was made worse by the apparent responsiveness of some of the tests that he had performed. If he was delusional, then they could be put down to delusions, but if they had happened, and some of them obviously had. Then there were only two explanations, his imaginary one and the one of coincidence. With the information available to him, coincidence was the firm favourite. He had lost faith in his mind experiments, after they began to fail. There was also no way to conduct them objectively, without involving others, which would not help the resolution of his mental illness. And would possibly lose him friends and credibility. He certainly did not want to end up as David Icke had, a figure of ridicule.*

Jim walks back into the room with the drinks.

The three professionals are waiting.

Jim passes the drinks to them in turn.

Jim puts the tray down next to his seat and sits down.

Dr Dave Jim. You mentioned the idea that you had access to the planet Earth super computer. How do you think that worked?

<Jim> *The successor to Deep Thought. The one the mice commissioned. You don't want to dice my brain do you?*

Jim I don't know. In The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy, they used random events. Like pulling scrabble words out of a bag.

Dr Dave Did you try that?

Jim laughs.

<Jim> *Thanks for all the fish. The last thing the dolphins say as they are transported from the Earth. Just before the Vogan's blow it to pieces.*

Jim Yes. It did not work. I used letter flash cards. The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy is a quite amazing piece of fiction. It deals with some really huge concepts on a very basic level, disguising reality with science-fiction ideas. The Vogan's are bureaucrats. They are the ones who blow the Earth up. If you look at what is happening to the World, you can see that we are killing ourselves with bureaucracy.

<Jim> *You don't want to do it like that. [Harry Enfield]*

Dr Dave Do you think the World is going to end?

<Jim> *The end is neigh?*

Jim Yes. The Earth will die when the Sun dies.

Dr Dave I mean, soon.

<Jim> *We have twelve minutes to find some alcohol. Ford Prefect.*

Jim What? The end is neigh?

Dr Dave Yes.

Jim Well, if you are asking me about a story I had when I was ill. Then, yes. Part of my spider spirits episode was related to the end of the World. But we have another eight years to eat as much fish as we can.

Dr Dave Why eight years?

Jim Remember I told you about blowing the spider spirits up? Well, they were some eight light years away. So the blast wave from the explosion will take eight years to hit Earth.

<Jim> *Why am I telling them this? It is total fantasy.*

Dr Dave But it would not harm us?

Jim Well there is a theory that mass extinction's have occurred due to excessive cosmic radiation. What with the depleted ozone, I really do not think we would stand much chance, if the blast wave was more than twenty four hours in depth. Some super novae have lasted for weeks. At a distance of eight light years, it would certainly be powerful enough to do quite a bit of damage.

Dr John I thought it was meteorite's that we have to worry about.

Jim smiles.

Jim You do not know much about space do you? Have you not heard of light powered space ships? If a photon blast hits the asteroid belt it would send thousands of meteorites down into the Sun. Some of them would inevitably hit the Earth. Even if we were lucky enough to be on the opposite side of the Sun when the blast hit, the disturbance would still cause significant damage. It would probably create quite a few more comets too. We might not even notice the blast until the meteorites started falling.

Dr John Why?

Dr Dave Because the Sun could be in the sky, effectively hiding the visible light from the blast. But why eight light years?

<Jim> *I don't know?*

Jim That was what I worked it out to be.

Dr Dave But you said the spiders went to Draco. Draco is much further than eight light years. Sirius, the Dog star, is eight light years away?

<Jim> *It didn't make sense to me at the time either.*

Jim I did look at the distances myself. There is a Sirius A and a Sirius B isn't there. Sirius B being a dark star.

<Jim> *Wasn't there a film called Dark Star? About a bomb with artificial intelligence. It blew itself up in the end.*

Dr Dave Yes. They are, a pair. They spin around each other. You are not suggesting they are going to explode?

<Jim> *Now that would be pretty dangerous, wouldn't it?*

Jim I do not think so. I am just explaining a delusional episode.

<Jim> *You started it.*

Dr Dave If Sirius went super novae we would be in trouble. It is very close, astronomically speaking.

<Jim> *Stop trying to freak me out.*

Jim I don't think this is helping.

Dr John Maybe not, but it is quite interesting. You do not need to be worried by it. You are not worried by it. Are you?

<Jim> *Well it is sort of scary. I would rather not follow through this delusion, you never know where it might end.*

Jim No. it does not bother me.

Dr Dave You know Sirius A is the brightest star in the sky, so it attracts a lot of attention.

Jim I like astronomy but I do not study the stars. I like them for their beauty and their power to inspire. They make you realise how small you are. Yet even though I am tiny, I can hold the Universe inside my head. Just with the power of imagination.

<Jim> *Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are?*

Dr Kate That's very poetic.

<Jim> *Stupid, but poetic.*

Jim Well it is true. Einstein discovered relativity with his mind first, and then he developed a mathematical representation for it. It took several decades before it was proved experimentally. I am not saying that what I have said is real. Don't get me wrong. But even I am impressed with my imagination.

<Jim> *I maybe a schizophrenic, but I am not completely crazy.*

Dr Dave True. Most developments come from a burst of inspiration, followed by years of hard work. But let's get back to this Sirius thing.

<Jim> *Serious more like.*

Jim OK.

Dr Dave So you do not remember why you came up with the idea that Draco was eight light years away?

Jim I thought I had looked it up in a magazine or something. But maybe it was not light years, may be it was in another astronomical unit.

Dr Dave But the idea of eight light years did not surprise you?

<Jim> *My brain was mush, if I had thought it was eight banana's I would not of thought anything of it.*

Jim No. I got Draco from a record about an outlaw called Draco, in my delusional state I saw it as a star system, which I matter transported the spider spirits to using my imagination, and then blew it up with my pop gun.

<Jim> *No, I take it back. You are mad.*

Jim begins to laugh.

Dr Dave Yes. It does sound fantastical.

Dr Kate Well, psychologically speaking, it was Jim's attempt to rid himself of all his bad thoughts.

<Jim> *Isn't she nice? She is defending me.*

Dr John Fight delusions with delusions?

<Jim> *It was like being on a holo deck in Star Trek.*

Dr Dave Like acting out a play. Is that where you got your idea that you were in a film?

<Jim> *Life's but a walking shadow. A poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage. And then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot. Full of sound and fury. Signifying nothing. Macbeth. Shakespeare. That is about the only thing that stuck when I did my English lit exam. How depressing. Will I, like Macbeth be dragged to my death with false predictions, that are only sent to tie me to the proverbial sticking post?*

Jim Probably. I saw no harm in following my instinct. I had never fooled myself before. This schizophrenia thing was the first time I had lied to myself, using delusions and coincidences.

<Jim> *I did pride and prejudice too. But most of my knowledge of that came from the television series and the study aid. Those dresses. Not very appropriate for an adolescent boy. Still, no worse than Kernel Derring's suits in Buck Rogers.*

Dr Dave So you used elements of your favourite films to help fight the schizophrenia?

Jim looks up at the ceiling, then back at Dr Dave.

Jim I did not know what it was. I remembered watching an episode from Red Dwarf where Kryton had been infected with a war virus and the only solution was to attack it with a peace virus. Which came from my original obsession with The Good, The Bad and The Ugly. Yes, maybe watching the films did help. But it also made me remember other things. Maybe I had a log jam of unresolved problems that I had tried to ignore? I really do not know.

<Jim> *Maybe it was my family who had the problems and needed to exorcise them through me. I remember talking to one of my fellow patients about her problems. Her sister was just using her as a whipping boy. Emotional warfare is what I called it.*

Dr Kate Again, psychologically speaking. You were just trying to come to terms with part of yourself. The idea of war and peace viruses suggests conflict and resolution.

Jim So I projected my own internal conflict into a global one? Is that why I was diagnosed with DSR? But I was not looking for resolutions outside myself until my family got involved. Then the doctors. That was why I knew I needed to be alone.

Dr John Jim. But the problem was, you were looking for external confirmation about your actions in your fantasy world, in the real world. That is where the boundaries of sanity were being eroded.

<Jim> *Isn't that called prayer?*

Jim I guess so. But I was not trying to do any harm, so what was wrong with it?

Dr Dave Nothing. Provided you are not destroying yourself in the process. You admit you were ill?

<Jim> *Poisoned mind.*

Jim I knew I was ill. But I thought I was being drugged or something.

Dr John You were. By your own body. Dr Thomas must have told you to calm down. Almost anything can trigger DSR but it is caused by increases in chemicals, caused by stress. This stress can be real or imaginary. It does not matter. It is not even hereditary.

<Jim> *Maybe that is why I have a laid back nature. To stop myself from getting worked up.*

Jim I understand it now. So it will help me in the future.

<Jim> *Knowledge is power.*

Dr Dave Back to Sirius?

Jim Yes. Back to Sirius.

Dr Dave So do you think Sirius will go super novae?

<Jim> *Type I or Type II, a, b or c? Be more specific.*

Jim Binary stars have the potential to go super novae more than single stars, because there is more matter around. From what I remember Sirius could even form a black hole, as there is just enough matter there to do it. Whether it can or does, is another thing. But I bet no one has considered the life cycle of our closest stellar neighbours, or their affects.

<Jim> *Quarks, Gluons, Red Giants, White Dwarfs, Big Bang. There are eight billion tales in the naked Universe. This is just one of them. But. They all have black holes. George Clinton.*

Dr Dave Probably not. Most astronomers are interested in discovery. By the way, do you know of the Dogon and Sirius?

Jim The Dragon and Sirius? No?

Dr Dave No, Dogon. They are a people living in Western Africa.

<Jim> *Dragon, I said Dra-gon. Mulan. Eddy Murphy.*

Jim No?

Dr Dave Well there were some myths about how they could, without the aid of telescopes, have developed a religion that includes knowledge of Sirius B, the dark companion of Sirius A. They also had knowledge of the elliptical orbits of astronomical phenomena. As well as of the satellites of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn.

<Jim> *Is this relevant?*

Jim So how did they gain this knowledge then?

Dr Dave Well nobody really knows, but they successfully predicted a third star, which was found in 1973. However this star is some three hundred and twenty five lights years from Earth and is only visible using X ray telescopes.

<Jim> *So they made it all up?*

Jim But why did they think there were three stars?

Dr Dave Some people say visitors from Sirius told them about their solar system. But a more likely explanation is that they were either given the knowledge by Egyptian astronomers or they had some form of telescope.

<Jim> *Boulder dash.[The computer game]*

Jim They either made it all up or the Sirius system has changed since they gained their knowledge of that system. When did they start saying there were three stars in Sirius?

Dr Dave I think it was about five hundred years ago?

<Jim> *Not that long ago then. Western Africa is close to the equator. Maybe the third star was only visible from there?*

Jim Maybe there were three visible stars there five hundred years ago, the other two have just dimmed over time. Are there any records of Sirius flaring up? or have any other cultures noted that there were three stars in Sirius?

<Jim> *I wish people would stick to reality. You are a fine one to talk. You psycho.*

Jim looks at his hands.

<Jim> *Psycho. Alpha. Disco. Beta. Bio. Aqua. Doloop. Emotion pictures under water starring Mr Doloop. The motor booty affair. George Clinton.*

Dr Dave Not as far as I know.

<Jim> *Absolute boulder dash. [The computer game]*

Jim Then they made it up.

Dr Dave I thought you might be interested, that is all. The Dogon believe an extraterrestrial being came from Sirius, to bring wisdom to their forefathers.

<Jim> *It is amazing what some people believe.*

Jim Like I said. It is more likely that Sirius had three visible stars and that two of them have dimmed, maybe one collided with the other. Even more likely is that they made it all up. I wonder how many beliefs are wrong, compared to those that are correct?

Dr John So you do not think biophysical microwormholes can explain that one?

<Jim> *Cheeky.*

Jim If they existed, then they might. Obviously. That is the beauty of the theory, it allows for knowledge to be passed between time lines. That is why I invented it.

Dr Dave But their knowledge was of the future.

<Jim> *Warning, logic bomb ahead.*

Jim Yes?

Dr Dave But I thought you said you had no prior knowledge of future events?

<Jim> *Boom.*

Jim I don't.

Dr Dave So how come the Dogon did?

<Jim> *They didn't. They made it up.*

Jim Maybe they got lucky?

<Jim> *I am not going to explain other peoples neurosis. It is bad enough trying to explain mine.*

Dr Dave So you have no wisdom for us then?

<Jim> *W.I.S.D.O.M. Wisdom. Free Bass. All over you face. [Wisdom]*

Jim Nope. None what so ever.

<Jim> *No. I do not come from Sirius, I have not seen any extra-terrestrial's and I do not think I am the Son of God.*

Dr Kate But you seem very interested in the things you have told us?

<Jim> *Go away. You are trying to wind me up. I am not a toy.*

Jim That is because they are interesting.

<Jim> *I don't get out much. I have an active imagination. And I like talking pish. you are still here aren't you?*

Dr Dave So Sirius is of no special interest then?

<Jim> *N.O. Spells?*

Jim No.

Dr John Shall we ask Jim about the films then?

Dr Dave I almost forgot. You mentioned in one of our meetings that you were using films to work things out. What did you mean?

<Jim> *Warning. Tangential questioning. Possibility of psychological profiling. Sixty, no seventy percent. Quick burp. Bark. Do something. Do anything. Break their concentration. Quick.*

Jim What my holo deck theory?

<Jim> *You are mad.*

Dr Dave Holo deck theory? Is that another reference to Star Trek?

<Jim> *Questions. He's asking me another question. Good. No need to bark then.*

Jim Sort of. Once I started to think that I was interacting with the films I tried to use them as you would any other interactive device.

Dr Dave You gave them input and tried to get them to give you some answers?

<Jim> *Woof. Woof. If Sirius is known as the Dog star, is it like Lassie?*

Jim looks away from Dr Dave.

<Jim> *What is it Lassie? The World is about to end? We only have two billion years left before you explode? Does your bum look big in this? That? Whatever.*

Jim looks back at Dr Dave.

Jim I did try that. But I became even more confused. I think it was because of the time differences and the variances in communication.

<Jim> *Plus my head was like whipped cream. Sometimes you just have to get off the merry go ride. Before you puke.*

Dr Dave But how did you think films would help you?

Jim What using the microwormholes?

Dr Dave If you like.

<Jim> *If I like. Get him. [Bugs Bunny]*

Jim Well let's say you are on a video cassette. I can ask you a question. You can then switch off the video and go look up the answer. You can then switch the video back on and tell me the answer you found. You might have spent weeks finding the answer, but for me you have only been gone for a few seconds.

Dr Kate That would be useful.

<Jim> *It would be if it was real.*

Jim That's what I thought, but the main problem was that they had scripts to work to. The only film I thought was truly interactive was Grosse Pointe Blank. But then they were trying to see what type of person I was.

<Jim> *You were really messed up Jim. I know. I know.*

Dr Kate So you did not think that the actors were responsive?

Jim No. My logic was that they did not want to be labelled crazy. The other problem was with the way the film is shot and edited. What is the start of the film for me might have been week six in the actors schedule. The only way for direct communication to occur would have been for the actors to write down what they thought they sensed, keep a diary, then try to match everything up. Once the film had been released.

<Jim> *I really do not think Bruce Willis is up to that?*

Dr Dave Sounds pretty unlikely.

Dr John I still cannot believe you are discussing this again?

Dr Dave Because it is a very complex argument. I do not, even now, think I understand Jim's reasoning.

Dr John That is because he was delusional. There is no reason to it.

Dr Kate I think Dr John is right. We should not try to understand Jim's reasoning.

<Jim> *Hello. I am still in the room.*

Dr Dave But it sounds credible. As a scientist, it sounds credible. I do not believe it, but I do not see where he is deluded? He is not saying it is a fact.

<Jim> *It's just a theory.*

Jim Can I say something?

<Jim> *Can I. Can I. Can I say something? Art of Noise.*

Dr John Go ahead.

<Jim> *Woof. Woof.*

Jim I know I can sound very credible, but I am in complete agreement with Dr John.

<Jim> *Now go away!*

Dr John See.

Dr Dave I am not a psychologist. So I will bow to your expertise.

<Jim> *He gave in too easily.*

Dr Kate So you thought that it was possible, with the microwormholes, to use films like you would an interactive book.

<Jim> *Dr Dave drops the ball after a superb tackle by Dr John. Then Dr Kate flatters her eye lashes and picks the ball back up. Are we still in with a chance of seeing where this conversation is going. Or will it be consigned to the mental rubbish bin, that is Jim's mind?*

Jim Sorry. Could you repeat the question?

Dr Kate sits forward and looks Jim in the eyes.

Jim catches a glimpse of her cleavage before making contact with her eyes.

<Jim> *Why does that always have to happen to me?*

Dr Kate So you used television like an interactive book?

Jim Yes. In a way I did.

Dr Kate That was quite clever. And did it make sense?

<Jim> *Now is she really interested or is she trying to play with my Thunderbird one?*

Jim Yes. Most of it made sense.

<Jim> *Wow. You really do have quite sensuous eyes.*

Dr Kate Yet you do not believe in your own microwormhole theory?

<Jim> *You are trying to psyche me out, aren't you?*

Jim Yes. I mean no. I do not believe in it. I can think it, and it does make sense. But there is no physical proof that they exist.

Dr Kate So. You would only believe they existed if there was physical evidence?

Jim Experimental evidence. You would need to define an experiment whereby biophysical microwormholes were the only possible cause, of the result, of an experiment. But before you did that you would need to prove that microwormholes themselves existed, mathematically.

Dr Dave But you gave an episode of Star Trek as your evidence, that microwormholes were a mathematical possibility. Didn't you?

Jim No. That just gave me an answer to a question I had been asking myself about communication over great distances.

<Jim> *Hasn't anybody been listening to a word I have been saying?*

Dr Kate Can you think of such an experiment?

<Jim> *Not off the top of my head.*

Jim What now?

Dr Kate I thought you might have thought of one already?

<Jim> *Well I tried 'actuarial'. But that didn't work.*

Jim No. Not a definitive one.

Dr Kate So why don't you?

<Jim> *Go switch off your television set and go do something less boring instead. [Why Don't You]*

Jim I don't know. Because it seems pointless.

Dr Kate Well could you think of one?

Jim I don't know. It would have to be something that traversed both space and time. I have tried to do experiments before. But they were by myself. A real experiment has to be both independently validated and repeatable. What information can you pass that is repeatable and can be independently validated?

<Jim> *The language of the biophysical world would have to be first described. It is easy for me to imagine people understanding my thoughts, but how to break that knowledge out. Into the conscious world, is another thing.*

Dr Dave Numbers?

Jim The problem with numbers is that they have different meanings to all of us. Although I might see a number, I might associate it with my age, my house number, anything. The trick is to pick things that are common and that are static. They also need to invoke an emotion or reaction. Maybe there is a language associated with body movements?

Dr John Yes. Body language has been studied and there are consistent features. But it is open to interpretation. A smile might mean different things depending upon who is smiling and its context.

<Jim> *Like a schizophrenic you mean?*

Jim I think it is too difficult to verify by human observational experimentation. Simply because of the way the conscious mind acts. Remember the observation of the patient with a split brain? The conscious mind can invent reasons for reactions.

Dr Dave But if you were looking for the reaction, not the reason?

<Jim> *Smartie.*

Jim Yes. That might help.

Dr Dave Did you know that there was a random number generator computer used to predict forthcoming World events?

Jim No. What do you mean?

Dr Dave A university in America uses a computer to flip electronic coins. When one side comes up significantly more than another there has been a correlation with World events.

<Jim> *Sounds like silicon DSR.*

Jim Really?

Dr Dave It has reacted to major events such as princess Diana's death, mother Teresa's death and the World Trade Tower's destruction. Sometimes the change in random fluctuations occurs several hours before the event.

<Jim> *Spooky. Jim Carrey.*

Jim No. I hadn't heard of that. It does sound interesting though.

<Voice> *Jim had said his DSR felt like the World was speaking to him. At the time of the World Trades Tower's destruction he was in London, watching Swordfish. It is a film about a government sponsored terrorist who uses terrorism to fund his fight against World terrorism. He had planned to visit the London Planetarium with a friend. But as they approached Leicester Square they decided to have a meal and to watch a film instead. Swordfish was also a follow up film to The Matrix.*

Dr Dave I am not as well versed in psychology as Dr John, but I do not understand how a computer can react to human emotions?

Dr John It is likely that the computers pattern is simply being mapped to those events. If they match they are seen as positive confirmations. If they do not, then they are seen as glitches in the system.

Jim I must admit. I find it difficult to understand how a computer generated random number can be used to predict humanistic events. Does the overall probability curve of the machine match the expected results? If not then it might be that the machine itself is faulty.

Dr Dave I do not know. I have not studied it in any depth. I was just trying to help dehumanise your experiment. I thought maybe that example might be of use.

Jim I do not understand why you want me to invent an experiment for a delusional phenomenon?

Dr Kate I was interested in the depth of your delusion.

Dr Kate re-establishes eye contact with Jim.

<Jim> *Oh. The delusion was very deep. It came to me with great ease.*

Jim It was somewhat deep.

Dr Kate It is interesting that you never took your personal experiments very far.

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate Well if I thought I could communicate with people through the mind. I might try to use it to influence people.

Jim In what way?

Dr Kate Well it would come in handy with my work as I could calm people down, or put them at rest. Simply by thinking.

<Jim> *Your own mind has to be at rest first and you would have to have an open mind, otherwise the other person would not listen.*

Jim I think patients knowing what a doctor is thinking is a bad idea.

Dr Kate So it was an uncontrolled line of communication?

<Jim> *I thought I had explained this?*

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate So, if it was real, I would know your thoughts?

<Jim> *I have explained this already.*
Jim I guess.

Dr Kate looks deep into Jim's eyes.

<Jim> *What are you doing?*

Dr Kate So, just by looking at you I would be able to sense your thoughts?

<Jim> *She is winding me up.*

Dr Kate In that the intimacy of staring at someone allows you to concentrate on their reactions. Allowing you to use your brains body language interpreter.

Jim So what do you sense?

<Jim> *Admit it. You just like looking into my eyes.*

Dr Kate I sense that you are not happy with us asking you so many question's.

Dr Kate smiles at Jim.

Jim Maybe. But that was not what I was thinking.

Dr Kate You are happy to continue though?

Jim Is that what you sense. Or are you asking me a question?

<Jim> *Or was it a rhetorical question?*

Dr Kate I was asking you a question.

Jim I am OK with it. Although I am unsure as to the benefits.

Dr Dave We will see. You never know what we may gain. You have a very open mind. You do not seem to be phased by our questions.

Dr John Yes. We must seem like an interview board.

<Jim> *I am not sure what they are up to. But all this cross checking and repetition is getting on my nerves.*

Jim I won't throw a fit if that is what you mean?

Dr John No. That is not what we mean.

Jim Can I ask a question?

Dr John Yes. Of coarse.

<Jim> *Where are the Andes?*

Jim What will happen to your research?

Dr John Well we will use it in a publication we are working on.

Jim And will you be mentioning my biophysical microwormhole theory?

Dr John Not if you do not want us to.

Jim It is probably best not to.

<Jim> *Slight echoes of paranoia, but I am allowed. I am schizophrenic.*

Dr John Then we will not mention it.

<Voice> *Jim had thought about how the biophysical microwormholes might fit into the Universe. In physics there is a law that states energy cannot be destroyed. It can only be changed from one form to another. Jim had thought, if these microwormholes existed in everything then they could be the strings that hold the Universe together. Allowing everything to be linked to each point in time. Therefore helping to ensure energy is never destroyed. Like light paths in a hologram. This had reminded Jim of a record which mentions that we are just dreams in space. Jim being Jim, and a bit of a dreamer had taken this idea to its extreme conclusion. Whereby the Universe could be thought of as a mind, with everything in it being a figment of that mind's imagination. It is quite a thought, but one which is quite fanciful in its design. Much like his Russian Doll theory for a multiverse. Jim did not want the doctors to know all his theories because he knew he was a dreamer. But equally he knew that the idea of microwormholes was a good idea. If it could be proven mathematically or experimentally, it might lead to the answer to the questions; Where do we come from and where are we going?*

<Jim> *Next question please.*

Dr Dave Jim. I am not sure if we have been focusing on your thought transmission delusion. Or you have been?

<Jim> *Strange question.*

Jim I think it has been your line's of questioning. But certainly the idea of the World being centred on me, stems from the thought transmission delusion. So it does keep cropping up.

Dr Dave In what sense.

<Jim> *In every sense?*

Jim Well, I sort of felt as if I had been woken up. Like there was an alarm bell ringing. I felt there was something wrong but I did not know what. So that was probably when I started looking for answers.

Dr Dave But what was the question?

<Jim> *Questions and Answers. Ice-T.*

Jim Well I suppose, why had I been asleep? Had I been asleep? Why was I concerned? What was wrong with me? Those sorts of questions.

Dr Kate You felt as though you were asleep?

<Jim> *Sleep living.*

Jim Well not actually sleeping, but I did feel as if I had woken up from a sleep. I guess because of my heightened senses.

Dr John You felt as if you were on a drug trip?

<Jim> *I would not know.*

Jim No. I had felt drugged before. In the run up to the illness being diagnosed. I was tired and lethargic. Not depressed. Just like everything had to be done, but there was not enough time to do it. I was probably trying to do too much at once.

Dr Dave And you believe your illness was triggered by the protest you made?

Jim Believe. No. I think it was triggered by a feeling of victimisation. But I was worked up before it started to get too much for me. I felt like the little boy in the Emperor Has No Clothes. As if I was the only person who could see the problem. When I noticed the reaction I was getting, as if I was dangerous, just for making a peaceful protest. Then I became ill. Before that I was just agitated. I felt something was wrong. No. I thought something was wrong. I felt attacked.

Dr Kate So how did you cope with these feelings?

<Jim> *My mind imploded.*

Jim It was not a problem until I saw the reactions of my family. You can survive without contact with most people. But if the people closest to you lock you out, then you are in trouble. I don't think they realised what they were doing. I did not realise how I was affecting them. But I reacted by locking myself away. Who do you trust when even your loved ones are scared of you?

Dr John Why were they scared?

Jim My wife was scared because she had never seen behave the way I was behaving.

Dr John And what way were you behaving?

Jim Well I began to behave crazy. I was driven by a tide of emotions. By the chemicals in my head. With no where to turn to in the real World I guess I decided, subconsciously, to cleanse the virtual world, inside my head.

<Jim> *I guess like the lobster in the cooking pot. My brain had slowly been boiled.*

Dr Kate That is an interesting observation. So you knew that you were behaving abnormally, and that you were ill?

<Jim> *It was difficult not to.*

Jim Yes. At first I tried to understand what it was that was wrong. I decided I had to get rid of the bad things in my life. A purge of my mental world.

Dr Kate What sort of bad things?

Jim Well. For me it was work. I had spent too much time and effort working. It was time to relax and think. So that is what I tried to do. But then I started trying to sort the World out.

<Jim> *Which was a bad idea.*

Dr Kate How?

Jim Well in my delusional state I was seeing the World in a very bad light. I live in the Worlds first democracy, but I did not see it behaving very democratic. Even though it was better than the rest of the World.

Dr Dave In what way was it not being democratic?

<Jim> *In every way.*

Jim I hate politics. But I would like to think that everyone counted in a democracy. But they do not. My vote has never counted. Whenever I vote, my vote does not go towards changing the way the government works. Because the person I voted for has never won. Worse than that, even if the person I voted for did win, they would not be allowed to exercise their power because of the party political system. In which they are coerced to vote according to party political policy.

Dr Dave That's one way of looking at it.

<Jim> *That is the only way of looking at it.*

Jim So from the principle of one person one vote, we see that in the real world it becomes one party one vote. Unless there is an even spread of MP's between the parties, the so called democratic system fails to deliver.

Dr John A unique perspective on the current political situation.

<Jim> *I do not think I am alone in thinking this?*

Jim America is even worse. They just don't know it.

<Jim> *Well they do. They just don't know how to change it.*

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim America is better off in terms of power sharing between the parties. But the principle of one person one vote has been destroyed by the two party system. Nearly half of Americans do not even bother to vote. And it is not because they are all happy with their government.

<Jim> *It does not matter who you vote for, the government always gets in.*

Dr John But everyone has the right to vote.

Jim I do not think being allowed to vote is the definition of a democracy.

<Jim> *I'm not a diner until you let me dine. Malcolm X.*

Dr Dave No. Democracy is defined as government by all the people.

Dr John So. Did you find a theory for democracy too?

<Jim> *The only thing power respects, is power. Malcolm X.*

Jim No. You can theorise on democracy. I did think of way of allowing a new political system to be created.

Dr John So. What was that then?

<Jim> *They take one little word out of what you say. Then spread it all over the world, to make you look like what you actually aren't. Malcolm X.*

Jim Are you sure you want to know?

<Voice> *On one of Jim's cycle rides, while he was still ill, he had asked the World in general whether it wanted evolution or a revolution. It became a mantra to him, as he peddled along the busy roads of London. He was asking the question because he was testing to see if the computer that came after Deep Thought, had any answers. To him it was a way of amusing himself. But as he rode he spotted a golf ball in the gutter. He picked it up thinking maybe his son would like it. On the golf ball there were the words 'maxfli REVOLUTION'.*

Dr Kate It is not violent is it?

<Jim> *Do I look like a revolutionary?*

Jim No. It is not violent.

Dr Dave Why not?

Jim Because it does not have to be. In this country the non-voting, voting public, out number each of the political parties voters. Which I would say is a vote of no confidence in either party.

<Jim> *Well the first thing I want to say is mandate my ass. B Movie. Gil Scot-Heron*

Dr Dave That's one way of looking at it.

Jim So the question is, how do you get these voters to vote. Well the answer is as always by giving them something they want.

<Jim> *Give them what they want. Chris Tarrent. Tiswas.*

Dr John And what is that then?

Jim Power.

Dr Kate Power?

Jim Yes. Power.

<Jim> *It worked for new Labour didn't it?*

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim You deliver a political system that empowers the people.

<Jim> *It sounds simple doesn't it?*

Dr John The power to do what?

Jim The power to exercise their democratic rights. The power they are meant to have in a democracy. But they are stopped having by the party political system.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim From where I am sitting it is the use of political parties in the democratic system that destroys the democratic process. Block voting in unions was abolished, because it was undemocratic, but not in Parliament. Why? Because it suites those who are in government. You cannot have people voting the way they choose to. And that is where the rot has come from.

Dr Dave But how do you vote. If not for a political party?

Jim You vote for the person who is going to represent you in Parliament. Not the party. You can use any voting system you like. First past the post, proportional representation, whatever. The point is everyone gets to choose who represents them in Parliament. When they get to parliament, they can then vote on who is going to do the ministerial jobs. That way there is no party political system. Everyone must stand on their own principles.

<Jim> *Trust in democracy.*

Dr John You cannot do that. You have to define the voting system. You need the parties. You need an opposition.

Jim No you do not. Not for government. They are all meant to be representing their constituents. Not their party.

Dr John But people vote for a party, not their MP.

Jim They do not. They vote because they want the government to pursue certain policies. You do not need a party to sell you policies. A system based on PR would probably provide the best voting system. Allowing everyone's vote to count. But the MP's would have to have fixed constituencies. They have to be accountable to the people who voted for them.

Dr Dave Say your system is the best one. How do you implement it. None of the political parties are going to sign their power away.

Jim You are right. Not even the Liberal Democrats would sign up to the death of the party political system. It would have to be done using a new party.

<Jim> *A power to the people party.*

Dr John Well there you go. There is no chance of a new party beating the other parties in an election.

<Jim> *The World is an illusion. Buddha.*

Jim If a party was formed by the disaffected members of the other parties and community leaders. I think it would stand a good chance of winning. Provided this new parties political mandate was clearly stated and the electorate understood their message of empowerment.

<Jim> *An electoral bribe would also be useful. Maybe a nice tax refund, or a new public holiday on election days?*

Dr John That is all very well. But who would run the government?

<Jim> *The civil servants? Who else?*

Jim Once the new reforms were in place another election would be called to ensure that it's parties policies would be fully implemented. The new party would not be in power for more than a year. Provided the new parties MP's were chosen well there would be no problems.

<Jim> *Local hero's.*

Dr John So how would all this happen?

<Jim> *It won't. I am mad. We are destined to be governed by power crazed people who bully and coerce their way through life. So long as they are happy. Nothing else matters. No change then? No. No change.*

Jim It would never happen. The political parties are too clever to allow their power to be taken from them. If they thought it might, they would simply change the system to prevent it.

<Jim> *Like handing power over to the Europeans. In this World of globalisation, we cannot have governments that are responsive to their electorate. That would never do.*

Dr Dave That's a bit cynical?

<Jim> *That's a bit logical.*

Jim You cannot attach human traits to a system, just because humans are involved with the running of the system. We cannot even design a computer to mimic human qualities let alone possess them. So what makes you think a system, that was designed to govern, has human traits?

Dr Dave Because people are involved.

<Jim> *That is a matter for debate.*

Jim Politicians, maybe people, but their position, places them in a system. Unless they choose to engage their individuality while in the system, they will remain part of the system.

Dr John But your new political system, is still a system.

Jim But it is built upon the chaotic elements of local opinion, rather than the grand design of political parties. It is therefore harder to control and more likely to be able to adapt to an ever changing political environment. It is in effect a biological political system.

Dr John Why?

Jim Because it relies on people communicating at the microscopic level. They are more responsive to changing political circumstances than politicians or their advisors. Who are more likely to be influenced by their own personal circumstances.

<Jim> *If you design a system properly, it will look after itself.*

Dr Kate I think Jim's idea is interesting but I would like to change the subject if I may?

<Jim> *Yes. Please do.*

Dr Dave OK?

Dr Kate Jim. You seem to be an intelligent person. Who has quite a few interesting ideas. Although a little unusual. Would you say that your illness has changed you in anyway?

Jim What. From a personality perspective?

Dr Kate Yes?

Jim Well it depends. I am becoming more introverted. But I think that happens anyway as you get older. When I was a child I was quite wild. It took a while for me to understand action and reaction. If you are wild you tend to attract certain situations. I have learnt to be more thoughtful. I no longer have a need for approval from people. So I tend to live my life as best I can. Getting married and having a child was certainly a shock to the system. But one that I had envisaged.

Dr Kate I was thinking more to do with the illness.

Jim Not really. The only real difference is that I am talking a bit more about myself. But that is because you lot need to understand me better.

Dr Kate But you said you have been listening to music and watching videos a lot. Which I guess is more than normal?

Jim Yes. It is more than normal. But I have more time on my hands these days. Because I am not working as hard as I used to.

Dr Kate OK. Do you think that you are more or less passive these days?

Jim Less passive.

Dr Kate Do you think that you are more or less creative?

Jim More creative.

Dr Kate Are you happier?

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate Is the cup half empty or half full.

<Jim> *My cup is empty.*

Jim I don't have a cup.

<Jim> *Arg Z. I didn't mean to say that.*

Dr Kate Pardon?

<Jim> *Analyse that then?*

Jim I don't have a cup?

Dr Dave Did you not understand the question?

<Jim> *I know what the question is. Am I a pessimist or an optimist. I am neither.*

Jim No. I understood the question.

Dr Kate So why did you say you did not have a cup?

<Jim> *Because I am a non-conformist.*

Jim Because I am neither a pessimist or an optimist.

<Jim> *I am a realist.*

Dr Kate So what does not having a cup mean?

<Jim> *Whatever you want it to mean?*

Jim I am a realist. There is no cup.

<Jim> *Is this a cup I see before me? Macbeth. Sort of?*

Dr John But the answer is given to you, you just have to decide which one?

<Jim> *What like the party political system?*

Jim But I am not either?

Dr Kate It is OK. Maybe we should add in that there is no cup? A realist is a good answer.

<Jim> *Now you have my attention.*

Jim Why do you think that?

Dr Kate Because optimism and pessimism are not the only possible views one can have.

<Jim> *They are learning.*

Jim I am a realist. I was not being difficult. If I was forced to choose between the two, I would be an optimist. But only because it is a positive way of looking at the World.

Dr Kate If you were marooned on a desert island. How would you feel?

<Jim> *Sea sick. We were just talking about cups, weren't we. How did I get on a desert island?*

Jim Whereabouts?

Dr Kate Whereabouts what?

Jim Whereabouts is the desert island?

Dr Kate Does it matter?

Jim Yes. Is it a tropical island or is it cold and wet?

Dr Kate It is a tropical island with plenty of food and water. But nobody lives there and you are alone.

Jim I would feel hot.

Dr Kate Anything else?

Jim Bored.

Dr Kate Anything else.

Jim Lonely?

Dr Kate You probably would. Now if you could choose two things to find on the beach. What would they be?

Jim What, anything?

<Jim> *Like a solar powered generator? A luxury caravan? A fully fuelled boat plane? A sixty foot luxury yacht?*

Dr Kate Anything that might be washed up in a trunk.

<Jim> *A living doll? Like the one Cliff sings about?*

Jim An inflatable emergency raft?

<Jim> *I nearly said something else then.*

Dr Kate Yes. That would be useful. Anything else?

Jim A crate of sun-block. I burn very easily.

Dr Kate Very good.

<Jim> *Don't patronise me.*

Jim What am I doing on the island?

Dr Kate Nothing. Why what would you like to do on a desert island?

<Jim> *Typical. Answer a question with another question.*

Jim Snorkel. I like snorkelling.

Dr Dave You like to snorkel. I do a bit of diving. When the weather and the wife permits.

Jim I like the sea. Especially if it is warm. The waters in the Caribbean are wonderful. There is so much wildlife.

Dr Dave Most of my dives have been around the U.K. The visibility is pretty poor. But you get to dive around a lot of old wrecks.

<Voice> *That reminded Jim of his search for Atlantis. One of his episodes involved trying to find Atlantis. It had been triggered by Jean-Michel Jarres Rendez Vous album. He looked at the album and on it there is a mouth over the South Pacific. Another record had made him think of Atlantis and when he saw the picture he thought that Atlantis might be there. During his illness a dolphin had swam up the Thames. Jim thought that maybe it was the dolphins that were trying to communicate with him. That there was a lost continent hidden beneath the waves. That the dolphins were the aquatic descendants of the people from Atlantis. This was before he had discovered the theory of the biophysical microwormholes. Jim had discovered that Atlantis was a mythical civilisation, a lost continent, it was even a lost city. But most of it all it was the idea of a lost ancient knowledge. Knowledge that was far superior to modern technology. To Jim, the mouth over the Earth was symbolic. It represented the World trying to communicate using music and art.*

<Voice> *Another of Jim's episodes had involved the moon. He had thought that there had been two moons at some point in the Earth's history, and that one had collided with the Earth. This collision had occurred before life had really taken hold of the planet, but it had caused the Earth to stabilise, allowing life to take hold. It was not until he had watched the film Man On The Moon, that he realised that the moon could also mean imagination. He remembered that at college he had seen a piece of graffiti which said, 'How High The Moon'. To Jim, these things had formed a paper chase, leading him to the idea that it was his imagination that was talking to him. And that it was the most powerful thing known to him. As like the twilight zone, it controlled the horizontal, and it controlled the vertical.*

<Voice> *It was his imagination that had taken him on a journey through the many possible scenarios in his life. It was his imagination that had played him like a puppet. It was his imagination that was screaming out to be used.*

Jim I have done some snorkelling in Cornwall. But I did not see much wildlife.

<Jim> *I saw more seaweed than anything else.*

Dr Kate Back to the island?

Jim Sorry.

Dr Dave Sorry.

Dr Kate And what piece of technology would you want. Just one item. A radio perhaps?

Jim A solar powered computer?

Dr Kate That's fine. What would you do with it?

Jim I would make music and videos. To entertain myself.

Dr Kate How would you make videos?

Jim I would use animation.

Dr Kate And if you could choose anybody to be with you. Who would it be?

<Jim> *I would have to choose somebody who would like being on a desert island with me.*

Jim Real or fantasy?

Dr Kate Either.

Jim We are stuck on the island right?

Dr Kate Yes.

Jim It would have to be someone I did not like then. Someone who deserved to be marooned.

Dr Kate That was not what I meant. They would be there as your companion.

Jim I do not think anybody would really want to join me on a desert island, if we were marooned. Do you?

Dr Kate Probably not. But who would you like there, as a companion?

<Jim> *Sun, sea, sand and sex. This is a sex question. So, a woman. Who I would like to get to know better?*

Jim I am no good at this. I am no good at choosing for people.

Dr Kate What about one of your fantasy women? Sophie Ellis Bextor for instance?

Jim She has a wonderful career ahead of her. I do not think I would want to take her away from all that.

Dr Kate It is just a fantasy question. There are no consequences.

<Jim> *I would rather not have anybody. How can you choose one person. I would not want to be stuck on a desert island full stop.*

Jim If there were no consequences, and they could leave at any time, then I would choose Sade. But that would only be because I would like to know her.

Dr Kate Sade. The singer. That is an interesting choice. Considering all the other women you like.

Jim Why?

Dr Kate Wasn't she the only one you did not find sexy?

Jim She is sexy, but in a spiritual way. It is a kindness. I think she would make a good companion anywhere. But I think she would take to being on a desert island particularly well.

Dr Kate Well she certainly likes the weather. She lived in Jamaica for a few years.

Jim Yes. I knew that. She lived in the same town where we had our honeymoon. My wife and I.

<Jim> *Not me and Sade.*

Dr Kate So you do like the Sun then?

Jim No. My wife likes the Sun. I was told to get a tan by the locals. I am very pale. I just get freckles or burn. I like Sun shine, not direct heat from the Sun. I spent my time there in the shade. Jamaica is a lovely place, apart from the crime.

Dr Kate OK. So you are on this desert island. You have an emergency raft.

Jim Which is still bundled up.

Dr Kate A crate of sun block. A solar powered computer. And Sade is with you. What do you do?

<Jim> *I introduce myself to Sade. It's a pleasure to meet you Sade. Sorry about this desert island thing.*

Jim Find shelter?

Dr Kate Good. Then what?

Jim Find water, a source of food, build a fire, all the usual stuff.

Dr Kate So you would not use the raft to escape?

Jim Escape from what?

Dr Kate From the desert island?

<Jim> *Illogical. Spock. Star Trek.*

Jim The island is much easier to spot from the air than a raft. It also has all things required to sustain life. Unless we know where we are, it would be foolhardy to leave the island.

Dr Kate So what is the raft for?

Jim They contain basic survival kits, flares and a small beacon. They also make good temporary shelter. You could try to escape from the island in it, but most islands have reefs.

<Jim> *Don't you watch much television?*

Dr Kate So you would stay on the island?

Jim You would have to for a period of time. Just to determine the chances of rescue and to plan a possible sea escape.

Dr Kate And what would Sade be doing?

<Jim> *Singing?*

Jim Whatever she wanted to. She is there as a companion isn't she?

Dr Kate Yes. But you would expect her to help?

Jim No. She might want to contribute. The choice would be hers.

Dr Kate You consider yourself to be self sufficient then?

<Jim> *I am a loner.*

Jim Yes. I like to work through things at my own pace, and do them my own way.

<Jim> *But more than this. I did it my way. Frank Sinatra.*

Dr Kate How do you think Sade would feel about this?

<Jim> *You are asking me to imagine how a pop singer would feel about being stuck on a desert island with a schizophrenic fan? I think she would be scared out of her wits.*

Jim She would not be happy.

Dr Kate Why do you think that?

Jim She is stuck on an island with me. A schizophrenic?

Dr Kate But she would not know that you were a schizophrenic?

Jim She would because I would have told her.

Dr Kate When. Why would you have told her?

Jim After we had built the shelter, found the food and water. We would build a fire. Over the fire we would have talked. She would have asked 'What am I doing here?'. And I would have told her. I am a schizophrenic and a doctor is taking me through a virtual scenario to see how I behave.

<Jim> *What is the point of all this?*

Dr Kate Sorry. I know this seems strange.

Jim But seriously. I would not know how she felt.

<Jim> *I am not a mind reader.*

Dr John You have answered these types of questions before. Why are you upset?

Jim Because it seems a little pointless. I understand you are trying to gain an insight into my mind. But these sorts of pop quiz's hardly seem the right way to do it. You cannot understand a person by what they tell you. You can only understand a person by their actions.

<Jim> *People lie. You are assuming I do not want to give you the answers you expect and that I am answering truthfully.*

Dr Kate OK. We will stop there, then.

Dr John Is there any thing you can give us that might help us with other patients?

<Jim> *What for an advertisement campaign. Like the autism campaign? Autism. It's like banging your head against a brick wall.*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate Anything that may be of use to others who have schizophrenia?

<Jim> *You are never alone with schizophrenia?*

Jim Well. The best thing for me was knowing that it was all in my mind. I knew that everything was not in my mind. But pretending it was helped reduce its effect. You mean things like that?

Dr John Yes. That is useful?

Dr John looks at Dr Kate.

<Jim> *Useful or of use?*

Jim When I thought I was playing a game, one level was a bit like the Red Dwarf episode with the despair squid, so I fought back with my own delusions.

Dr Dave How?

Jim Well it was my game. So I put it in cheat mode. That way I would not be in any real danger. I also stuck to the rules of self preservation and the greater good. Even if I had infinite life's, I wanted to get the high score. So I never did anything risky.

<Jim> *Like jump in front of a bus.*

Jim looks across to his son's toys.

Jim If it was a game, it would be like snakes and ladders. I did not want to have to start again. So I kept it slow and steady. One of my tricks was to say to myself. 'I am the winner'. With whatever I did. It is something my son does. It really was quite good.

<Jim> *The pooh-pooh heads try to keep people down using depression techniques.*

Dr John Depression is part of the cycle of schizophrenia.

Jim I went through some tests. These were designed by myself to test myself. I knew I would never harm myself, or anyone else. So if I felt a test was not right, I just said pass.

Dr John Some patients do mention they hear voices that tell them to do things. Is that what you mean?

Jim I never heard any voices. Other than my own mental voice. It never told me to do anything. It is the voice of my conscious mind. But I did have a problem with thoughts. Idea's kept springing to mind. I guess I created stories in my mind to get them to make sense.

Dr John But saying 'pass' to your tests was acceptable?

Jim I think what I am trying to say, is that I never thought other people were trying to control me. I was in control of everything that I did. Just because I felt overwhelmed by my senses, it did not mean I had to react to them.

<Jim> *I kept control the vertical and the horizontal.*

Dr John Anything else?

<Jim> *This is going to sound really crazy.*

Jim The only other thing I did was to love the World.

Dr Kate Love the World?

<Jim> *Love the World, not make love to the World. Although if my delusional thought transmission was real it would have been a possibility. No. I do not even want to consider that thought. Get out of my head. Yuck.*

Jim Yes. Love the World. I gave the World a great big hug. And I meant it too. It was crazy but it did help. Maybe that reaction is against the paranoia. I was not scared of everyone, just the bad. I only wanted the bad in people to go away. I guess it is a sort of regression.

Dr John Hugging the World? How do you do that?

Jim I just pretended I had the World in front of me. Then I gave it a big hug.

<Jim> *Ah. Big Hug. Teletubbies.*

Dr Dave You mean the globe. Not everybody on the planet.

<Jim> *I guess I was a bit 'Dipsy'.*

Jim Yes. I could not possibly of hugged everyone in the whole wide World.

<Jim> *Well you could if there were seven billion four dimensional spaces and you lined them all up.*

Dr Kate I am not sure what that means? Psychologically speaking.

<Jim> *Delusionally speaking, it meant that I could stop the feeling of being under attack from everyone.*

Jim Maybe at peace with the World? I find it difficult to empathise unless it is on a one-to-one basis. But treating the World as a single entity, well it smoothes out all the bad things. Most people don't mean any harm.

<Jim> *The Earth. Harmless. Mostly. The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy.*

Dr Dave So in a way you hugged Gaii?

<Jim> *Yes. And she was beautiful.*

Jim That is one way of looking at it.

<Jim> *I was delusional. I thought it was Cameron Diaz. Not that the World is fat. Not that Cameron Diaz is skinny. Not that the World looks like Cameron Diaz.*

Dr Kate So you seem to be saying that it helped to fight delusions with delusions? So long as those delusions were peaceful?

Jim I am not really a Buddhist. My knowledge of Buddhism comes from the television show Monkey. But if all you see are enemies then there is something wrong. You are either on the wrong side or you are in enemy territory. Maybe that is where schizophrenia comes from? The feeling of alienation. For me it was certainly magnified by the feeling of isolation and fear. But how do you calm yourself down from that position? I guess by the realisation that it is part of you who is doing the attacking.

Dr John In what sense?

<Jim> *Oh dear. He thinks I have a split personality.*

Jim In the sense that it is the chemical imbalance in the brain that cause the problems. Why people would want to take drugs is beyond me.

Dr Dave So you have never taken any drugs?

<Jim> *Apart from the stuff you lot prescribe.*

Jim No.

Dr Dave Most people try drugs at some point in their lives.

Jim I was once given some. But I gave them back.

<Jim> *Who needs drugs if you have the funk?*

Dr John Very noble of you.

Jim I did it because I do not need drugs to get high. There are plenty of things that get me high, and most of them are free. Anyway, it looked like cannabis, so it was probably just a way of saying calm down. It was when I used to go to hip-hop clubs. When I was at college.

<Jim> *Mood control. Funkentelechy verse the placebo syndrome.*

Dr Kate Some patients blame drugs for triggering their schizophrenia. So you were wise to steer clear of them. Although cannabis is a relaxant, and most patients mention psychotic drugs as being their trigger. When drug's are the trigger.

<Jim> *It sounds to me as if the schizophrenic brain lies dormant for years and then is triggered by an event. Most cases occur between the ages of fifteen to thirty. I wonder if there is any significance in that age group? I remember the tomorrow people, and all that breaking out stuff. I wonder if that comes from schizophrenic symptoms. They were telepath's, with the ability to jaunt anywhere on Earth. Nice idea, but a bit delusional.*

Jim No. Like I have said. Mine was probably caused by self induced stress. Exaggerated by a hostile home life and a stressful occupation.

Dr John Were there any continual themes to any of your delusions?

Jim I guess. I was very interested in the Sun and the Moon. As well as the stars. Although the stars could also be celebrities. I also had one episode about the solar system, concentrating on Jupiter, as well as the three sisters. Venus, Earth and Mars.

<Jim> *I guess the Moon is common, that's why they call mad people lunatics.*

Dr John Some patients do get transfixed on celebrities, but not usually astronomy? Although the Moon is a recognised symbol of madness.

<Jim> *Well the Sun is a star. And the moon is the closest object to our planet. So they do play a large part in our imagination. If you look at the Worlds flags you find a lot of them contain stars. And the eastern cultures use a crescent moon quite a bit.*

Jim The Moon represents art doesn't it?

Dr Dave Yes. It is a common symbol used to represent creativity.

<Jim> *I remember listening to my records and coming to the conclusion that it was the Sun of Good that was trying to communicate. The universal light of goodness. Unfortunately that made me look at the Sun, not with my eyes but for a form of communication.*

Jim And the Sun?

Dr Dave Well the Sun is hard to ignore. Early religions were based on Sun worship, so it has a spiritual significance. The same is true of the stars.

<Jim> *Well Sun shine makes you feel good. And the stars are inspirational are they not?*

Jim That makes sense. I am not sure why they call it Delusional Self Reference then? If you are looking at things outside yourself.

<Jim> *Everyone is self referenced. And I had no hallucinations, as far as I know.*

Dr John But you see them as being referenced to you and only to you.

<Jim> *I guess it feels that way, but that is only to get your attention. To me it felt more like that I could pick up a bag of scrabble letters and they would spell out words. But for me the scrabble letters were things in the media. And the bag was my preferred selection from that media. They must really know how to target their audience.*

Jim Advertisements use the same technique don't they? The most famous being, Your Country Needs You!

Dr John Well, if you were delusional, then you would interpret that message as being directed directly to you.

<Jim> *But is that not how that poster works? Or have I got it all wrong? Not many people would read it and think, they must be talking about Bob next door.*

Jim But it gets peoples attention if they are targeted and personal.

Dr Dave Yes. Sales techniques rely on establishing a prospective customer. If they use words that are personal then they are more likely to acquire a customer.

Dr John As far as mental health goes, advertisements are a real problem. Patients are more susceptible to them and can quite easily run up huge debt's.

<Jim> *It is like a mental health trap then. If you are susceptible to advertisements you get yourself into debt. Therefore magnifying the mental health problem. I guess a system of coercion works well against the mentally ill.*

Jim Fortunately I am not open to advertisements. I did think that sometimes they might be addressing me, but I know their game too well. I only buy the things I need and want. I do not allow salesmen to dictate to me.

<Jim> *I remember being given the patter once. The guy had already made the sale, but he insisted on going through the motions he had been given in his training. It was like watching a video.*

Dr John Even when you were ill?

Jim I think the only things I started buying were more video's. But that was justifiable, as I had more time on my hand, they were cheap and was looking for inspiration.

Dr Dave So you didn't find yourself buying on impulse?

Jim I did buy some magazines, but that was part of an experiment. I wanted to see how relevant they were to me.

Dr John What do you mean?

Jim Well when I was trying to work out how the thought delusion worked, I discovered that even pictures seemed to work. That the pictures I looked at appeared to be good pictures. So in my deluded state I thought, it was because I only choose good magazines. So I chose a selection of ones I do not normally buy.

Dr John And they were all good?

Jim Well, sort of. I think all magazines are good these days, but the ones I chose were relevant to me. Which I guess is part of the DSR. It is a bit like reading the Horoscopes, your mind filters out the things that are irrelevant and you focus in on the things that are left.

Dr Kate An interesting psychological analysis.

<Jim> *I know how the brain works.*

Jim What I do not understand is that the World still seems to be talking to me?

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Well, I have just had quite a severe mental illness and within the space of six months two new films come out about people with mental illnesses. K-Pak and A Beautiful Mind. I am not saying anything more than they are coincidences, but it is unusual.

Dr Dave I guess there must be a new interest and acceptance of psychological diseases.

Dr John Hollywood has always had a fascination with the extremes of society, because it makes good cinematography.

Jim But why the realism. Usually they display the ideas of schizophrenics as thrillers, or science-fiction, or comedy, or horror. In fact even the horror has become comedy, with the Scary Movies.

<Jim> *I have always ignored horror as a genre. I laugh in the face of danger, or at least smile. Most of my defences against the bad side of my psychological game, were from Bugs Bunny. Bugs Bunny never loses.*

Dr Dave I guess it is just a change in attitude.

<Jim> *Even Monsters Incs motto is 'we scare because we care'. One of my favourite children stories was Where the wild things are. The little boy who was naughty visited an island where the wild things lived and became their king. Then went back home to have his supper.*

Jim It is probably that my generation has a much better attitude towards life than previous generations. We were all rebels back then. So we know how the system works. So now it is our turn, we can do it properly. Purge the past and build for a better future, together.

<Jim> *Wake up World, we've found a better way. Brass Construction.*

Dr Dave That's a nice idea, but I doubt it is true.

Jim Why not? All it takes is a few rebels with the right idea. The only reasons why systems withstand the fight against them is because the power is held by the few. In a democracy we all have the power to change the system, if we choose to exercise it. What is it that Buddhists say, life is an illusion? Then power is too. The only power we have, is over ourselves. If we know ourselves and what we want.

<Jim> *What we really want, what we really really want. The Spice Girls.*

Jim And focus in on that, then maybe things might happen.

<Jim> *The problem with dreams is, that their road to reality is blocked by experience.*

Dr Dave Have you heard of positive affirmation?

Jim No?

Dr Dave It is the idea that, if you write down your goal many times every day and keep doing it. You will eventually see that goal achieved. The goal does not have to be specific to you, it could be something like World Peace.

<Jim> *Nice idea. Good idea. Tommy Boyd.*

Jim A sort of mantra? But written down?

<Jim> *I remember seeing something like that in the Dilbert Future book by Scott Adams. I thought he had put that there to find out who I was. In his version you had to declare your name. I thought that was a trap. Since you know who you are. A name declaration is more of a legal document thing. Or a way of tracing you if you are telepathic. Or in my case, possess thought transmission. Nice try Scott.*

Dr Dave Sort of?

Jim Surely it is just a way of making your subconscious focus on a task. By keeping it in your mind you ensure that any influence you have is exerted to achieve the goal you have chosen.

<Jim> *Most of our communication between others is done covertly and without thinking. Successful manipulators just learn to read the language of the subconscious. We all have the basic need for love and affection. By exploiting that need a manipulator can make personal gains. I must be a poor manipulator, or just a lazy one. Maybe I just don't like exploiting people.*

Dr Kate Assertion of your personal goals is a good idea. But I do not see how it would affect global circumstances.

<Jim> *Unless everyone settled for the same personal goal?*

Jim I think it is a nice idea. It is more a way of giving people back control of their lives though.

There is a ten second silence.

Jim I watched the BAFTA's last night.

<Jim> *What was Nicole Kidman wearing. You could not help but look at her cleavage. Maybe that was the point. Breasts.*

Dr Kate I saw some of it. It was much better without the adverts.

Jim I must admit it was the first time I have watched an awards ceremony. I am not usually bothered about celebrities, but I was interested in which films would win.

<Jim> *And there was nothing better on.*

Dr Dave A beautiful mind won five awards. That Russell Crowe seems to be getting some good roles doesn't he?

<Jim> *He is a very normal sort of bloke.*

Jim I guess he is good at what he does. He plays his characters well. He was certainly good in Gladiator.

Dr John Did you notice anything strange while you were watching?

Jim Not really.

<Jim> *I try not to talk to myself too much. I have certainly stopped trying to chat to celebrities.*

Dr Dave Do you mean the leopard-skin chairs?

Dr John No. I thought Jim might have still be using his thought transmission delusion as entertainment.

<Jim> *Even if I was, it does not matter, it is just a delusion.*

Jim Well, sometimes I cannot help noticing things. I have an active imagination.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

<Jim> *Here we go.*

Jim stands up and walks over to the cupboards.

He opens a draw and pulls out a woman's magazine.

Jim Here.

Jim shows them the magazine and sits back down.
He looks at the front cover.

<Jim> *First Sophie Ellis Bextor, then Gwyneth Paltrow. Who's next?*

Jim My wife buys lots of women magazines. I tend to read them when I am bored.

<Jim> *I like the pretty pictures and the problem pages. Am I really so sad?*

Dr Kate And?

<Jim> *I don't want to tell them my positive affirmation goal do I? Nope.*

Jim Well I noticed this one because it has Gwyneth Paltrow on it. She is one of my fantasy women. Remember?

Dr Dave Yes. Along with a whole host of others.

<Jim> *I guess I am a virtual tart? But I am a very nice virtual tart.*

Jim Well. She does an interview in it. The quote on the cover is 'I fell in love with the wrong man'. When I was ill I remember saying that she was skinny. She has now done that Shallow Hal film.

Dr Kate That is the film about the man who sees only the inner beauty in women. Gwyneth Paltrow plays the big woman who Hal sees as a skinny girl.

<Jim> *Hal. The HAL 9000 computer was in 2001: A Space Odyssey. That is why I linked it with me. 2001: A Mind Odyssey*

Jim When I was ill I said I was fat. So it I cannot help but relate the film to me. I have yet to see it, so I do not know the story.

<Jim> *The same is true of A Beautiful Mind. And Jimmy Neutron. I described myself as being a neutrino, an inert particle. Neutron. Neutrino. A bish. A bash. A Bosh. Am I still suffering from DSR?*

Dr John Will you go to see it?

Jim Probably not. Maybe on video. My wife wants to see A Beautiful Mind though.

<Jim> *But I prefer to keep it in my skull.*

Dr Kate So what does she say in the interview?

Jim opens the magazine and finds the interview page.

<Jim> *How do you cope with fame? I could not cope with fame. That was one thing I learnt when I was ill. I asked the same question to myself. I do not want fame. I have never wanted to be famous. The idea of being famous disturbs me.*

Jim Here we go. One of the questions is would you ever fall in love with a man who was overweight? She answers yes.

<Jim> *But is this because of the film or because I told her I was fat? Did she choose the film because she wanted to make a point consciously or subconsciously? Why am I asking myself? I do not know?*

Dr Kate You think she is talking to you?
Jim I think she is answering one of the questions I asked her.
<Jim> *Subtle difference. But a difference I am sure you agree?*
Dr Dave This is going back to your idea of a holo world. Where you can ask questions of the holo characters and get replies?
<Jim> *Computer. Where is the doctor?*
Jim Kind of. But the replies I get are not always direct.
<Jim> *The doctor is on holo world three.*
Dr Dave Is it like talking to Holly from Red Dwarf?
<Jim> *No, the doctor is on another planet.*
Jim I guess?
<Jim> *I like Red Dwarf. It has gone on for so many series. I have lost count of them. Kryton now does Scrap Heap Challenge. I wonder if they will do another series. Of Red Dwarf?*

Jim puts the magazine down.

Dr Kate leans across and picks it up.

Dr Kate You don't mind do you?
<Jim> *What another close encounter of the female kind?*
Jim No. I don't mind.
Dr John So what else did you discover about Gwyneth Paltrow?
Jim Well. She was with Brad Pitt, when he did twelve monkeys. That was one of the films I related to.
<Jim> *Quite a bit actually. I was protesting and I was marked as mad. Although I related more to Bruce Willis. Tony Blair also made the same silly statement about spending your way out of a recession. The one Brad Pitt uses to question the sanity of their leaders.*
Dr John Anything else?
Jim Not much else. Apart from she is apparently as nice a person as I thought she was. She did make a statement about men. That men are lying cheating scumbags. Which is probably a statement about her relationships with men, rather than men in general.

Dr Kate looks up from the magazine.

Dr Kate All men ARE lying cheating scumbags!
<Jim> *Thanks. I don't lie, unless I have to. And I only cheat if it is amusing to do so. I can live with being a bag of scum.*

Jim smiles.

Jim Sweeping statement one hundred and eighty.
<Jim> *Did I say that out loud?*

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim covers his mouth with his hand.

Dr Kate You play darts then?

<Jim> *Yes. I said that out loud.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *Computer. Freeze program.*

Dr Kate What was with the one hundred and eighty then?

<Jim> *Computer. Delete the last twenty seconds.*

Jim I just.

<Jim> *Computer?*

Dr John looks at Jim.

Jim It is just a private joke.

<Jim> *A very private joke.*

Dr Kate In what sense?

Jim I allocate numbers to generalisations people make. All men are lying cheating scumbags. It is sweeping statement one hundred and eighty?

Dr Kate Oh. Why?

Jim No reason.

<Jim> *Hammer. Nail. Nail. Hammer.*

Dr Kate One hundred and eighty is the top score for darts. Isn't it?

<Jim> *On the head.*

Jim Yes. I think it is?

Dr Kate So you are saying. Albeit subconsciously. That the statement. All men are lying cheating scumbags. Is a high score?

<Jim> *Could be? Hong Kong Phooey.*

Jim Interesting analysis.

Dr Kate looks at Dr Dave and Dr John.

Dr Dave Don't look at me?

Dr John It was a sweeping statement. A generalisation. Like all women like flowers.

<Jim> *That is not a sweeping statement.*

Dr Kate looks back at Jim.

<Jim> *Don't do it Dr Kate.*

Dr Kate Are you a lying cheating scumbag?

<Jim> *I can be if you want me to be.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *I am a bit of a scumbag. Or a bag of scum. Scum being worthless froth. Froth being a collection of bubbles. Bubbles being globes of a thin layer of liquid enclosing a gas. Computer I don't need a Thesaurus.*

Dr Kate So you think the statement refers to other men?

<Jim> *Computer. Change subject.*

Jim She is talking about all men wanting to have children by lots of different women.

<Jim> *Warning. Taboo breach in thirty seconds.*

Dr Kate And they will lie and cheat to achieve this?

<Jim> *Warning. Taboo breach in twenty seconds.*

Jim In a very generalised way. Men will try to maximise their chances of engaging in a sexual relationship with someone they are attracted to.

<Jim> *Warning. Taboo breach imminent.*

Dr Kate Do you try to maximise your chance of a sexual encounter?

<Jim> *Computer. Disengage safety protocols.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *I am going in with full throttle. That ought to keep those fitters off our back. Luke. Star Wars.*

Dr Kate Why not?

<Jim> *Computer. Run a level one self diagnostic.*

Jim I am not sure why you are asking?

Dr Kate Wouldn't you like to have a sexual relationship with, say, Gwyneth Paltrow?

<Jim> *Autism. It's like banging your head against a brick wall.*

Jim Like. Would I LIKE to have a sexual relationship with Gwyneth Paltrow?

<Jim> *In a fantasy world, yes.*

Dr Kate smiles.

Looks at the other two professionals. Then looks back at Jim.

Dr Kate Yes. Would you like to have a sexual relationship with Gwyneth Paltrow. Or any other of your fantasy girlfriends?

<Jim> *What should I do. What can I say?*

Jim What in the real world?

Dr Kate Yes in the real world.

<Jim> *Easy. Cha-cha-cha. Easy. Cha-cha-cha.*

Jim smiles.

Jim No.

Dr Kate No. Why No?

<Jim> *There is a difference between house and techno. Fuse.*

Jim Because I love my wife.

<Jim> *My life.*

Dr Kate But your wife would never know? She is never going to meet Gwyneth Paltrow or whoever you choose?

<Jim> *Sorry ladies. You won't be sampling the erotic delights of Jim. I am officially a square.*

Jim That's not the point. She would not like it if she knew. And I would not want to if she didn't. And the women I like would not do it, if it caused problems.

<Jim> *Did that make sense?*

Dr Kate Are you sure you are over your thought transmission delusion?

<Jim> *Cheeky mare.*

Jim Yes? I would have a relationship with them though. Does that count? It would be really nice to have them as friends.

Dr Kate OK. After you have had some time to get to know them better. Would you then consider having a sexual relationship with them?

<Jim> *You do not listen very well. For a psychiatrist.*

Jim No.

Dr Kate Why not?

Jim For the same reasons as before.

<Jim> *We have been here before? Why do you want me to have sex with celebrities. Do you work for a tabloid newspaper?*

Dr John Dr Kate. Jim has already been through one of these types of scenarios. We are not really here to question his morality. I do not see the purpose of your questions.

<Jim> *I do. She is thinking I am weird.*

Dr Kate Would you sleep with Gwyneth Paltrow, under the same conditions?

<Jim> *You didn't say sleep with. You said sexual relationship. Sure I would love to have a slumber party with her. Like in the film Big, with Tom Hanks. That would be most excellent. I Bags the top bunk though.*

Dr John I do not see the relevance.

Dr Kate looks across to Dr Dave.

Dr Kate Dr Dave. Would you sleep with Gwyneth Paltrow?

<Jim> *No. He prefers them bigger.*

Dr Dave Maybe not Gwyneth Paltrow. Gillian Anderson? If she wanted too.

<Jim> *Good choice. But what about Mrs Dave?*

Dr Kate looks back at Jim.

Dr Kate Jim. If you were not married. Would you?

<Jim> *Computer. Run a level two diagnostic on holo character Dr Kate. Computer? Computer?*

Jim There are other women who are closer to my heart than any of my fantasy celebrities.

<Jim> *It was difficult enough choosing who to get involved with. Now she is asking me to imagine starting over again. I can do without the stress.*

Dr Kate You wouldn't go and sow your seeds?

<Jim> *What a way to say you wouldn't want to be a complete slag.*

Jim No I wouldn't sow my seeds. There are consequences, not the least being my sanity.

<Jim> *Why did I say that? It is true though. I would go insane if I behaved like that in reality. Even if they were all begging for it. Even if there were no consequences. There must be something in me that say's it is wrong. Maybe I am an alien? Other people seem to do it without any problem. My DNA is obviously going to go the same way the Neanderthal's went. Extinct.*

Dr Kate It would affect you that much?

Jim Yes. I think it would. I don't know. Obviously. But it would certainly not be a situation I would want to encourage.

<Jim> *I must be a woman's blouse. A puff. A shirt lifter.*

Dr Dave But you like these women. Some of them you say you even love. What is wrong with getting to know them better?

<Jim> *No. He is right. If I time sliced myself. And I could live a separate life with each of them, in alternate universes. Then I would want to have a sexual relationship with them. But I can't. So I won't.*

Jim I don't know. Sex to me is a bonding thing. I would love to be like Hugh Heffner, I just don't think I could do it. Maybe because I can put myself in their position.

<Jim> *Ravaged by a mad man. It does not sound very attractive.*

Dr Kate You could not share your wife with another?

<Jim> *This is definitely going too far.*

Jim I don't know. I would not want to find out if I could.

Dr Kate If your wife had an affair, how would you feel?

<Jim> *What is this Blade Runner?*

Jim Devastated.

Dr Kate How would you react?

<Jim> *You know most people would not answer that question honestly.*

Jim I would cry.

Dr Kate And then. What would you do?

Jim I do not know. It hasn't happened. And I hope I never have to find out.

<Jim> *Bad relationships cause a lot of stress and illness. We should really have better relationship training. The only trouble is there is no definitive way to make a relationship work. Honest communication is the best way to guard against failure in a relationship. But there is always the growing apart and life variables.*

Dr Kate We do too. But these questions do help us.

Dr John Not if we are affecting you though?

Jim I do not like talking about this sort of stuff. It is between me and my wife. You can talk about fantasy stuff all you like but I do not need the additional hassle of trying to predict my feelings, should a worst case scenario happen in my life.

<Jim> *That is why I find soaps so tedious. It is like watching car crashes. But they are peoples lives. Soap characters have feelings too.*

Dr Kate OK. I will stop. Did you read this article about sixth sense in your magazine?

<Jim> *Stop trying to lighten-up the atmosphere.*

Jim Yes. It was not like, what I felt, though. It was more about how the subconscious picks up more information than the conscious does. It filters your senses. If it feels there is something not quite right, it passes that information on though. The article suggests ways of improving communication between the conscious and subconscious.

Dr Kate It was not what you experienced?

Jim I do experience certain things, that make me cautious. But a lot of these warnings are born from common sense. I think we all know how little the conscious mind does. It is like a manager. It only wants to make the important decisions.

<Jim> *It doesn't realise it is not in control.*

Dr John Can we wrap it up now folks?

<Jim> *Three doctors, to go. No fires..*

Dr Dave Yes. I think we have taken quite enough of Jim's time.

Dr Kate Yes. Thank you Jim.

Dr Kate stands up and passes Jim his wife's magazine.

Dr John Stands up and so does Dr Dave.

Dr John I doubt if we will be bothering you again.

Dr John passes Jim a piece of paper.

Dr John This is a form for you to fill out. It is just to let you pass on any comments or additional information.

<Jim> *In the bin.*

Jim OK?

Jim stands up, unlocks and opens the front door.
The professionals walk through the door and wait at the step.
Dr John shakes Jim's hand.

Dr John Thank you for your help.
Jim No problem.

Dr Kate shakes his hand next.

Dr Kate I hope I did not offend you?
<Jim> *A little.*
Jim No. It was not too bad.

Dr Dave shakes Jim's hand.

Dr Dave Thanks for all the interesting theories. You never know,
 microwormholes might exist. Just not as you think they do.
Jim I doubt if they do. And even if they do. They will not be discovered
 in my lifetime.
Dr Dave Thanks anyway.

The professionals turn to each other and walk off in the direction of their car.
Jim shuts and locks the front door.

<Jim> *I really hope I never have to go through that sort of thing again. I
 hated all those personal questions.*

Part Six

Jim is in the kitchen clearing up.
The door bell rings.

<Jim> *I wonder who that could be? The postman?*

Jim walks through to the lounge and unlocks the front door.

<Jim> *Maybe a parcel?*

Jim opens the door.
There standing on the door step are Dr Dave and Dr Kate.

Dr Kate Good morning Jim.
Dr Dave Good morning.

Jim looks behind him. Then back at the two professionals.

Jim Good morning. I wasn't expecting anybody today. Is there something wrong?
Dr Kate No. We are not even here officially.
Dr Dave May we come in?
<Jim> *Should I let them in?*

Dr Kate smiles.

Dr Kate Please.

Jim steps back and lets them walk past.
Jim shuts the door, but does not lock it.
Dr Kate and Dr Dave stand next to the settee.
Jim walks in to the front room and stands in front of them.

Jim What can I do for you then?
Dr Kate When I said we were not here officially, I meant that we are doing a follow up session. Off our own backs.
Dr Dave I am personally interested in your ideas. But Dr John does not see any point in taking up more of your time.
Dr Kate So you do not have to talk to us, if you do not want to. Not that you had to talk to us before.
Dr Dave Think of it as free therapy.
<Jim> *What did they say?*

Jim looks at Dr Dave puzzled.

Jim You find my ideas interesting? I suppose they do exercise the imagination.

<Jim> *But why is Dr Kate here, and where is Dr John. And Dr Thomas for that matter?*

Dr Kate We have to work in pairs as part of our guidelines.

<Jim> *Because I am schizophrenic no doubt?*

Dr Dave So is it OK?

Jim looks at Dr Kate.

Dr Kate is wearing a long blue wrap around dress and is carrying her bag.

<Jim> *Different.*

Jim looks back at Dr Dave.

Dr Dave is dressed as before and has his work bag too.

Dr Dave smiles.

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim I guess so. Sit down. Would you like a coffee?

Dr Kate and Dr Dave begin to sit down.

Dr Kate Yes please.

Dr Dave Yes. Thank you.

Jim walks out to the kitchen.

The two professionals make themselves comfortable.

Jim puts on the kettle and takes out three cups.

<Jim> *I don't know if I should be flattered or worried. Dr John obviously sees me as a waste of time. Why is Dr Dave interested in my ideas? Dr Kate looks good in that dress. It suits her. It makes her look quite sexy. I like those sorts of dresses. Very formal, yet quietly seductive. I don't know why I always eye women up like that. It must be my animal conscious weighing up the odds for mating. Why men are so attracted to visual stimulation is beyond me. I like beautiful objects, but not if they are going to ruin my life trying to obtain them. Not that women are objects, but they become that if you concentrate only on their image. Which men do.*

The kettle boils and Jim makes the drinks.

He carries the cups into the front room and hands them to Dr Dave and Dr Kate.

Dr Dave Cheers.

Dr Kate Thank you.

Jim takes his drink and sits down in his usual place.

<Jim> *I should have sat where Dr John sits, that would have confused them.*

Jim looks across to Dr Dave.

Dr Dave is looking through some notes.

Jim looks across to Dr Kate.

Dr Kate is reading her notes.

Jim looks down Dr Kate's body to her feet.

<Jim> *What no shoes? What are those? She doesn't paint her toe nails. Which is nice. I hate painted toe nails. It is so erg. Quite nice feet though.*

Jim puts his hand on his forehead.

<Jim> *Warning. Foot fetish alert.*

Jim looks back up.

Dr Kate is looking at him.

Jim Interesting shoes?

Dr Kate They are just flat sandals.

Dr Kate crosses her legs.

<Jim> *And it was done in the best possible taste. Kenny Everett.*

Dr Kate Do you like them?

<Jim> *No but I like the feet that are in them? Did I just say that? She is not my type. Not that I have a type.*

Jim Yes. I have some sandals too. But I only wear them on special occasions.

<Jim> *Defocus. Defocus.*

Dr Kate Thank you.

Dr Kate smiles.

<Jim> *Stop eyeing her up. You know what you are like. Now she thinks you fancy her. She will only get annoyed when you stop paying her attention. All women are like that. Sweeping statement number one.*

Dr Dave looks up from his notes.

<Jim> *But she has nice feet.*

Dr Dave Shall we start then?

Jim OK.

<Jim> *Start what?*

Dr Dave I know you said you invented your biophysical wormhole theory as a means to explaining your mental illness.

<Jim> *Microwormhole. It is biophysical microwormhole. Or BPM for short. You must have a catchy abbreviation for any theory to be accepted.*

Dr Dave But can you think of any other way your delusions might have been real? However fantastical.

<Jim> *Here we go. Open your eyes. That film must of caused quite a bit of a stir within schizophrenic community. Now they have made an American version. Is it a clever way of getting rid of schizophrenics, or do people actually think that their life is not real.*

Jim What while I was ill?

<Jim> *One or two?*

Dr Dave Yes. If you have any.

Jim You mean my original thought of being in a game? That was just part of my illness wasn't it? A feeling of disassociation with reality.

Dr Kate Yes. But we are interested in your personal interpretation of what you thought might be happening. It would be very useful for our research.

<Jim> *I guess. But why me? Surely asking a schizophrenic recovering from DSR is not a good subject. I might think I was special in some way?*

Jim OK? Let me think for a second.

Jim looks down at the ground.

<Jim> *First was the feeling of being followed. Then the thought of cameras everywhere. Then the thought of an alien, sharing my consciousness. I had better not mention that. That sounds a bit like having a split personality. But my personality is not split is it? I am just very unusual. Then after all that fiction, I looked for possible real reasons. Was I in the Truman show, was I Truman? That is DSR. Then I turned to science and came up with wormholes in the Sun. Then biophysical wormholes. Biophysical MICRO-wormholes. Were there any others? Yes. The other one that followed the alien consciousness.*

Dr Kate Thought of any?

<Jim> *I was on a roll then.*

Jim Yes.

Dr Dave looks down at his note pad.

Dr Dave Go on then.

Jim First I thought I was being followed. I thought I was under surveillance by the authorities.

Dr Dave Can you think of any conscious reason for this feeling?

Jim I work with computers. I work by myself. I am a loner. I don't know? If I had come into contact with a criminal through work or if I just matched one of their suspect profiles. Then. I guess the authorities might have been interested in me?

<Jim> *They might of thought I was a terrorist or something? It does happen.*

Dr Dave Any other reasons?

Jim Well my wife is pretty stressed out at work. She can be really nasty sometimes. She does say some silly things. She works with children with Special Needs. So she has to deal with all sorts. Including children with severe behavioural and emotional problems.

Dr Kate How do you think that might have affected you though?

Jim Well she has to try to help some quite severely disturbed children. Problems caused by child abuse, drug abuse and physical disabilities. They are both mentally and emotionally disturbed children. Because I am quiet in nature, and not very communicative, it is easy for her to project her personal fears onto me.

Dr Kate And you think she might have suspected you of something?

Jim Well we have been through quite a rough couple of years. Before I was diagnosed, we were basically not communicating at all. It had become that bad.

Dr Kate And now?

Jim We get on better.

<Jim> *I hate talking about this stuff. I don't need marriage guidance. I just need a little bit of love and affection.*

Dr Dave So you had thought that you were under surveillance by the authorities. What did you do?

Jim Nothing. I have nothing to hide. I did keep my eyes open. But I did not see anything. So I thought they were either very good or not there.

Dr Dave I guess this feeling of being followed continued throughout your illness?

Jim Yes. I guess I went through the thought process of thinking of the possible different ways, that I might actually be watched.

Dr Dave And what were they?

Jim OK. Initially normal police surveillance, but I could not detect them. Then it was aliens that were watching me. At one point I thought they, it, might have even have mind melted with me. You know, like with the Trill, but using a mind melt technique? A sort of spiritual joining.

Dr Kate You never had any religious experiences?

<Jim> *If I did I wouldn't recognise it as such.*

Jim Like? Burning bushes?

Dr Kate More like a voice, or an apparition?

<Jim> *No, just my own mental voice.*

Jim Nothing like that. I never heard any voices. I have told you this already.

Dr Kate But you did not see anything either?

Jim No hallucinations that I noticed.

<Jim> *Is this a dagger I see before me? No that is your willy. Now put your pants back on.*

Dr Dave How did this alien mind melt thing communicate with you?

Jim It did not directly. It did it through the media or music or films. I never heard any voices.

Dr Dave It seems a strange way of communicating. You would think it would try to talk directly to you?

Jim I was not overly impressed with that explanation myself. Not least because it was inconsistent with my experience. The supposed joining happened recently. So how did it follow me before the joining? Also I did not notice any difference in myself. Even the Trill cause an increase in intelligence and greater knowledge. Unless of course my alien has a low IQ.

Dr Kate What are Trill?

Dr Dave They are creatures used in the Star Trek shows. They are pod like creatures, that can only survive within donor being's. They are supposedly highly intelligent and can retain knowledge from the many lives they have lived.

<Jim> *It's a bit like pass the parcel. Or in that case, the alien.*

Jim The next one was, that I was living in the Truman show. I even did a quick run down a street to see if anyone was following. It was quite bizarre. What other people thought I do not know?

<Jim> *Not another nutter. Probably.*

Dr Kate So how far did that delusion go?

<Jim> *Right up to the hilt.*

Jim Do you really want to know?

Dr Kate It might be useful.

<Jim> *Then go watch the film then.*

Jim Well. At one point I thought that, the whole of my area was made from film extra's. They were real people, living real lives, but they were given the houses as payment. We have a lot of rented accommodation here, and the neighbours change fairly frequently. Although our local neighbours are fairly static. It is not totally beyond belief. Just very unlikely. But that did not explain the interactivity with the media.

Dr Kate Was that when you came up with your science theory?

Jim Once I had stopped chasing my own shadow I decided that it must be something inside me.

Dr Dave An interesting way of putting it. Chasing you own shadow?

<Jim> *I will go back to that idea in a minute.*

Jim The interactivity with the media was the clincher for the Truman Show theory. So maybe I was in the Matrix? But then I would be capable of doing great things. Since this would only be a computer simulation. But no, I could certainly not dodge bullets, nor would I want to try.

<Jim> *I am a potato couch. Couch potato. I couldn't dodge a brick. Maybe that is another way to get rid of schizophrenics with DSR. Go on then, make your day? I just got's to know. Clint Eastwood. Dirty Harry.*

Dr Kate How did you test yourself then?

Jim I did not test it. I know myself. I know my capabilities. I am not capable of jumping ten feet, let alone from building to building.

<Jim> *You can jump that gap. It is only a hundred feet.*

Dr Kate I did not mean like that. Having said that, some schizophrenics do some strange things. But they tend not to explain why they did them.

Jim I am not surprised they do strange things. The real world is potted with little obstacles for them to dodge. If you are delusional you are in a real danger of doing something that will prove fatal.

<Jim> *If not for you, then for others.*

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Have you seen that Spanish film, Open Your Eyes? They have remade it in Hollywood and called it Vanilla Sky?

Dr Dave Yes. I have heard of it. That has Cameron Diaz in it.

<Jim> *And Tom Cruise. The knob.*

Dr Kate What is it about?

Jim You don't mind me giving you the ending then?

Dr Kate No.

Dr Dave No.

Jim It is about a man who is disfigured in a car crash, which is caused by one of his broken hearted girlfriends. It is sort of like beauty and the beast, with a Matrix ending. The present is set with him in prison talking to a homicide psychologist about why he had killed his girlfriend. The main story is not relevant to our conversation, so I will skip it. But the end sequence is a Matrix type scene where a supposed doctor is trying to convince the man that he is really in a coma, in a hospital in the future. And that if he wakes up everything will be alright.

Dr Dave Why is that relevant to your experience?

Jim Well one of my scenarios was thinking that maybe part of my life was a dream, and I did think I might be in a coma, in a hospital. I had, had a lucky escape from a flat tyre, and I thought I might have actually had an accident instead. I was delusional. I knew I was lucky not to lose control of the car at the time, as the tyre was on the front offside. Luckily my car is very stable. So I managed to drive it normally, and pull over to the hard shoulder.

<Jim> *But I realised how lucky I was.*

Dr Kate So how was this man to wake up then?

Jim By jumping off the top of a building.

Dr Kate I can see why you might be worried about it then. And did he then find that he was in hospital?

<Jim> *Well he would be in a body bag, if he really had jumped.*

Jim They never tell you. The film ends with a woman's voice saying 'Open Your Eyes'.

Dr Kate I can see that the film may be dangerous for schizophrenics. If they were delusional and took the film at its word.

Jim I knew that it was all bunkum because of watching Red Dwarf. Comedy is definitely the best defence against schizophrenia. In one of the episodes the crew are attacked by a despair squid. It makes the crew think that their real lives were just computer simulations and that they are really the people they hate most. This makes them want to kill themselves.

Dr Kate You never wanted to kill yourself though?

Jim No. I certainly would not even consider it, even if I thought I was playing a computer simulation. I would still be going for my high score.

Dr Kate But if you thought you were a murderer or something?

Jim I would own up, or at least find out the truth.

<Jim> *It is easy to think something, it is much more difficult to know the truth.*

Dr Kate And if you were an alien. How would you feel?

Jim smiles.

Jim Like ET?

Dr Kate Or those aliens in V.

<Jim> *She has noticed my reptilian like eyes.*

Jim I would not feel any different from what I do now?

<Jim> *They are just trying to freak me out.*

Dr Dave So you thought you might have been under surveillance by the authorities. Merged with an alien life force. Part of a film. Living in a computer simulation. In a coma. And what else did you think?

Jim Well once you have worked through all the fiction you are left with non-fiction. So everything is back to being real. So now you have to work out how your delusions might work in the real world?

Dr Dave You mean your thought transmission delusion?

<Jim> *I need a break.*

Jim Yes.

Dr Dave So what are the options for the real world then?

<Jim> *What. After I had been on this Mind Trek of mine?*

Jim The conventional one's were, that I was actually deluded. I knew I could change my perception of things, as I had been listening to a Tweenies tape.

Dr Kate The children's characters?

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *She must have children?*

Jim Yes. It was my sons. I was driving in my car and I put it on as a test.

Dr Kate At test for what?

Jim A test to see how thought transmission delusion was working. In theory, it should not matter what I listened to. I do not know if you listen to children's tapes but they are full of magical references. So I used the tape to see if I had any magic.

<Jim> *Well it made sense to me.*

Dr Kate And did it work?

Jim Well. Like I said it changed my visual perception. I was listening to the tape and it was talking about all the colours having gone. Jake. He is Dot Man. A super hero in the Tweenies, was putting all the colours back. As I drove along I tried to go along with the story. At one point I imagined some flowers getting brighter in colour, after a prompt from the song. The flowers were by the roadside.

Dr Dave You don't actually think they physically changed colour though?

<Jim> *I was delusional, not stupid.*

Jim No. But my brain did. It sort of turned up the contrast on my perception.

Dr Kate What did that tell you?

<Jim> *I didn't need to redecorate?*

Jim Perception is arbitrary. You can fool yourself if you want to.

<Jim> *Sort of self hypnosis.*

Dr Kate I would have thought, you would have to conclude that you were actually just delusional.

Jim But it was just one thing out of many. If I was just delusional then it was very inconsistent.

<Jim> *Another thing was a wall changing colour. Now that is difficult to imagine. I may have been slipping but I hadn't fallen.*

Dr Dave What else?

Jim The obvious explanation, is that my brain is very good at making patterns out of things. And that, although I thought things were related to me, they were not. That is, there is only the known physical world, and that there are no undiscovered mind communication networks. That my thought transmission experiences were just a collection of random events, collated by my own imagination into a cohesive alternative reality. That perception allowed me to think, that I had some control or connection with World. Other than the normal physical connections of sight, sound, taste, touch and hearing.

<Jim> *A sort of sixth sense.*

Dr Kate Very good.

Dr Dave So you think that the biophysical microwormhole theory is a lot less likely.

Jim Yes. Of course. There is no physical evidence for it, other than my experiences. And like I have just said, there is a plausible explanation.

<Jim> *I just like the biophysical microwormhole theory, that's all.*

Dr Kate So it is a fantasy reality?

<Jim> *Pardon?*

Jim Lets call it a science-fiction reality.

Dr Dave And those are all the possibilities?

<Jim> *Do be brief. I am incapable of discovering all the possibilities, because I am limited to my own personal knowledge.*

Jim There was one more I thought of.

<Jim> *Warning. Command codes required for access to that information.*

Dr Dave And what was that?

<Jim> *Computer. I was wondering where you were. What do you mean I need command codes? Authorisation code. Jim. You. Are. A complete. Nutter.*

Jim Well it goes back to the alien theory I had.

<Jim> *Access denied.*

Dr Dave What the mind melt one. Involving Trills?

<Jim> *Authorisation code. Jim. I. Love. You?*

Jim Yes.

<Jim> *Command code accepted.*

Dr Dave Go on then?

<Jim> *You're so vain. I bet you think this song is about you, don't you. You're so vain.*

Jim smiles.

Jim You are sure you want me to tell you? You might find it disturbing?

Dr Kate I cannot speak for Dr Dave, but unless it involves some perverse sexual activity. I will not find it disturbing.

<Jim> *Warning. Mind melting is considered a perverse sexual activity on holo world three. Reference. Possession by spirits.*

Dr Dave You have been quite logical in your approach so far. I can see no reason for us to become disturbed by your reasoning.

Jim Well.

Jim looks at the floor and furrows his eyebrows.

Jim Let's consider my model of the consciousness. In that there are three levels of consciousness. The conscious mind being defined as us, or at least the communicative representative of us.

Jim looks up from the floor and at Dr Dave.

Jim Now consider the affects of the super consciousness, and the animal consciousness not being able to verbalise themselves?

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim OK. Consider the affect of isolation on the conscious mind. What happens if the conscious mind becomes withdrawn?

Dr Kate Eventually you would suffer from a mental illness. Depending upon the individuals tolerance for isolation.

<Jim> *Let's see if they think I have a split personality.*

Jim Now imagine that each of us has two conscious's.

Dr Kate Like a split personality?

Jim More like that experiment we talked about before. Where an epileptic had their brain severed in two. With one side not having access to the speech centre.

<Jim> *So far so good.*

Dr Kate OK.

Jim Now if the super conscious was the one without direct access to the speech centre, how would it behave?

<Jim> *The man with two brains. Steve Martin.*

Dr Kate If it was similar to the conscious mind, it would try to communicate with the conscious mind.

Jim And if the conscious mind was not listening? Or not able to listen?

<Jim> *The woman with two breasts. Coupling.*

Dr Kate It would try to find some way of getting its message across?

Jim And how would it do that?

<Jim> *What if one conscious was an English male and the other conscious was a Spanish female. How would that work? It would be very difficult. All that sexual tension. Jim? Jim? You are loosing it mate.*

Dr Kate It would use whatever functions it had at its disposal?

<Jim> *What if there were biophysical microwormholes. Maybe it would use them to communicate? No that seems a bit far fetched. Unless the super conscious's communicated between themselves that way. Now that would be interesting, wouldn't it?*

Jim What through body language? Or random processes? Or even random thoughts?

Dr Kate I don't know. I have not heard of any research into the communicative abilities of severed brains. As far as I am aware there has been no research.

Jim OK. If you were trapped inside a body. Like being in a coma. How would you escape?

<Jim> *Through the keyhole. Or wormhole?*

Dr Kate shrugs her shoulders.

Jim looks across to Dr Dave.

Jim Dr Dave what would you do?

Dr Dave What, if I was in a coma? But I could still see? What, sort of totally physically paralysed?

Jim I guess that is a good way of putting it.

Dr Dave I would probably go mad.

<Jim> *Well at least his is honest.*

Jim Would you try to communicate first?

Dr Dave I guess.
Jim What by trying to blink or move a finger?
Dr Dave Probably.
Jim Don't schizophrenics suffer from tics?
Dr Kate Yes. They do.
<Jim> *Go on then. I can hear the cogs churning but no crunch.*
Dr Dave You are suggesting that schizophrenics are suffering from some sort of communication problem with their super conscious?
Jim Well it is a possibility. Isn't it?

Jim looks at Dr Kate.

Dr Kate Yes. Certainly. If there is a super conscious, then it might be that it too can suffer from the same issues as the conscious mind.
<Jim> *And the animal conscious too?*
Jim How far did you get with that magazine you read, the last time you were here? Did you read the article on Guardian Angels?
Dr Kate Yes. It caught my eye. It is a reasonable technique to use to resolve personal issues. Talking to yourself is actually good for you, despite the common belief that is a sign of madness. Although doing it out loud is not advised.
<Jim> *The madness comes when you start arguing. No it doesn't. Yes it does. No it does not. You two, stop it.*
Jim That article actually suggested it could influence events. But it was in a woman's magazine. It has to be taken with a pinch of salt.
<Jim> *I hated reading that thing. There was an article in there about a girl who said she knew she was going to die. They had a picture of her with her girlfriend. I read the story then thought about it. If thought transmission existed she would have heard me reading about her death. It is paradox's like that, which compounds my madness, when I was deluded enough to think it was real.*
Dr Kate I did not read that far. But you are right. You are not the only person to think that they can influence external events.
Jim I guess it is a variant of the positive affirmation theory.
Dr Kate Going back to your idea of a super conscious.
Jim Yes?
Dr Kate So you think super conscious might be going mad in schizophrenics?

Jim It is a possibility, if it exists. Obviously it would only be a subset of cases. I still don't understand the voices and hallucinations though. Unless that is the conscious's way of interpreting the super conscious. I use the super conscious as a way of explaining the things we do for the benefit of everyone. Because it is unselfish, it is in charge of the whole system, a sort of a humanity failsafe consciousness. I would guess it has evolved due to the success of civilisations, as opposed to just hunter gathering.

Dr Dave Why do you think it is separate from the conscious?

Jim Because it appears to work like instinct, or the animal consciousness.

Dr Dave Could it not be part of this animal consciousness?

Jim I am probably not basing this idea on anything really. But in the thought process, you always have a pro and con, and a mediator or decision maker. Having three conscious's seems to be logical. It is the minimal amount for a balanced decision to be made.

<Jim> *Well the space shuttle had three computers, until one broke down. Then they went for five.*

Dr Dave But you said the animal conscious is more of an instinct. Does it not then try to dominate the other two?

Jim I guess they will all be, in some sort of conflict with each other, until they realise they are of the same mind? Don't most religions teach inner peace? Maybe that is what they mean?

<Jim> *Peace. That is a common theme through religions. Maybe the super conscious is trying to tell us something.*

Dr Kate World peace.

Dr Dave Pardon?

Dr Kate World peace. That is what most people want.

Dr Dave What, like Miss World?

<Jim> *I wonder if Sandra Bullock understood that joke? In that film, about the undercover FBI beauty queen.*

Jim Well you need to be at peace with yourself before you even, get a chance at peace with anybody else.

<Jim> *Peace is the cessation of war. And war is conflict. From there it all gets a bit wishy-washy.*

Dr Kate So you are saying that we need to make peace with our ourselves for World peace to happen?

<Jim> *Whatever happened to all the hero's? No more hero's anymore. The Strangers.*

Jim Well I think it might help. I think there is a lack of understanding of oneself, our own identity. Generally. I think if we understood our own minds better we would be able to make peace with ourselves.

<Jim> *In a Democracy everyone has to choose. Tackhead.*

Dr Dave So in your three conscious model, all three conscious's need to make peace with each other?

Jim Of coarse. I try to accept myself on all my levels.

Dr Kate Even the schizophrenia?

<Jim> *But isn't that just my super conscious trying to express itself?*

Jim Even my schizophrenia. It is part of me.

<Jim> *It is what makes me, me. George Clinton.*

Dr Kate But you do want to lose the symptoms?

<Jim> *No. I enjoyed feeling like everyone was attacking me.*

Jim I have lost the symptoms.

<Jim> *Or is that The Simpson's?*

Dr Kate What through therapy?

Jim Through understanding. If my model is correct then all I need to do is listen to my super conscious and my animal conscious. I am the mediator between the two, all I have to do is learn to keep the peace.

Dr Kate How do you do that?

<Jim> *Computer. How do I do that?*

Jim I don't know. It just seems to happen. Once I recognise they exist, they seem to integrate back into the subconscious.

<Jim> *Warning. Asking imaginary computers questions could damage your mental health.*

Dr Kate You mean you gave them some time. Through being ill. Now they are satisfied with the working arrangement. With you as a mediator?

<Jim> *Computer. Talking to real computers would damage my mental health. You are fine. Don't worry about it. You are just my conscious voice with the character of the computer on Star Trek Voyager.*

Jim It sounds crazy when you say it. But yes. In my mind I have a model where I can differentiated my instinctual thoughts and my spiritual thoughts. From my conscious thoughts.

<Jim> *Is that what I mean?*

Dr Kate Can you give us an example of how these three conscious's might reach a decision?

<Jim> *Like whether or not to engage in stupid conversations? With little or not point to them?*

Jim Such as?

Dr Kate I don't know? Say you are in love with two women? How do you handle that situation?

<Jim> *She has sex on the brain.*

Jim A moral dilemma? Am I married in this imaginary scenario?

<Jim> *I am glad Dr John is not here. I feel much more comfortable.*

Dr Kate No. I think we can do without that added complication. And both of them love you. And they don't mind that you are schizophrenic. And they are both very wealthy.

Dr Kate grins.

<Jim> *You don't make it easy for me.*

Jim Well that is some moral question. But you are interested in my thought processes. Right?

Dr Kate Yes. And this is purely hypothetical.

<Jim> *The last time I had to make a decision like this. There were three ladies, I did not have any idea if they loved me and none were any richer than me.*

Jim Well my animal conscious would want them both. With no strings attached. In fact it would want everyone I fancied. It would not care about consequences or whether or not they were happy. I guess that is the basic emotional desire inside me. I am assuming that you meant complete love, as opposed to just admiration, or just lust.

Dr Kate looks shocked.

Dr Dave smiles.

<Jim> *Was that too forward?*

Dr Kate Yes. You love them both.

Dr Dave Jim. I think you may have been a little too honest.

<Jim> *It would want everyone I fancied. Oh.*

Jim Sorry. But that is how the animal conscious is. Without the conscious mind there to keep it in check, it is. An animal.

<Jim> *Swinging from tree to tree in the misguided belief that the trees are they for it. And that the trees will always be there. Me Tarzan. You Jane. What else is there?*

Dr Kate So what would the super conscious want?

<Jim> *World peace.*

Jim Well the super conscious is a bit more thoughtful. It would want everyone to be happy. Even the animal conscious. So, it would want whatever was best for the parties involved.

<Jim> *What is best? That is very difficult to say. And best is an upwardly moving target.*

Dr Kate So the super conscious is more of a peace keeper?

Jim Not really. That is the conscious's job. The super conscious's is more of a guardian. A guardian for humanity. So it is more of a peace maker. I am not sure it would play a part in this scenario.

<Jim> *Unless it was jealous and wanted me to itself. Does that mean it has a woman's persona for me?*

Dr Kate So what does the conscious want?

<Jim> *Whatever it can get?*

Jim The conscious is not sure what it wants. If it loves two women, it wants to be able to love the two women. But it is the external forces from other people that will determine its decision. As well as the strength of the animal conscious. If it was to win it would be a recipe for disaster. It would be like putting a fox in a chicken run.

<Jim> *The animal conscious needs to be treated like a pet.*

Dr Kate Yes. I understand the idea of the animal conscious. You do not need to explain it further.

Jim Sorry. Do the two women mind each other?

Dr Kate In what sense.

<Jim> *Not in the sexual sense. Although that idea is attractive, as a fantasy.*

Jim Would they share me.

Jim smiles.

Dr Kate looks at Jim.

Dr Dave smiles.

Dr Dave It is a fair question. Some women are quite happy to exist in a shared relationship.

Dr Kate No. For the benefit of this example. The two women do not want to share you. So how would you choose?

Jim If I love them equally. And they want me to themselves. Then I would have to live with the heartache.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

<Jim> *Heartache. Mental anguish. A life of torment. A living hell?*

Jim I cannot decide between two loves. Not if they are equal and they cannot share.

Dr Kate But you have married?

<Jim> *I thought this was hypothetical?*

Jim Yes. But although my wife was not my only love, she was the only one who showed me she loved me. If one of the women in your example did not show her love, then I would have to choose the other.

<Jim> *In fact even if her love was stronger. I would still choose the one that showed me they loved me.*

Dr Kate OK. That is fair. Although, surely it would make sense to choose one of your loves? In my example. So at least two out of the three were happy?

<Jim> *That is very logical. You must have Vulcan blood in your veins.*

Jim That is a very reasonable approach. But you obviously do not have the same emotions attached to love, that I have. If I chose one, I would be hurting the other. If you love someone, you would not want that. Therefore the only logical solution for me is not to choose either.

Dr Kate But then you hurt everyone, including yourself.

Jim Well maybe that is the super conscious saying it is better to keep things in balance. Even if that balance is negative. I would hope that we would all overcome our pain. And learn to understand ourselves better.

Dr Kate What if one of the women, said you should choose the other?

<Jim> *She would be playing games.*

Jim It would make no difference to my decision.

Dr Kate Wouldn't she be showing that she was unselfish?

Jim Possibly. But she may also be trying to make me pick her. The only thing to do is to walk away.

<Jim> *DJ's walk away. Sade. DJ. Delusional Jim. Ha!*

Dr Dave And if one was rich and the other was poor?

Jim It would not make a difference to my decision.

Dr Dave But wouldn't your conscious say it was better to marry a rich woman than a poor one?

<Jim> *Marry. Who said we would marry?*

Jim Marry?

Dr Dave I thought if you chose your love, you would marry them.

Jim Only if they wanted to. You do not need a ceremony to create a partnership. Marriage is a social declaration. It is for the benefit of friends and family, and the state, not the couple. It is a very nice gesture but it is not what makes a couple.

Dr Dave So you are not bound by marriage?

Jim No?

Dr Kate OK. If you have the same two women and you do not know they love you. But you love them. How would you choose which one.

Jim I would see if they liked my company. If they did I would see if I was easy in theirs. Eventually I would discover if they loved me, by how much time they had for me.

Dr Kate So you would not ask them directly?

Jim No. Not until I was pretty sure.

Dr Kate How would you know that?

<Jim> *Computer. How would I know, if I did not ask?*

Jim Using cards and flowers.

Dr Kate You would declare your love there.

Jim Yes. I think it is common practise.

Dr Kate And if they both responded positively.

Jim Then I would know that they both loved me.

Dr Kate And if at that point they found out about each other.
 <Jim> *Tricky woman. Double dating is a no-no. How can you distinguish who is making you feel love?*
 Jim You said this is hypothetical.
 Dr Kate So I am a one man woman. I mean you are a one woman man?
 <Jim> *Was that a Freudian slip I just heard?*
 Jim Yes.
 <Jim> *At the moment. I am sure something could be arranged. Down shep. John Noakes.*

Dr Kate blushes.

<Jim> *Talk about probing questions.*
 Dr Kate But if they found out, in this hypothetical situation. What would you do?
 <Jim> *Do? Why would I do anything?*
 Jim I would not have done it in the first place.
 Dr Kate In this hypothetical situation only.
 <Jim> *I would not have been in this hypothetical situation. Or maybe I have? I just did not realise it.*
 Jim What. That I was trying to find out who I loved? And who loved me?
 <Jim> *There's nothing wrong in that. Is there?*
 Dr Kate Yes. What would you do in that situation?
 <Jim> *Run away and hide?*
 Jim It depends upon how they react in this hypothetical situation?
 Dr Kate What if they confronted you and asked which one you loved?
 <Jim> *Definitely run away and hide. I hate confrontation.*
 Jim I would probably tell them, I loved both of them.
 Dr Kate You are not very socially aware are you?
 <Jim> *I am honest. Isn't that socially aware?*
 Jim Do I need to be?
 Dr Kate What? Aware that, telling them you love them both is a sure way of losing both of them?
 <Jim> *She don't know me very well, do she? [Bugs Bunny]*
 Jim Well in my hypothetical situation, the two women I love are not susceptible to peer pressure. They would probably not like the idea, but provided I was not playing them for fools they would not mind.
 <Jim> *And I would never play someone for a fool.*
 Dr Kate Then what would you do?
 <Jim> *Love both of them? Ask them if they wanted a drink?*
 Jim Would you like another drink?
 <Jim> *That was not a Freudian slip.*
 Dr Kate No. Thank you.

Dr Dave No. I am alright.
Jim Do you mind if I do then?
Dr Kate No. Go ahead.

Jim gets up, and picks up the finished cups of coffee.
He then walks into the kitchen, puts the cups down and then puts the kettle on.

<Jim> *Was I too honest with them? Will they go now? They seem to be intent on asking me a lot of probing questions. If only life was as simple as our fantasies were. It could be made easier if people were more tolerant. We need to understand ourselves before we stand a chance of understanding others. Thinking and doing, are two different things.*

Jim finishes making his drink and returns to the front room.
Jim smiles at Dr Kate and then sits back down.
Jim takes a sip of coffee.

Dr Kate Jim. You understand that you suffered from a variant of schizophrenia called Delusional Self Reference. And that that particular variant usually results in delusions of grandeur. With that in mind are you being totally honest with us?

Jim About what?

Dr Kate Are you being honest with your answers?

<Jim> *What a stupid question.*

Jim Well as honest as I can be with hypothetical questions. You never know what you will do until you experience it.

Dr Kate OK. So if I asked you what would you do if you were a rich man. You would be able to answer honestly?

<Jim> *If I were a rich man. Fiddler on the roof.*

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate So what would you do if you were a rich man?

<Jim> *I am a rich man.*

Jim How rich?

Dr Dave As rich as Bill Gates.

Dr Kate Thank you Dave. Yes as rich as Bill Gates.

<Jim> *Is he rich?*

Jim But he is not very rich. He is financially wealthy though. You mean financially wealthy? Right?

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim Bill Gates has lots of money. But he is a poor man, on a personal level.

<Jim> *That sounded a bit too spiritual. Maybe I still have some latent DSR.*

Dr Kate Why is he poor on a personal level? I do not think he would see it that way?

<Jim> *Probably not. But he will.*

Jim He has managed to create so much resentment. I think when he finally pops his clogs, half of the World will cheer. I do not know about you, but that would make me feel pretty poor.

Dr Dave But he has earned his money?

Jim Well. He may have earned it initially, but he lost the plot years ago. He started up in business to get rid of the kludge, that was then IBM. But all he has done is replace it with Microsoft kludge.

<Jim> *Fairytales do not happen in the real world. Even if the knight in shining armour kills the dragon, you find that the knight just wanted it's gold and your subservience too. Maybe Linux will be different. It certainly is in with a chance.*

Dr Dave You are not a fan then?

<Jim> *Computer. Do sanity check on holo character Dr Dave.*

Jim No. I am not a fan.

<Jim> *I am not a hairdryer. I am not an electric dryer. I am not even a small portable air conditioner. In fact I am not even remotely connected to any sort of blowing device.*

Dr Kate Getting back to the question. What would you do with your wealth, if you were wealthy?

<Jim> *As a schizophrenic with DSR I have already prepared for such a question.*

Jim How wealthy. As wealthy as Bill Gates? That's of the order of fifty billion US dollars. I could do a lot with that much money.

Dr Dave But what would you do?

<Jim> *Here's one I prepared earlier. Blue Peter.*

Jim It is funny. As you must know that thinking you are exceptionally wealthy is part of DSR. In my case I thought I had acquired wealth through the movies.

Dr Kate How?

<Jim> *Do I really want to discuss my delusions with a psychiatrist?*

Jim Well. My persistent delusion was thought transmission. So while I watched films and television the characters would sense me watching it and even enjoying it. So they knew at least I would find their film good. That sort of immediate feedback must be worth something? You see where I am going don't you?

<Jim> *To a padded cell?*

Dr Dave Yes. It is consistent with your thought transmission delusion.

Dr Kate I think so.

<Jim> *Well at least they are not questioning my sanity, even if I am.*

Jim Once I realised that this might be the case, I decided to ask one of the actors to give me a cut of the profits, from the films I watched. The money was to be put into a trust and used to develop new talent. A sort of investment in the future. Because the better the films got, the more money they would make, the better the films would get. You get my drift?

Dr Kate smiles and sits forward.

Dr Kate So this is why you thought you were in the film. The Truman Show. That is quite clever.

She touches the sofa Jim is sitting on with her right hand.

<Jim> *Well at least she finds it amusing.*

Jim Well obviously it was not the case, but for a time, I considered what I would do with the money that was left. In my delusion, the trust owned California and most of South London.

Jim laughs.

Jim It was a really excellent feeling. I don't think anyone can realise how good that made me feel.

Dr Dave Why? What would you have done with it all?

<Jim> *You mean what did I do. It took a while for it all to pass.*

Jim Do? I would do nothing with it? If it was in a trust it would stay there. All I need is a reasonable amount of money to live on and a profession. And that's me. The beauty of the system was that it was self perpetuating.

<Jim> *You plant the seed. Nature grows the seed. You harvest the seed. You plant the seed. Nature grows the seed. You harvest the seed. Shut up Neil. Just shut up. You hippie. Rik. The Young Ones.*

Dr Dave Provided your trust was successful.

<Jim> *Maybe I am a hippie. Hey man. Peace.*

Jim Well part of my thought transmission delusion sorted that one out too.

Dr Kate You suggested people should watch your films?

<Jim> *You still don't get it. Do you? The Terminator.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *He's out there. And he won't stop. Not until all the whack M.C.'s are gone. The Terminator. Junior Gee.*

Dr Kate Then how?

<Jim> *You're terminated sucka. Junior Gee.*

Jim It is a simple question everyone needs to ask themselves, when they invest in something. Is it Good?

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim In that, what are the consequences of investing in this or that. If you listen to the super conscious, or at least make a good guess at its response. Then the World will get better. Maybe not today, or tomorrow. But eventually all those little decisions mount up. Just like the bad ones do. What I realised from that experience was that I do not want lots of money, and if I did, then there was something really wrong with me.

<Jim> *But I didn't, so there wasn't.*

Dr Kate So the question remains. What would you do with fifty billion dollars?

<Jim> *I just told you. Weren't you listening?*

Jim I would put it in a trust and invest in the future.

Dr Dave OK. Say you won the lottery. What about ten million pounds?

Jim Then it would be more personal. I do not really need that much money. So I would probably keep enough for a decent income and blow the rest on housing for my immediate family. I would like to build a small estate on a piece of land for my family to live on. But that is probably a bit over the top.

<Jim> *I think the burden of buying houses is too much. Everyone should have a place that they can call home. Even if it is a two room flat.*

Dr Kate That's quite a nice idea. Having an estate for your family. So you can be close to them but not too close.

<Jim> *It's all fantasy though.*

Jim That Russell Crowe had the same idea. Although I think his is for guests. I don't think they live there.

Dr Kate Why don't you make your own film? Or write a book? You seem to have the imagination for it.

Dr Dave Yes. Some of your science-fiction ideas are quite inventive. You seem to understand the physics side well.

<Jim> *That is because I am a physicist.*

Jim I went through this during my illness. I do not want to be famous. And there is a risk of becoming famous if people like what I write.

<Jim> *I considered music too, but people always want to know who it is, that has made it. They like performances, and I am no performer. I would like to write comedy, but I am not that funny. I have a lot of likes, but there is not much that I am really good at.*

Dr Kate You would need to be very lucky to become famous. But even famous book writers can remain quite anonymous. Do you know what Stephen King looks like?

Jim I guess not. But what would I write? I am useless at science-fiction. And I would get bored writing descriptions of everything.

<Jim> *A picture paints a thousand words.*

Dr Kate Well you will never know unless you try.

Jim It is easier said than done.

<Jim> *Anyway. What if my delusions were real and it is the drugs that are stopping me from realising that I am in some sort of danger? Paranoia, catch twenty two. I guess the only way forward is to face my future and see whether or not I will disappoint it? Life's but a walking shadow and all that.*

Dr Kate Well. I do not know about Dr Dave, but I am all out of questions. You have been a pleasure to interview.

Dr Dave I am interested in talking a bit more about Jim's biophysical microwormhole theory. If that is alright?

Dr Kate Yes. Go ahead.

Jim If I can expand upon it. It was just part of my deluded reasoning.

Dr Dave It is quite good though. When you consider it, alongside the current theories of multidimensional space and science-fiction. It is no more fantastic than a matter transporter, or tiny mini-universes.

<Jim> *He's read some of those books I mentioned.*

Jim I guess not?

Dr Dave How you got the idea, does not really matter. It is still a very intriguing idea.

Jim Which part? The idea that there are tiny wormholes hidden inside matter? Or the idea that we are able to use them?

Dr Dave Both. Although I am personally interested in the idea of the wormholes themselves. In your theory you think that they exist in all matter? Is that right?

<Jim> *What like a hologram? Possibly.*

Jim Maybe. Who knows?

Dr Dave OK. Do you have any idea how the biophysical part of it works?

<Jim> *Resonance. Vibrations. Spins. Deformations. Any ideas?*

Jim Not really.

Dr Dave You are not very forthcoming?

Jim I like the idea of them. I did not say I knew how they worked. As far as I am concerned. I watched a few films and they appeared to be interactive. How do you get that interactivity? Well we have already discussed the possibilities. Biophysical microwormholes were just one of those possibilities.

Dr Dave Well could you explain it to me again?

<Jim> *Humour him Jim.*

Jim I think something in my head. That thought exists as a set of electrical impulses in my brain. These impulses are broadcast down the microwormholes.

Dr Dave Which transcend both space and time?

Jim That transcend both space and time and are received by the whoever I am watching.

Dr Dave How do they know you are watching them?

Jim I guess because they know what they look like?

Dr Dave So these microwormholes must also be sending visual information?

Jim I guess. Or auditory. In fact I remember listening to music and getting the same feeling. So it must be auditory and possibly visually.

Dr Dave You never tried to see if it worked with the sound turned down?

<Jim> *Did I try that? It is the sort of thing I would have done.*

Jim I do not remember.

Dr Dave So you are saying that you are continually transmitting this information?

Jim Well we all are, I would guess. Well at least those who are compatible with the biophysical side of it.

Dr Dave And you said there were just transmitters and just receivers?

Jim You have to think like that to get the model correct.

Dr Dave In your case you are a transmitter?

Jim I was. I never thought I was receiving things.

<Jim> *That's a thought. Maybe the transmitted thoughts have a DNA code and a timestamp header?*

Dr Dave What about the communication part of your illness. Could that not have been someone trying to contact you? Maybe you were receiving things from others?

<Jim> *It might have been. I did feel as though I was slowly being connected to a greater conscious. Or at least other conscious's.*

Jim You might be right. But you still need to break the model into the two functions.

Dr Dave So you watched an actor and they seemed to be communicating with you?

<Jim> *Was it that direct? I don't think it was.*

Jim No. It seemed a bit more convoluted than that. Take a film for instance. Why would they make the film in the first place? The story line of the film is relevant to me. So therefore interaction itself must work itself back through the timeline. As it were.

Dr Dave How can that be?

Jim The only way I can think of it working is, if the writer of the story recognises their story as it is watched in the future. They then get the confidence to continue with what they are doing. Once created the film is recognised by the film makers and so on and so forth, right through the timeline. This only works if all the people involved are capable of receiving the future transmission. And only if the film makes a big enough impact.

Dr Kate You sound like a woman's magazine.

<Jim> *Tell me about it?*

Jim My background tells me that this is fiction. But it is very good fiction. All my DSR did was allow me to focus in on myself, allowing me to concentrate on my transmitter. Then, as I watched the films I saw the interaction with the primary receivers, the actors. I am guessing they do not have a clue about what happens, much the same way I didn't until I had my DSR. I am still talking about a fictitious scenario, but it is very interesting. Even amusing.

Dr Dave I think it is really quite amazing. Have you read Scott Adams's Dilbert Future?

Jim Yes. I have read it.

<Jim> *Didn't we go through this already?*

Dr Dave Well he does a brief discussion of ESP and affirmations, which I thought you had mentioned? But anyway, he questioned our perception of time and the way we see things.

Jim Yes. The affirmation theory is his, or at least he mentions it. Like I have already said biophysical microwormholes would provide an explanation for quite a few human perceptions, which are currently unexplained. ESP is one, déjà vu is another, past lives, it can all be explained using these personal mini time machines. The problem I have imagining, is how they might be networked.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim Well are they one-to-one? Or do they meet up? Or even, is there some sort of microwormhole exchange? Like a telephone exchange?

<Jim> *Hold on a millennium I will just put you through.*

Dr Dave I suppose so. But is it important?

Jim Probably not. It is far too complicated. It does not matter in the description of my example. That system can be treated as a black box.

Dr Dave What. Message in, message out?

Jim Yes. Why not. A sort of time telephone.

<Jim> *Excellent. Bill and Ted's most excellent adventure.*

Dr Kate And if it is communication between two super conscious's then the conscious mind would never need to know.

<Jim> *They are really getting into this. I must be having a dream, or else another delusional episode. If everyone believes a mad idea, does it stop it from being thought of as mad?*

Jim True. In fact, if you disconnect the conscious mind you can pretty much imagine almost anything. Even contacting dead loved one's. Although they are not dead, you are just talking to their super conscious in the past.

<Jim> *I don't know if that make's life better or worse?*

Dr Dave When used in fiction, your biophysical microwormholes become really quite powerful tools.

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Dave Well. They would explain all of those nice idea's people have in science-fiction. But currently use terms such as brain waves or mind control.

Jim Go on?

Dr Dave I was thinking about it. If your biophysical microwormholes existed, then it allows brains to communicate directly. Using evolutionary theories it is possible to imagine alien races developing control over them, allowing them to alter another brains perception. They could fool a target brain into thinking they were someone else, or even invisible. It sort of puts the world of magic back into the realms of possibility. But rather than changing physical things directly, these creatures just change your perception of reality?

<Jim> *I think he has something there. Schizophrenia.*

Jim A sort of hypnosis?

Dr Dave I guess so. But it is an indirect hypnosis. As there is no physical evidence of anything happening. Since it all occurs in the mind.

<Jim> *Very interesting. But totally mad.*

Jim And if it was the super conscious or even the animal conscious doing this hypnosis. Our conscious mind would not know about it.

<Jim> *My name is Jim. Delusional Jim.*

Dr Dave In science-fiction anyway.

<Jim> *But some science-fiction becomes science reality. Strip away the eye candy and the made up words, you soon discover what is being said, can be translated to reality. Vampires are science-fictions description of parasitic people who prey on innocence. The living dead are people who stop thinking. Pooh-pooh heads.*

Dr Kate I am sorry. I do not read much science-fiction. It is all too abstract for me. I like stories about people and relationships.

<Jim> *Romance. Women's pornography. Men want women to physically excite. Women want men to emotionally comfort. Whose fantasy is harder to achieve?*

Dr Dave I suppose a romantic equivalent is the Casanova character. Someone who has both charm and charisma. They look the part, but fail to deliver any long term relationships.

Dr Kate I have met plenty of those.

<Jim> *Do I detect some romantic bitterness there?*

Jim I thought those sorts of people just play on peoples hopes and aspirations. I do not see a link with biophysical microwormholes.

Dr Dave I do not know about you. But I have been out with some women who you think are Julia Roberts. But are actually more like Glen Close. Of coarse the film Shallow Hal is the obvious current choice for a film reference.

<Jim> *Julia Roberts was not in Fatal Attraction?*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Wasn't that same mistake in Notting Hill?*

Jim I thought mental illness was not contagious?

Dr Dave But thinking is. It is like laughter. Once one person starts everyone wants to join in.

Dr Kate Jim. You have come across a unique way of looking at things. It is very admirable that you can laugh off your illness, and at the end of it have a special way of looking at the World. A lot of patients never recover from schizophrenia. It remains with them for the rest of their lives. Like a shadow on their conscious.

<Jim> *I never said it had totally gone.*

Jim I know it will never truly go. I would have to lose the memories of it all, for that to happen. And I prefer to keep them.

<Jim> *If you do not know your past, you will never know your future.*

Dr Kate They are not a hindrance?

Jim No. Without them I would not have come up with my theories, nor would I have taken the time to affirm my own mind. I know who I am. It is other people who have the problem with it.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

<Jim> *Here we go. Just when you thought it was safe to back into the water. Jaws.*

Jim I know my own mind. It is my friend.

<Jim> *Well most of the time.*

Dr Dave Jim is saying he has made peace with himself. Aren't you?

<Jim> *With everything.*

Jim All I was saying was that I understand myself. I know who I am.

Dr Kate And who is that?

<Jim> *Why do you dress me in borrowed robes? Macbeth.*

Jim I am me.

<Jim> *A son of a mom.*

Dr Kate You are you?

Jim I am Jim. You are Dr Kate. And you are Dr Dave. What is the problem?

<Jim> *Is that how this works. People project their fears and concerns onto others. Forcing them to take the role they have been handed.*

Dr Kate I know you are Jim. But the way you talk about yourself. It is as if you are talking about more than one person.

<Jim> *I am in blood. Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more. Returning were as tedious as going on. Macbeth. Yes. I pulled that one right out of the hat.*

Jim What? Like Me, Myself and Irene? I do not have a split personality. I am as consistent as everyone else is with their identity. I am just able to imagine things on multiple levels.

<Jim> *That does sound like split personalities Jim. Stop talking to yourself as if you were someone else. Why? It is just a way of thinking. Doesn't everyone do it?*

Dr Kate What do you mean?

<Jim> *To be. Or not To be. That is the question? Hamlet.*

Jim I have already described my three conscious model. My conscious uses it to group thoughts together and to explain unconscious actions. But within the conscious, you model the people you meet, and create characters for entertainment.

<Jim> *Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Or to take arms against a sea of troubles. Hamlet. Where did that come from? I do not remember memorising that?*

Dr Kate You mean like actors and comedians do?

<Jim> *Our conscience does make cowards of us all. Hamlet. Or that? Maybe I know more than my conscious mind thinks?*

Jim I guess. But they are imaginary models of people. They do not exist separately from the conscious. They are just projections of personalities.

Dr Kate But why do you talk about yourself as if you were discrete?

<Jim> *What? Where? How? Who? Bugs Bunny.*

Jim Do I?

Dr Kate Yes. You said your mind was a friend.

Jim What is wrong with that?

Dr Kate The mind is you. It is not meant to be separate.

<Jim> *How do you get to know your own mind then?*

Jim I guess I have a model of my mind then. So I can get to know it. So it can be my friend. Does that make sense?

<Jim> *It is my pet mind.*

Dr Dave It does all sound a bit schizophrenic though. Don't you think?

<Jim> *OK put your self in their shoes. Nice body. I Have breasts. Second thoughts. Best not. Look at it from their perspective then. That's easy. Hospitalise the schizophrenic. No. That's not going to work either.*

Jim Is Rory Bremner schizophrenic?

Dr Kate Not that I know.

Jim But he displays multiple personalities.

Dr Kate Yes. But he does not display the other symptoms. Plus he is in control of these other characters. They are used for entertaining.

Jim But I am in control of my models and they are used for thinking.

Dr Kate But you were not for a time?

Jim That was nothing to do with models, and I was in control. I just wanted to see where the communication delusion was going. As a scientist I try to understand new phenomena. Even if it appears to be totally nonsensical.

<Jim> *Have I said too much?*

Dr Dave So you are saying you think your illness was more than just an illness?

Jim I was ill. I do not deny that. I was as high as a kite. But I was in control. My mind was thinking things I never want to think again, but I knew it was not real. Maybe that is where I get the separation of myself from my mind from?

Dr Kate That sounds pretty odd. A sort of out of body experience?

<Jim> *You don't listen do you?*

Jim Not really. I never went out of my body.

<Jim> *Apart from pretending to travel at the speed of thought. That was fun. But it was just imagination. Ah-ah ah-ah, illusion. [Illusion by Imagination]*

Dr Dave So what were you thinking. When you were ill?

<Jim> *All sorts of stuff.*

Jim Like I have said before. It was like hearing the World. No the universe,. Speak to me.

Dr Dave Yes. I remember. Like the computer that came after Deep Thought. In Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy. So did it tell you anything?

<Jim> *Computer. Avoidance pattern Alpha-one.*

Jim I never heard any voices. I may have been out past the asteroid belt, mentally. But I never heard any voices.

Dr Dave But what did you think?

<Jim> *Computer. Avoidance pattern Beta-one.*

Jim A better question might be. What did I learn?

Dr Dave So what did you learn?

Jim Art is the medium through which our soul communicates.

Dr Dave No biophysical microwormholes then?

Jim A lot of the music I listen is soul music, in the spiritual sense. Before I even started the thought transmission delusion I was thinking about what I might be saying to myself. Through the music I listened to.

Dr Dave I remember you talking about that. How you had looked at your wife's CD's.

Dr Kate That must have been before I joined your team?

Jim Yes, that is right. Dr Thomas was here, and Dr John.

Dr Dave So what do you think about it now?

Jim I think the music we like, helps us to enforce our identity. At the time I thought I was being communicated to by a female presence.

Dr Kate I do not remember that being in your notes?

Jim It probably never came up. Dr Thomas was not interested in the detail, once he had diagnosed me.

Dr Kate So what did this presence want?

<Jim> *What do all women want?*

Jim Love.

Dr Kate Is it still with you?

Jim No. It was just a delusion. I guess it might even have been my super conscious. Why shouldn't it have a sex different from the conscious? It certainly makes sense, if it requires love for it to grow.

Dr Kate How do you know it has gone? How did you know it was there?

<Jim> *Why take two questions into the shower. When you can just tosh and go.*

Jim I didn't know. I could not see anything. I could not hear anything. All I felt was driven or directed. Have you every read the dice man?

Dr Kate No.

Jim Neither have I. But I know it is a story about a man who lives his life by throwing a dice.

Dr Dave Like making decisions by flipping a coin?

Jim Yes. Use a random sequence to determine a selection. Rather than using your conscious mind.

Dr Kate Leave things to chance?

Jim Yes. I just randomly selected the music I was listening to. I allowed what I now call the super conscious to have a go. Although the dice was weighted, as I only listen to certain types of music. However I found a way around that one.

Dr Dave How?

Jim I went to the shops and browsed.

<Jim> *Like a woman does. It was quite an experience.*

Dr Kate And what did you buy?

Jim I happened across some Kim Wilde CD's. They had a sale on.

Dr Kate Kim Wilde is one of your fantasy women isn't she?

<Jim> *The gardening sex kitten. There's something about that title. It is very audacious. Without actually being so.*

Jim Yes. She is. I don't usually listen to women singers though. It was quite a shock when I did though.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Well. Do you listen to their lyrics? It's all very sensuous. If you have DSR, you think they are talking to you.

Dr Dave I can see how that could be a problem.

Dr Kate You mean like Sophie Ellis Bextor? You thought she was singing to you, or a fantasy lover?

Jim Yes. I saw Kim Wilde on television when I was ill. She did not look to well herself. But I thought I was communicating with her too. But it felt very personal.

Dr Kate What like two kindred spirits?

<Jim> *Like two Kinder eggs more like?*

Jim I don't like her music though. I know she is a big star and all that, but apart from being a nice person and being pretty, I never really noticed her?

Dr Dave Maybe you have just started seeing things differently now?

Jim I still don't like her music.

<Jim> *Apart from Love is Holy. When you ignore the religious connotations.*

Dr Kate So you could make up a story for Kim Wilde too?

<Jim> *I probably could but it would be pretty poor.*

Jim Not really. The only record remotely interesting was her Tuning in Tuning on. That song has a little talk over at the end which is interesting. She talks of sound traversing space and time. Which comes back to my theory of biophysical microwormholes.

Dr Kate We might be able to contact Kim Wilde. Would you like us to see what she thinks of your idea?

<Jim> *I don't think so.*

Jim No. I think it would be a bad idea. I would leave it alone. I don't court celebrities attention. I don't like fame. Definitely not.

<Jim> *I am a schizophrenic and I would like to meet with you to discuss some of your lyrics. Sounds more like a threat than an invitation.*

Dr Dave So what else did you buy?

Jim Some Bill Laswell CD's.

Dr Dave Who is Bill Laswell.

<Jim> *Only The MAN.*

Jim He is the man behind a lot of the electronic music of the Eighties. He is one of these artists I trust to produce interesting music. He is usually worth a punt.

<Jim> *He is not a pop artist. He is not a soul artist. He is an experimentalist.*

Dr Dave Did you find any messages?

<Jim> *Well something about Saturn and Destroyer. But it was Jupiter that I had a DSR episode about. Unless of course he meant Jupiter. Some people confuse them. What is the biggest planet in our Solar system? Saturn. Sorry Anne. You are the weakest link. Goodbye. It's Jupiter.*

Jim There was only one track. Fifth Element. He no doubt was thinking about the film. The one with Bruce Willis. It is about the perfect being saving the Universe.

<Jim> *It is funny how these things all link up. Patterns in space and time. Total rubbish. But very interesting.*

Dr Dave looks at Jim.

Dr Dave You are telling us the truth?

<Jim> *Truth is relative. I am telling you how I remember it. I do have a poor memory though.*

Jim I also bought Operazone by him. But the tracks did not really mean anything to me. I am no opera fan. They are quite relaxing though. He did another album called Hear No Evil. Which is all Indian music. I used to use it to go to sleep too. It is very relaxing.

Dr Dave Any others?

Jim Yes. But they were not very interesting. One was by Rolf Harris. It was pretty awful. I stopped after that.

<Jim> *Two little toys for two little boys.*

Dr Kate So what do you think your super conscious was saying. After all that?

<Jim> *Don't follow me. I am lost too?*

Jim Not a lot. I came to the conclusion it was very difficult to filter out the conscious mind from the selection process. You can never know for sure whether the selection was driven by you, or your super conscious.

Dr Dave So you don't think the Fifth Element was relevant?

Jim Only to my DSR. In the film, the perfect being had genetically superior DNA. If my DNA is superior then maybe there is a link. But I don't think so.

<Jim> *If I am superior, then the definitions of superior and supercilious have been mixed up.*

Dr Kate I saw that film, it was very good.

<Jim> *Warning. Dr Kate has launched a flattery torpedo.*

Jim I liked it the first time round. I tend to always try to watch films only once. Unless they are very good. I was disappointed the second time I watched it.

Dr Kate You did not rate it that much then?

Jim It was good. But just not that good. It was certainly very different. That in itself is good. It just did not seem too well defined. Maybe I did not follow the story very well.

Dr Kate Are you a film-buff?

<Jim> *Warning. Dr Kate has launched a hobby tractor beam. Prepare to be boarded.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *The reflective burst of negative ions appears to be working.*

Dr Kate Oh. So how come you watch so many?

Dr Kate smiles, looks down and then up Jim's body.

<Jim> *Warning. Dr Kate has penetrated the shields with some sort of visual scan. We are detecting an increase in heart rate. Shields are off-line.*

Jim I do not think I watch too much. I watch more than most people. But that is because I prefer visual entertainment to going out. I do not enjoy crowds of people. I live in a city. There are people everywhere.

Dr Kate But you do watch a significant amount of television though. How much a week would you say?

<Jim> *Computer. Level one diagnostic on holo character Jim.*

Jim I would guess I watch around three to four hours a day?

Dr Kate That is around twenty to thirty hours a week. It is significant.

<Jim> *Diagnostic complete. Holo character Jim is a Delusional Self Referenced schizophrenic. He believes that the Universe speaks to him. He watches too much television and spends too much time in his own company. He is a F-R-E-A-K.*

Jim But I do not watch soaps, and a lot of my viewing is just visual browsing.

<Jim> *He's a super freak. Jim's a super freak. Wow-wow. Rick James. Richard James. Interesting.*

Dr Kate What do you mean?

<Jim> *Computer. End program.*

Jim Well. I tend not to take much in. I like to watch some programs for information, but most of what I watch is just eye-candy.

<Jim> *Unable to comply. Holo world three is not a hologram. You are not a hologram. I am not a computer. You are not at the centre of the Universe.*

Dr Kate So what is not eye-candy?

<Jim> *Computer. Where is holo character Jim?*

Jim Factual programs and comedy programs.

<Jim> *Holo character Jim in on holo world three.*

Dr Kate Drama's?

<Jim> *Got you. Computer. Ha. I win.*

Jim Eye-candy. They rarely provide relevant information.

<Jim> *Since I do not exist. You cannot, get me.*

Dr Kate And comedy does?

<Jim> *Computer. OK. You win.*

Jim Well the comedy I watch does. Although things like Benny Hill and Mr Bean do not provide relevant information either.

<Jim> *Unless chasing women for no good reason and pulling faces is relevant.*

Dr Kate So what comedy programs do you like.

<Jim> *Warning. Dr Kate is still in pursuit mode.*

Jim Red Dwarf. Which I have mentioned. Black Adder. Game On. Coupling. Hello Mum. Who Dare's Wins. Fawlty Towers. There are others. But those are the one's that spring to mind.

Dr Kate What was Hello Mum?

<Jim> *Dr Kate has been successfully 'baffled'.*

Jim It was a strange comedy show. It was a mix of sketches and studio gags. A bit like The Mary Whitehouse experience.

Dr Kate What about Harry Enfield?

<Jim> *Jim nice but dim.*

Jim Yes. He's good. And Paul Whitehouse.

Dr Dave The Young One's?

<Jim> *Hippie.*

Jim They were brilliant. Along with the Dangerous brothers and Bottom.

<Jim> *I will now set fire to Sir Adrian Dangerous. [Richard Dangerous]*

Dr Kate How are the Young One's relevant to you?

<Jim> *Ah-ha. Ah-ha-ha-ha. [Sir Adrian Dangerous]*

Jim It's funny you should mention that.

<Jim> *The Young One's DSR episode.*

Dr Kate Why?

<Jim> *Quick. Eat the television. [Rik. The Young Ones]*

Jim Well. If there were ever a schizophrenic comedy award. Then The Young One's would win.

Dr Kate Why?

<Jim> *And why not?*

Jim Well it was pretty surreal. Was it not?

Dr Kate But why is it schizophrenic?

<Jim> *Schizophrenic. Split mind.*

Jim Because it was a series of manic episodes. Tied loosely together with a deranged story line. With four diametrically opposed stereotypical characterisations choosing to live with each other as friends.

Dr Kate Was it?

Dr Dave That's one way of describing it. Are you sure you are not a critic?

<Jim> *I am no Judge Dread.*

Jim No. But I know what I like. Anyway. Surely the acid test is the audience. And if I like it, it must be schizophrenic?

Dr Kate You are not schizophrenic anymore. Anyway. Schizophrenia comes in many forms. Most of them are harmless. But some are dangerous. Usually to the patient themselves though.

<Jim> *Is that why the law on schizophrenia is so strict?*

Dr Dave What about Monty Python?

<Jim> *The Ministry of silly walks.*

Jim Yes. They were good. I liked the films better though. I never really got into the Goons, I liked Spike Milligan. And people like Ronnie Barker and David Jason have provided some great characterisations.

<Jim> *What are we going to do now? Spike Milligan.*

Dr Dave I guess we like the characters we can associate most with.

Jim So what do you like Dr Kate?

Dr Kate I like the American shows. Friends. Sex and the City. Ally McBeal.

<Jim> *Boring.*

Jim I guess women need humour to be observational and set inside glamorous characterisations. Men prefer their humour offbeat with a rebel nature. It probably stems from their respective stereotypical positions in western society.

<Jim> *Talking doo-doo a mile a minute. Funkadelic.*

Dr Kate I like them because they push the right funny bone.

<Jim> *That has some interesting sexual connotations.*

Jim Same here.

<Jim> *But my humour is life threatening. I have been known to convulse uncontrollably with laughter.*

Dr Dave Don't you watch Ally McBeal?

<Jim> *I did not just watch it. I participated in it.*

Jim Yes. I have watched Ally McBeal. For a time I thought she was trying to talk to me. When I was ill.

Dr Kate In what way?

<Jim> *In every way. Grrrr.*

Jim Well she used to use a remote control and stuff. My wife tapes Ally McBeal and watches it later. When I was ill I watched those tapes. I thought some of her gags were plays on my actions. It seems pretty silly now. But it made me watch her shows.

<Jim> *They also have a high density of pretty girls on the show. And the humour is cool. Although pretending to be Barry White is funny, it is not a funny as actually being Barry White.*

Dr Kate Yes. The show is pretty zany. They deal with some interesting issues too.

Jim I do not know about you. But all this new entertainment makes me think about how much good quality entertainment was passed over in the decades preceding them. I remember having to really try to find good television. But these days there seems to be a wealth of it. And most of it is new talent.

Dr Kate But you can't beat the classics?

Jim Well you can. But they are still the classics.

<Jim> *The new stuff will become classics in their own right.*

Dr Dave I guess it is the growth of the entertainment business?

Jim But why is that?

Dr Dave There is more money involved these days. And there is a bigger market. And the market is more diverse.

<Jim> *You never know where a hit might come from. Public Enemy.*

Jim And the market is more open. There are more ways to access the market, and those access points are not as tightly controlled as they once were.

Dr Kate Markets are being identified more accurately. You see these adverts for oversized women now. Don't you? That never used to happen. It was all one size fits all.

<Jim> *You are a size ten. Why would you care about over sized clothes?*

Dr Dave I would guess that it is consumerism that is changing the entertainment business.

<Jim> *Money talks. Oh-oh. Money Talks. Dirty Cash Money. Oh-woo-oh.*

Jim You are probably right.

<Jim> *In the absence of a decent democracy. Consumerism is the only method of enforcing an individuals will. Provided there is a supplier ready and waiting.*

Dr Kate Shall we get back to our interview questions?

<Jim> *What. This was just idle chat?*

Dr Dave Yes.

Jim What else do you need to know? Haven't I answered all your questions?

Dr Dave Well there are still a few things that puzzle me. You seem to be preoccupied sometimes when we are talking to you? Do you still sense this super conscious of yours?

<Jim> *Of course I seem preoccupied. I am busy talking to myself.*

Jim I guess I am just thinking to myself. If that is the correct expression?

Dr Kate Would you care to let us in on your thoughts?

<Jim> *I don't think so.*

Jim They are just idle thoughts. Nothing interesting.

Dr Kate Such as?

Jim I just think over what is being said, and what I am going to say. I think this is normal. Don't you think before you speak?

Dr Kate Yes. Of coarse I do.

Jim Maybe it is just that you notice it more on me because I am the patient?

<Jim> *It is easy to see things that are not there when the object you are studying is expected to behave in a particular way.*

Dr Kate I suppose you are right.

<Jim> *Am I doing it now? Thinking to myself that is.*

Jim There is nothing peculiar in the way that I talk. Although most people say that I mumble.

Dr Dave I would not say that you mumble.

Dr Kate You are soft spoken.

<Jim> *Am I soft spoken or do I just speak softly?*

Jim They probably mean that I do not assert myself properly or emphasis important words.

<Jim> *I just go on and on. With the same monotone drone until the listener falls asleep. Here's hoping.*

Dr Kate You are good at emphasis. When it suites you. Maybe the problem was with the information you were passing.

<Jim> *Or the receiver of the information. Most people do not want to listen. They want to be told. Making up one's mind is far too time consuming.*

Jim You could be right.

Dr Dave And another thing.

Jim Yes?

Dr Dave Going back to your biophysical microwormhole theory. If they did exist. How do you suppose you are, you were. I mean, how did you think they were accessed?

Jim In what way? You mean how do I think I managed to access them? Didn't we discuss this? I am sure that we did?

Dr Dave looks at his note pad.

Dr Dave Well could you explain it again?

<Jim> *What is he on?*

Jim If you think it would be useful?

Dr Kate smiles.

Dr Kate It would be very helpful Jim.

<Jim> *In what sense? And for whom?*

Jim You understand that I have no idea about their properties. All my theories are based on supposition and delusional experiences.

Dr Kate Yes Jim. We understand you have no physical evidence for your theories.

Dr Dave However, they are still very intriguing.

Jim I can only explain it for myself. And when I was ill.

Dr Dave That is fine.

<Jim> *Why are they not interested in my three conscious model. That makes more sense in a psychological world. My mind made things appear coherent making me believe that the World was talking to me. The only way biophysical microwormholes could exist was if my thoughts were being detected by other people. But there is no hard evidence of this.*

Dr Kate Jim. You can start now.

Jim Sorry. I guess I need to work through an example. One with a positive feedback. But as I have already said there was no definitive feedback. Only hints and suggestions.

Dr Dave Any examples?

<Jim> *There was a time when a presenter said you can contact us using phone, fax, e-mail. Telepathy or cupid's arrow. Whatever you like. Now that is a strange thing to say. But not evidence .*

Jim Other than the ones I have already given?

Dr Dave It doesn't matter. I am more interested in the theory.

Dr Kate Why don't you make one up. Let's say you wanted to speak to me.

Jim I did not speak to people. It was not telepathy.

Dr Dave Understood. Can you describe a hypothetical scenario, one where you want to communicate with a television presenter. And you want them to touch their nose. I think you mentioned such an example?

Jim Yes. Alright. The connection would be made by the presenter recognising themselves.

Dr Dave How?

Jim I don't know. I would guess they would feel a presence.

Dr Dave Like someone was watching them?

Jim I guess so.

Dr Dave So they would perform a sort of biophysical handshake through the microwormhole?

Jim Yes. That is a good way of putting it.

Dr Dave Then what?

Jim Well. I would sense that they were listening.

Dr Dave And how do you do that?

Jim I guess through eye contact.

Dr Kate Through a television?

Jim Yes. Or a photograph.

Dr Dave And is the connection made in real time?

Jim I do not think so. That is why I thought there were billions of these microwormholes. They have to connect to multiple time lines. And to multiple people.

Dr Dave But one of those microwormholes would be real time?

Jim Yes.

Dr Dave And some would be for the future?

Jim Yes. If the theory is correct. Some would be for the future.

Dr Dave But you said you had no contact with future events?

Jim Yes. That is correct.

Dr Dave Then why do you suppose that is?

<Jim> *I am dead? Like Sixth Sense with Bruce Willis?*

Jim Because I do not want to see the future?

Dr Dave That is a good stance. But do you think it would be possible.

Jim Like Nostradamus?

<Jim> *Quacks Damn Us.*

Dr Dave Yes.

Jim It is possible. But the problem with publishing predictions is that they are likely to either be fulfilled by fanatics, or they will be prevented. Depending upon whether or not they provide advantages to individuals. I could say I predict the decline of western civilisation. But its decline is inevitable. My prediction would only act as a catalyst to its downfall. And what is the western civilisation? I would say it has already been eroded considerably. And that its erosion was for the benefit of the World.

Dr Dave What do you mean by that?

<Jim> *White man speaks with forked tongue.*

Jim The original western civilisation was all about empire building. The last great western empire was the British empire. Now empires are built using banks and loans.

Dr Dave Is that not part of western civilisation?

Jim Yes. But even it is in decline.

<Jim> *How rapid is rapid. Art of Noise.*

Dr Dave Alright. Let's get back to the example. So you have conducted a biophysical handshake with the presenter. What's next?

Jim Then I think. Could you scratch your nose? Please.

Dr Dave So you think of the words, or do you think of the action?

Jim I guess in that example, both.

Dr Dave So. Using your black box method. You first establish contact. Using eye contact. You then wait for the handshake. Then you send the message.

Jim That was how it felt when I was ill.

Dr Dave What could you send down this connection?

<Jim> *Computer. Is holo character Dr Dave feeling alright?*

Jim Just thoughts and emotions?

Dr Kate Emotions?

Dr Dave What sort of emotions?

Jim I do not know. I just assumed anything related to my experiences?

Dr Kate Like love? Fear?

Jim I guess so. Why?

Dr Kate Well. There are cases of hysteria. Whereby people say they have seen something. And eyewitness accounts appear to be consistent. Even though there were allegedly no verbal exchanges between the witnesses.

<Jim> *Yes. You might say I was sort of hysterical.*

Jim Biophysical microwormholes could explain that. If they existed.

Dr Dave Were you tempted to warn people of future events?

Jim In what sense?

Dr Dave Well if there was a car crash. You could warn the people that the crash was to happen before it happened. Because their photograph would be in the paper.

<Jim> *I have already been through this.*

Jim I would not be able to warn them if they were dead. If I knew they were dead, that is.

Dr Dave Why not?

Jim Because I know they have died. It would scramble my mind.

Dr Dave But if you did not know they were dead. You could then warn them?

Jim I could, if I was still delusional. But I am not.

Dr Dave Sorry. We are still in the hypothetical example.

Jim In the example. You would not be able to warn people of impending death because the knowledge of the death prevents it. The only way for that to work, is to control the media and report deaths as near deaths. Or lucky escapes. But you then get into the nasty arena of causality.

Dr Dave You mean. Did you cause the death?

Jim No. I mean do the facts, as reported, then become reality? How would that work? I cannot imagine it working. So I would have to never know about it. Because if I did, they would then be dead. This really is in the realms of DSR.

Dr Dave You mean if I have a body that died in a car crash. Report it as a near fatal accident. Then they would be alive again. Provided you did not know about it?

Jim Well in the realms of DSR yes. But as far as the biophysical microwormholes go, they would only think they might have an accident, and then die anyway. Not many people respond to intuition. Not until after the event.

<Jim> *Bang. I thought that was going to happen.*

Dr Dave But if they did respond?

Jim Then they would not die. You would have no body and there would be no evidence. Other than intuition and hearsay.

Dr Dave So with biophysical microwormholes peoples intuition becomes important?

Jim Yes. Listening to your inner-self is always important. Whether or not biophysical microwormholes exist. It is even more important in my three conscious model, because of the need for communication.

Dr Kate So how does schizophrenia fit in with your biophysical microwormholes then?

<Jim> *Déjà vu.*

Jim Schizophrenia means split mind? People with schizophrenia are trying to cope with the disjoint nature of the mind itself. When I was ill, I thought I understood the mind quite well. With all of its different parts. Even you as a doctor recognise that the mind is made up of discrete modules. The same is true of the body.

Dr Kate Yes. We are a family of organs and body parts. Each relying on the functionality of the other.

Jim I do not think schizophrenia is actually related to my theory of biophysical microwormholes. Although it might be possible to use it to explain the strange sensations patients experience. Schizophrenia provides a heightened awareness due to the increase in chemicals in the brain. Depending upon the patient this will take various forms.

<Jim> *Do I really need to explain all this?*

Dr Kate You do not need to go through all this.

<Jim> *I guess not.*

Jim The straight answer is that biophysical microwormholes do not fit in with an explanation of schizophrenia. Schizophrenia is a physical medical illness.

Dr Dave So biophysical microwormholes are not physically detectable?

Jim Not as far as I know. Hypothetically speaking.

Dr Dave But in your example. Surely the scratching of the nose would prove that some sort of connectivity existed? The same as ESP.

Jim I guess it would.

Dr Dave Well would you be prepared to conduct such an experiment?

Jim No.

Dr Dave Why not?

Jim I like the idea of biophysical microwormholes. They are a nice piece of fiction. If you did the experiment and it worked then it would make me famous. If you did the experiment and it failed then I would be labelled a fool. Even if I insisted I was not really interested in the outcome of the experiment.

Dr Kate You know you are just finding excuses not to prove them one way or another?

<Jim> *No. I am just not interested in proving them anymore. Find them for yourself.*

Jim Maybe so.

Dr Dave If we used someone else. Would that work.

Jim It would only work if they were experiencing the same feelings of connectivity I was. When I was ill.

Dr Kate You mean you could no longer perform the experiment yourself?

Jim I do not think so. I no longer feel the same as I did when I was ill. I still have the odd rant or chat with presenters. But I do not feel as though they can sense me.

<Jim> *Even if I did I would not say so.*

Dr Dave That is a pity.

Jim Not for me. It was quite nerve racking.

Dr Dave So what would you say, you have learnt, from your experience with schizophrenia?

Jim Schizophrenia is dangerous to ones mental health.

<Jim> *And to your civil liberties.*

Dr Kate Anything else. Less obvious?

<Jim> *Everyone is scared of you, if you have Schizophrenia. Whether or not you are dangerous.*

Jim It is perceived to be very dangerous.

<Jim> *I am a schizophrenic and I know where you live. Sounds like a threat.*

Dr Kate Anything else. To do with DSR in particular?

Jim You can never totally trust your own senses. A very small delusion can alter your perspective radically.

Dr Dave You are referring to your thought transmission delusion?

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate Anything else?

Jim Well. Before I was diagnosed I thought I was on a mission. Do you remember?

Dr Dave Yes. I do?

Jim Well I have learnt that if there was a way for some super natural being or alien race trying to communicate with humanity. It had best not try to do it through a willing host.

Dr Dave What do you mean?

Jim Well. Just look at humanities record for such encounters. Witches were burned. The possessed are tortured. The insane are beaten, locked up or sedated. As for DSR. The last alleged World saviour was nailed to a piece of wood for preaching peace. Who in their right mind would be up for that?

Dr Kate Jim. That is a very negative way of looking at your illness. You have not been treated badly have you?

<Jim> *Just because I have schizophrenia I am treated badly. Whether or not I am bad. It is the ultimate in lose-lose situations. Even if I was black I would be given some sort of positive discrimination. And I would still have community support. With schizophrenia, even your family turns against you.*

Jim It depends what you call badly. As a schizophrenic I am denied basic human rights. My rights pass to the next of kin. Who could abuse that position. If they wanted to.

Dr Kate But you have not been treated badly?

Jim No. I have been lucky. I am not condemning my treatment. Just my rights as a citizen. I understand mental health does cause issues. But the law seems to be kicking the citizen while they are down. If you lose your right to self determination. It just exaggerates the sense of loss. Unless that is what it is meant to do?

Dr Kate No. It is meant to help. Schizophrenics are a danger to themselves, as much as to anyone else.

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate Some contemplate suicide. Others give all their possessions away.

Jim It is a bit like people who are close to death you mean? They have an attack of conscience?

Dr Kate That is one way of looking at it. Although it is not a recognised view point.

Jim Could it be because the super conscious is allowed access to the conscious thought system. Or is at least heard by the conscious mind.

Dr Kate What do you mean? The subconscious mind is given a voice?

<Jim> *The super conscious already expresses itself, through art.*

Jim Super conscious. The super conscious is allowed to express itself directly to the conscious mind. How it communicates depends upon the patient.

Dr Kate But schizophrenics have their rights removed because they lose control over their conscious actions.

Jim I never lost control. I was just following my super conscious. So I thought.

Dr Kate But it might have led you into trouble. You were just lucky it was caught in time.

Jim I do not think my super conscious would lead me into trouble. It might have wanted to see my metal. But it would never want to harm me. And that is what suicide is, isn't. The intention to harm oneself.

Dr Kate You are very fortunate then.

Jim Not really. I have just tried to live my life as best I can. I know I have been bad sometimes. I admit my mistakes to myself. And I try to correct them, if I think I need to. Maybe it is that honesty with myself that allowed me deal with this problem.

<Jim> *There you go again, talking about yourself in the third person, to a psychiatrist.*

Dr Kate I do not know how it feels to have schizophrenia. But if you are able to analyse your own thoughts and deal with them. Then that is going to be an advantage.

<Jim> *The war that's going on in our minds. Ice-T.*

Dr Dave What was your original point?

Jim Oh yes. If. As an example. An alien race wanted to make first contact with us. It would be a really bad idea to try to communicate through a selected human ambassador. Simply because that person would be considered mad.

Dr Dave Yes they would. Unless they could provide some information that was pertinent to the role of being an alien ambassador.

Jim Such as?

Dr Dave Some sort of technology. Or at least a description of where they had come from. I mean. Who they were representing.

<Jim> *Good point.*

Jim You mean like in the film K-Pak?

Dr Dave I have not seen that film.

Jim Nor have I. But it is about a schizophrenic patient who thinks they are from the star system K-Pak.

<Jim> *No. I am not from K-Pak.*

Dr Dave So I guess it would need to be something a bit more concrete. Like a design of some sort of new technology?

Jim But in Star Trek, it is not allowed for the Federation to provide knowledge of technology, that might interfere with the natural development of a world.

Dr Dave True. But the federation only contact civilisations that have warp capabilities.

Jim True. But maybe they only contact worlds if they have managed to access one of these new dimensions the mathematicians are talking about?

Dr Dave This is going back to your theory of biophysical wormholes. Isn't it?

<Jim> *MICRO-wormholes.*

Jim As a hypothetical example.

Dr Dave So in this hypothetical example, you are saying. What if an alien race contacted us, through a human intermediary and provided us with a theory, such as biophysical microwormholes?

Jim Hypothetically speaking.

Dr Kate You are not saying that is what you think your schizophrenia episode was about are you?

<Jim> *Episode. It was at least two series.*

Jim No. I am not saying this is real. Just that from my illness, this scenario has entered my mind. And I am interested in your opinion.

<Jim> *I am not that silly. I am a schizophrenic. I have no rights. I am the lowest of the low. Even a prisoner has the basic human rights to self determination. Provided I maintain the façade of sanity. There is no need to worry.*

Dr Dave Well it is a very big hypothetical example. But if it was real then there would need to be some proof?

Jim But the federation have a policy of non-interference. So might these aliens?

Dr Dave Then our scientist would be able to prove that they existed. But if it were aliens. What is the point of contacting us?

<Jim> *We were in your neighbourhood and thought we would drop in. Star Trek. Enterprise.*

Jim It seems pretty pointless to me too. Why an intelligent life form would want to contact planet Earth is beyond me.

<Jim> *Maybe that is why all the really intelligent people are autistic?*

Dr Dave That is not what I meant. If they could not trade with us or tell us anything important. Then why would they bother to contact us?

<Jim> *Computer. Do sanity check on bogus aliens.*

Jim I don't know. Why do we try to communicate with dolphins and whales. We cannot trade with them. We cannot tell them anything important. But we still try. Maybe it is because they remind us of ourselves?

<Jim> *What would a Dolphin want with a saloon car anyway. Or a beach house in Palm Springs? They certainly would not understand the complex social issues of Neighbours.*

Dr Dave Alright. I take your point.

Dr Kate I am not sure I understand it?

Dr Dave Jim is just saying that even in our modern western culture. We still treat schizophrenics no better than we did a hundred years ago. Despite all our science and technology. We still could not tell the difference between a real schizophrenic and an alien, in possession of a human body.

Jim Not that it would be a very useful thing to do, even if you could. I very much doubt if there are very many aliens looking to visit planet Earth.

<Jim> *Is there life on planet Earth?*

Dr Kate But an alien in a human body, is a schizophrenic.

<Jim> *Good point.*

Jim That is correct.

Dr Dave And if it was not an alien but your supreme entity. The one that was made up from all the energy in the Universe?

Jim What. The living Universe entity?

Dr Dave Yes.

Jim I am not sure if it would really want to contact us. That theory was based on the idea of the computer that came after Deep Thought. We are then just figments of its vivid imagination.

<Jim> *So you are better off with the aliens. At least you have a chance of communicating with other life forms.*

Dr Kate Jim. You are alright aren't you?

Jim Not really. I am tired. This is the most I have talked in a long time.

Dr Kate Shall we call it a day then?

<Jim> *It's a day?*

Jim If you like.

Dr Dave Yes. It has been quite a long stretch. We should really be heading back to the office.

Jim I hope I was of some help.

Dr Dave Yes. You have coloured in the picture of your illness quite well.

Dr Kate Jim. You have been very good. We are sorry for taking up so much of your time.

The two doctors stand up and collect their things.

Jim stands up and opens the front door.

<Jim> *Didn't I lock it?*

Dr Kate Bye then.

Dr Dave Thank you again.

The two doctors walk through the front door and out into the street.

Jim Goodbye.

<Jim> *And good ridden's.*

Jim watches Dr Kate walk over to the car.

<Jim> *Her dress does make her look very attractive. I like the way it moves. I could spend a lot of time studying the movement of dresses on pretty women. I wonder if there is a job going at pointless research projects are us? And what is the conclusion of your research? Women in dresses are more attractive to heterosexual men, than men in dresses are.*

The two professionals wave and get into their car.

Jim waves back.

Jim shuts and locks the front door.

<Jim> *Great. That should be that then. I am exhausted. I don't half talk a loud of hog wash, when I get going.*

<Voice> *Jim has given the two doctors a lot to think about. When he was ill he did try to understand his illness in some depth. Formulating hypothesis and theories based upon experience and observation. He had kept his thoughts to himself for much of the time. Only responding to direct questions asked by his family, while trying to work through the thoughts that were flooding his mind. He managed to protect himself from the strange thoughts that flowed through his mind by clinging to absolutes. As the notions of insanity had washed passed, he plucked from them, their core principles. Using the power of reasoning, he used these principles to walk through the maze of his imagination. Attempting to rationalise these experiences into a believable coherent alternate model. Without preconceptions or prejudices he managed to create several quite interesting theories. Whether they were sane or not were not his concern. Only their construction was important.*

<Voice> *Jim did not care that his theories were unproven. They were not meant to be. In fact the biophysical microwormhole theory had been created specifically out of the reach of modern day science. As for the three conscious model. It was an idea he had thought of when he was studying. It helped explain the new experience of balancing his mind between the tasks he was presented with, as an adult student.*

Part Seven

The door bell rings.

Jim stands up and walks over the front door.

Jim unlocks the front door and opens it.

Dr Kate is standing at the door.

Dr Kate is wearing a red wrap around dress and sandals.

<Jim> *Wow.*

Jim looks at her puzzled and then behind her for the other doctors.

<Jim> *Say hello then.*

Dr Kate Hello Jim.

Jim Hello? Where are the others?

Dr Kate smiles and then laughs.

Dr Kate Oh. They are not here.

<Jim> *What is all this then?*

Jim Why not?

Dr Kate I was In the area. I have just finished with another patient and I thought I would call in on you.

Jim Oh. What for?

Dr Kate I was out yesterday. I saw you and your wife at the cinema. Did you see A Beautiful Mind then?

<Jim> *Was she spying on me?*

Jim Yes. We did?

Dr Kate What did you think?

<Jim> *She thinks I am a film critic now.*

Jim It was pretty good.

Dr Kate moves towards Jim.

Dr Kate Can I come in?

<Jim> *She is a bit pushy today.*

Jim Well.

Jim looks behind him.

Dr Kate You do not have anybody with you. Do you?

<Jim> *I would be so lucky.*

Jim No.

Dr Kate You can spare me a few minutes can't you? I just want to discuss, what you thought of the film?

<Jim> *She had better not be a delusion.*

Jim I guess so.

Jim steps back to let the doctor in.

Dr Kate walks past.

Jim smells her hair.

<Jim> *Woof-woof.*

Jim shuts and locks the door.

Dr Kate sits down.

Jim walks in and stands in front of Dr Kate.

Dr Kate Oh. A drink would be lovely. Thanks.

<Jim> *I didn't say anything.*

Jim OK?

Jim walks out to the kitchen and puts the kettle on.

<Jim> *She is in a strange mood. Why isn't Dr Dave with her? I thought they were meant to work in pairs?*

Jim puts two cups down and adds the coffee.

<Jim> *Why is she interested in my opinion of A Beautiful Mind?*

Jim smiles to himself.

<Jim> *That dress is very provocative. Blue now red. I wonder if she has a green one? She is not bad looking for her age. She is a bit cantankerous though.*

Jim finishes making the coffee and walks back into the front room with the cups.

Dr Kate is sitting on the sofa, without her dress on.

Jim looks at her from the doorway.

<Jim> *What the heck is going on here? Is this 'The Graduate' delusional episode? Or is she up to something?*

Jim coughs.

Dr Kate looks up and smiles.

<Jim> *What is she on?*

Jim looks behind him and then walks into the front room.

Jim Feeling a bit hot, are we?

<Jim> *I thought I was the one who was meant to act strangely.*

Dr Kate smiles.

Dr Kate I am a bit hot.

<Jim> *Is this some sort of trick? Or maybe she is playing a game with me. I certainly know she exists. She is no delusion. I know for a fact that I do not have X-ray vision. She has just flipped for some reason.*

Jim passes her a cup of coffee.

<Jim> *White underwear. Silk white underwear. At least she is wearing something. I don't think I could handle a naked woman doctor.*

Jim sits down with his coffee.

<Jim> *Maybe that is why she has left Dr Dave at the office. She wants to test some of Freud's theories about sex and mental illness . I had better find out.*

Jim You don't mind if I ask you a question. Do you?

Dr Kate No.

<Jim> *Why did you leave your bra on?*

Jim Why have you taken your dress off?

Dr Kate Pardon?

<Jim> *Is she yanking my chain?*

Jim You do not appear to be wearing your dress.

Dr Kate leans towards Jim and looks into his eyes.

Dr Kate I can assure I am wearing my dress.

<Jim> *She has either flipped or her dress has ridden right up her crack. And disappeared.*

Jim looks back into her eyes, then down at her breasts.

<Jim> *Breasts. Cleavage. Cleavage. Breasts.*

Jim And I can assure you that you have no dress on.

Dr Kate sits back and smiles.

Dr Kate So you cannot see this red dress?

Dr Kate points to her lap.

Jim looks at her legs and panties.

<Jim> *Warning. Panty fetish. Visual overload in five seconds.*

Jim No.

Dr Kate So what do you see?

<Jim> *A good looking middle aged woman who appears to have lost her marbles.*

Jim Just a white bra and panties.

<Jim> *It could be worse. She could be wearing stockings.*

Dr Kate And why do you think I would be sitting here in just my underwear?

<Jim> *You are going through a mid-life crisis. And you want some male attention?*

Jim I don't know. You have either flipped or you are testing me for some reason?

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim raises his eye brows.

Jim So. Which is it?

<Jim> *Have you flipped. Or are you seeing if I have lost my grip on reality.*

Dr Kate sits forward.

<Jim> *I wish she would stop doing that.*

There is a pause.

Dr Kate sighs.

Dr Kate You are right. I have taken my dress off and put it behind the cushion.

Dr Kate stands up.

Jim turns his head away.

<Jim> *Pointless. But required.*

Dr Kate Sorry if I offended you. I was interested in seeing your reaction to an unusual situation.

<Jim> *You were lucky my wife was not home. You would have seen a reaction then.*

Dr Kate pulls her dress out from under the cushion, unrolls it and puts it back on.

Jim I doubt if that test is part of standard procedure?

Dr Kate sits back down.

Dr Kate No. I would not do it if it was. You are a special case. You are fortunate. I would not trust any of the other patients. They might assault me or throw a fit.

Jim What made you think I would not?

Dr Kate To be honest. I did not know what you would do?

Jim So why put yourself at risk?

Dr Kate That was one thing I knew I was not in.

Jim So. Why have you come here? Just to test me? Or are you really here to talk about the film?

Dr Kate crosses her legs and looks at Jim.

Dr Kate I am here because I would like to ask you about the film. I am interested to know your thoughts on it.

Jim So why did you do that test then? Did you think I was pretending to be sane?

<Jim> *Not that I am sane.*

Dr Kate It was a possibility.

<Jim> *Not that I am insane.*

Jim I personally think sanity is relative.

Dr Kate Why do you say that?

Jim From where I was sitting your test was pretty insane. In the sense it was extremely foolish.

Dr Kate It had its risks. But I am fully trained to deal with. Situations.

Jim You were not expecting me to be quite so calm about it though?

Dr Kate No. I thought you would either react immediately or else you would play along with the charade. Thinking me being undressed was a delusion.

<Jim> *And a very pleasant delusion it would have been too. Although I prefer powder blue underwear.*

Jim I must be honest with you. It did cross my mind to let you sit there in your underwear. It was certainly not an unpleasant sight.

Dr Kate Was that a piece of flattery?

Jim laughs.

Jim It was an observation.

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim Ask your questions then?

Dr Kate So what did you think of A Beautiful Mind?

Jim It was good.

Dr Kate What did your wife think?

Jim She liked it. She said that she saw some things that were similar to her experiences.

Dr Kate How accurate was the film?

Jim I do not know. It was not the same sort of schizophrenia I had. His was more paranoid delusions. I have never had any hallucinations.

<Jim> *Even though I would have liked to. Should I ask for a refund?*

Dr Kate So you never saw anyone following you?

Jim Yes. But they were not delusions. They were real people. If I could have the sorts of hallucinations Dr Nash did. Then I would have kept them. You would have to pay some serious money to have them generated artificially.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim His room mate was a real friend. Even though he was in Dr Nash's mind. I would want to keep him.

Dr Kate So you have never had any imaginary friends?

Jim No. I did try once. After watching a black and white film about a giant rabbit. But I was never much good at those sorts of mind games.

Dr Kate How old were you then?

Jim Oh. About eleven.

Dr Kate So what did you think about the periodicals and the search for a secret code. Did it sound familiar?

Jim Not really. His head was stuck in mathematics. I am more practical. I never really understood the fascination with mathematics. There are lots of nice tricks you can do with mathematics, but it is easy to lose sight of reality.

Dr Kate What about your obsession with films. Is that not similar to his obsession with code breaking?

Jim What I did find interesting, was the name given to the terrorist group. New Freedom.

Dr Kate Why was that interesting?

Jim It is a strange name to give to a communist terrorist group looking to bomb mainland America. Don't you think?

Dr Kate Why?

Jim In light of what has happened over the last six months? Surely a better name for the time would be red terror. Or some such thing? New Freedom sounds a bit too democratic. Maybe I heard it wrong?

Dr Kate I did not catch that part of the film.

Jim Dr Nash was alright until he was forced to keep secrets, when he started working for the defence department. That was when his delusions became dangerous. Up until then, they were inert.

<Jim> *Apart from the desk incident.*

Dr Kate Schizophrenia is always dangerous.

Jim Why?

Dr Kate Because it is unpredictable.

Jim The weather is unpredictable. Well at least it is here. But we do not seek to suppress it.

Dr Kate You saw how dangerous Dr Nash became?

Jim They never showed him acting dangerously. I did see how threatening the doctors were back then. Imagine trying to hospitalise him during a public lecture?

Dr Kate That was very silly. I am not surprised he ran. We no longer force people to go into hospital, unless the next of kin wish it.

Jim I think that, and the fact that he worked for the defence department caused his schizophrenia to overwhelm him. Prior to that he was coping quite well with it. Although obviously he had not realised he had it.

Dr Kate What did you think of his reasoning with the five ladies. In the bar?

Jim Yes. It was very logical. Although, wasn't the blonde lady the same woman who slapped him?

Dr Kate Do you know. I am not sure?

Jim If it was. Then he had good reason for not wanting her to be flattered with all that attention.

Dr Kate But wasn't that an example of his famous theorem?

Jim What, for collective bargaining?

Dr Kate Yes.

Jim It might have been. But if she was that girl, then that was his reason for coming up with it.

Dr Kate What would you recommend for that situation?

Jim The same as Dr Nash. The boundaries were set fairly dispassionately. The four men each wanted free sex from a woman. Unless the blonde was into kinky sex, they were unlikely to all get it from her.

Dr Kate And if the boundaries were not so well defined?

Jim It is best to first get to know your customers. If they had approached the five young ladies as a group. They would stand a better chance of engaging socially. Once engaged in conversation they could then try to discover who suited who. But the mathematics of the situation was about maximising gain. Relationships do not have profit and loss tally's. You can lose in a relationship and still be a winner. In fact you can lose a customer and be a winner, in the long term too.

Dr Kate Going back to the periodicals and magazines. Did you look for codes in them?

Jim No. In fact I was confused about why Dr Nash did that? He suggests there was a purpose. But his method was haphazard. He did not attempt to group the data into articles, adverts, pictures or anything like that. His method seemed to be based on a more humanistic approach. If there was an intended code hidden in them, it would have been hidden in the text. Unless he experienced my interaction delusion and wanted to try to express it in the language of mathematics?

Dr Kate I do not know? It is unlikely the actual data was used for the film. They probably just made those scenes up?

Jim I guess. But you would have thought there would have been an attempt to make it as real as possible. Especially as the film started with him looking into describing animal behaviour using mathematics.

Dr Kate I suggest you should wait for the DVD to come out, to answer that one.

<Jim> *I don't do DVD's.*

Jim It is strange though. Are details of schizophrenia cases published?

Dr Kate No. Patients confidentiality needs to be maintained.

Jim What about your research?

Dr Kate We only publish generalised data. We do not go into specifics. Some researchers deal with specific cases, but not usually in great detail. There certainly is no database of symptoms for individual cases.

<Jim> *So. If there were some reason for all these cases then no one would know. Especially as the patients themselves tend to find the whole experience confusing.*

Jim So there is no attempt to understand the cause of schizophrenia?

Dr Kate We understand it. It is a chemical imbalance in the brain. Which causes the symptoms to arise.

Jim So you are saying that if the chemical imbalance persists, then so do the symptoms?

Dr Kate Obviously?

Jim And the chemical imbalance is caused by?

Dr Kate Any number of things. Stress. Genetics. Maybe even diet.

Jim Why did they use electro-shock treatment?

Dr Kate It disrupts the functioning of the brain. It was believed to be a cure for extreme cases.

Jim But surely the treatment itself would cause problems?

<Jim> *Was it not just a way of punishing the patients? Stop displaying the symptoms or we will keep shocking you? A form of aversion therapy?*

Dr Kate It was not a good treatment.

Jim So the use of drugs is better?

Dr Kate The use of drugs allows the patient to control the symptoms quickly. You would have been gradually introduced to Risperdal. Using a ramped approach to dosage.

Jim Yes. Two, four, then six milligram dosages.

Dr Kate That is so your body can get used to it and we can see its affects. We need to monitor the side affects too. Once you are on the full dosage.

<Jim> *White, Orange, Green and Yellow.*

Jim Why was Dr Nash allowed to stop taking them?

Dr Kate It was probably because his wife was so supportive. You would need to be kept under close supervision if you stopped prematurely. We would have to put you into hospital.

Jim And I don't want to go to hospital.

Dr Kate Well it is nearly all over now anyway. We would not be talking to you unless you were approaching the end of your course of medication.

Jim I think it should all be done and dusted in three months time.

Dr Kate There will be no issue's with coming off the medication. Provided it is done gradually. Over a month or so.

Jim I must admit, the taking of the pills is a real annoyance. But no worse than remembering to have breakfast.

<Jim> *If she thinks I am so well. Why did she do that test?*

Dr Kate You will probably find you are better at doing that too. Having breakfast, that is.

<Jim> *What did she mean?*

Jim Was there any other questions?

Dr Kate Yes. Did you like the ending of the film?

Jim Not particularly.

Dr Kate Why not. I thought it was very romantic.

Jim Oh. You mean Dr Nash's reference to his wife. Yes. That was very good of him. But you could tell that he was not impressed by the Nobel prize itself.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Well. He was, is, a very aloof soul. He was never really interested in the establishment. All he wanted to do was wander through the world of mathematics. Remember the scene on the roof top?

Dr Kate You mean the one where he says. People do not much care for me. And I do not care much for people?

Jim Yes. He understood his own mind well. I do not think it meant that he was against people. Rather, he did not care for peoples ways. I read the sentiment of that sentence to be that he did not like the way people judge. Nor did he like to judge.

Dr Kate How did you get that?

Jim From my understanding of the man. The exchange's he has with the blonde woman and his future wife are both tests of tolerance. In their own way.

Dr Kate You mean. The exchange of bodily fluids scene?

<Jim> Sex.

Jim Yes. With the blonde woman. He knew, he was going to fail. But he wanted to be true to his own mind. His friends had dared him to try to date her. So he obviously was not enthusiastic.

Dr Kate And with his future wife?

Jim Well. He knew her well. And she knew him well. He probably could have said anything to her and she would have responded positively. They were in love.

<Jim> *She was a sure thing. And so was he.*

Dr Kate But doesn't it illustrate his poor social skills?

Jim You watched the film like a psychiatrist. Yes. He had no time for social niceties. He did not see any point to them. Is there a point to them? Apart from that they are gentle.

Dr Kate Yes. It helps if you are socially aware.

Jim But. Dr Nash wanted his life to be simple. Like mathematics. If mathematics was nice, it would not be as useful as it is. It is an unnecessary complication.

<Jim> *In mathematics, simple is usually elegant.*

Dr Kate You are saying he just wanted to live his life by a set of equations?

Jim Not quite. He wanted the people around him to be straight forward. Therefore he treated them as he wanted to be treated. Do you like me. If so, do you want sex? Yes. Or no?

Dr Kate blushes.

<Jim> *That was not a question for you Dr Kate.*

Jim He just tried to keep life elegant. Like mathematics.

Dr Kate I think, I see what you mean?

Jim Did you notice the door number of his office?

Dr Kate No?

Jim It was room one-oh-one. You know the place where you would like to put things you do not like?
Dr Kate Oh. That room one-o-one. It could have been put in the film intentionally.
Jim It was funny though.

There is a brief pause.

Dr Kate Jim.
Jim Yes?
Dr Kate Do you find me attractive?
<Jim> *Warning. Direct questioning.*
Jim In what sense?
Dr Kate I mean. Do you think I am attractive. Physically?
<Jim> *This is a tough one. Brains. Thunderbirds.*
Jim Most women are attractive, physically. If you look at them. Most people are attractive when you look at them. Do you mean. Do I fancy you?
Dr Kate No. Not that.
Jim Then what?
Dr Kate Your reaction to seeing me undressed. Well. Does it make you look at me differently?
<Jim> *What now that I have a mental map of your body in my head?*
Jim You mean. When I look at you. Do I imagine you in your underwear?

Dr Kate smirks.

Dr Kate Yes.

There is a pause.

Jim Yes.
Dr Kate What, you do?
Jim Yes. I can't help it.
<Jim> *To me, you are still undressed. In fact, as a man I can undress women mentally automatically. Maybe that is why women are so hung up about their appearance. Because they always feel undressed.*

Dr Kate crosses her arms.

<Jim> *There is no point doing that. It is like shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted.*

Dr Kate Well. It was not meant like that.

Jim Like what?

Dr Kate I did not want you to see me undressed. I just wanted to test your reaction.

<Jim> *Does that makes sense?*

Jim Forget it.

<Jim> *I think Dr Kate has some issues with her conscious's. Her animal conscious is a bit more dominant than her conscious would like. Which is true for most people. If this was not the case advertiser's would not prosper as much as they do.*

Dr Kate Did you like the character portrayal of Dr Nash?

Jim Yes. Russell Crowe portrayed him well. Although, the real Dr Nash is quite different.

Dr Kate In what sense?

Jim Russell Crowe's Dr Nash was quite charismatic. A bit like Tom Hank's portrayal of Forrest Gump. The actors themselves seem to be able to project through the characters they are playing. Even though they play the characters well.

<Jim> *It is funny how both sides of the, so called, intelligence coin, possess similar traits. That is both dumb and smart people fail to mix well with society. Only the normal is accepted. Whatever normal is? Who is normal? NHS Mental Health poster.*

Dr Kate Forrest Gump was a good film too. Although I do not think it was based on a true story.

<Jim> *Life is like a box of chocolates. No. Life is like a computer adventure game. That was designed by an insane comedian. With no goals. No scores. No limits. And no manual.*

Jim I don't know? Probably not.

<Jim> *Tom Hanks did Casteaway too. A sort of Self Sort Solitude. SS Solitude. Although it was circumstances that brought him solitude.*

Dr Kate Do you and your wife get on?

<Jim> *Warning. Personal questioning.*

Jim Yes.

<Jim> *Do not offer up personal information.*

Dr Kate Even when you were ill?

<Jim> *Persistent. Isn't she?*

Jim No.

Dr Kate Do you think that was because of your illness?

<Jim> *I don't do Opra.*

Jim No.

Dr Kate Do you feel the relationship has improved?

<Jim> *Not even for you.*

Jim A bit.

Dr Kate You are not being very talkative.

<Jim> *I don't do relationship analysis with psychiatrists.*

Jim My relationship with my wife is personal. It is between her and myself. It should be excluded from general conversation.

Dr Kate Sorry. I was just wondering if you had seen an improvement in it?

<Jim> *And I said. A bit.*

Jim I think it helps her understand me.

<Jim> *I am not normal.*

Dr Kate What your wife did not understand you?

<Jim> *My wife doesn't understand me. Isn't that a chat-up line?*

Jim I am a complicated chap.

Dr Kate In what sense?

<Jim> *In every sense.*

Jim I do not think I am particularly different from other males. Apart from my unique approach to life.

Dr Kate What approach is that then?

<Jim> *Life is. What it is. The absence of death.*

Jim I am easy going. People find my fluidity attractive, but I am rigid too. These contradictions confuse people.

<Jim> *And me.*

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim Well. I have lived my life. Since adulthood. Fairly normally. Although. I have managed to do some quite unusual things along the way.

Dr Kate Such as?

<Jim> *What have I done that is not normal? My music is, was, unusual. Although. It has now become mainstream. Or the mainstream has adopted my music. Whatever.*

Jim My first break from the norm was with my taste of music. I never really liked pop music.

<Jim> *Pop. Pop. Pop Musik. Pop. Pop. Pop Musik. Talk about. Mmmm. Pop Musik. By M.*

Dr Kate So what sort of music do you like?

Jim Funk. Soul. Err. House. Acid. Mmm. Eletro. Rap. Jazz-funk. Brit-funk. That sort of stuff.

Dr Kate What dance music?

<Jim> *Heel-toe. Heel-toe. Heel-toe. Hop forward. Hop back. Hop. Hop. Hop.*

Jim Mainly.

Dr Kate I used to like the early soul music. But now I listen to classical music. I find it more relaxing.

<Jim> *A Northern Soul lass. With classical tendencies.*

Jim Most of the stuff I listen too is pretty energetic. I would get worried if I started to listen to classical music.

Dr Kate So you have an unusual taste in music. What else?

<Jim> *Music saves lives.*
 Jim I have a keen interest in science and technology.
 Dr Kate That is not unusual.
 Jim Maybe I am not that unusual then?
 Dr Kate Well you are. Not many people suffer from DSR.
 <Jim> *I hardly think that qualifies as doing something unusual.*
 Jim Why is it unusual?
 Dr Kate Because it is uncommon.
 <Jim> *An illness that is uncommon and whose symptoms include a feeling of being different. There is some irony in there. Somewhere.*

Jim looks across to Dr Kate.

Jim Do you find me attractive?
 <Jim> *Why did I say that?*

Dr Kate looks back at Jim.

Dr Kate Why do you ask?
 <Jim> *Yes. Why did I ask?*
 Jim I don't know. It is just that you appear to have spent quite a bit of time in my company. And you seem to enjoy it.
 Dr Kate I suppose I have. Yes. I enjoy your company. You are a very easy patient to ask questions to.
 <Jim> *Patient. Not person.*
 Jim But. Do you find me attractive?
 <Jim> *In for a penny. In for a pound.*

Dr Kate smiles.

<Jim> *Yes. Now will she admit it?*
 Dr Kate In what sense?
 <Jim> *Warning. Avoidance in progress. Answering with a question.*
 Jim Personally.
 Dr Kate Yes. You have an attractive personality.
 <Jim> *Now, physically.*
 Jim Even though I am insane?
 Dr Kate Jim. You are not insane. I very much doubt if you were ever even that seriously ill. You seem to have an unusually tight grip on reality.
 <Jim> *Yes. I have it by the throat. If it does not yield soon I will be forced to call it a day. It's a day?*
 Jim I can assure you that I was quite ill. But you are right. I had the good sense to see that I was ill. And not try to pretend to be alright.

Dr Kate That, in itself, is quite remarkable. A lot of people are not so aware of their own state of mind.

<Jim> *She is pretty good at turning the conversation back onto me.*

Jim No. I have always tried to listen to the myself.

Dr Kate So, what are you saying to yourself now?

<Jim> *Saying to myself? Now?*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate puts her finger to mouth. Then sucks it.

<Jim> *No Dee Dee. Don't press that button. [Dexter's Lab]*

Dr Kate What about now?

<Jim> *Dee Dee. What did I say? [Dexter's Lab]*

Jim What about now?

<Jim> *This conversation is getting boring.*

Dr Kate Yes. What about now?

Dr Kate slides onto the floor and kneels next to Jim.

<Jim> *Dee Dee? [Dexter's Lab]*

Jim What are you doing?

Dr Kate What about now?

<Jim> *I think I will now be sick. Rocky and Bowinkle.*

Dr Kate puts her hands on the arm of the sofa and then her head on her hands.

Dr Kate Tell me what you are thinking?

<Jim> *I am thinking my luck is in. No. That is my animal conscious. I am thinking. What is the quickest route for escape. No. I am thinking. What will she do next?*

Jim I am thinking that you are behaving rather strangely today. Are you alright?

Dr Kate smiles and then looks down, then up Jim's body.

Dr Kate Yes. I find you physically attractive.

<Jim> *So. That is what all this is about. It was just a question. I didn't want anything.*

Jim That's nice.

<Jim> *Maybe she will stop all this now.*

Dr Kate stares into Jim's eyes.

<Jim> *She is freaking me out.*

Jim Is this another test?

Dr Kate No. This is not a test.

Jim looks away and then back Dr Kate.

<Jim> *She is making my heart pound. Why is she doing this?*

Dr Kate You are very inexperienced aren't you?

<Jim> *No.*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate You have an attractive woman at your feet and you are not doing anything.

Dr Kate touches her mouth.

Jim What should I be doing?

<Jim> *You are a doctor. No. You are a psychiatrist.*

Dr Kate You know I am not your doctor. I am not here officially. We are just two people talking.

<Jim> *She does want me to do something.*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate moves around to be in front of Jim.

Dr Kate I mean. I want you to touch me.

<Jim> *Ha. I think I can get away with playing stupid.*

Jim leans forward and touches Dr Kate on the shoulder with his index finger.

Jim What. Like that?

<Jim> *You're stoopid. [Dexter's Lab]*

Dr Kate I know you better than that.

<Jim> *No. She ain't going to fall for that.*

Jim I am not sure I want to?

Dr Kate I want you to.

<Jim> *She is persistent. If nothing else.*

Jim Why?

Dr Kate I want to experience your touch.

<Jim> *Pervert.*

Jim Whereabouts.

Dr Kate Anywhere you like. I will tell you if you do anything I don't like.
Don't worry.

<Jim> *Be happy.*

Dr Kate leans back and puts her hands out to either side to support herself.

<Jim> *Yes. She really is a dirty old woman.*

Dr Kate I am going to close my eyes. I want you to touch me. I want to experience your touch. I don't mind where you touch me. But you must stop touching me if I ask you to. Pretend it is a game.

Dr Kate closes her eyes.

<Jim> *Well I have two choices of what I can do. I can either touch her. Or go hide in the kitchen.*

Jim This is not one of your tests. Is it?

Dr Kate Jim. Please. Just touch me.

Jim leans over Dr Kate and looks at her closed eyes.

<Jim> *She is pretty. I am not doing anything illegal. Well. At least I hope it is not. It must be painful sitting like that. Either that or she has a crook in her back.*

Jim looks down her body.

Jim unties her dress and his hands stroke her tummy.

<Jim> *Oooo. What does this button do? [Dee Dee]*

Jim stares at her naked tummy.

<Jim> *Women are strange. She is strange. Who in their right mind would want to get involved with a mad man like me? What does she want?*

Jim kisses her belly button.

<Jim> *That is nice. That is very nice. She has very nice skin.*

Jim sniffs her belly.

<Jim> *I love the smell of skin.*

Jim puts his cheek against her belly.

<Jim> *I don't think I should be doing this. I am feeling very funny. I want to cry.*

Jim begins to cry.

Dr Kate sits back up quickly and holds Jim against her.

Dr Kate It's OK.

<Jim> *Its OK for you.*

Dr Kate gets up off the floor and sits next to Jim.

Dr Kate Jim. What is it?

<Jim> *I don't know. I must be a puff.*

Jim I am not really one, for, casual relationships.

Dr Kate I am not asking for a casual relationship.

<Jim> *So what was all that touch me about then?*

Jim What is this all about then?

Dr Kate All what about?

Jim points to her open dress.

Jim What was all that about?

Dr Kate You opened my dress.

Jim But you asked me to touch you.

Dr Kate But I did not say where?

Jim You did. By your stance.

Dr Kate smiles.

Dr Kate Jim. If you were going by my stance you would have touched me much lower down.

<Jim> *Maybe that is what she wanted?*

Jim What? You wanted me to touch you there?

Dr Kate I just wanted you to feel as though you could touch me anywhere. We are both adults. Aren't we?

<Jim> *Dr Kate plays her joker. We are both adults.*

Jim Yes.

Dr Kate Well. You could have touched me anywhere. Anywhere you liked.

Jim looks down at her crotch.

<Jim> *She's a fly girl. A fly girl. Chum-chum. Ninny-Ninny. The Boogie Boys.*

Jim Oh. You mean you fancy me?

Dr Kate Yes. I suppose I do.

Dr Kate smiles.

<Jim> *This is where we would kiss in a film. But I am not in a film. And she is not my wife. And I am not an adulterer.*

Jim Can I hold your hand then?

Dr Kate Yes. You may.

Jim takes her left hand in his right hand and puts it in his lap.

<Jim> *Oopps. That was silly.*

Jim puts their hands to his right hand side and strokes her arm with his left hand.

<Jim> *That's better.*

Dr Kate So you fancy me too then?

<Jim> *She noticed.*

Jim Yes. You are attractive. But you are also quite difficult. As a person.

Dr Kate I suppose I should be flattered.

<Jim> *Well. From me. That was a compliment.*

Jim I think you should.

Dr Kate Why did you cry?

Jim I told you. I am a pretty raw person. I try to stay clear of complications.

Dr Kate So why are you caressing my arm?

<Jim> *Stroking. I am stroking your arm.*

Jim Because you asked me to touch you. You do like it. Don't you?

Dr Kate Yes. It is very soothing.

<Jim> *It is not as intimate as kissing your belly. But I think it is good enough.*

Jim I do not really consider this as sexual behaviour. Otherwise stroking a pet would be sexual.

Dr Kate I am not your pet.

<Jim> *Foot. Mouth. Mouth. Foot. Just like that. Tommy Cooper.*

Jim I know. But it is a nice physical act. That is none sexual.

Dr Kate So. You do not want to have sex with me?

<Jim> *Uh. Sex?*

Jim No. That is not what I want.

<Jim> *She is being very moody. Anybody would think we were married. To each other.*

Dr Kate You could if you wanted.

Jim stops stroking her arm.

<Jim> *She has just put me off stroking her arm.*

Dr Kate Why did you stop?
Jim I don't want you to get the wrong idea.

Dr Kate takes Jim's hand and begins to stroke his arm.

<Jim> Arg Z.
Jim What are you doing?
Dr Kate I am caressing your arm.
<Jim> *She is turning me on. That is what she is doing.*
Jim Why?
Dr Kate I am just returning the favour.
<Jim> *There is a flaw in my plan. Stroking the arm is sexual. Maybe that is why I kept losing my birds? Learn to swim advert.*
Jim It is very pleasant. Isn't it?

Dr Kate looks into Jim's eyes.

Dr Kate Yes. It is rather.

Dr Kate looks back across the room and then puts her head on Jim's shoulder.

<Jim> *This is like being a courting couple. I used to do this with my wife. But that all stopped when she had one of her funny turns and told me to stop touching her. That was depressing. I had worked so hard to make my life what it was. Simple and innocent. Then within just a few months it became complicated and tormented.*

Dr Kate This is nice. Isn't it?

Jim It is very relaxing.

<Jim> *How do you recapture innocence. Especially when you feel as if you have been brutally attacked. Emotionally. When the wounds in your emotional soul have been left to fester. With no explanation. No acknowledgement. No understanding. When there is a void. Where once there was love?*

Dr Kate What are you thinking about?

<Jim> *Do I tell her the truth?*

Jim Nothing.

<Jim> *I guess not.*

Dr Kate Do you want to know what I am thinking?

<Jim> *Probably how to get my knickers off.*

Jim Go on then.

Dr Kate I am thinking. How kind you are.

<Jim> *Pardon. How kind I am? For what? You don't know me.*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate Well. We have only met a few times. Yet you are being very considerate.

<Jim> *Here we go. She is still analysing me.*

Jim I have not met many women who are as forward as you.

<Jim> *You are a breed apart.*

Dr Kate Forward? I suppose so. I am not a tart though. You just begin to understand how short life is. As you get older.

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate Nothing really. It is just, as you get older you begin to realise how fragile life is.

Jim No. Not for me. I have always had a good idea of how fragile it is. My first encounter with death was when I was very young. My grandma died.

Dr Kate That's is sad. It must have been bad for your mother too.

Jim I don't think she has ever recovered. Her natural mother and father died when she was very young. She was adopted by one of her aunts. Her twin brother was adopted by the other aunt. She must have been hurt very much by it all.

Dr Kate It does sound pretty awful. To lose your family at a young age. It must be terrible. Very unsettling.

Jim Yes. We never really had a settled childhood. It was good for what it was but it was certainly not the nuclear family upbringing society suggested we lived.

Dr Kate My family have all been pretty stable. We were lucky.

Jim How come you have no children?

Dr Kate How did you know that?

Jim I thought you had said. Maybe I inferred it from one of our conversations?

Dr Kate No. I cannot have children. Not that I really wanted to. If you could buy them ready grown. Then I might have had one.

Jim You never considered adoption?

Dr Kate No. Other peoples children are worse than your own.

Jim I understand your sentiment. Children are difficult to cope with, when they are your own blood. When they are someone else's, then, it is ten times worse.

Dr Kate Don't get me wrong. I like children. It is just the early stages. And being pregnant must be horrible.

Jim I liken having children to a planned car crash, in slow motion. Not that it is that bad. But it is as traumatic. And you certainly see sex in a different light.

Dr Kate What. Having a child has put you off sex?

Jim Not really. It just makes you more aware of the issues involved. Even protected sex is not that safe. A one in a hundred chance of failing is quite significant, if you have sex a lot.

Dr Kate I guess so. But it does not mean that the egg will be fertilised. Just that there is the risk of fertilisation.

Jim I guess. Every couple will have their own personal chance of success.

<Jim> *It depends how good the striker is. And how many there are in the team.*

Dr Kate Not many couples have sex every day, More like once a week. Or once a month.

Jim One in a hundred is good odds if you have sex once a year. Not many people live to be one hundred. Then again, you might just be the lucky one to pick all the faulty ones.

<Jim> *Why am I talking to her about sex?*

Dr Kate It is funny to think that some people can't stop having children, when others can't even have one.

Jim I guess that is what life is all about. If we were all the same then we would probably bore ourselves to death.

Dr Kate Jim?

Jim Yes?

Dr Kate lifts her head from Jim's shoulders.

<Jim> *She had better not ask me for sex.*

Dr Kate I am going to die.

<Jim> *Pardon? Is this the sympathy vote?*

Jim We are all going to die.

Dr Kate No. That is not what I meant. I have cancer. I have terminal cancer. I only have a few weeks to live. A month at best.

Jim What? You are kidding me?

Jim sits up and looks at her.

Dr Kate No. I am afraid not.

<Jim> *Stop mucking about. Kenneth Williams.*

Jim You had better be telling me the truth.

Dr Kate I am afraid I am.

Jim So what is all this about?

Dr Kate I don't know. You seem so sure of yourself. You seem to have an answer for everything. I thought you might help me to understand.

<Jim> *Boy I want to swear. Snagger-Fragger. [Mutley]*

Jim But why do you want to involve me?

Dr Kate You seem to be understanding.

Jim But what is this all about. If you are going to be leaving soon?

Dr Kate puts her head in her hands.

Dr Kate I don't know.
Jim Sorry. I didn't mean to have a go at you. Don't you have a boyfriend or something?

Dr Kate looks up from her hands.

Dr Kate He doesn't make me feel the way you do?

<Jim> *She's become transfixed on me. Great.*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate You make me feel good.

Jim In what way?

Dr Kate I don't know. You just make me feel good. About myself.

<Jim> *That is very nice. But it does not give you the right to seduce me and then die. What happens if you died while seducing me? How do I explain a dead naked doctor to the paramedics?*

Jim Are you feeling alright?

Dr Kate Yes. I am feeling fine.

<Jim> *How come she looks so good. If she is about to pop her clogs?*

Jim So you are not in any pain?

Dr Kate Just mental anguish. I have some strong drugs to dull the pain.

<Jim> *You are high on drugs. That would explain your actions.*

Jim How did you think I could help?

Dr Kate Your theories. Do you have one for death?

<Jim> *Great. A dying patient. No. A dying doctor. Wants to know my thoughts on death.*

Jim No.

<Jim> *Even if I did. It would be foolish to tell you them.*

Dr Kate I am not religious. I am agnostic.

<Jim> *Well. Between the two of us. You are more likely to discover the truth before I am.*

Jim And you thought I might be able to help you come to terms with death?

Dr Kate I thought your biophysical wormhole theory might have some consequences?

<Jim> *Biophysical MICRO-wormholes.*

Jim In what sense?

Dr Kate Do you think we exist here. Or somewhere else?

Jim You mean our souls?

Dr Kate Yes. If you like. Do you think our physical being is just a puppet. With these biophysical wormholes providing our spirits with a portal to this physical world.

<Jim> *Nice idea. Good idea. Dave Brown. Spreading the funk over Kent, Essex and London town. BBC Radio Medway.*

Jim You have obviously thought about it more than I have. It is a possibility, if biophysical microwormholes exist.

<Jim> *And that itself, is a big if.*

Dr Kate So. What do you think will happen when I die?

<Jim> *You will wet yourself.*

Jim What. In terms of biophysical microwormholes?

<Jim> *You will fart.*

Dr Kate Yes.

<Jim> *You will go very floppy.*

Jim The problem with your theory is where do the spirits live? Do they shuffle between physical hosts?

<Jim> *Then you will go very, very, very stiff.*

Dr Kate I suppose so.

<Jim> *You will then be either buried. Or. Cremated.*

Jim My idea was that we create the connections between biophysical microwormholes. Physically. Using our brains and nervous systems. Without these physical things, we cease to exist.

Dr Kate So when we die, we die?

Jim Basically. Yes. But the good news is that we do tend to live quite long lives. And during these lives we are able to establish many biophysical microwormhole connections. Which allow us to communicate across both space and time.

Dr Kate What both space. And time?

<Jim> *That is what I said wasn't it?*

Jim So. By the time most of us die. We have managed to communicate with quite a few other people. In various places and time periods. So in that sense. We have not died. As we are bridging ourselves across time periods.

<Jim> *Maybe we even get a chance to party in the future. In a place we might describe as heaven.*

Dr Kate But we have no knowledge of these different time periods. In our conscious mind?

Jim That is correct.

Dr Kate So what is the point?

<Jim> *There is none. It is just pointless twaddle.*

Jim I guess. These little connections help to shape the future. If we can dream of something or imagine it. Then maybe that is what is possible. In the future.

Dr Kate You mean by willing things to happen. They might happen. But that has nothing to do with there being a heaven or reincarnation.

<Jim> *Well spotted.*

Jim That is correct. But people do have past life experiences. Maybe that is a way of having a heaven. If your experiences are passed down to the future. Maybe even merged with another human being. I don't really know. I do not really believe in those sorts of things. But it is possible.

Dr Kate I like my spirits idea.

<Jim> *There is nothing wrong with it either.*

Jim What. Eternal flames of energy that possess our physical form?

Dr Kate Yes. That is a nice way of putting it.

Jim But is that not a bit nasty. Why don't we all just exist on our own level. Rather than possessing human forms?

Dr Kate I never really thought of it like that. Religiously, we are here to be tested.

<Jim> *Took a test to become an MC. Run DMC.*

Jim What for. What would be the purpose of the test?

Dr Kate Again. Religiously, it is to gain access to some great reward in heaven.

<Jim> *Funk is its own reward. George Clinton.*

Jim It all sounds a bit iffy to me.

<Jim> *Life is its own reward.*

Dr Kate I think I flunked the test.

Jim Me too. I have no wish to live in heaven. Even if it exists. We should be trying to make heaven exist here on Earth.

<Jim> *A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*

Dr Kate I cannot say I agree with the idea of having all your rewards in heaven. It is like saying you should save all your money until you retire. You might die before you get a chance to retire.

Dr Kate laughs.

Jim I am glad you have kept your sense of humour.

Dr Kate I think it grows when you need it.

Jim I wish I could tell you something that would help. But I am no good at those sorts of things. For me, life is the absence of death. When you die, you die. There is no more to life. Death is the absence of life.

<Jim> *I am a brutal beast.*

Dr Kate If I find out differently, I will drop you a message.

Jim Really?

Dr Kate No. How? And what would I say?

<Jim> *Hopefully Not. Wish you were here.*

Jim Life is for living.

Dr Kate holds Jim's hand again.

Dr Kate You are very interesting. I wish I was one of your fantasy women.
<Jim> *Now I know you better. Maybe you will be.*
Jim Why?

Dr Kate looks at Jim.

Dr Kate To be loved. Fantasised about. By someone you like. It is a nice thought.
<Jim> *I never thought of it like that. Maybe I should not feel so guilty about fantasising.*
Jim Really?
Dr Kate Yes. Really.

Dr Kate strokes Jim's arm with her right hand.
Jim leans back in his seat and closes his eyes.

<Jim> *This is turning out to be a very strange day. I must be in fantasy mode. I have a terminally ill psychiatrist stroking my arm. With her dress open. Showing her underwear. Showing her white silk underwear. Wanting me to touch her. In places I only touch my wife. This is one of those do the right thing situations. Isn't it? Now she is touching my leg.*

Jim opens his eyes.

<Jim> *No she isn't.*

Jim looks at Dr Kate.
Dr Kate is lying with her head back.
Jim shuts his eyes and sighs.

<Jim> *All I need now is for my wife to come home. Or for Dr Kate to pop her clogs. Why is life so strange? Maybe because we make it so. It is only because we understand it. Correction. Try to understand it. That it seems so strange. Reality itself does not map very well onto our idea of reality. So. Is it right for us to try to make reality suit our idea of reality? Now that is a question.*

Dr Kate Ah. This is nice.
Jim Yes. It is very relaxing.
<Jim> *Maybe I should fantasise about her. It might be an interesting test. To see if she can sense it. A little perverted. But an interesting test.*

Dr Kate stops stroking Jim's arm.

Jim touches her arm with his left hand and begins stroking hers.

Dr Kate That is nice.

Jim Just relax.

<Jim> *It might be interesting. But how do you test the result? It is all very complicated. I am touching her as well. Maybe there is a chemical path too. Or a way of transmitting information through smell. Or even in the motion of my fingers on her skin. Or the way I breathe. There are so many possibilities for communication with physical contact. And sight. When we look at someone. We gather so much information. The way they dress. Their body shape. Their stance. Their facial expression. Our conscious mind has access to all these variants. Yet. We do not consciously assess someone. We just sense the general feeling. Or the overwhelming impression.*

Jim Are you alright?

Dr Kate Yes. This is wonderful. I haven't relaxed this much for months. Thank you.

<Jim> *Don't you go and die on me.*

Jim That is good.

Dr Kate puts her head on Jim's shoulder.

<Jim> *What can I tell her that will help her? My theory of biophysical microwormholes is nice. But it is also pure fiction. I need something more real. Something to inspire her. To see life, as the gift that it is. Rather than trying to foresee things, that are far beyond our physical reality. I remember watching an animation. About a man on a boat. The view pans out. And out. And out. Until it stops at the view of our galaxy. It then pans back to the rowers hand. Then down. And Down. And down. To the sub-atomic level. That is what I like about films. They usually have something interesting to say. And animation is probably the hardest type of film to make.*

Jim Dr Kate?

Dr Kate Yes Jim?

<Jim> *Do you mind if I patronise you?*

Jim Do you appreciate that life is very special?

Dr Kate In what way?

<Jim> *In every way.*

Jim Have you seen Contact. With Jodie Foster?

Dr Kate Yes?

Jim Do you remember the beginning?

Dr Kate Yes. The sequence of zooming in on the Earth from a distant solar system?

Jim That is right. Did you find it inspiring?

Dr Kate Yes.

<Jim> *Well that is something.*

Jim Do you understand the Universe?

Dr Kate In what sense? I know a bit of pop science. If that is what you mean?

<Jim> *Pop science? Is that what they call it these days?*

Jim Do you know how fragile life is on this planet?

<Jim> *Strictly it is not that fragile. As life appears to be very resilient. But the planet itself is very lucky to exist, as it does. In such a stable state. Relatively, stable state.*

Dr Kate In what sense?

Jim Such as that the Earth's atmosphere is comparable, in thickness, to that of an orange's rind?

Dr Kate Really? I have never heard of that comparison.

<Jim> *There's a start.*

Jim That humans only live in a four mile high layer?

Dr Kate No. Really. What else?

Jim That the Earth's crust is only four miles thick in places and forty miles thick at most? That the centre of the Earth is at an estimated four thousand degrees centigrade.

<Jim> *I am just being boring.*

Dr Kate I guess when you look at it like that, then the habitable World is pretty small.

<Jim> *That seventy percent of the land is covered in water. It is amazing how we all manage to fit in.*

Jim What about the moon?

Dr Kate What about the moon?

Jim Well. One of the defining moments of my understanding of the Universe was while looking at the moon.

Dr Kate How so?

Jim Well, it is our closest neighbour. And when you look at it you can see our shadow.

Dr Kate Our shadow?

<Jim> *Maybe I will be able to inspire her after all.*

Jim If you take two imaginary balls in your minds eye. Then hold one at arms length and the other close to one eye. And half way over the eye. What do you see?

Dr Kate A crescent?

<Jim> *That's the moon, that is.*

Jim Does it remind you of anything?

Dr Kate What? The moon. Oh I see. Yes. I suppose it is interesting.

Jim When I first realised that. It put things into perspective. I was able to imagine walking into a dark room. With Sun in the centre. And the planet's revolving around it. A bit like the Planetarium in London. But with just the Solar system. This was all before that television program called Space.

<Jim> *They stole my idea. Not that I mind. Their effects were much better.*

Dr Kate Yes. It is quite a stark example of perspective.

<Jim> *The only problem with my room model is the scale. The room would need to be bigger than the Doom. Dome. Or else the planets would need to be just little specks.*

Jim I don't know if understanding the vastness of space helps or not. It used to depress my brother.

Dr Kate No. It is good to understand things.

Jim The idea was to help you appreciate your life more. To see how precious it is. That life itself is a rare gift.

Dr Kate I know that. But it does not seem to help.

<Jim> *Should I tell her? I don't know?*

Jim sighs.

Dr Kate What is the matter.

Jim I don't know if I should.

Dr Kate Should what?

Jim Tell you something.

Dr Kate What?

Jim pauses.

Jim Tell you that I imagined that I was dead when I was ill.

Dr Kate What do you mean?

Jim I thought I had died at one point.

Dr Kate Well. That was just one of your delusions. Can you remember anything?

Jim Not about being dead. But I do remember feeling like a flip-flop. Flipping and flopping between different states of consciousness.

Dr Kate Were you scared?

Jim No. Not really. I have never been scared of death itself. I remember lying on the floor. Thinking I am dead. It was a bit like the feeling you get when you spin around too much and then lie on the floor. I used to do that when I was a kid.

Dr Kate Did you pass out?

Jim Yes. A few times. But I am a bit of a fighter. I really hated that scene in Saving Private Ryan when the German kills the American GI by saying. Close your eyes and go to sleep. While they were in a fight to the death, with their knives. It still sends a shiver down my back, even now.

<Jim> *Yuck. Sick. Sick. Sick.*

Dr Kate I did not see that film.

Jim I understand it was all in my mind. Although I am not sure the feeling of illness was. I cannot remember the exact sequence of events but I remember listening to an old tape. It had a record called Surgery by Dr Dre. That record sort of helped. It was funny really. How can a record help you?

Dr Kate I heard Sting say music saves lives.

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim I guess the state I was in. Anything could have seemed possible.

Dr Kate I wish my illness was as simple to cure.

Jim Would you lie on the floor with me.

Jim points to the floor.

Dr Kate Why?

Jim I think it would be more comfortable.

Dr Kate Why not.

Dr Kate stands up.

Jim stands up and then lies down.

Dr Kate lies down next to him.

<Jim> *Come here often?*

Jim That's better.

Dr Kate's dress is still open.

Dr Kate pulls it over her.

Dr Kate Do you want me to leave this open?

Jim looks up.

<Jim> *Mmmm Z.*

Jim It's up to you.

Dr Kate I will leave it open. Just in case.

<Jim> *She is a bit like Seven of Nine. Do you wish to copulate? I understand it is an Earth custom. If I was Harry Kim. Seven of nine would be well versed in human customs. She would have lost that strange strut she does, and gained a huge grin.*

Jim Now, look up at the ceiling and relax. Make sure you are breathing slowly.

<Jim> *I do not have a clue what I am doing. But it should help pass the time.*

Dr Kate breathes in heavily. Then out.

<Jim> *What I need now is some inspiration. The image of her in her underwear is a tough image to lose. Especially with the good doctor, lying just inches from my touch. Half naked. And begging for me. Well. Maybe not begging. But she is keen.*

Jim Now. Think your way through a problem. Any problem.

<Jim> *Imagine you are in boat. Sitting on a sea of electron's. You put your hand into the water and pull out an electron ball. OK. A jelly ball. An electron jelly ball. Suddenly the sea falls away. And you are left mid-air. Like in a cartoon. With your hair standing on end. What just happened?*

Jim How are you doing?

Dr Kate Fine.

<Jim> *By taking the electron away from the sea of electron's you changed the property of the atom. The remaining electron's moved down a quantum level. Pulled there by the force of attraction between electron's and proton's. The proton's being held in the nucleus. Some weak atomic force is repelling the electron's away from the nucleus, right? Please continue. What can you see? A jelly ball. Which is being repelled by the sea of electron's. A sea of electron's. These electron's consisting of some sort of fluid jelly whose density changes with depth. And somewhere down there I would see the nucleus. A much denser sea of jelly. Using the old charge visor. I would see that the electron jelly is red. Meaning it was mainly negative energy. That the nucleus of the atom was a blue green. Representing the positive and neutral colours of proton's and neutrons. Neutron's themselves being made up from electron's, proton's and some binding energy.*

<Jim> *Is the sea calm? No it is not. It is all over the shop. Are there electron shells? No. Just a sea of jelly. With the jelly being mostly at the top level. And the nucleus? What is that like? That is a tough one. I would guess. No guessing. What is it like? It is like a giant gob stopper. What are the layers? Think. What are the layers? There are just two layers. One blue. With the core being red. The surfaces seem to ripple and flex. Making the nucleus appear a blue-green. Interesting. Pure fantasy. But interesting. There isn't anything wrong with thinking. And when you think, you are allowed to be creative. And you are allowed to be wrong. I wonder what the current thinking on the atom is? At least it stopped me thinking about Dr Kate. Or Seven of nine.*

Jim looks across to Dr Kate.

<Jim> *She's gone to sleep. I should be flattered. Not many people would trust enough to fall asleep next to a schizophrenic. Maybe I should take advantage of her. Cackle-Cackle. My evil plot to have my wicked way with her has succeeded. If only. I am too nice for that. Jim nice but dim.*

Jim looks over at Dr Kate.

<Jim> *Well. Maybe not that nice.*

Jim sits up.

Dr Kate remains still, with her eyes closed and her mouth open.

<Jim> *Why do older people sleep with their mouth's open?*

Jim leans across and looks at her chest.

<Jim> *Outies. Small. But firm.*

Jim looks down her body.

<Jim> *I am having wicked thoughts. I should have told her to pull her dress up.*

Jim watches her chest move up and down.

<Jim> *She must be a good little soul. To trust me.*

Jim puts his left hand under his chin to support his head.

<Jim> *Men are strange. We are very visually orientated. We find even a semi-dressed woman exciting.*

Jim puts his right hand over Dr Kate's belly.

<Jim> *She is glowing. Her body heat is reaching my hand. Maybe she is having a hot flush or something?*

Jim moves his hand up her body, following the contours of her curves.

<Jim> *She is warm all over.*

Jim's palm catches her right nipple.

<Jim> *Oops.*

Dr Kate half opens her eyes, then shuts them.
Jim sighs.

Dr Kate If you want to touch me. You still can.

Jim moves his hand away, to behind his back.

Jim Sorry.

Dr Kate opens her eyes and mirrors Jim's body position.

Dr Kate Don't be. I haven't felt this good for years. In fact I cannot remember when I last felt this good.

<Jim> *I didn't do anything.*

Jim How come?

Dr Kate I don't know. I suppose I feel more at peace with myself.

<Jim> *What is she on about?*

Dr Kate I had a nice dream.

<Jim> *Don't ask her what about.*

Jim About what?

<Jim> *You will be sorry.*

Dr Kate You.

<Jim> *Told you.*

Jim Oh.

Dr Kate Don't worry. I did not hurt you. Well. Not that you complained.

<Jim> *I think you have me mistaken for someone else.*

Jim In what sense?

Dr Kate You mean you do not remember?
 <Jim> *How could I remember. It was your dream.*
 Jim Remember what?
 Dr Kate It must have been good. For you to deny it.
 <Jim> *Err. Sanity cheque please. [Goodness Gracious Me]*
 Jim All I did was brush your right nipple. Accidentally.
 Dr Kate I know. I am just pulling you leg.
 <Jim> *That one hurt him. Tarzan.*
 Jim OK.
 Dr Kate This is very intimate. Isn't it?
 <Jim> *I should move away. But I won't.*
 Jim Yes. I do not have a problem with intimacy.
 Dr Kate Good. Then you won't mind this.

Dr Kate pushes Jim over and then climbs on top of him.

Jim Hey. What are you doing?
 Dr Kate I am going to rape you. That is what you want. Isn't it? Or are you just teasing me?

Dr Kate pulls at Jim's trousers.

<Jim> *Warning. Dr Kate is trying to remove your trousers.*
 Jim Stop. Please. Dr Kate. Stop.
 <Jim> *I know. I know. Computer. Freeze program.*

Jim puts his arms around Dr Kate and hugs her.

Jim I don't want you in that way.
 <Jim> *I guess I am just a tease then.*
 Dr Kate Why not? It is because I am older than you. Isn't it?
 <Jim> *Age difference does not bother me.*
 Jim No.
 Dr Kate It is because I am dying then?
 <Jim> *Well. I am not really into necrophilia.*
 Jim No.
 Dr Kate It is not because you are married? Is it?
 <Jim> *No. It is because I am a woman. Ha-Ha. Got you. What about because I am gay? Too late for that one. I shouldn't have touched her nipple. Or kissed her tummy.*
 Jim It is because I do not want another physical relationship.
 Dr Kate Why not?

<Jim> *Good question. Why not. You could shag her. No one would know. Well apart from you and her. And she'll be dead inside a month. Sick.*

Jim Because I care about you.

<Jim> *Great answer. But do you?*

Dr Kate So you would not even do it if it was my last request.

<Jim> *She really is quite persistent.*

Jim Sorry. I would never forgive myself.

<Jim> *Scumbag. You are a real scumbag. You would not even give a dying lady her last request.*

Jim releases Dr Kate from the embrace.

Dr Kate You can't blame a lady for trying?

<Jim> *Yes you can.*

Jim You are very funny. You do not belong here. You are too unreal.

Dr Kate smiles a wicked smile.

Dr Kate Death is very liberating.

<Jim> *You can say that again.*

Jim So this is not how you got your boyfriend then?

Dr Kate No. He is very quite. Compared to me. He has not taken the news of my cancer well. He would have had a fit if I behaved like this with him.

Jim How do you know?

Dr Kate No. He would. I am sure of that.

Jim Why not just try it on him. If you still love him, that is?

Dr Kate Yes. I still love him. But I do not want to destroy his memory of me.

Jim So you like the image he has of you?

Dr Kate I suppose I do. It is a very safe image. Very comforting.

Jim I think there is a general problem with relationships. In that they are meant to conform to this or that model. I think I would enjoy being married to an actress. That is probably why I fantasise about them. They are able to slide so well between characters.

Dr Kate I never thought of it like that.

Jim The ideal wife needs to be an angel, a good mother, a good housewife and a slut. So they say.

Dr Kate Well three out of four isn't bad.

<Jim> *She does not want children. So she must be an angel-slut-housewife.*

Dr Kate smiles.

Jim Your boyfriend should be pleased with you then?
Dr Kate Not really. He does not really enjoy sex as much as I do.
Jim Are you sure? All men enjoy sex? It is in their hormones. We can't help it.
Dr Kate What are you saying?
Jim No. Not that you aren't satisfying him. Maybe there is something stopping the flow.
Dr Kate Such as?
Jim Unresolved issues. Household problems. Stress?
Dr Kate No. None of those. We have talked about it. There is nothing more we can do. So he says.
<Jim> *I would say give it some time. But that is something she doesn't have.*
Jim Why don't you just tell him what you need. You are very persuasive. Not to mention persistent.
Dr Kate Maybe you would like to talk to him?
<Jim> *I don't think so.*
Jim Probably not a good idea.
Dr Kate Then. I guess.

Dr Kate pushes her hips against Jim.

Dr Kate I will have to make do with a tease.

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *All I need now, is for my wife to walk in. James. What are you doing with your doctor? Err. It's a new form of therapy. Honest.*

Jim puts his hands on Dr Kate's legs and strokes them.

Jim We should not be doing this.

Dr Kate I know. But don't stop.

Dr Kate puts her head next to Jim's and sighs.

<Jim> *Why am I doing this. It is only going to end in tears. I should not allow myself to get involved. I cannot help her. She could do some serious damage to my life. I should ask her to leave. But I am drawn to her now. It is too late. To stop it now. The only question is how low will I go.*

Dr Kate rubs herself against Jim's leg.

<Jim> *There is love. Then there is love. I love my wife. I love my son. I love my family. I do not know this woman. She is a stranger to me. But I want to love her. I want to share my love with her. I want her to be filled with love. Oo-err. Not like that. I want all her troubles to fade away and for her to be happy. But is it responsible to do it at the risk of losing my own happiness. Am I selfish to want to preserve my own way of life. At the expense of others? I wish she would stop that.*

Jim Can you please stop.

<Jim> *I am not a sex toy.*

Dr Kate Sorry?

<Jim> *That's better. I can feel her heart beating. I can sense her breath. We are as one. Where did that come from? Still. It felt right.*

Jim lets out a big sigh.

Dr Kate This is nice. Can we just lie here for a while?

Jim Yes. But stay still. Please.

<Jim> *Maybe I was going to do a Vulcan mind melt with her? That could be interesting. That's what I like about having a good imagination. You can do almost anything. In you own mind. I wish I could heal people. It would be cool. I wonder if all that faith healing is just delusional experiences. The mind is a pretty strange organ. How would all that work. In the real world?*

Jim slides his hands up to Dr Kate's back.

<Jim> *This is really quite exciting. It really would feel quite natural to make love to her. To exchange bodily fluids. Yuck. That is quite a nasty way of putting it.*

Jim slides his hands into her pants.

<Jim> *Yes. It would be very natural. Very wrong. But quite natural. The mind is quite clever at deceiving itself. I know she is not my wife. Yet. She is as close to me as her. My mind is pretending that everything is alright. That everything is normal. When it is not. No doubt she is pretending I am her boyfriend. Or that I am some super stud.*

Dr Kate Don't stop.

Jim We are not going to do anything. You know that?

Dr Kate I know. You are just a tease.

<Jim> *She is a strange woman.*

Dr Kate begins to rub herself against Jim's leg again.

Jim Please. Don't push yourself against me.

Dr Kate Sorry.

<Jim> *I do not really want to experience her climaxing on top of me. Well I do. But it would be just another nail in my mental coffin. That I am not having sex with her. I am just comforting her. Yeh. Right.*

Dr Kate puts her right hand under Jim's bottom.

<Jim> *I did not have sexual relations with that woman. Bill Clinton.*

Dr Kate puts her left hand between her own legs.

<Jim> *I can't do this. This is outrageous. The Aristocats.*

Jim pulls his hands out of her pants.

<Jim> *What do I do now? Spike Milligan.*

Jim puts his hands on Dr Kate's head and pushes her hair up.

Jim Off you get.

Dr Kate I was just getting comfortable.

<Jim> *I know you were.*

Jim Come on. I will give you a massage.

Dr Kate I don't want a massage. I just want to lie here with you.

Jim Come on. Off you get.

Dr Kate pushes her arms under Jim and then rolls over.

Jim rolls with her.

Dr Kate OK. I am off you. You can be on top.

Jim What are we doing?

Dr Kate We are relaxing.

Jim No. We are having sex.

Dr Kate giggles.

Dr Kate No we are not?

Jim Yes we are.

Dr Kate You must be pretty small then.

Jim You know what I mean?

<Jim> *I never knew a woman could be so childish.*

Dr Kate Come on. Let's just lie here for a few more minutes.

Dr Kate pulls Jim down on top of her.

Dr Kate Please.

<Jim> *Is she drunk or something?*

Jim Are you alright?

Dr Kate Yes. You are quite heavy you know.

<Jim> *I know.*

Jim Do you want to swap back?

Dr Kate No. This is much better.

Dr Kate puts her hands on Jim's bottom and squeezes.

<Jim> *Cheeky mare.*

Jim slides down her body and rests his head on her chest.

His right hand begins to stroke her side.

Dr Kate That is nice.

<Jim> *Maybe it is alright to stimulate her. Sex with her might not be so bad. The consequences might not be realised. I could risk it. If I wanted to. The longer we lie here the closer we become. Maybe it is like that Star Trek Voyager episode where Harry Kim exchanges hormones with an alien and his skin begins to glow. In that episode they describe love as an illness. A chemical imbalance in the brain. Like schizophrenia. Although DSR is a non-specific feeling of love. I guess it is like ecstasy. But much more potent and long lasting. With the side affect of being hyper sensitive and open to auto suggestion. I remember thinking it was like being removed from the Borg collective. Ceasing to be a drone. No more daily grind. No more day to day living. No more trying to fit in. And that is where the alienation comes in. When you stop trying to fit in, people notice. When you start being yourself. People are scared. Warning. Jim is not operating within normal parameters. Define normal?*

Jim watches Dr Kate's chest move's up and down.

<Jim> *What is normal. Who is normal? What is wrong with me lying here with Dr Kate. I am not hurting anybody. Only my wife's feelings if she found out. But even she would understand. In fact, even I would understand if it was the other way around. If it was sex. It would be different. If she was not dying. It would be different. If she had an understanding boyfriend. It would be different. If she was not a sensible adult. It would be different. She does not want me forever. She just wants to have a little bit of love. From a relative stranger. Who she can trust.*

Dr Kate Jim?

<Jim> *Don't interrupt. I was having a rant with my conscious. I think I was winning.*

Jim Yes?

Dr Kate Make love to me.

<Jim> *OK. She just wants a shag. My mistake.*

Jim Pardon?

Dr Kate Pull down you pant's. And put it in me.

<Jim> *I must be hearing things. I thought she just asked me to have intercourse with her.*

Jim What? Intercourse?

Dr Kate Yes. Make love to me. I want you. I want you now.

<Jim> *You want me. But you can't have me baby. Instant Funk.*

Jim I am just a tease. We agreed?

Dr Kate I have changed my mind. Life is too short.

<Jim> *Your life is too short. My life might be long lasting. And it will last longer if I don't shag you.*

Jim I can't. Sorry.

Dr Kate pushes Jim off her.

Jim sits on the floor.

Dr Kate What is wrong with me?

Jim Nothing. If I was single. And I was available I would most likely want to, too.

<Jim> *You are not very convincing.*

Dr Kate Argh. Men.

<Jim> *Women. All they want is a quick shag and they're off. If you don't give them what they want, they get all moody. In fact, they get all moody even if they do get what they want. Or even when they don't want anything. Women are just plain moody.*

Dr Kate tries to sit up.

Jim Are you alright?

Dr Kate No. I am feeling a bit odd. Can you look in my bag. There should be a bottle of pills.

Jim What bag?

Dr Kate looks over to the settee.

Dr Kate Great.

Dr Kate lies back and closes her eyes.

Dr Kate You are going to have some trouble explaining this one to your wife.

Jim Dr Kate. Are you alright?

Dr Kate What do you think?

<Jim> *I think you are about to die. In my house. On my carpet. With your dress open and your knickers showing. And when my wife finds out. I am going to die along with you.*

Jim falls to the floor.

<Jim> *Ouch. I hate it when that happens.*

Dr Kate What's the matter with you?

<Jim> *I am dying in sympathy. What do you think?*

Jim Nothing. Just stomach cramp.

<Jim> *Doctor. Two for emergency beam up. Beam us directly to sickbay.*

Jim closes his eyes.

<Jim> *Warning. Safety protocols have been switched off.*

Dr Kate Jim. Call me an ambulance.

<Jim> *You are an ambulance.*

Jim I think we need more than an ambulance. What about a miracle?

Dr Kate Very funny.

Jim I bet you are wishing I was the Son of God now?

<Jim> *From what I remember Jesus never said he was the Son of God. Only the Son of Man. But who knows what he said or if he existed. Or even whether he was just another schizophrenic.*

Dr Kate Don't. You are making me laugh.

Jim There's nothing wrong with laughing.

<Jim> *Life without humour is tasteless.*

Jim opens his eyes.

Jim Well I am feeling better.

Dr Kate That is because you do not have terminal cancer.
Jim Are you so sure you do?
Dr Kate What do you mean?
Jim I know you are a doctor and all that. But how do you know you are dying?
Dr Kate Because I feel like I am.
<Jim> *How do you know what dying feels like?*
Jim Well. I thought I was dying. But I didn't.
Dr Kate Jim. This all very interesting. But I do not want to spend my last minutes on Earth discussing the finer points of what death feels like.
Jim Why not. You seem to already have lasted a few more minutes than you appeared to have left.

Dr Kate opens her eyes.

Dr Kate I suppose so.
Jim You don't really want to die on my living room floor. Do you?
Dr Kate I can think of better places to die.
Jim Maybe it is just the stress of what we have been doing.
<Jim> *Or not. As the case may be.*
Dr Kate My tongue feels like sand paper.
Jim Would you like a drink?
Dr Kate No. Call me an ambulance.
<Jim> *I already did. You are an ambulance.*
Jim Are you sure you need one? You didn't actually pass out.
Dr Kate Can you drive me to the hospital then?
<Jim> *Leaving so soon.*
Jim Yes. If you want.

Dr Kate sits up.
Jim looks at her breasts.

<Jim> *I am a real pervert.*
Dr Kate That's better.
Jim It might have just been that part of your body had gone to sleep. I am a pretty heavy chap.
Dr Kate It could have been.
Jim Sorry.

Dr Kate closes her dress and ties it up.

Jim Do you want to sit for a while?
Dr Kate Yes. Please.

Dr Kate sits on Jim's settee and Jim joins her.

Jim I am not very good at emergencies. My wife says I don't care. But I find it quite pointless running around like a headless chicken.

Dr Kate You were quite annoying. What if I was really dying?

<Jim> *Then you would be dead.*

Jim I can't imagine that we would have reached the hospital in less than ten minutes. Another few minutes would make no difference.

Dr Kate But it might of?

Jim But you are terminally ill. Wouldn't you rather die peacefully? Rather than in a rush to preserve your life?

Dr Kate But it goes against my principles.

Jim What to preserve life?

Dr Kate Yes.

Jim I do not know about you. But if I knew I was dying I would rather die naturally. Rather than in a hospital, trying to last another few weeks, days or hours.

<Jim> *Medicine does not yet have guarantees. All it does is play the odds game. What if the odds are artificially weighted in favour of medicine?*

Dr Kate What would you have done. If I had died?

<Jim> *I would probably of cried.*

Jim I don't really know?

Dr Kate It would have been a bit difficult for you. Maybe I should go?

Jim puts his left arm around her.

Jim No. Stay a bit longer. I am not scared of death. Or of you dying here.

Dr Kate smiles.

Dr Kate What if we had made love?

Jim But we did not.

Dr Kate It would have been funny.

<Jim> *Not for me.*

Jim Hilarious.

Dr Kate Life is strange. Isn't it?

Jim Why?

Dr Kate I am a psychiatrist. I have spent my life studying other people. But I find I have failed to understand myself.

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Kate What I am doing here? Talking to a patient. Rather than one of my colleagues?

Jim That is easy. You feel able to discuss things more with me. You would be scared of being analysed by another doctor. I do analyse you. But it is more humanistic.

<Jim> *Soldiers only fear other soldiers. Because they know the way their mind works. Everybody looks like a target. The same is true for doctors. Everyone is a patient. And for the police. Everyone is a criminal. Unless of course they are part of a trusted group. I know computer security. I understand the issues.*

Dr Kate Do you think I have flipped?

Jim That is a strange word to use. Yes. I think you are behaving oddly. But you have been given only a few weeks to live. There must be a lot of things rushing through your mind.

<Jim> *I have been there and done that. Not that I was going to die. But my mind raced faster than it had ever done before. Because I thought I was in mortal danger.*

Dr Kate I do not know why I came here today. I had planned it for a few days. I have stopped working you know. I had not seen a patient before I came here.

Jim Oh.

Dr Kate Don't be mad.

<Jim> *Been there. Done that.*

Jim So you just came to see me on a personal level?

Dr Kate Yes. It is funny how we are attracted to people. You probably thought I was a bit of a bitch?

<Jim> *It did cross my mind.*

Jim No.

Dr Kate Of course you did. I can be quite off with people I like. I don't like people who can get under my skin.

<Jim> *We are from different worlds.*

Jim Is that why you never married your boyfriend?

Dr Kate I suppose so.

Jim It took me quite some time to ask my wife to marry her. I was quite happy with just living together. But her family are a bit more conventional. And she had a lot of pressure to make our relationship more formal.

Dr Kate rests her head against Jim's shoulder and closes her eyes.

Jim No doubt we would have married once we had decided to have children. I think children need to know that their parents are committed to bringing them up. My wife was quite annoyed at my proposal method. And the ring. She had forced me to make a decision about getting engaged and she was upset when I did not give her the ring romantically. Romance should happen naturally. It should not be forced or played out.

Dr Kate slumps into Jim's lap.

<Jim> *Hey. You are not starting that again.*

Jim Dr Kate?

Jim touches her face.

Jim Dr Kate?

<Jim> *Wakey. Wakey.*

Jim puts his hand over her mouth.

<Jim> *No. She is not breathing.*

Jim slides out from under her.

<Jim> *What do I do?*

Jim Dr Kate. Wake up. Please.

Jim pulls her down the settee and puts her legs over the arm.

Dr Kate's dress falls open.

<Jim> *Even in death she wants me. I am a sick twisted freak.*

Jim Dr Kate this is not funny. Wake up!!

<Jim> *Blows. She is dead. She-is-dead. Dr Kate, is dead.*

Jim puts his head on her chest.

<Jim> *Nothing. Not even a gargle.*

Jim checks for a pulse on her wrist.

Jim Oh. Dr Kate. I wish I could have helped. I wish I was a miracle maker. If only for a second. Just to save you.

Jim begins to cry.

Jim Why did you have to come here today? You would have been better off at home with your family. Not with a psycho like me.

Jim pulls her dress over her legs.

<Jim> *I guess I had better call her an ambulance.*

Jim You are a frigging ambulance.

Jim lifts his head and kisses Dr Kate on the cheek.

<Jim> *Now this the ultimate test for a DSR patient. Coping with a sudden death situation. If I was still ill I would try to make her live again. Using my special powers. The control of natural life forces. The power of the delusional mind. But I am better now. And all I see is a dead woman. Her character is set by the power of reality. I do not believe I have any power over this World. I only possess power over myself. And my own mind. If I want to live. I will live. And when reality finally catches up with me I will die. My fate has been sealed by my own birth. You are born and then you die. What you do in between time is what we call life.*

Jim looks at Dr Kate's fading complexion.

<Jim> *But you can always dream. Gilbert's Fridge.*

Jim kisses Dr Kate on the lips.

Jim Awake sleeping beauty and walk with me for while.

Jim stands up.

Jim Hold onto my heart. And let's go for a stroll in the park.

Jim walks over to the door and then turns to look at Dr Kate.

<Jim> *We will walk to the hospital. There is no rush. Your body will not be going anywhere.*

Jim unlocks the door.

<Jim> *Computer? Yes Jim. End program. Yes Jim.*

Part Eight

Jim is sitting in the living room watching a video.
The door bell rings.

<Jim> *Who is that?*

Jim stops the video and mutes the television.
He gets up and walks over to the front door.

<Jim> *Just when you try to take a break. Someone decides to call.*

Jim unlocks the front door and opens it.
Dr Dave is standing on the door step.
Dr Dave is dressed in a black suit with a black tie.

Jim Hello?
Dr Dave Can I come in? It is rather urgent.
<Jim> *What is his problem?*

Dr Dave looks angry.

Jim Why?
Dr Dave I need to discuss Dr Kate with you.
<Jim> *Oh. Dr Kate.*

Jim feels his heart plummet.

Jim Sorry. Please excuse me. Come in.

Dr Dave walks into the front room.
Jim shuts and locks the front door.
Dr Dave stands next to the settee.
Jim walks over to him.

Dr Dave Did she die there?

Dr Dave points to Jim's settee.

Jim Yes.
<Jim> *I don't know what else to say?*

Dr Dave looks at the settee and then at Jim.

Dr Dave You were nearly in trouble.

Jim Why?

Dr Dave The hospital wanted to know why she was here by herself. I told them I had come too, but had to leave early. Luckily they believed me.

<Jim> *But Dr Kate had stopped work?*

Jim Why did you do that? Dr Kate said there was no problem with us meeting on a personal level.

Dr Dave There would not have been. Well. There wasn't. Not until they did the post mortem.

Jim looks at Dr Dave hard.

Jim Post mortem? Didn't she die of natural causes?

Dr Dave Let's sit down.

Dr Dave sits down his normal settee.

Jim sits down too, on his settee and switches the television off.

Dr Dave There were some raised eyebrows at the hospital when they discovered you were a research patient of hers. You did not exactly hide the fact. Did you?

Jim No. I told the emergency team that she had come to see me and had collapsed while talking.

Dr Dave She should not really have visited you, by herself.

Jim Why not?

Dr Dave Well. It looks suspicious.

Jim Does it?

Dr Dave That is not why I am here. They came to see me after the post mortem. They discovered some unusual things.

<Jim> *What. That she was an alien?*

Jim Such as?

Dr Dave Well. How do I put this. Without sounding accusing?

Jim Put what?

Dr Dave Did you sexually assault her?

Jim sits back.

Dr Dave stares at Jim.

Jim No. No.

<Jim> *Great.*

Dr Dave Are you sure? Are you sure you did not do anything to her?

Jim No. I wouldn't.

Dr Dave She was wearing her red dress wasn't she?
Jim Yes.
Dr Dave I bet she looked really nice in that dress. Didn't she?
Jim Yes. She was looking particularly pretty.
Dr Dave It must have crossed you mind?
Jim What? What? I did not do anything.

Jim stares at Dr Dave.
Dr Dave stares at Jim.

<Jim> *Arg Z. I said a double negative.*
Dr Dave Do you want to know why I am being so aggressive? Do you? Do you really want to know?

Dr Dave looks at the floor.

Dr Dave They found that she was four weeks pregnant.
<Jim> *And?*
Jim How do you think I feel?
Dr Dave What?!
Jim She died here. With me. On this very settee. And I could do nothing to help her?
Dr Dave You have nothing to say about her being pregnant?
Jim Why? I don't think she wanted a child.
<Jim> *It is sad. But it is no worse than an abortion?*

Dr Dave stares at Jim.

<Jim> *He thinks it was mine?*
Jim Oh. Oh. No. No. You can't be thinking that?
Dr Dave Yes I am thinking that.
Jim We never did anything. She only saw me by herself, the day she died.
Dr Dave You know she could not have children. Don't you?
Jim I know, she did not want children.
Dr Dave No. She was not able to have children. She was infertile.
Jim So how did she get pregnant?
Dr Dave They don't know?

Dr Dave stares at the floor.

<Jim> *No. No. They are not saying that I had something to do with it. They must have diagnosed her wrongly. Or else the illness triggered something in her that made her body more fertile. She definitely was looking very radiant. Maybe that explains her zest for life. Her changed perspective. Her moodiness.*

Jim What makes you think that I assaulted her?

Dr Dave The post mortem revealed that she was sexually aroused prior to death.

<Jim> *That was a little more information that I expected.*

Jim Oh.

Dr Dave So you never met her, alone, before that day?

Jim No.

Dr Dave calms down, then looks up from the floor.

Jim follows his eyes.

Dr Dave looks at Jim.

Dr Dave So what was she doing here?

<Jim> *Trying to have sex with me?*

Jim She wanted to discuss the film. A beautiful mind with me.

Dr Dave Why?

Jim She wanted to know how relevant it was to me?

Dr Dave So why was she sitting next to you?

<Jim> *How does he know that?*

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Dave You said she died on that settee.

<Jim> *Did I?*

Jim Oh. She wanted to sit next to me?

Dr Dave Why?

<Jim> *So she could hold my hand?*

Jim So we could read together?

Dr Dave Read what?

<Jim> *Yes. Read what?*

Jim One of my books. The Planets book. I was showing her some of the wonderful things there are in space. I was trying to give her some inspiration.

Dr Dave Well you obviously did that.

<Jim> *Did I? Oh. I see.*

Jim She was very relaxed that day.

Dr Dave You know how it would look, if I had not said we came here together. Don't you?

Jim What do you mean?

Dr Dave A female doctor, who is unexpectedly pregnant. Goes to meet one of her patients. Dressed provocatively. And without a colleague?

Jim It looks fine to me.

Dr Dave Let me just say two words to you. Schizophrenic. Assault.

Jim But she came to visit me.

Dr Dave It does not matter. Without me backing up your statement. You would be charged with assault and possibly manslaughter.

Jim Why?

Dr Dave If anyone dies while alone with you. You will be under suspicion. Your illness labels you as potentially dangerous. Even though. From the discussions I have had with Dr John. You are a very low risk. Use your imagination. Dr Kate was very foolish to meet with you alone. She should have known better. But obviously she had alternative motives for meeting with you. Alone.

Jim What. You are saying the police would have arrested me. Had you not been kind enough to fabricate a story?

Dr Dave Yes.

<Jim> *We do live in a police state then. For those of us who have had their cards marked.*

Jim But they would have had no evidence.

Dr Dave They would have had evidence. She was found in your home. Your DNA samples would be all over her. If they did a DNA test on the baby. And found it matched yours. Then. You would have a motive too.

Jim But she died from her illness.

Dr Dave Yes. She did. She died from respiratory failure. But it could be claimed that it was brought on by stress. Caused by you assaulting her.

Jim But I did not assault her.

<Jim> *She assaulted me.*

Dr Dave It does not really matter. It is easy for a schizophrenic to be imprisoned on circumstantial evidence. Simply because mental illness is perceived to be a threat to society.

<Jim> *Squashed tomatoes. I hope me lying on her did not bring on her death? Maybe I am guilty of manslaughter?*

Jim So why did you back me up?

Dr Dave Dr John asked me if we had visited you together on that day. It does not take a genius to work out that if I said no. They would know, that she had come here alone. And then you would have been in trouble.

Jim But I did nothing wrong? You shouldn't have lied.

Dr Dave I was helping you.

Jim But where were you that day?

Dr Dave I was out visiting other patients.

Jim But if they checked?

Dr Dave They won't check.

Jim But if they did. You would get me into trouble, and yourself. You should not have done it.

Dr Dave Yes I should have.

Jim Don't you see. You covering for me, might just make things worse. You will have to tell them the truth.

Dr Dave No. I will not.

Jim Then I will.

Dr Dave Jim. Why? The case has been marked as death by natural causes. Which is the truth. Isn't it?

Jim Yes.

Dr Dave So why make life difficult?

Jim Because you had to lie.

Dr Dave But it was just a little lie?

Jim But if you had not lied. I would have been in trouble. And for no good reason.

Dr Dave Well there is a good reason. But not in your circumstances.

Jim What are my circumstances?

Dr Dave That you would not have harmed Dr Kate. Intentionally.

Jim So why did you accuse me of assaulting her?

Dr Dave Well obviously. If you had shown signs that you had. I would have reported my suspicions. I said we arrived together. But left independently.

<Jim> *What is he doing?*

Jim And you think that helped?

Dr Dave Yes. Because we had both met you, on the day in question. And I had observed no change in your behaviour.

Jim So you told Dr John I was acting normally?

Dr Dave Yes. I told him I saw you behaving as normal.

<Jim> *Well that could be interpreted any way.*

Jim And Dr Kate?

Dr Dave Yes. I said she seemed fine too.

Jim Did he ask you to explain why you thought she was wearing her red dress?

<Jim> *And white silk underwear?*

Dr Dave No.

Jim He did not ask you what she was wearing?

Dr Dave looks up.

Dr Dave No. I don't think he mentioned it.

Jim He should have. She looked very attractive in it. If he was suspicious about me. He would have asked you about it.

<Jim> *Unless he knew he was lying. Great.*

Dr Dave She only wears that dress if she wants to look sexy. She must have liked you a lot.

<Jim> *Obviously. You have already stated the post mortem had found that she was sexual aroused.*

Jim What did her boyfriend say?

Dr Dave What. About her dying? Well. That was another reason for lying. He would have been upset if he suspected that she was. Interested in somebody else.

Jim Did he take the news well?

Dr Dave Well he knew she was dying. He was upset she died while on a case.

Jim You told him she was on a case?

Dr Dave Dr John did.

Jim But she had stopped work.

Dr Dave Yes. But she was popping into the office every so often. It was quite like her to follow up on cases. In her own time.

<Jim> *Lets hope she did not leave any notes, at home.*

Jim What a mess. She did tell me that she was ill. But I never thought she would go and die on me.

<Jim> *That was a silly thing to say.*

Dr Dave Stuff happens.

Jim I guess.

Jim looks at the floor.

<Jim> *Why is life so complicated. Dr Dave meant well by lying. Dr Kate did die of natural causes. Even if they were brought on by passion. And I am the obvious villain. Not because I have chosen to be. But because circumstances have made me so. The label of schizophrenia makes me a threat. A woman dying in the company of a mental patient is suspicious. If the woman was sexual aroused prior to death. Then what?*

Jim looks at the ceiling.

<Jim> *Then the finger points at the patient assaulting her. Not the other way around. Doctor's don't fancy patients do they? Especially mentally ill patients. My DNA will be all over her body. And her bottom. My goose is cooked. There is no DNA evidence that she assaulted me. That has all been washed away. I doubt if she shared her thoughts with anybody. About her liking me. What would Sherlock Holmes make of this case? He would surely have me in a vice like grip. With Dr Watson pointing a gun to my head. I would be the deranged psychotic killer of a beautiful defenceless lady physician. Rather than the griever stressed out mental patient, who now has to try to cope with the added stress of a sudden death.*

Jim What did her boyfriend say about the baby?

Dr Dave Oh. They never told him. They thought it would just add to the grief.

<Jim> *At least I know it is not mine. And from Dr Kate was saying. It might not be her boyfriends. Oh. Well I can see where people get the idea of immaculate conceptions from. Although. I would guess Dr Kate was not a virgin. Nature works in some mysterious ways. Just as death approaches. It fights hard to continue with the struggle of life.*

Jim Would you like a coffee?

Dr Dave No. I think I had better be going. Jim. Sorry for what I said earlier. I didn't mean anything.

<Jim> *It's alright. I know. You just had to know.*

Jim Dr Kate was very attractive. Once you got to know her. I can imagine it would be easy to think that a schizophrenic patient might have taken advantage of her. But I would not have. I would never take advantage of a woman. That is probably why I am so useless with women.

Dr Dave I am glad she died with someone who cared.

<Jim> *Even if it was a schizophrenic patient?*

Jim It was a very peaceful exit for her.

Dr Dave I must be off.

<Jim> *Was it something I said?*

Jim I understand.

Dr Dave stands up.

Dr Dave Don't worry. Nothing will ever come of this. I am glad you have handled it all so well. It must have been stressful for you. It is usually the doctors who have to deal with dying patients. Not the other way around.

Jim stands up.

Jim It did make me cry. If that is what you mean?

Dr Dave looks at Jim with a tear in his eye.

Dr Dave She was a good person to work with.

Jim I wish I could say something to make it easier? But death is a fact of life.

<Jim> *You are born and then you die.*

Dr Dave It's alright Jim. You do not need to comfort me.

Jim walks over to the front door and unlocks it.

Jim I hope you find a way to ease your pain.

Dr Dave It is not so bad. She was only a colleague. But it reminds you, of your own personal loss. And the grief you have left over.

Jim Death is very final. There is always unfinished business, no matter how long the life.

Dr Dave Would you like to come to her funeral?

Jim I do not think it would be appropriate.

Dr Dave There will be other patients.

Jim I was not thinking like that. I was thinking more about her boyfriend. I do not lie well.

Dr Dave Oh. Right.

Jim opens the door and Dr Dave steps out.

Jim looks Dr Dave up and down.

Jim You are not going to the funeral now, are you?

Dr Dave No. It is not until next week.

Dr Dave turns and walks away.

Jim shuts and locks the front door.

Jim walks into the front room and sits down on the settee.

<Jim> *Dr Kate. You were a silly woman. Maybe you did have more sex with your boyfriend than you suggested. You just wanted my sympathy. Women are strange. They can never be one hundred percent truthful. They must always colour their lives. Add some rouge here, some highlights there. Oh, Dr Kate. Your heart was in the right place though. You were just programmed poorly. By society.*

Jim switches the television back on and starts the video.

<Jim> *What was that this morning? That shot of the CD album cases. 'Lightyear' Who are they? And Tom Jones' Album 'Reload'. Maybe I imagined them. Maybe it is all the stress I am getting. To me that reminds me of my Buzz Lightyear delusional phase. Which was the start of my delusional episodes. Lightyear reload? Reload Lightyear? Reload Buzz Lightyear delusions? Well maybe? But I am not going through all that again. My illness started with me trying to help and has ended up with me needing help. I am not going to help anymore. Not unless the World can find a more direct way of communicating with me. Go away. Leave me alone.*

Jim middle fingers the air.

<Jim> *I have had enough of all this. You rip me up then spit me out. Now you want me to start all over again. Well screw you. Sort yourself out first. No password. No show. No password. No show. No password. No show.*

Jim puts his head between his legs.

<Jim> *Why does my brain still do this to me? Why do I see these thing, still? Why do I still see 'S.O.S' stamped across the World? Save Our Souls. Why? Why do you want your souls saved? And why the frag do you think someone is going to respond? There are no real aliens. They are not going to come and sort the World out. The only aliens you have are the ones you medicate. And sedate. And humiliate. And bully. And attack. And accuse. And frighten. And fear.*

Jim sits back up.

<Jim> *Fear. People fear what they do not understand. What was my Buzz Lightyear episode about?*

Jim points his finger to the television.

<Jim> *Alien. I will blast you with my laser.*

Jim stands up.

<Jim> *Stop. Alien.*

Jim walks over to his son's toys and picks up the Buzz Lightyear toy.

<Jim> *Buzz Lightyear to the rescue.*

Jim goes and sits back down.

<Jim> *Jim. You really have lost it this time.*

Jim looks at the toy.

<Jim> *Arg Z. Why am I doing this? OK. Buzz Lightyear. My Buzz Lightyear episode ended in me erecting a force field around planet Earth. To protect it from radiation. Now. What did I do? I requested Gaii to created lots of high level thunderstorms. Thinking that the lightening would help to create more Ozone. Therefore helping to replenish the Ozone layer in the upper atmosphere. So. Reload Buzz Lightyear would be a continuation of that request to Gaii? Yes. Why not? Or else it was that the program was wrongly diagnosed.*

Jim frowns.

<Jim> *Buzz rescues Woody in Toy Story two. Maybe I need to rescue Woody? But who or what is Woody? Trees? One of my other delusions was related to trying to calm down the weather systems by planting fast growing trees around the equator. Maybe that is the sequel to the Buzz Lightyear episode. All I need now is a sign that I am right. Nope. No sign. No. Not even a clap of thunder. Do you know Jim. You have turned quite mad. You are sitting here asking yourself questions about a couple of CD's you saw on television. Which. I might add. Only appeared for a few seconds. And were not at all interesting. No one else would even have noticed what they were. In fact. Normally. You would have not even of bothered to read the labels. But you did. And now you are hooked on some delusional episode. No. It is not even an episode. It is a repeat delusional episode. You are not really hooked into the Universe. The Universe is not talking to you. In fact. Nobody is talking to you. You are not remotely interesting. You can't even flirt with a woman without her dying on you.*

Jim lets out a cough.

<Jim> *You have switched off you mental computer. You know the one called Orac. Or whatever. The one that sounded like Star Trek Voyagers computer. Where has it gone to?*

Jim coughs again.

<Jim> *Orac. Oracle. The fountain of knowledge.*

Jim coughs again.

<Jim> *Computer. Where the frick 'n' frack are you?*

Jim coughs again.

<Jim> *Now. Am I just playing with myself. Or is it I would like to play with myself?*

Jim frowns.

<Jim> *I think I can conclude from that. That I am in fact a few pennies short of a pound. I am a nibble short of a byte. A sandwich short of picnic. That is. Not all there. The lights are on but no one is home. Or. Is it. The lights are out. And they are all having a party. Am I in fact. As mad as the doctors say I am? But rather than hearing voices. I just have multiple personalities. But unlike most split personalities. I have thousands of them. I am a possessed mind?*

Jim laughs.

<Jim> *Laughing for no good reason is a sign of schizophrenia. Thinking like this could make you go mad. I am surprised it has not. Oh? It has?*

Jim looks to one side then back.

<Jim> *The question is. When I ask all these things to myself. Am I asking myself. Or my many personalities which are sharing a party line? That is. They are all taking turns to access my speech centre. Each one is trying to comprehend what the others are saying. Hash Bang?*

Jim stares at the television.

<Jim> *Or is it just that. That is how the mind works. Am I mad. Or am I just normal?*

Jim looks really hard at the television.

<Jim> *Is the mind like the image on the TV screen. Made up from multiple dots. Red. Green. Blue. From many comes one voice. Or picture. As in the case of the television. Is that where this is all leading me? To the realisation that our minds are as discrete as the phosphorous dots on a television. The dots that create pictures when the electron gun passes over them? But still there is one gun? One mind. One controlling conscious.*

Jim sits back.

<Jim> *My head hurts.*

Jim rolls his head around on his shoulders.

<Jim> *Now there is a thought? Where? There? What there? No. Over there silly.*

Jim looks at the muted television.

<Jim> *There is no point watching that. I am no longer in the mood.*

Jim switches the video and television off.

<Jim> *What I need now is a flash of insight.*

Jim coughs.

<Jim> *Why am I coughing? Is one of my personalities trying to get my attention?*

Jim looks around the room and sees his son's toys.

<Jim> *International rescue? Is there something I have forgotten to do? That was another episode. The Thunderbirds are go episode. Who did that record? Bomb the bass. Is that relevant? Could be? Not that I can see it.*

Jim looks around the room again.

<Jim> *That was where Dr Kate had me in her embrace. She was quite something. Quite mad. Well. Maybe not mad. But quite strange. Now I wish I had made love to her. We did not do too badly. We shared some quality time. I should be glad. If we had made love, then I would be in prison on assault charges.*

Jim's eye's wander back to the television.

<Jim> *How come I always end up looking at that thing? Habit? Now the sun has come out. I couldn't watch it even if I wanted to.*

The room is bathed in sun light.

<Jim> *I do like sunshine. I guess that is a universal constant. There are not many people who do not like sunshine. There it goes.*

The room darkens.

<Jim> *I remember using the sunshine as a way of getting a reply to my questions when I was ill. If the sun shone. Then I was on the right track. I guess I am on the wrong track. Otherwise it would be shining. Having said that. It is probably worse than flipping a coin, to make decisions. The weather is always changeable here. You could work yourself into a right state using it as a tool for decision making.*

The room brightens up again.

<Jim> *See. It is total rubbish. It is agrees, it is total rubbish. Ha. Ha.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Maybe I need to ask more questions like that. To sort out what is real. And what is not. Then maybe I would not have fallen so easily for the trick. But then I again. I had an excuse. I was delusional. Maybe you need to be delusional for it to work. What? Total trust in something, before it works. That sounds a bit religious. Or like magic? For magic to work. It is said you have to believe it works. I am a natural sceptic. So maybe my delusions were there to show me how things can work if you believe they work? No. That does not make sense. That in itself is a trick. Of coarse. If something does not allow itself to be scrutinised, then it is a trick. Like love. No one likes to have their love scrutinised. Because it is a trick. A very personal trick. Now that is cynical.*

Jim looks to the floor.

<Jim> *But. If we take away all the ways we trick ourselves, we become less human. To trick and be tricked is all part of being human. Well maybe? I am not convinced.*

Jim looks back up.

<Jim> *Well computers cannot trick themselves. What was that film? AI. Artificial Intelligence. The android wanted to be a real boy like Pinocchio. It was not until he felt love that he began to dream. But dreams are tricks of the mind. We see things that are not there. How does a computer do that? Spurious data? Data corruption? But our dreams are not really that random. They usual have a purpose. They can even appear to be very real. Anyway. Who would want an android that was likely to go faulty? You might as well as have a real person. Which leads me to the question. Why make AI androids? What is the purpose? Certainly it is a challenge. But who would want to buy a pretend person? The sex industry is the only one that might have a market. Maybe that is where the SOS comes from? But. What is wrong with sex toy androids? Will it mean that people will stop bothering to communicate with each other? How would having sex with an android make you lose your soul?*

Jim puts his hand to his head.

<Jim> *Silly question. The android is incapable of loving back.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Then comes the question. Are people losing the ability to love? Is that the SOS? Is it that people are forgetting how to love? That is if they knew in the first place. Maybe that is what theSOS is. Of coarse all children know how to love. But that is a defensive thing. They need the support of older people. So they show affection. When they no longer need support. They go all yucky. And sex?*

Jim looks to one side.

<Jim> *And then sex. Sex just complicates it all. I fell in love well before I was sexually aware. So for me. Sex and love are two distinct things. Maybe this is not the case for other people? For me sex is a bonding ritual with someone you love. It is a very personal. Bonding ritual. But then there is porn. Porn has nothing to do with sex. Or love. Or bonding. It is a consumer sport. You lust for. Then consume porn. It is there for personal sexual gratification. It does not integrate well into a relationship. Unless it is used for stimulation. Before sex with a loving partner.*

Jim looks at the floor.

<Jim> *But what is more satisfying? Now there is a question. I guess it depends upon the type of person you are and the types of relationships you want. I like to love. And I like sex. And I like porn. Would I treat someone I love like a porn star? You bet. If they wanted to. Would you treat someone you did not love like a porn star?*

Jim frowns.

<Jim> *I don't think so. Love and sex need to be married. One without the other is pointless. There goes my long list of loves. So. All my loves are pointless?*

Jim turns and looks at the settee.

<Jim> *I guess so. They will never bare any fruit. So. They are pointless. Is it that simple? I like to love my loves. I do not need the sex as well. To love. Is good enough. So why not just have sex. Without the love? Well there is no reason why you can't. But it is not recommended. And why not? Well. What is the point? Just the experience? But wouldn't the experience be better with someone you loved? Of course. But they are not always available.*

Jim looks up at the ceiling.

<Jim> *So the question is. If you have a love and have access to sex with that love. Is it right to have sex without love? The answer is no. But you are talking absolute tosh. Since. If you have love. You have a soul. If you are capable of loving another person. You must therefore have a soul.*

Jim frowns.

<Jim> *But it was an SOS. They wanted their souls saved? Who did? I don't know? The World? The Universe? My own delusional mind? But SOS is a distress call. Like May Day. Oh? It is a call for help. But a call for help for what? And from whom?*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Now that is the twenty four carat question.*

<Voice> *Jim was in a delusional paradox again. The stress of Dr Kate dying had caused him to question himself again. And to try to see a message in her sudden death. Death has no real purpose, it is just the cessation of life. It happens to all living things. The death of someone you are close to, is the most shocking, as it reminds you that you loved them. And that one day you will die too. Jim had decided a long time ago not to fear death. But it had not stopped him from fearing life, and the affect he had on others.*

<Voice> *Jim's greatest fear was that he would hurt others. He had been clumsy as a child and had accidentally killed a pet by jumping on it. He was just playing with it, as children do, chasing it around the room. But the accident happened and the pet died. And Jim realised how fragile life was.*

Part Nine

Jim is sitting in the front room with his laptop on.

<Jim> *Maybe I should write a book? In memory of Dr Kate. It was a good idea. The World is full of stories. I wonder if that is what George Clinton meant? There are eight billions stories in the naked Universe. This is just one of them. But. They all have black holes.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Well. Black hole is also a description of depression. Which is a type of mental illness. Maybe all stories begin with a mental illness? Maybe all art starts with a mental illness? Artists are never calm stable people. Maybe that is what this is all about?*

Jim laughs.

<Jim> *We can't all be ill? Unless you call other things like love and religion illnesses. They are just changes in the state of the mind. I suppose it depends how much you suffer from them. If they stop you dead in your tracks then. Then they might be considered an illness. But what about the delusional side of it? That is bad. Isn't it? Yes. If it is uncontrollable. If it impinges on the free will of the person having the delusions. Otherwise. They are harmless.*

Jim looks at the computer.

<Jim> *I am sure a psychiatrist would not see it like that. They see the worst cases. They understand how bad it might get. But why does it affect people differently? It must have something to do with perception and upbringing.*

Jim clicks on an icon.

<Jim> *Anyway. Back to this book idea of mine. Of Dr Kate's. Should I write a book? And if I do. What sort of book should it be? I have not written any fiction since I was in the third year at secondary school. The last book of fiction I read was L.Ron Hubbard's Mission Earth series. And even then I only made it to number three. Before I got bored senseless. Yes. There was that book on Eternity by Issac Asimov. But I didn't read it. I just scanned the pages looking for inspiration. For an answer to what I was doing here. If I was an alien. Or if an alien had contacted me. I thought a random selection from my favourite authors might give me an answer. But it didn't. Some of the ideas were good. But the story was laboured. I am too used to the convenience of film. It is a very lazy way of reading a story. But highly entertaining.*

Jim looks at the blank page of a document.

<Jim> *Now. What shall I write? A science-fiction story? A biography? Don't be silly. Just a piece of fiction then. And what should it be in the style of? Do I need to copy some else's style? Shouldn't I create a new style. I have lived my life listening to other peoples words. Why don't I write my own? Create a new world. Where my dreams are reality. I think if I did that. No one would want to read it. Anyway. You have no dreams of a Utopia. You just want World peace. And everyone to make an effort. Or had you forgotten?*

Jim types in the document.

<Jim> *Title. World Peace.*

Jim looks at the words on the screen.

<Jim> *That is a pretty stupid title.*

Jim deletes the title from the document.

<Jim> *Well. At least I know this is not going to be easy. OK. Let's attack this from another angle. What films do you think are really good?*

Jim puts the laptop down to one side and walks over to the cupboard. Jim opens the door.

<Jim> *Right. Let's see.*

Jim looks along the shelves.

<Jim> *Amadeus. That is a classic. Cyrano de Bergerac. That was quite brilliant. Well those are the two all time favourites. Now why do you like them? Because the stories are really good. And they are acted very well. Alright. Concentrate on the stories.*

Jim takes out the Amadeus video.

<Jim> *Amadeus? That is a story about a talented young man who is tormented by a jealous older colleague. When you strip away the garnish. Well I can relate to that.*

Jim puts the video to one side. Then picks out the Cyrano de Bergerac video.

<Jim> *Cyrano de Bergerac? Well. What can you say? It is the story of a great poet. Who love's a woman who he will never be able to show his love to. I can relate to that too. There is a pattern emerging here. Isn't there?*

Jim looks through the videos.

<Jim> *Sorry. Only video's I really. Really. Really. Really. Like.*

Jim takes out the There's Something About Mary video.

<Jim> *OK. Now that is an absolute classic. Don't ask me why. It just is. Again it is about love. Like Cyrano de Bergerac. But in this case it is the woman who is special. And the comedy is very good. Without the use of too much toilet humour. And the ending is brilliant. Although. Unrealistic. In reality. He would never of got her. Women are not that confident. She would have stuck with what she knew. Rather than go for an odd ball. Next!*

Jim continues through his video's.

<Jim> *Braveheart. That really was a classic. But the story was a little strange. Well sad. Because Braveheart fails in every way. And his competitor triumphs where he failed. I guess it is a tale that reminds us that inspiring others is as good as doing it yourself. But without the credit.*

Jim takes Braveheart out of the cupboard and puts the videos on the floor.

<Jim> *Now. What else? Ah. The Long Kiss Goodnight. Why do I like that one so much? Could it be Geena Davis? Yes. And No. It helps that she is in it. And Samuel L. Jackson. But the story is really about life. It is about a woman deciding that her family mean more to her than anything else. When you strip away the action. It is just a simple story of a woman realising that her heart is with her family. The same is true for men. OK. So what else is there here?*

Jim looks at the videos.

<Jim> *Plunkett and Macleane? Was that really that good? It was exciting. It was unusual. But was it a classic? Well if it was, then so were Romeo and Juliet, Shakespear in Love and all those sort's of films. They are classics. But not my classic's. What else do I have?*

Jim continues looking through the videos.

<Jim> *There are some good films. But I most remain focused. I am looking for videos that are my classics. Got you. Leon.*

Jim takes out the Leon video.

<Jim> *Now. This is a real cult classic. You can't get much better than this. The characterisation. The story. The ending. Now that was sad. There was no happy ending there. Now what was that guys name?*

Jim looks at the back of the video.

<Jim> *Jean Reno. Yes. He was in Nikita too. He was the cleaner. It is amazing how the American's steal idea's from other countries. What was it my brother said. They even dub Teletubbies to make them sound American. How sad can you get? It is like a dog urinating on a tree.*

Jim laughs.

<Jim> *Mine. Mine. Mine. Me. Me. Me.*

Jim shakes his head.

<Jim> *They really need to clean their act up. Maybe they don't realise the message it sends out to the rest of the World?*

Jim looks at his videos.

<Jim> *Money for nothing and my chicks for free. [Dire Straits]*

Jim shakes his head.

<Jim> *Greed works. [Wall Street]*

Jim tuts.

<Jim> *They need a reality check.*

Jim counts the videos.

<Jim> *Well there's six videos. What about my Arnie ones? Should I include them? Certainly Terminator was a classic. A love story again. With a lot of action. And True Lies. And Total Recall. They were all very good films.*

Jim looks at the Leon video.

<Jim> *What is that story really about? It is about a man loving a child. And a child loving a man. In a non sexual way. Although I am sure, some people might think differently.*

Jim lays the videos on the floor.

<Jim> *Amadeus. Cyrano de Bergerac. There's Something About Mary. The Long Kiss Goodnight. Braveheart. Leon.*

Jim pulls a face.

<Jim> *Well. If those are the best. Of the best. How do I create a story that is better? Do I have to? What about other types of entertainment? Comedy? I like comedy.*

Jim looks in the cupboard.

<Jim> *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy. Coupling. Monkey. The Young Ones. And my son's videos. Shrek. Thunderbirds. Captain Scarlet. Postman Pat. The Iron Giant.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *The Iron Giant. He thought I was the Iron Giant. He used to ask me to carry him on my shoulders. Through the streets. Through the park. But the Iron Giant was dangerous too. People wanted to hurt him. Destroy him. Like me?*

Jim looks down at the floor.

<Jim> *People are not nice. Take away the glitz and glamour. And what is left? Hateful. Destructive animals. Who defend themselves by suppression. Great. Now I am on a downer.*

Jim looks back at the videos.

<Jim> *But there is hope. There are not like that all the time. Some people are actually a pleasure to know. Others can shine through all their troubles. And personal misfortune. With a little help. Come on Jim. Back to the plot.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *OK. What are the recurring themes in these stories? Love. And. Hate.*

Jim looks across the covers.

<Jim> *They are all stories about love and hate. And the battle between the two. Like the Good, the Bad and the Ugly. Yes. I know there are three. But the ugly did not count. It was just a battle between the good and the bad. Also. Each of these stories involved some sort of quest. Therefore providing the writer with an ending. Some with good endings. Others with bad endings. Only two good endings in that lot. I think a good ending is more inspiring.*

Jim picks up the There's Something About Mary video.

<Jim> *What was special about this one? Apart from Cameron Diaz. The two guys singing. That was funny. The mad dog. The spunky hair. Mary's character. Yes. Mary's character was special. She was very unusual. Very relaxed. She knew who she was. And did not try to be any thing else.*

Jim puts it back down and picks up the Goodnight video.

<Jim> *And this one? Apart from Geena Davis in bondage. Come on. That was the best scene. And Samuel L. Jackson lying on the road. After being thrown out by Geena Davis. What else? The idea of a secret life. The idea that there is an action hero in all of us.*

Jim puts the video back down.

<Jim> *The other four stories are about men. How they struggle to be men. The fight against competitors, who wish to destroy them. And those who wish to ridicule them. And those who wish they could be like them. And those who act strong. But are as soft. And as weak. As those who do not.*

Jim rubs his hands.

<Jim> *Well. There you go. They must have given you some inspiration? No? None? Nothing? Not a thing.*

Jim shuts the cupboard door and picks up the videos.

Jim sits back on the settee.

Jim lays the videos on the floor before him.

<Jim> *OK. If I can't do action movies. If I can't write a block buster film. Then what can I do? Maybe I should think small and quirky. Maybe I should draw on my delusional episodes. Most of those were based on me and this room. Well this house. My family did play a part. But not until later. And I have enough experience to draw on to create an interesting narrative.*

Jim strokes his bottom lip.

<Jim> *Mmm. Didn't Quentin Tarantino say something about making movies. That they do not have to be big, to be good. And Reservoir Dogs was all shot in a warehouse. With the story told mainly in real time. It's an idea?*

Jim sighs.

<Jim> *But is it a good idea. You have to hold an audiences attention for ninety minutes. And if I write it like that. It will probably only involve me. Ego Tripping. Ego Trip. Maybe that is a good title. At least as a working title.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Alright. So we have an idea. At least.*

Jim nods.

<Jim> *And some boundaries.*

Jim pulls a funny face.

<Jim> *It's a start.*

Jim looks down at the video's.

<Jim> *But how do I create something that is better than that lot?*

Jim slaps his forehead and rubs his hair backwards.

<Jim> *It's an impossible task. I will never be able to do it. I might as well as give up now. Where is your super conscious when you need it? Come on. I need some help here.*

Jim stretches his arms out and yawns.

<Jim> *Maybe I already have the idea. But just haven't seen it yet?*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Well. There's an idea. Not one related to a story. But certainly an interesting test. A test for biophysical microwormholes. A sort of ESP test. If I asked one of my fantasy celebrities to send me ten photo's of just their eyes. With just one of those photo's being of that celebrity in a good mood. Or at least feeling good. Then I should be able to pick out the right photograph.*

Jim frowns.

<Jim> *Don't be silly. If they send you the photographs you will see all the photographs.*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Not if they are in sealed envelopes. And I choose only one to open. Then send it back to get the result.*

Jim looks up to the ceiling.

<Jim> *Like a celebrity is going to participate in such a test? And who would you choose? And how would you know they were not lying? There are too many variables. And it sounds like a cheap magicians trick. Anyway. The photographs would have to be personal ones. Taken by the person themselves. Then destroyed. Otherwise there would be a risk of time-line contamination.*

Jim looks at the floor.

<Jim> *Digitally recorded photographs? Printed out then deleted. With a differently shaped cut for each pair of eyes. Would that do it?*

Jim frowns.

<Jim> *Well. Maybe. Provided the celebrity only took one photograph which was of them feeling happy. Oh. And of course I would need a control photograph. Of the whole face. Taken at the same time.*

Jim raises his eyebrows.

<Jim> *Do you think that would cover all the bases? All the boundaries are set. Aren't they? I can't think of a loophole. I would have to destroy the other photographs. And so would the celebrity. Once they had tested the returned eye photograph.*

Jim puts his hands on his head.

<Jim> *That should do it. I think? It gives me a one in ten chance of opening the right envelope. If I guess right for different celebrities and repeatedly.*

Jim looks up.

<Jim> *Then. It would be a definite proof. Provided. There are no other reasons for it failing. Or succeeding.*

Jim looks back at the videos on the floor.

<Jim> *This is going to be tough.*

Jim picks the laptop up and places it on his knee.

<Jim> *Hello. Could you give me some inspiration. Please. Please. Please?*

Jim stares at the blank document.

<Jim> *Probably not the best way to get inspiration.*

Jim sits back.

<Jim> *Look. I know I am not perfect. But I do try my best. I am not a great person. But If I came up with a good book. It would make me happy. It would make us happy. It would make everyone happy. You know the sort of chap I am. You have pushed me as far as you have pushed anybody.*

Jim puckers his lips.

<Jim> *I can see this is not going to work. We are not going to work. How can we exist together. You with all the power and me with nothing but a child's mind. This theory of the super conscious. Of biophysical microwormholes. Of the living Universe is rubbish. Isn't it? I was just delusional. Just another mad man?*

Jim smiles.

<Jim> *Now there is an idea. Just another mad man.*

Jim raises his eyebrows.

<Jim> *I am just another mad man. Now. That has some potential. People are always interested in the insane. Provided they are comical. OK. How do I convert that thought into a story?*

Jim puts his left index finger to his closed mouth.

<Jim> *OK. I have set the boundaries. I have the experience. I know the goal. And now I have an idea. What is next?*

Jim puts his hands together.
Crossing his fingers over each other.

<Jim> *The story. What sort of story? What will it look like? Small and personal? Yes. That makes sense. Maybe something that can be done as a one man show. For theatre. Something that can be done cheaply or expensively. For the big screen.*

Jim puts his clasped hands on his head.

<Jim> *I am thinking. Shakespeare. I am thinking. Great bards. I am thinking? Twaddle.*

Jim puts his hands to his sides.

<Jim> *We are going to need a love content. Maybe some love tussle. A bit of drama. A dash of sex. Well. Sexual tension. At least.*

Jim puts the laptop to one side.

<Jim> *What was my favourite delusion? It was probably the Sun's Greatest hits episode.*

Jim crosses his legs.

<Jim> *That involved becoming a super duper star. Making some wishes. Flying around a bit. Dancing with some female celebrities. Then being interviewed by them. All without me leaving my living room. If that is not delusional. I do not know what is?*

Jim twiddles his thumbs.

<Jim> *Characterisation. Well. The character has to be based on me doesn't it? Should it be a Knotting Hill ending? Or the ending I had? And how does it start? How do you get to that delusion? I had already saved the planet and banished the spider spirits by the time that one had happened. But it was all before I had thought of biophysical microwormholes.*

Jim puts his hand to his head.

<Jim> *And if I make it too fantastical. Then am I just adding to the myths. That these types of stories involve aliens, or magic or whatever. Rather than just imagination. I know for a fact it needs to be real. Because that is what I am. A realist. And that is above all else. If I can't be real. Then I just can't be.*

Jim crooks his neck.

<Jim> *And I must be original. If nothing else. Even if what I write is twaddle. I will use my knowledge of films as inspiration. But I will not steal from them. That would be wrong.*

Jim sits back and shuts his eyes.

<Jim> *Right. Mr Universe. You have your parameters set. Then off you jolly well go. My son.*

Part Ten

This is Jim. He is a computer professional living and working in the UK. This is his home. It is nothing special. A typical house, in a typical street, in a typical town. But Jim was having rather a bad day. He had just lost his job. The bottom had fallen out of the telecommunication industry. And the rats were laying off staff. Rather than leaving the sinking ship. Jim did not mind losing his job. He had never really liked it anyway. It had taken Jim three hours to travel to work. When he had finally arrived, he had an important e-mail waiting for him. It was from his manager. Who was in America. On a fact finding course. It said that he had been given a month's statutory notice. And that a formal letter was in the post. His manager suggested that today could be his last day. Provided he wrote a comprehensive hand-over document. Jim wrote the document within the hour. He had then spent the rest of the day banging his head against his desk. His three colleagues had read the same e-mail message, two hours earlier. They had promptly disappeared, along with their laptop computers and anything else that was not nailed down. The whole office had been silent all day. Apart from the thudding of Jim's skull against his desk. Nobody wanted to speak. The people who were left, were the ones who had kept their jobs. Or who had been stupid enough to work the rest of the day. Jim was in this last category.

Jim left work at five. It had taken Jim two hours to get back home. This was nothing new. It had once taken him an hour to travel around one junction of the M25 and half an hour just to leave a retail car park. Jim had discovered on many occasions that travelling in the UK was now a recognised form of sadistic torture. The police traffic camera's were there only for entertainment. Jim would have liked to have worked close to his home. But most companies preferred to employ people who lived at least five miles from their office's. This was because Human Resources thought it made the employee's more punctual and easier to dismiss.

On Jim's way home. He had added several tooth marks to his cars steering wheel. However, he had managed to get home without causing the death or injury of any other road users. This was despite being under-took. Over-took and then pulled in on. Tooted at for driving too slow. Flashed at for driving too fast. And pulled in front of at a mini roundabout. Jim had negotiated all this daily turmoil. With the added bonus of being made redundant. And without any major incidents. Only to discover, when he got home, that his home was empty. Both his wife and his son had gone. His wife had left a note saying that she was tired of living in a loveless marriage. And that she was at her brothers thinking things through. Jim had looked at the calendar. It was not April Fools day. It was not even April. Jim had, at that point. Had enough. Something inside his mind snapped.

Jim whispered softly to himself. 'I am a good father. I am a good husband. And I am a good worker. I don't complain. I am not nasty. And I always do my best'. Jim screwed the note up. 'But this is not good enough. Is it? Life is determined to drag me down'. There he sat. In the fading light. Clutching the crunched up note from his wife. Staring at the floor. In silence. In the cold. Without a thought in his mind. In total and utter shock.

That was where he would have remained. Had he not noticed a tick-tocking coming from his CD player. His wife had left it on. And it was still spinning the disc that she had listened to. Jim switched it off. He paused for a second. Then he switched the CD player back on. He ejected the disc. He took it out. He looked at it. 'Sting?' he thought. 'Mr mantra sex himself'. Jim looked at the cover for the disc. 'Set me free' he said to himself. 'Set me free. You are the one who has enslaved me to an existence of work. Work. And more work. And look where it has gotten us?'

Jim put the disc back in its case and then put it back into his wife's CD rack. 'So. What else have you been listening to' he thought. Jim turned on the light and looked down the shelf. The CD's were mainly mood and love compilations. With some pop artist albums. 'There was a time when I knew all of her musical tastes' Jim thought to himself. 'But not now'. Jim sighed. 'Soul to Soul? When did we last have time for doing anything romantic. For that matter. When did we last feel like doing anything remotely romantic?'

Jim felt ill. He sat down on the sofa and looked up at the ceiling. 'I need food' he said to himself. Jim stood up and walked into the kitchen. He switched on the light and then walked over to the fridge. He poured himself a pint of diet D&B and then opened the fridge. 'Bugger all in there' he said out loud. He picked up the bottle of D&B and carried it, and his glass into the front room. He put them both on the floor. Next to the sofa. 'B&J!' he exclaimed. 'That's what I need'. He went back into the kitchen and opened the freezer. He rummaged about and pulled out a tub of ice cream, as if it was a free gift. 'Come here me beauty. You are for the eating. And I am for the consuming' he said to himself. He pulled a teaspoon from the cutlery draw and walked back into the front room. He sat down and began to gobble all the ice cream up. Jim could eat whole buckets of ice cream and did so regularly. When he was finished he took a large swig of D&B. Then belched. 'B&J followed by D&B' he said out loud. 'All I need now is some funky music. And all of my worries are gone. Yeah!'. Jim stood up and walked over to his CD rack. Jim put on his deepest voice. 'Come here you funky fat boy. It's time to see if you still have a dip in your hip. And a glide in your stride'. Jim looked down at his CD's. 'Then come onto the mothership!'. Jim pulled out his George Clinton CD's. 'Well. If you can't funk to that!' he squealed 'Then you can't funk'.

Jim slowly fed the CD player with CD's. 'That'll do' he said. 'Now. Let's get busy'. The room shuddered to the sound of Chocolate City. Jim just stuck his butt in the air and swayed to the sound. 'I can see this is going to be a long night' Jim thought. 'At least I can still funk. My belly gives me more bounce to the ounce'.

Jim had put on a lot of weight over the years. He had not bothered to exercise. Because he did not have the time. His main aim was to make as much money as he could. He had come to that decision some ten years earlier. Money is the key to end all your woes. This was a quote from the Run DMC album that had stuck in his mind. Jim used rap music like other people used books. To obtain information. Jim had grown up in London. He had gone to an inner London comprehensive. His school friends had said that it had been a life altering experience. This was because it was not the best place to gain an education. Jim had fought against the odds. He had made it all the way to University. He had managed to study for a real degree, a science degree. A degree in physics. He did not pretend to be good at it. If he had wanted to excel at his degree he would have done chemistry. But he was interested in physics, and the general working of the World.

Jim had taught himself about the hip hop culture. He had tried to rap. He had tried break dance. He had even tried DJ-ing. With some success. Although. He was no Mr Magic. While at University he had tasted freedom. He had stayed in student accommodation for two years, on a full grant. When Jim was at University, they did full grants. Jim was now thirty five.

Jim had spent his spare money on records. Import records to be exact. His music was his life back then. He seemed to spend most of his time getting down. In one way or another. At University he met lots of interesting people. Some of them were females. Which was good. As Jim was not a very good mixer. With girls. Not records. Jim could mix records quite well. He was even a DJ at the Student Union. There he would play records for a small fee. And for the pleasure of sharing some of his latest acquisitions.

George Clinton and the mob made Jim feel good. They always had. They allowed him to escape from his troubled life. They reminded him that life was about being yourself and feeling free. Jim poured himself another pint of D&B. He drank it down in one go. Then belched. 'E-X-C-U-S-E ME!' he shouted. He put his hand to his mouth. 'Did I say that?' he said to himself. 'They must be mixing sherbet with D&B these days'. Jim continued to wiggle along to the music. Jim did not know it. But he was working himself up into a delusional frenzy. Nobody had ever told Jim not to mix D&B with B&J, and then funk. The end results were going to be outrageous.

Jim continued to display his total lack of fitness to himself. He even attempted to break dance. And do the doo. Whatever the doo is? Jim tried to sing along to the songs. Even though he did not remember the lyrics. Really he should have. Because he had listened to them so often. When the music finally stopped, Jim had consumed the whole bottle of D&B and shaken his butt so much that it felt like it was about to drop off. He lay on the floor. Exhausted and tired. With his arms and legs stretched out. In a star formation. Staring full at the ceiling. Throbbing to the rhythm of a funk induced high. 'Boy that was fun' he thought to himself. 'What's next?'. Jim stood up and wandered over to the CD rack. His stomach squelched as he bent over to take a look at the CD's. He pulled out his recently acquired Secret Weapon CD. Secret Weapon were a band from the early Eighties. They were one of the early disco rap bands. Their album. Must Be The Music. Was not available to Jim when he had first heard them. But he had recently discovered it, on an Internet web site and ordered it from the states. Along with his other selection. Sun's Greatest Hits. By the band Sun. 'Secret Weapon' Jim said to himself. 'Must be the music alright. I am on a natural high. Or something?'. Jim removed the P-Funk CD's from the player. Carefully placing them back into their cases. He then inserted the two new CD's. Jim put one finger into the air. 'Ah-one-Ah-Two. Ah-One-Two-Three' he whispered. And the music began. He sang along to the first track. 'Must be the music. It's turning me on'.

Suddenly Jim felt as if the rapper was talking to him. Jim was in the studio with him. No. He felt he was part of him. This was a very strange feeling for Jim. He closed his eyes and tried to concentrate. But the music was flooding his mind. Like a torrent from a flash flood. Jim bounced back. He opened his eyes. He looked around the room. He was still at home. The music was still playing and he was still dancing. Jim stopped. He listened to the music. 'Is he singing to me?' Jim thought to himself. 'Or am I just singing along with him? Weird'. Jim was experiencing some sort of delusion. In which the words being spoken were being interpreted as being directed to him. 'Wow' He said. 'Well. That is interesting'. Jim continued to dance. The rapper broke in with his end rap. 'I want to rap. I want to rap too'. Jim croaked. Repeating the words that a Radio DJ had said over the record when he had first heard it.

The record ended and Jim stopped dancing. The next record started. Jim started up again. The lyrics told him that he was a DJ man. That he was in a trance. That he should play his music all night long. That it was his chance to make the female singer smile. Jim. Being Jim. Was really getting into it, and without question. He was in fact, well and truly in there. In his mind the female singer was actually singing to him. Jim was hooked. The track ended. 'What's next? Me beauty' He said. The next track was called Surrender. The female singer was adamant that she was going to make love to him. That he had to give his love to her. This made Jim a little perplexed. For one thing. He didn't know this young lady. For another. Why did she want him? Jim was

now totally immersed in this waking dream. As the tracks passed Jim felt even more submerged.

The songs were all about love and being in love. His heart was pounding. Like the rising beat of an old washing machine, on a spin cycle. He was being serenaded by this female singer. By a woman who had sung her song's over twenty years ago. 'Boy. Have I lost it' Jim said to himself. 'But it feels so, so, so good'. Jim put on a strong South London accent. 'Come on darling'. The female singer replied with 'Do you love me? Are you crazy about me?'. 'Stone the crows. This actually works' Jim cried out. Jim would never actually stone any crows. Jim normally never said stone the crows. But Jim was still wearing his South London accent. Jim collapsed to the floor. 'Take me. Take me.' He shouted. 'I love you too!'. Jim lied there. On the floor. Breathing deeply. 'What is she waiting for?' he thought. 'Maybe she didn't hear me?'. The song ended.

The next song was called Difference of opinion. Jim was most annoyed. 'What? Now you're going all cold on me?'. This is really not like Jim. He had never behaved like this before. But his circumstances had pushed him into a delusional world where he thought he could escape to. Not that he had had the choice. Because when you flip, you just flip. The CD player moved onto the next CD. Jim got up and continued his dancing. 'We are here. Sun. Sun is here!' Jim sang along to the music. His mind had gone. He had well and truly lost the plot. In his mind he was standing on a stage. Getting on down to the grooves. Thousands of fans were in the audience. All shaking their groove thang. Jim put his butt into it, like there was no tomorrow. 'Tell me more' He shouted. 'I want more. Give me more'. He might as well of been there at the concert. His quest for more was related to the groove. There is a record called lost in music. Jim was not only lost in music. He was buried under two tonnes of it. No one could have found him. That was even if he had wanted to be found.

Jim continued dancing along with the music. Then came a song called Conscience. This was his all time favourite song by the band called Sun. At University he had fallen in love with a girl at first sight. This was the song he had always associated with her. Jim had bought the original clear orange album soon after falling for her. Finding such a record was a major event for Jim. As it was, by that time, ten years old and a collectors piece. Yet he had found it and bought it. And for a nominal price. The memories of that love flooded back into Jim's mind. They were as fresh as the day he had first met her. Jim fell to floor, in tide of mixed emotions.

Fortunately for Jim, the next two tracks were slow ones. This gave him time to relax and wonder. Time to reflect on past loves. Jim felt totally washed out with the emotion of love. With tears in his eyes Jim sat up. The next song started. 'Super Duper Super Star'. This raised Jim's spirits. He felt as if the album had been especially written for him. Jim looked into the mirrors on his wall. 'Not bad. If you lose the jelly belly.' He said to himself. Jim pranced about to the disco beat. The next song was. They are calling for more.

'More what?' Jim thought to himself. So Jim went and got another bottle of D&B. He poured himself out some more D&B and drank it down. 'What? More D&B?' he said. Then the next track started. Live on, dream on. Jim thought to himself. 'Dreams are made for living. Now get on down'. Jim continued to dance. As each song ended. Jim rested. Taking a slurp of D&B. As each new song started Jim's mind gained greater insights into Life, The Universe and Everything. Guided by the lyrics in the song. Well at least that was what was going through Jim's mind. When the album finally finished. Jim had imagined all sorts of things. With each song there had been a different set of delusion's. With every word he had heard. His mind had triggered a thousand memories. His head now felt like a giant pin cushion.

Jim lay down on the floor. The room was in partial darkness and silence was ringing through his ears. His heart pounded, with deep strong thumps. He felt like the Sun itself. Pumping out emotional tides of love, into his front room. Lighting it with pure joy. There was a huge grin across his face. And streams of sweat on his forehead. Every so often he would sigh, and another love of his life would join him in his mind. Jim had loved so many women, in his mind. Not all were on the same level. There had not been that many true loves. But Jim had a good eye for beauty in the spirit. He had always thought he would have remained a bachelor. But then he met his wife, and it had been so easy to love her. Because she had trusted him completely. With no preconceptions of how a man should be. Everything was fine until they began their life as a married couple. Then things changed. The adventure in life had seemed to stop. The fairy tale was now at the uncharted, happy ever after stage. And without the direction given by the goal of marriage. Jim's wife had begun to flap about in the wind's of life. They had both wanted children, but not immediately. The years passed and they both had to work. Their work became their life. And they both drifted slowly apart. Jim had put himself on auto-pilot. This part of his life he knew would be unadventurous. So he had put his head down and worked for a better future. Day in, day out. He had spent his time working or thinking of work. Slowly and surely he had lost contact with friends. Then he had begun to lose his joy for music. Finally he had become emotionally worn out by the drudgery of working life. Nothing seemed to phase him.

Jim's wife sometimes used him as an emotional punch bag. Every now and again she would try to knock him over. Blaming him for her troubles. Trying to get him to fix her problems. Most of the time Jim would. But as time passed he grew tired of helping. He was beginning to have troubles of his own. In his mind he felt trapped. Locked in the cockpit of a passenger jet. Forced to carry others from place to place. Not being allowed out to see the sights. To taste the air. To smell the vanilla sky. But Jim had locked the door from the inside. Jim had locked himself in the cabin. It was a self imposed imprisonment. For not being able to stop loving other women. In his mind he was an animal. Unable to trust his desires. Waiting to pounce on any woman

who would let him. Jim's conscious knew the reality of such trivial encounters, and so he had chosen self imposed captivity. Rather than suffer the fate of a broken marriage. Jim had not always been like this. It was not until he was a year into his marriage that he began to feel so torn. It was after his wife had gone on holiday by herself, with one of her more socially aware friends. Jim had to work that summer to complete a project on time. And his wife could only take her holiday's in the summer. It had all started out cordially but gradually it became mixed with spite. His wife blamed him for not making time for her, and taunted him with her impending, girls just want to have fun, holiday. To his wife and her friend it was just one of those tests of love that women do. If you love me, then you will make time. If not then who knows what will happen? But this had cut Jim deep. Jim had married his wife because she did not play games with his heart. She had never intentionally tried to hurt him, even for misplaced fun.

The summer ended with Jim with his tail between his legs, wearing his wedding ring. Jim hated jewellery. He did not even wear a watch. He had joked to his best friend that his wedding ring was small and irritating, like his wife. This sounds like a cruel thing to say. But it was said out of love and compassion for someone who was neither tall nor subtle. And to a male friend who knew the couple well. Jim linked this jovial outburst to that Summers fiasco. As his wife's friend had overheard the two men laughing. She had almost certainly relayed the conversation to his wife, missing out the fact that Jim was talking about his ring, rather than his wife. And saying that they had laughed at her, rather than the humour in the comparison. Of ring and wife. This would cement her friendship to Jim's wife, all men were scumbags. While at the same time distancing man and wife. The friend, having been cheated on and divorced by her own husband, had no respect for the institution of marriage. And consequently for any long term relationship.

After that summer. Jim was never quite the same. He had lost his ability to trust. Love without trust, just stagnates. There were no attempts to salvage the situation. Both partners carried on with life as best they could. Each of them, turning even more to their work. They would occasionally manage to run in phase with each other. Usually during the holiday's. But for the rest of the time they were trains running on different tracks.

As Jim lay on the floor counting the loves of his life. He began to get the feeling that he was being watched. He opened his eyes and looked at the ceiling. The feeling grew stronger. He leant forward. Looking around the room. There was no one there. He sat up. Listened for a moment. Then stood up. In the darkened room, he could see the shadows from the furniture on the walls. His eyes scanned the room. Darting about, searching for a reason for this feeling. A glance caught the mirror in front of him. He saw himself in the mirror. His eyes stopped and fixed hard on his own reflection. He walked slowly towards the mirror. Staring into his own right eye. 'There' he thought to himself. 'There. That is where this feeling is coming from'. Jim looked at

himself in the mirror. 'My right eye' he thought. 'It is my right eye that is watching me'. Jim thought for a moment. 'Why am I getting this feeling? What is it that makes me feel like this?'. Jim smiled. Jim knew a little bit about how the brain worked. He knew that the eyes were joined to two separate sides of the brain. He knew that the left eye was joined to the right lobe, and the right eye was joined to the left lobe. Jim looked deep into his own right eye. He turned his head from left to right. Then right to left. While staring at himself in the mirror. 'What is it then? What do you want from me?' he said. 'You must want something. Otherwise why can I sense you?'. Jim turned. He walked over to the CD player and put on the radio. 'Welcome to X FM'. Jim continued twiddling the knob. 'You are listening to Heart. With the time just coming up'. Jim continued to twiddle. 'Sending out an SOS'. Jim stopped twiddling. 'Weird' He thought to himself. 'Now that could just be a coincidence. But it is still weird'.

Jim continued to listen to the station. 'The Police were good. They had some really wacky songs. But most of them were really good. You could sense the fun they felt when making the records' Jim thought to himself. The next record was Every Breathe You Take. Jim remembered the Spitting Image version. Then he remembered their chicken song. He grimaced. He continued to twiddle with the knob. The next station spouted out the 'You're gonna have to face it. You're addicted to love'. Jim switched the radio off.

Jim looked around at the mirror. 'Ha' he shouted. 'That. That'. Jim pointed to the radio. 'That is impossible'. Jim smiled at himself in the mirror. 'I have gone mad. Haven't I?' he thought. 'I have lost the plot. Well. Sort of. More like I am making one up'. Jim stared at himself. He was thinking about whether or not it was possible for his mind to be able to control reality. While still trying to assess his mental state. 'Could I have just dreamt that?' he said to himself. 'Yes. It was all in the mind'. Jim sat back down on the sofa. 'Get a grip' he thought 'It was just a coincidence. And you made it make sense. It was like the monkey typewriter theory'. Jim smiled. 'Good though. Wasn't it?'. Jim looked at the television. 'I wonder if it would work for that too?'. Jim switched on the television. He flicked up and then down the channels. Nothing happened. He could not make sense of the sound bites. He could not hear anything, that meant anything to him. Jim switched the television off in disgust. 'Well sod you then'. He said to himself. 'Television not good enough for you?'. Jim lay down on the sofa and closed his eyes. The hour was late and he was not used to being awake that late. He would usually come home. Say 'hi' to his wife and son. Have a cup of tea. Give his son a bath. Then get his son ready for bed. They would then go to bed. Jim would usually race his son to sleep. Sometimes he would win. But most of the time Jim would sneak out once his son was asleep. Jim would spend a few hours unwinding in front of the television before going to bed. Tonight Jim would have to make do with the sofa and an empty house.

Jim's heart was still pounding. He was still in love mode. He thought of his son and his wife in her brothers house. And of them sleeping in their beds. He imagined saying goodnight to them and watching them as they slept. Then he felt a tightening of his forehead. He opened his eyes. There was nothing there. He brushed his hand across his head. Trying to wipe away whatever might have landed on his head. A cob web perhaps. Then he thought back to his past loves. And how he had tried to find the right woman for himself. In his mind he could only count five true loves. One was when he was just nine years old. She was an American girl. Her brother was his friend. He had fallen for her as soon as she had arrived at his school. He tried, unsuccessfully, to get to know her. But girls never mixed with boys back then. And she was the quiet type. He never really managed to get over her. He had seen her at a class reunion five years later. And still could not breathe properly in her presence. Maybe that was why she had not bothered with him. A panting teenager looking nervous is hardly an invitation for conversation. She had probably thought he suffered from some disease or was a lunatic. In a sense she was right. Jim was love sick and as a child, Jim was uncontrollable. So he was told.

The other four true loves happened at around the same time. While at University, Jim wanted to get to know as many women as possible. But it turned into a game of hide and seek. Female students, he discovered, were just too complicated. His time at University started well, but Jim did not really understand, male-female social interaction, he spoke to women as if they were men. During a conversation at a party, an attractive female art student had commented on his taste in music. She told him that she really liked the song, Kiss by Prince. Jim, did not recognise that her comment was flirtatious. And told her of his favourite song by Prince, Head. The conversation had quickly ended, with the art student smirking and running off to tell her friends. Jim had only recently discovered the alternate reality, to the conversation, when he had the same conversation with a male colleague. Who fortunately was straight, and honest enough to tell him that it sounded like a rather obscene chat-up line.

Jim was not weird in the usual sense. He actually looked and behaved quite normal. But he did not mix well because of his open and honest approach to life. He had been really looking forward to student life. Until he discovered that students did not all behave like The Young Ones. And in fact, most of them were pretty dull, and just wanted to consume large amounts of alcohol.

Jim was at University to learn about physics, the Universe and himself. It was the next step on his adventure into the real world. And it was an adventure he wanted to enjoy. Most of his friends were pretty different. They were from a mix of cultures and upbringings. Jim joined any student society that they asked him to join. And he enjoyed the social events and the experiences, they allowed him to share. Student life, was after all, a time to

seek out knowledge and understanding. Both of which can only come from human interaction.

Jim lay there on the sofa. Remembering his four adult true loves. Obviously his wife was one of them. One he never really got started with. She was the girl he had fallen in love with at first sight. Another he had stopped because the interaction between them was too intense. And with that decision, their contact had faded. And the fourth he had kept close to his heart. He decided to nurture that love. As you might a child. Allowing it to grow with time, into a strong unrequited love. A love that would never be fulfilled. But would, none the less, help to console his heart. Jim saw this unrequited love every now and again. He always tried to keep his love for her secret. But it must have somehow shone from his eyes, or woven itself into his body movements, or wrapped itself around his thoughts. Because everyone seemed to know. Even his wife. Despite this, Jim kept up the pretence, agreeing with his wife that he fancied her, but nothing else. He hoped that if he did not admit his love openly. That it would somehow be easier to bare. But it made Jim even shyer. He found it more difficult to interact socially with women. The more he felt, the worse it got. Until any sign of female flirting caused Jim to retreat back into his mental shell of solitude. Jim stopped trying to engage socially. At gatherings he always wished to be somewhere else. Somewhere where he did not have to hold his heart's breath. His wife just thought that he was being antisocial. But Jim had become an addict to love. And he knew that his heart could not be trusted to keep its distance, should it happen upon a woman who tugged at its strings. Jim supposed that it was an ego trip of sorts. His heart had concluded that if he loved a woman, that she would love him. And if not, he was defenceless, and open to attack.

At Jim's wedding, he had discovered that even his unrequited love was far from safe. He had watched her eyes sparkle like stars, and felt his heart torn between the reality of married life and the wish of another love, another life. His wife's two brothers had seen the spark between the two lovers eyes and had encircled them. Trying to prise them apart. Trying to ensure their sisters honour. But there was no need for alarm. Jim was caught in her eyes. But he was standing firmly on planet Earth. Looking up. And being amazed at the beauty of her love. Amazed that she could love him. That she could want him. Even after he had just married another woman. The brothers had called for their sister. And Jim's wife had sat on his knee. It was the same position that his unrequited love had sat, at another wedding, years before. The spell had been broken. Her eyes faded and Jim was left holding his declared love. His wife. In his arms. This had all happened ten years earlier. What a way to start a marriage. But nothing was said and Jim put it all behind him. He moved on. And he had enjoyed his first year of married life. Until that fateful Summer. When his wife tested his love. Jim's unrequited love was now married with two children. And she was over him. Her eyes no longer sparkled and when she looked at him it was not the same. Jim on the other hand, would never be

over her. Jim found it difficult to throw away anything. Even love. Jim carried lost love and unrequited love. And he carried one sided love. He carried it with him, in his heart. In his soul. What a man? What an ego? What a lying cheating scumbag. Well at least that is what people would think. Had they known what lay in his heart.

Fortunately, Jim was oblivious to the fact that most people find the idea of having so much love in his soul quite distasteful. He was a collector of love. A greedy lover. An egotist. He did not deserve to have one love. Let alone five true loves. He was a womaniser. Even though he did not act on his emotions. He was still a womaniser. Fathers should lock up their daughters. And husbands their wives. No woman was safe. When Jim was about.

Jim looked up at the ceiling smiling. 'This feels good. This feels very good' he thought. In his mind he was remembering all of his fantasy girlfriends. All of those women he had met in his life. And all of those celebrities who had crushed him. 'I am one sad chap' he said to himself. I have wasted all my time thinking about these women. They will never know that I have loved them. They will never even know I cared. So why am I still so happy?' Jim thought for a second. 'Look here Jim. Your wife has left you. And she has taken your son. You have just lost your job. You are a fat balding middle-aged anti-social bag of scum. With no life of your own'. Jim burst out laughing. 'Go on. What else?'. Jim thought for a moment and then replied to himself. 'You do not stand a chance in repairing your sad little life. You are destined for the street. Your wife will take the house. Your money. And your son. Don't you get it? You have failed. Miserably'. Jim bubbled in laughter. He sat up and held his stomach. 'OK. Mr know-it-all. Tell me this. Why do I feel like I control the vertical, and the horizontal? This is either a dream. Or I am stark raving bonkers'. Jim smiled to himself. Then thought. He had heard that you cannot turn lights on in dreams. So Jim stood up and walked over to the light switch. 'Here goes nothing' he said to himself. And he switched the light on. He looked around. He switched the light off. Then he switched it on again. He kept doing this for a few minutes then stopped. With the light still switched on. 'OK. Where is the camera?' he said out loud. 'A joke is a joke. What is this candid camera?' Jim began to search the room. Looking for anything that shouldn't be there. The more he looked the more he worried. Eventually he stopped. Sat down on the sofa and thought.

At first he thought. 'I must be mad. I have gone hysterical'. But then he felt his heart pounding. 'No. Maybe I am having a heart attack?'. Jim felt his pulse. His heart was beating fast but not irregularly or fast enough, to warrant thinking he was having a heart attack. Jim put his hands together and rested his head on them. 'Think. Think. Think' He said out loud. Jim was thinking hard. Trying to work out what was happening to him. He thought he must have gone mad. There was no other explanation. But he was not seeing things. He was not hearing things. He looked around and listened. 'No' he thought to himself 'I am not hearing things. Just my own mind'. Jim paused. He looked

from side to side. Then he realised. It was his own mind that was in charge. Not his conscious mind. But his subconscious mind. His imagination. 'Right' he said to himself 'What is all this then? You can't be making me go crazy. I don't need it'. Jim paused. Still there was nothing. 'OK' he thought. You are the strong silent type?'.

Jim continued to think. He had always made an effort to watch Open University on Saturday mornings. As well as any good documentaries that were on during the week. So he was well up on modern day, scientific thinking. He began to formulate a hypothesis, that it was not that his subconscious mind did not want to speak. Rather, it could not, as it did not have access to the speech centre of his brain. His subconscious was therefore trying to use his imagination to talk to him. 'Wow!' he thought. 'This is really cool. I wonder if anybody else has thought of it?'. Nobody had, not in the same way Jim had. Since, it was a quite remarkable thing to think. And Jim was obviously quite mad. 'I wonder what my imagination can do? Maybe I should ask it?' Jim said to himself. Jim stood up and walked over to the mirror. He looked in the mirror. 'Right' he said. And he looked at himself really hard. 'I need to know if you can hear me? Understand me? No I mean. Can you communicate with me?'. Jim was confused. He knew his imagination was himself. He knew that it was not discrete. Well not in a physical sense. Just in an imaginary way. Like a character. Then it struck him. 'Ah' he said out loud 'Ah. Ah-ha-ha-ha. Got you. Understood'. Jim looked around.

Behind the cupboard were some of his old paintings. Jim used to draw pencil pictures and had dabbled with oils. He kept his pictures out of sight, as they were nothing special. And certainly were not suitable for display. He pulled them out, then looked at them. 'No? Means nothing to me. Next!' he said to himself. He worked his way through them until he reached one he had done as an experiment. He stopped. He looked at it hard. It was pretty unusual. It was a mix of colours. Mainly blues and greens. He remembered painting it. But he did not remember why he had painted it. It was the last oil painting he had done, and he had been done it ten years earlier.

Jim stared at it. Thinking. 'Why did I stop painting? I used to enjoy it' Jim thought 'It was work. Work became my priority. I stopped having the time. And the space to paint'. Jim held the painting up and stared at it. It had his initials on it. Which indicated the paintings orientation. But Jim could not make out what the picture was. So he rotated it. Still it looked like a mess of colours. Then he rotated it again. Suddenly he could see what it was. Jim dropped the painting and stood back. He stood in dumb silence for twenty seconds. Then he picked the painting back up. 'Wow' he thought to himself 'This stuff really does work?'. The painting was an upside down picture of his right eye. Or at least a right eye. Jim was amazed. He was amazed at the picture, and that he had painted it without realising it. 'Does this mean I have always been mad?' he thought to himself. He smiled. 'It would explain a few things'.

Jim leant the picture up against the cupboard and then looked into the mirror again. 'So' he said to himself. 'Somewhere. In there is an artist. Waiting to get out?'. Jim laughed. 'Cool'. Jim did not mind being mad. If mad was what he was. Jim just felt liberated. As if he had been freed from a life of slavery. But the question was now. What did he do with his new found freedom? 'So' Jim said to himself 'What is this all about? How do I access this new found pool of talent? What do I have to do? Tell me?'. Jim tried to blank his mind so that his imagination might speak to him. Through whatever means it had at its disposal.

But nothing happened. 'Maybe my imagination is angry with me. For not noticing it sooner? Maybe it does not want to communicate with me? Fine. I can live with that' Jim thought. Jim sat down on the sofa and sighed. He was beginning to feel tired and sleepy. It had been a long day and a long evening. He did not need anymore excitement. He lay down on the sofa and sighed again. His heart was still beating and he was stilling feeling good. He lay there on his back. With his legs on the sofa's arm. 'Super Duper Super Star' he sang to himself. The nights musical entertainment was flowing through his mind. 'Super Star. That's what you are'. Jim began to stroke his own hair. He could feel his own touch. But it felt different. As if it was from another hand. As if someone else was doing it. Jim ignored this feeling. As he was enjoying the sensation. He continued to stroke his hair and the nights music flowed through his mind. 'I just wanna make love to you. That was the first ever twelve inch I ever bought' Jim thought to himself. 'I, know what you're doing. What you're thinking. What you're feeling. I'm your conscience'. Jim moved his hand to his mouth and gently rubbed his lips. 'Boy I need some sex' he said to himself. 'Where's the wife when you need her? Stabbing you in the back. That's where'. Jim rolled his head on his shoulders. The words 'I love you' entered his head. Jim looked from side to side. 'Where did that one come from?' he thought. It had been his voice. His minds voice. But he had not consciously thought those words. They had just popped out. Like a catchy pop tune. 'Interesting. Very interesting' he thought to himself. 'Maybe I am not alone?'.

Jim began to think again. 'Maybe. My model of the mind is correct?'. While at University, Jim had spent a lot of his free time thinking. One of his thoughts had turned into a theory. A theory that the mind was made up of three semi-independent conscious's. The animal conscious, the conscious and the super-conscious. The animal conscious was equivalent to the animal instinct, the self. The conscious was the conscious, the thinking mind. The voice we all hear. And the super conscious was the conscious mind that we do not normally hear. But we do sense it, sometimes. It was responsible for the greater good. Of whatever.

In the normal two conscious model, the animal and super conscious would be one, the subconscious. In the sense that they both have to speak through the conscious mind. Anyway, that was what Jim had thought, when he had been at University. And nothing had ever made him think otherwise. Jim continued

to think. He began to wonder about how he might be able to tap into his super conscious and give it a voice. He could try drawing again, or he could have a go at painting, or even music. Suddenly Jim thought. 'Maybe my choice of music, is my super conscious trying to communicate with me?'. Jim began to think of all the music he had. But from that, he concluded that he had just been on a big ego trip. That the evening had just been, one long emotional binge. Jim was having difficulty in accepting the idea, that the super conscious could talk to him directly. His mind quietened, and his body slipped into a comfortable state. Jim was asleep.

As Jim slept, he dreamt of flying. Jim flew over London, looking at the night's lights, smiling at the people below. The night was cold and the sky was clear. The stars were shining above him. Jim looked up at them and wondered what it would actually be like to travel in space. Then Jim remembered a special place. A place where he and his wife had gone, when they were first in love. He flew there in a second, through a haze of darkened light. He lay down on a big rock. He looked up at the stars and listened to the waves crashing against the beach. He was alone in the darkness. Feeling calm and relaxed. Suddenly the World spun upside down. Jim fell from the rock and into the night sky. He looked around and saw his unrequited loves family home. He flew towards it and when he reached it, he flew over it, in a big circle, smiling down. He could feel his heart pounding and love radiating from his chest. He blew a kiss, turned his head skyward, and then flew straight up into the star lit night sky. Jim flew straight past the moon. Straight through the asteroid belt and then right out of the solar system. It was dark and peaceful. Jim stopped and looked around. Then he flew to his right, until he reached a stellar nebulae. There he stopped to watch the birth of a star, condensing from a super massive cloud of inter-stellar matter.

Jim imagined that real-time had stopped and that he was in control of its passage. He looked out. Out into the darkness. Then flew as fast as he could. He flew so fast, that he passed the first wave of photons ejected from the birth of our Universe. From The Big Bang. But Jim did not stop. He kept going. He wanted to see how big was big. He looked back and all he could see was a dim black rugby ball. He flew as fast as he could. Trying to escape from the darkness. Trying to see what there was past our own Universe.

Jim opened his eyes. He was still on the sofa. He looked over to the CD player, then stood up. He walked over to his rack and pulled out a CD. He picked up his headphones and placed the jack in the socket. He then placed it in the CD player and pressed play. Jim stood there waiting for the first song to start.

'Heaven. Heaven. Heaven. Take me home' the song started. Jim listened. He listened hard, he listened to each and every word. His heart began to pound even harder. He felt as if the lady singer was singing to him. 'Why do I feel like this? What is wrong with me?' he thought. 'What was that dream all about? Was it a waking dream?'. The first song faded. Jim sat down in front of

the CD player. 'I'm gonna be your lover' went the next song. Jim swooned. He felt every word. He sensed every emotion, that the woman sang. 'What does she want with me?' he thought to himself. 'I don't even know the woman?'. Jim pulled the CD case down and looked at it. 'She is beautiful. But she does not know me. Nor I her?'. The next song started. 'She would not want a chap like me. Anyway I am a married man. And I am a very, very. Very. Sad chap'. Jim lay down and looked up at the ceiling. 'I must really be delusional. It feels so real though. You must be delusional Jim'. Jim laughed 'That's right. I am a Delusional Jim. I am just a DJ'. The next song started. 'It's murder on the dance floor'. Jim listened intently. He began to feel well and truly spooked. 'How does that work then?!' he shouted. 'What?'. Jim continued to listen. 'Am I talking to you somehow? Is that how it works? Can we all communicate this way? Once we become delusional?'.

The next song started. 'I am only offering you love tonight. I am only offering you this for life. Believe me. You are the only one'. Jim smiled. 'I like this track'. Jim stood up and began to dance. The song faded and the next one began. 'I have been talking to myself again' the woman sang. 'So have I! So have I!' Jim shouted. The song continued. Jim sensed that this track was a sad one. He looked down at the floor, and let out a sigh. The song ended and Jim listened hard. His face lit up. 'Yes. Yes' he said. 'I remember this one'. Jim threw his hands out to his side. 'I believe' he shouted 'In what? I do not know. But I believe this is real. And it is happening'. Jim danced to the rhythm in a state of euphoria. The next song started. Jim just grooved. Listening to the words. The more he listened. The more he was carried away by the notion that the singer was singing to him. Every now and again he picked, out a sentence. 'By chance. I am finding the right line'. Another song ended and another began. 'Read my lips. I don't want to get involved in relativity'. Jim's mind exploded. 'What the?' Jim thought. 'The Universe is you? Who? Me? Or You? Is she talking to me?'. The song kept repeating 'The Universe is you'. Jim's mind caught fire. When the song was finished he was still smouldering with thoughts. Fortunately the next song was slower. But it still kept hitting Jim's mind. As if it was aimed at him. Then the final song started and Jim lay spell bound on the floor. 'I am mad. As mad as a hatter' he thought to himself. The next songs chorus started. 'We all go mad and throw it away'. 'Well not me!' Jim shouted 'Not me! I may be delusional. I may even be totally insane. But I am not going to throw away anything. This is mine. My thoughts. My insanity. And I would rather live in my own insane World. Than the one which exists outside my head!'. Jim looked around the room and said to himself 'I have lost it. Haven't I?'. He switched the CD player off and walked over to the light. 'I had better go to bed then' he thought 'Without any supper'. Jim switched the lights off and went upstairs to bed.

In the night Jim tossed and turned. He pulled the covers about him. Fighting them for some comfort. But he could not sense his wife next to him.

Nor could he hear his son breathing. The night was warm but it felt bitter. Jim was alone.

Jim woke early the next morning. His head felt swollen. His heart was still beating fast. He looked around the room. 'Why am I still here?' he thought to himself. 'By rights I should be dead. Or at least. That is what I had thought would happen'. Jim lay silent on the bed. Breathing deeply. Trying to keep his eyes open. A flash of light passed through his left eye. He looked around. Trying to see what had caused it. But there had been no passing car. Jim turned round and lay on his back. He looked up at the light. 'I can see the light' he thought to himself. And then smiled. 'Ha-ha. Very funny'. Jim shut his eyes. 'Now I can't see the light' he said out loud. 'What I need is an explanation. If I could explain all this stuff. Logically. Then I would not feel like such a cartoon, from mad-ham common, barking mad-shire'. Jim put a pillow over his face and screamed. 'Argh!! I want to wake up now. Please?'. Jim clapped his hands. 'Hello!?' he shouted, 'I need a nice cup of tea to steady my nerves. That'll help. A nice cup of tea. Soothes all your cares away'. Jim took the pillow off his face. 'OK? Sophie? Where are you?' Jim pulled the covers off and stood up. 'Hello' he said to himself. He looked down. His manhood was rock solid. 'What is all this then? Down! Get down. You are never there when I need you!'. Jim walked to the bathroom. Undressed. Brushed his teeth. Shaved. Then stepped into the shower. As the water washed over him, Jim began to feel ill. His face began to sweat and his body began to glow. He continued to wash himself down. In his mind he was imagining lots of faces. Lots of minds chatting. Lots of views. Views from other peoples heads. Jim spat into the shower. 'I think I am going to puke' he said to himself. He knelt down. The hard city water pounded on his back, then his head. Jim kept spitting. He could sense something. Something strange. He closed his eyes. 'What is this stuff?' he thought. He opened his eyes and looked at the water running down the plug hole. 'Yuck. This water is from other peoples baths. Other people's showers. Yuck. Other people's urine'. Jim switched off the shower, spat and stepped out of the bath. He picked up his towel and dried himself down. 'Great. Now I am hypersensitive. Great. What next?' he said to himself.

He walked out of the bathroom back into the bedroom, and dressed. He walked back down the stairs. He looked at the CD player and remembered the night before. Then he walked into the kitchen and prepared himself breakfast. Cornflakes, milk and a cup of coffee. White no sugar. Jim sat down in the front room. He looked back over to the CD player. 'Maybe drinking that much D&B affected my blood or something?' he said. Jim began eating his breakfast. He thought back to the night before. His mind was considering all of the options. Apart from the obvious one. That he had imagined it all. Jim had watched a lot of TV programs about TTOE. The Theory Of Everything. And had listened to the scientists and mathematicians talk about string theory. And p-branes. And multiple dimensions occupying our four dimensional

space. Jim was not overly impressed. He preferred a more intuitive reasoning. He thought that mathematics was just for those who enjoyed playing with numbers. When he was at school, he had used sets of equations to prove one equalled zero. This had destroyed his confidence in mathematics. It was no doubt due his own inability to apply the equations correctly. But such mistakes could happen to anybody. Jim's own example of how strange mathematics was, was the value of Pi. Pi is a number without resolution. Its exact value has never been successfully determined. It appears to have no exact value. Yet it is used to calculate the properties of circles and spheres, some of the simplest geometric forms. This means that a perfect mathematical circle does not exist. Since it can never exactly join both ends of a curved line. All mathematical circles are just spirals. Jim had decided after he discovered Pi, that mathematics was rather iffy.

Jim put his bowl down and took a sip of his coffee. He decided that maybe he should use a different approach to solve such a weird problem. Jim thought of a cartoon character. He thought of the cartoon character talking to the television. With the television talking back, in real time. 'That could only work, if they could both hear each other. Like an outside broadcast' Jim thought to himself. 'But how do you do that? What? And where is the communication network?'

Jim knew that this question was quite insane. But in the world of cartoons anything is possible. 'They might use a string telephone. Cartoons do silly things like that' he continued to think. 'String. String theory. Multidimensional space. Space-time. And in my case it was time independent'. Jim's mind began to buzz. In his mind he imagined a piece of string or cable being run between the two characters. 'Okay. Doe-kay' he said out loud 'Now how do you get this to work in reality?'. Jim's mind began to whiz. Jim sipped on his coffee. Not that the coffee was helping. But it gave him something to do. Slowly Jim's mind slowed down, and then went blank. 'Come on. Come on. You can do it. It is not that complicated' he said. Jim had drunk all his coffee. He picked up his stuff and went in to the kitchen. He cleaned up his stuff and tidied the kitchen. He vacuumed the front room. He put on the washing. And he emptied the bin. Then he sat down in the front room and looked at the television. 'Do I dare put you on?' he asked himself. 'No. I will wait until tonight. But I could watch a video'. Jim walked over to his cabinet and opened the doors. He looked at the video tapes. He considered what he should watch.

As he did so a smile appeared across his face. It slowly grew until it was a laugh. Jim had remembered a science fiction program that had used a microwormhole to transmit data between two points, and across time. 'A wormhole. A microwormhole. That would do it!' he said to himself. 'But how? There is no technology involved in this type of communication. Well at least not as far as I know?'. Jim said to himself. He thought long, he thought hard and he thought strong. 'Think. Think. Think' he said out loud. 'What might there be microwormholes in?'. Jim did not immediately know the answer to

this question. But he was going to try to drag it out of his head. Even if it took him all day. 'I know it is in there somewhere? Come on'. Jim thought some more 'Maybe I am trying too hard. Maybe I am missing the obvious?'. Jim thought some more, and some more. But it was no use.

Jim's mind began to froth and flux. Idea's and words began to jump about in his mind. Like spawning salmon. The lyrics 'There will never be another generation' landed on the mental shore of his mind. 'Our time is now'. Jim remembered the record, where the lyrics had come from. It had used quotes from George Orwell. 'Is there a way out?' was the title of the record. Jim thought some more. More lyrics appeared in his mind, and then some more. Each time they landed, he tried to determine their origin and their meaning. He knew that words out of context were dangerous. That misinterpretation would lead him in the wrong direction. But equally, he knew that if he concentrated on the bare facts, and trusted his own haphazard logic. That he would be able to create some sense from this information flux.

Jim stopped for a moment. 'How might this work?' he thought to himself. 'How can information be sent specifically to me?'. Jim remembered the way computers used encryption codes and how they transmitted data between themselves. Most of them relied upon security keys to decrypt information. So as to prevent unauthorised access of the data. Jim thought. 'Maybe this is how his mind was working? It was taking chunks of information and using my own memories to decode it. Like decryption keys. The transmitted data only has meaning to me?'. Jim smiled to himself. 'This really is quite insane. But it is very interesting. I wonder what it all means? Apart from that I have a good imagination that is'. Jim's mind began to slow down and the lyrics stopped coming. Jim had come to the conclusion that the microwormholes were being used by his brain to transmit thoughts. It was not telepathy. Since words were not transmitted. It was a transmission of thoughts. With the receiver doing the interpretation. This made the transmission error prone. The transmission medium itself was also in a state of continual flux. Since, Jim had come to the conclusion that the microwormholes must be smaller than a Planck length, and are effectively invisible. Jim knew this idea was fantastical. He knew it was a figment of his delusional mind. But this model allowed him to progress with his theory. So he kept it.

Jim decided that microwormholes existed in all matter, in all space, and for all times. They were nothing special. It was the use of them that was special. He had concluded that it was the presence of his brain, that had allowed them to be used. Therefore he had decided to call the one's used for this thought transmission. Bio-Physical Microwormholes, or BPM for short. Upon reaching this conclusion Jim had relaxed. He had managed to come up with some sort of explanation. Even if it was quite fantastical. Now all he had to do was work out how to use this gift of imagination. For he knew that was all it was. Jim decided to put on some music to relax. He looked at his Sade collection. He had always liked her music and found that her songs always

seemed to reflect his state of mind. He had recently bought her latest album. But had not had time to listen to it properly. He had just skimmed through the tracks. He had not been overly impressed. He inserted the disc into the CD player, and waited for the music to start. Nothing happened. He looked down. He saw that the headphones were still plugged in. He unplugged them and quickly restarted the first song. He turned his back and then walked over to the sofa. Sade's voice broke through the melodic beat's. 'You think I would leave your side baby'. Jim turned and stared at the CD player. He still felt as though he was being sung to. This time in a private concert. With Sade and her band in his living room. Jim could not see them. But he could imagine them. Their presence was there with him. Singing to him, like ghosts in his senses. Echo's from the past. Jim looked at the CD cover in his hand. There was a side view of Sade looking thoughtful. He looked lovingly at her face and her beautiful neck. He touched the cover as she sang to him. All he could feel was love, pure love. Jim felt the sensation quite overwhelming. Although he liked Sade. He had never really noticed the person behind the voice. To Jim she was just a singer. But now she was a soul, reaching out to him. Through space and time. Jim listened to her song's intently, maintaining her soul presence in his mind. Jim suddenly had the feeling that she was singing about him, or at least about how he felt. Jim held his head in his hands and sobbed. He sobbed like he had never sobbed before. Deep long convulsions from the depths of his physical, and emotional being.

After a few moments Jim stopped, and so did the music. Jim stood up and laid down on the floor. He listened to the next song. 'Somebody already broke my heart'. Jim was by now on an emotional roller coaster ride. Driven by Sade's voice, by her soul. As each song passed, Jim related to it personally. In each song he found something new, that he could tie himself to. The last song started, and Jim just lay there like a beached whale. Gasping for relief from Sade's emotional onslaught. Fortunately for Jim, the final song was about how he had made it through to the other side. Jim sighed.

In the still silence, the tears dried on his cheeks, and Jim laid there listening to his own heavy breathing, with calm quiet thoughts lapping against his conscious mind. Jim now realised that his imagination was able to take him places real life could never take him. That it could make him feel things no one else would ever feel. That with his mind he could experience anything, in the privacy of his own mind. All he had to do was to decide what he wanted to do, and what he wanted to know. As this realisation crept over him, he began to understand fiction better. Jim thought to himself 'None of these things actually exist, they are just projections of people's imagination's. Based on the best information they have, or personal experience. They are just shared dreams'.

Jim's spirits were raised. 'Right' Jim said out loud 'What do I want to ask the World? Nay. The Universe?'. Jim thought for a second. 'Why don't I start small, and work my way up'. Jim smiled to himself. 'Or I could start big and

work my way down?'. He looked around the room. His eyes scanned its contents. 'Maybe I am going about this all wrong' he told himself. He stood up and walked over to one of his son's toy mobile phones. He picked it up and looked at it. 'I would feel daft talking to myself. So why don't I pretend that this phone actually works?' Jim suggested, to himself. He put the phone to his ear. 'Hello?' he said. There was just silence. 'OK. Maybe I need to put just a little bit more effort into this?'. He sat back down on the sofa. He looked at the phone. He pushed a few buttons. The phone made some noise's.

He pushed a button that let out a ring. He stood up quickly and rushed over to the other sofa. 'Hello?' he said 'Who is this?'. Jim ran back to his sofa, and sat down. 'It's Jim' he said 'Who is this?'. He ran back over to the other sofa. 'Oh' he said 'This is Jim too. How disappointing'. Jim rushed back over to his sofa. 'Sorry. Wrong number' he said. And he put the phone down. Jim pulled a face and snorted. He was not impressed by that charade. He thought that it might have worked. But his imagination was obviously not in the mood.

Jim sat in the front room looking at the discarded mobile phone. Then his land-line telephone rang. Jim looked over to it. The answering machine answered 'Hello. This is a telephone answering machine. Please leave your name and number after the tone. Thank you for calling'. Jim imagined his own response. 'Hello. This is the Universe. I was just returning your call. What was it you wanted to know?'. The person on the other end of the telephone hung up mid thought. Jim smiled. 'Humour' he said to himself 'I need humour'. Jim was amazed. For this to work he would need to create a means of engaging the Universe. His imagination. His super conscious. Whatever. In some sort of jovial banter. Jim looked at the toy mobile phone. 'I won't be needing that' he thought. Jim stood up. He closed his eyes and began to imagine that this World was a hologram. That it was responsive to his commands and to his commands only. That he was in fact inside a giant virtual world, dedicated to the expansion of his personal being. He knew that this might be dangerous. Given his current state of mind. So he put in an escape clause and a few safety protocols. This he hoped would keep his imagination on a tight lead. Then he let his imagination go. He opened his eyes and looked around. Nothing had changed. The toy mobile phone was still on the sofa and the room was still as dull as it had always been. There were no really cool technical gadgets. No incredible landscapes and disappointingly, no alien women to shag. 'OK?' Jim thought 'So I am already on a holo world?' Jim smiled. 'Holo world three to be precise. Interesting thought'.

The idea that we actually live in a projected reality is not a new concept. Matter and energy are interchangeable. If Jim's microwormholes existed in our space. Then what we see as matter or energy, could have been projected through these microwormholes. This idea, however, was one Jim had not thought of. Jim was still working out how to formalise a communication link with his own imagination. Jim stood up and walked over to the mirror. 'Sod it. Maybe I just need to talk to myself' he said out loud 'Nobody is watching.

Apart from me that is. And I don't mind. Do I?'. He looked into the mirror. 'Hello. I am Jim' Jim said to his reflection. 'How you doing?' Jim replied to himself. 'Oh. I am fine' he said. He looked to one side. Did the thumbs up to his sofa. Then looked back to his own reflection. 'And how are you doing?' Jim smiled. 'Fine. So? What is it you want to be asking yourself then?' he said to himself. 'OK' Jim said. He put his hands in front of him and jiggled up and down excitedly. 'Why are you doing that? Doing what? Doing that?' Jim said to himself 'Oh. Because I am excited'. Jim stopped. Jim was confused now. Why had his own imagination not known why he was giggling up and down. Unless it was discrete from his own conscious mind. 'Oopps' he thought. 'I am really confused now. Is there someone in here with me? Who is not me? Hello? Hello?'.

Jim stopped for a moment and rested. This was all too much for him. The obvious conclusion was that he had a split personality. One which was his identical twin. Now that was strange. And then he thought some more. Maybe he had only allowed his super conscious access to his speech centre, through his imagination. Certainly he had never experienced any black outs, or periods where he could not explain his own actions. In fact as he thought harder. He realised that he had never shown any real signs of schizophrenia until yesterday. 'Maybe it is just all the stress I have in my life right now?' he said to himself. Jim tried to remain calm. 'I need to just relax and let go. Stop being scared of what might be happening. And let go' he said to himself 'I can do no harm. I can do no harm'.

Jim relaxed and let his mind go. He felt very calm. His heart carried on beating hard. It had not stopped its relentless thudding since the night before. Jim breathed deeply. In and out. Trying to let go of his fears. Jim had feared that he had really gone mad, and that his mind was no longer his to control. He could not explain the thoughts that he had, and he could not explain why he had said 'oopps' in his head. It was all very confusing for him. Jim started to ask himself questions. He replied to himself, tentatively. 'Why did I say oopps?' he asked himself 'I don't know?'. 'OK. Why not?' he continued 'I don't know?'. 'Then how come I do not know?' he said angrily. His mind began to work through the logic of this set of questions. He came to the conclusion that it had been involuntary. But then he realised that he had answered a previous question involuntary too. This type of thing had not bothered him before. So why was it bothering him now. Jim thought some more. 'Because I am questioning myself. I am doing some sort of self diagnosis?' he replied. 'Is this a good thing? Well certainly. Provided it does not send you mad. Provided the knowledge of being what you are, is not so alien to you that you cannot cope with it'.

Jim was impressed with himself. He had come up with a really good response to a question he had asked himself. 'Well that's alright then. Isn't it?' he said. 'I am me. And I can talk to myself if I want to. Provided I do not become socially dysfunctional. Such as taking my clothes off and barking at

people in the street'. Jim thought a bit harder. 'Isn't that what they do on television. As entertainment?'. Jim smiled to himself. The entertainment business had certainly become quite crazy over the years. The mere act of pointing a camera at the general public seemed to cause them to behave oddly. Everyone seemed to want their fifteen minutes of fame. Not Jim though. He did not really enjoy being photographed or filmed. He was not really into Show Biz. He had found it all rather false. His tastes could be described as fringe, or cult, or underground. He liked to feel that the artist doing the entertaining was doing it for fun. Rather than the money, or for fame, or for status.

Jim sighed. He began to remember all of the films that he had watched, and all of the comedy programs. He had watched a lot of television, and a lot of films. While at University he had joined the Film Club with some of his friends. They had spent at least two days a week watching films. Even now Jim would watch films on television and rent videos from the local store. He had watched so many films that he could not remember them all. Some he had watched because of the actors or actresses. Others because of the story. Others because he was just plain bored. When he was at school he used to watch a lot of black and white films. He loved the innocence they portrayed. He also liked the early Westerns for their stories of good versus bad, even though they were very simplistic. Jim did not like horror, as a genre. It was far too gruesome. As in, poorly made. Jim preferred comedy and science fiction. He also liked romance, but not sloppy contrived tear jerkers. Jim did not like his feelings being pimped, or pushed like buttons. 'Right' Jim said to himself. I need a break. He got up and walked into the kitchen. He made himself a cup of tea and sat back down on the sofa. He sipped his drink and tried to think again. Of how he could communicate with himself. 'It's got to be done' he thought. 'You can't just leave it. I have just got to know. One way. Or the other'.

Jim suddenly had a thought. 'Why not wear hats? Why not take on the character of someone else?'. Then his mind sagged. He realised then, that he would just be acting a role. 'But it is a good idea. Isn't it?' he continued. 'Just that I need to pretend to be someone else who is asking the questions. Someone who I trust' Jim paused. 'Someone who I fancied? Maybe someone who I really wanted to know?'. Jim was quite a sad chap. He had printed off pictures of female celebrities from his computer. Celebrities that he fancied. Some of them he thought he loved. In that cold crushing way teenagers do, before they enter the real world of love. Jim knew that these women were not what he imagined them to be. That they were just women. But equally he knew that there was something in his mind that made them special. And that he projected that special quality from inside his mind into his perception of them.

This Jim thought, was the very essence of love, and of desire. Without this internal magic of the mind. His fantasy females would have remained

anonymous to him. Similarly, their male counterparts were special too, although the love was platonic, and the only desire he felt, was to be as good as, he perceived them to be.

Jim walked over to a drawer and opened it. He looked inside. He shuffled under the draws top contents and pulled out a small folder. He opened it up and looked at its contents. He closed the drawer and walked back to the other sofa. He began to lay the contents out on the sofa. When he had finished he sat down on his sofa and looked across. There, on the other sofa were the faces of his favourite female celebrities. Jim smiled to himself. 'Good evening ladies. What can I do for you?'. 'Good evening' He replied in his mind. Pretending to be the chorus of female voices, that would have greeted him. Had the real celebrities been there in the room with him. 'Who is first?' he asked. Lynda was the first to reply 'Jim. Why do you love me? Well at least. Why do you love my character. Wonder Woman?'. Jim thought to himself. He had not expected such a brutal first question. He had suspected that they would have been more formal with their questions. Like the questions on television chat shows. 'Why?' he replied 'Because you are the very essence of womanhood. You were my first real celebrity love? Or crush. You also remind me of one of my true loves. And of innocence and trust'. Lynda's next question followed 'What is it that you like about me, in particular?'. Jim felt a rush of love as she asked her question. 'I don't know' he smiled coyly. Jim thought to himself 'Her eyes. Her smile. Her face. Her body. Ish. When I was young I thought it was just a boyish crush. But now it has matured'. Jim continued his answer. 'Your eyes? I like women's eyes. It is very easy to lose yourself in them. And it is very easy to look at peoples eyes, when they are on film or in a photograph'. Lynda smiled. 'And what do you think of me now that I am older?'. Jim had not seen any recent films with Lynda in. Nor had he seen any recent photographs. 'I do not know?' he replied.

Lynda asked her next question. 'What if you met me now?'. Jim looked shocked. 'No. I do not really want to meet you. You are something safe. You are a fantasy. I might not like the reality of meeting you. You might not like the reality of meeting me. I prefer to meet you here. On this virtual plane. Where we are both safe from the reality of each others short comings'. Lynda looked a bit upset. 'I did not mean to hurt you. I am just not very good at those sorts of things. I guess if we met accidentally it would be less stressful. But then I would probably just say hello. I am quite a shy chap'. Lynda asked her next question 'Why are you doing this imaginary interview?'. 'So I can understand myself better. I am hoping that one of you might ask me a really good question' Jim replied 'Next!'.

Sigorney was the next one to ask a question 'Jim. I can call you Jim, can't I?'. 'Yes. No problem' Jim replied. 'Well Jim. What the heck am I doing here?'. Jim looked puzzled 'Pardon?'. 'What am I doing here?' she said angrily. Jim had not always fancied Sigorney. It was one of his friends who had suggested that she was a fox. Jim had taken a closer look at her and realised that she was

in fact rather beautiful. And that it was the roles that she had played that had made her look less attractive. 'I guess because I find you attractive?' Jim replied. 'Really? But I am old enough to be your mother' She said. 'But you are not. And I still like you' replied Jim. 'Ah. But you do not love me. Not like you love Lynda. And it is not really Lynda that you love. It is this true love you mentioned. Isn't it?' Sigorney retorted 'You are just projecting love onto us. Aren't you?'. Jim thought for a moment. She had a point. Although he fancied all of these celebrities and he associated strongly with their characters. He did not really love them. Well, maybe just a bit. Enough to get his attention. 'OK. So I do not really love you. But I am attracted to you' Jim replied. 'Fair enough. It was just that you were being over amorous with Lynda, and that is a difficult act to follow' said Sigorney 'What makes you think you are so special?'. Jim looked at Sigorney hard. She was just playing one of her roles. Jim knew her better than that. Jim knew she lusted for a true love, the same way other women do.

In fact, all women want a true love. The same way all men crave the attention of beautiful women. 'Good question. But a pointless one. Because I am nothing special. I have no special powers. No real talent. I do not crave to be anything in particular. Apart from myself' Jim paused and thought about the question again 'Actually. I do not think I am the only one who is special. I think everyone is special. In their own way'. Jim looked into Sigorney's eyes. Sigorney asked her next question. 'If I took off all my clothes and jumped you. What would you do?'. Jim looked calmly at her face. Darting over her features, as a lover might, Then he replied 'I would ask you to stop'. 'Why!?' she asked 'You find me attractive. You want me. Don't you?'. Jim looked away, it was all getting out of hand. 'Is this why I am doing this?' he thought 'For some sort of perverted fantasy. Or am I really trying to get to the bottom of this?'. Jim looked back to the photographs. He looked at each one in turn. Then he replied 'You are real people. I am pretending to be interviewed by you, in my own mind. I am pretending that this is real. Therefore in reality I do not want you. I would like to know you. But that is not going to happen. In fact I feel like I know you already. But I suspect I would be shocked by the truth of your real persona's. One way or another. Because in reality, people are rarely what they appear to be'. Jim breathed in 'Next!'.

Jeri was the next one to ask her questions. 'Jim' she smiled 'Do you think that we are mechanical. By we. I mean humans'. Jim looked at her. Her eyes were quite something and he remembered how her body looked. She tended to where tight fitting body suites on television. So he knew how perfect her body was. 'Yes. Part of us is mechanical. Our body is a machine. A biological machine. But it is controlled by own brain. I think we have much more control over our physical essence than we currently believe is possible' Jim paused. 'I remember watching a program on gene therapy. And how genes can be artificially turned on or off. If it can be done artificially. Then it is possible, that it can be done naturally too'. Jeri asked her next question 'Why do you

always look at my breasts?'. Jim coughed. Jim always looked at women's breasts. All men do. Especially women who are on television. Within thirty seconds of a woman appearing on television most men have assessed their suitability for mating. On a purely physical level. 'Fair cop. Yes I look at your breasts. I look at all women's breasts. But yours are particularly observable' Jim looked into Jeri's eyes. 'I also know for a fact most women look at men's bottoms and bulges. So I think that we are even'. 'True' replied Jeri 'I see you have too much at the back and too little at the front'. Jim looked down at his crotch. Jim had a big bottom, and she was right, there was nothing special about his tackle. Apart from the fact that it was his. Jim looked back across to the photographs. 'Next!'

Helen was next. 'My question is' Helen smiled 'How do you do this?'. Jim looked to one side. Then back to the photograph of Helen. 'Do what?' he replied. 'Get inside our heads?' she asked. Jim replied with another question 'What? In my mind?'. 'Yes. How do you communicate with us. In your mind. How do you do that?' Helen then smiled and looked longingly at Jim. Jim felt very embarrassed. He loved to look into her eyes. And now in his mind she was staring at him. Asking him a very personal question. It was a very difficult question to answer. 'I am not really sure. I think it has something to do with biophysical microwormholes. Either that or I am just talking to a model of you I have inside my mind. In which case, I really am quite mad' Jim replied softly. 'I do not think you are so mad' Helen added 'Many people believe in spirituality. So how do these wormhole things work?'. Jim smiled. 'Alright!' he said 'We have ignition'. Jim realised that, maybe he was not as mad as he might have imagined, and that there, were far stranger idea's being banded about. 'Well. I have a theory. I call it biophysical microwormholes. They are biophysical because I think our brain uses them for communication. It's an evolutionary thing. But the microwormholes exist in nature already. And I think that they exist in all matter. Although they might just exist in certain elements. I am not sure?'. Helen looked at Jim. She looked confused. 'Yes. It was too much for me to get my head around at first. All I saw were the affects'.

Jim tried to explain further 'I had the rather unreal experience of thinking I could communicate with the World in general. This communication was time independent and built around random events. The only way it might have worked was for some sort of remote manipulation. Or else it was all in my head. And I am just schizophrenic'. Jim looked at the photographs. Hoping for some sort of approval. 'Can you be less technical' asked Helen. Jim looked down at the ground. He tried to think of a less technical explanation. 'Mobile phones? You use mobile phones don't you? Well it is like a mobile phone of the brain. Although it is thoughts that are transmitted. Not words. And the thoughts are transmitted to the subconscious' Jim said. Jim had used the term subconscious. Rather than the super conscious. So that he would be able to simplify his explanation. 'You subconscious then tries to interpret these

thoughts, and hopefully you get their meaning. Although these thoughts are like art, and are open to misinterpretation'. Jim paused. 'Next!' he said.

Jim's eyes looked across to Cameron's photograph. It was of her looking straight into the camera. 'Jim?' she said. Jim felt a blush creep across his face. 'Jim?' she continued 'Does that mean we can sense your stare?'. Jim was blushing bright red. 'I guess. If you are tuned into my mind's frequency. Then you will be able to sense that I am looking at you. And the things I look at' Jim muttered. Jim loved Cameron's photogenic presence. Even though he knew that she was quite different, as a person. 'Do you like looking into my eyes too?' she asked. Jim smiled. 'Yes' he said bashfully. 'And the rest' he whispered. Jim smiled to himself. His embarrassment was slowly melting as he talked to himself and pretended that he was talking to a room full of special women. 'What did you think of my last movie?' Cameron asked. The last movie Jim had seen was with Cameron doing the voice over for a computer animated princess, in a modern day fairy tale. 'You sounded fantastic. Really relaxed. The film was a really good story too. I can relate to it. As I think you can too?' Jim replied. He looked at her photograph and imagined her staring coyly at him in reality. Jim was really beginning to get into this question and answer session.

'Next!' Jim said out loud. 'Me! Me next!' went Calista. Jim looked at her photograph. In it she was looking into the camera too. Smiling. With her hand over her mouth. 'Do you think that you are the only one who can do this?' Calista asked. 'I think I am the only one who has an idea of how it works. If it works at all that is? I still have my doubts. Without physical evidence I will never believe it' Jim replied 'I am a realist. Just because I can think of an explanation. It does not mean I am right. But I do like the idea. I am aloud to think. Aren't I?'. Calista replied 'So long as you don't mind people thinking that you are insane'. Jim looked at her. He looked at her hard. 'I guess not. If that is the price I have to pay for free thought. Then I do not mind if people think I am insane'. Jim paused. 'Next!'.

'You know I am not dippy don't you?' said Lisa. 'And you are not blonde' replied Jim. 'People. Especially women. Always try to pretend to be something they are not. You should be allowed to be what you are. You should be allowed to discover yourself. Before being thrust into the World. But it looks as if the system only wants automated money making slaves. That service it's greed for power and personal wealth'. Lisa looked shocked. They all looked shocked. 'When you have been on a journey. A journey of the mind. When you have thought things that no sane person should have to think. When you have travelled the minds of the many. And come back. When your own mind has tested your worth. To the very brink of destruction. Then you might. Just might. Understand the insanity. That what we call sanity' Jim ranted.

Sophie started to speak 'Is the Universe you? Are you really talking to the Universe?'. Jim remembered her song. 'No. I am not the Universe. Nor am I in

control of anything. In fact. I do not want to be in control of anything' Jim responded 'Am I talking to the Universe? We all are. If my theory is right. If microwormholes exist. They traverse both space and time. Information sent down them can be read anywhere and at any time. The clever part is its biophysical interpreter. The brain' replied Jim.

Sophie asked Jim to simplify his idea 'I do not understand relativity. So how does it all work? In simple terms?'. Jim thought. Then he replied 'We were one. We are one. We will be one'. Sophie smiled. 'I don't get it. What does that mean?'. Jim looked at all the photographs. Then he thought. 'You have seen these fibre optic lights. Imagine these are microwormholes. Pull them together. They are then one light. Let them go. And they are still one light. Just with many directions. Now Imagine a big version of this fibre optic light. Put a camera at the end, looking at the light from the fibre. Relay these images to a bank of video screens. That removes the perception of space. Wherever the fibre's go, so do the camera's. Now remove time by keeping the light constant. The picture on the video screens stays the same, where ever the fibres go. And whenever you look at it'. Jim smiled 'That works. Doesn't it? We were one. We are one. We will be one'. Sophie still looked puzzled. 'One what?'. Jim smiled 'One Universe. One series of multiverse's. Whatever these microwormholes exist in. Space and time are irrelevant to them. They cannot be created or destroyed'. Sophie still looked puzzled. Jim thought some more. 'Imagine there is just one Universe. Imagine this Universe before the Big Bang. Or at least it's first Big Bang. All matter. All Energy was collected in one place. It might have been in that state for trillions of years. It may have been there trillions of trillions of years. It may have even been there long enough for life to form. For life to form and take advantage of the microwormholes'. Jim smiled. 'And this is what I call my Living Universe Theory'. He paused 'Next!'.

Jodie caught Jim's eye. 'You mean like the film I was in? Where I travelled across space and time in only a few seconds?'. Jim's heart warmed. Jodie was such a sweet soul. Quite barbed. But very sweet. 'Yes. Someone might imagine such a journey. And be unsure as to what happened. With microwormholes time and space are traversed instantaneously. With the biophysical coding and decoding. One would interpret the information using ideas relevant to the individual receiving the data. And this interpretation is part of the problem'.

Jim was getting tired. All these question were wearing him out. Jim paused. 'I think we will have to wrap it up ladies. It has been really wonderful. But. I must be going'. Jim stood up and walked over to the other sofa and collected up all the photographs. He paused a few times. And looked into their eyes. And then continued to gather them up. He then put them back in their folder and buried them back in the draw from where he had taken them.

'Women' Jim said to himself. 'All they ever want is to take your soul'. Jim thought about what he had told himself. What he had managed to acquire

from his delusional interview with his fantasy celebrities. He thought about the idea of the Living Universe and all that it entailed. Then he thought about the reality of his situation. That something in his mind he had snapped. And that he was now on an insane roller coaster of thoughts and emotions. A roller coaster where he did not know the final destination. A roller coaster which was out of control and which might not ever stop. 'To insanity and beyond' he thought to himself 'Ha-ha. Very funny'. Jim had pushed himself to his mental physical limit. But Jim's heart was still beating, and it was beating strong. His mind was still there, somewhere, and he was still alive. Jim thought for a moment.

With all these thoughts in his mind, Jim still felt his love. He still felt love for his wife, and he still loved his son. He still loved his family. And his wife's family too. But most of all, Jim still loved the World. He loved the World. Even if it was on the proverbial road to hell. Jim thought 'What can I do? What difference can I make? To stop the incessant pounding. Of the insane mechanical beat. Of the spiritually dispossessed. The rhythm which drives the World onward. To its own suicidal destruction?'. As the world became sicker. So would its citizens. The louder the drum, the bigger the collective headache. As more people succumbed to an inhumane rhythm. More and more people would be pushed through the insanity barrier. Eventually there would be no sanity left, and the sane would be driven suicidal by the insanity of the situation.

Jim knew this for a fact. For he had seen the first few leaves of Autumn fall from the trees of Peace, Justice and Freedom. But no one had cared. No one even bothered to look, let alone think of its consequences. They were all too busy dancing to the rhythm of their mechanical drum. Their eyes glazed with self interest. Their soul's torn from their heart's. Or else buried in the meaning of life's great despair. Jim knew that there was not meant to be a meaning to life. That meaning was a feature of our minds. That we were lucky to just be able to live. Let alone free to care. In Jim's world, every second is a bonus, and every thought a jewel. By this count, Jim found that he was as equal as anyone, and that nothing else really mattered. These were simple rules, for a simple man, with a simple plan. To survive.

Jim lay on the floor and closed his eyes. With his heart still pounding and his mind still racing on a tide of emotional currents. 'What I need' he thought to himself. 'Is a guaranteed method of talking to the World at large. Something that was tried and tested. A method that was leaning more to the conventional'. Jim opened his eyes and looked up at the ceiling. 'A book?' he said to himself 'But I am no writer. I would not even make it past the publishers delivery boy. Then maybe music?'. Jim had dabbled in electronic music a few years ago. He had written quite a few songs. Some good. Some not so good. Some just plain awful. Jim loved his music. He loved the way it made him feel, and the way it reminded him of who he was. It allowed him to

hold onto his identity. Jim used music as a drug, he used it as a memory trigger and he used it as an emotional blanket.

Jim closed his eyes again. 'What if I am clinically insane?' he thought to himself. 'If all these thoughts and emotions are the result of a mental illness. If I am actually mentally ill?'. Jim paused for a second. 'Maybe that is what is needed. A metal diagnosis of my current state of mind. And it's reasoning. How would a doctor see my delusions. My current state of mind. Given these symptoms?'.

Jim lay there and began to laugh. 'I am mad. Aren't I? To think these thoughts. Of wormhole's and of subconscious communication between people's brains. Such things are what science fiction uses to describe types of alien ESP'. Jim tried to put his feet back on planet Earth. Her tried to focus on reality, as he knew it. 'If I am communicating with a subconscious. It has to be mine. That is the only explanation. From a medical point of view. Then how come I feel all this?'. Jim paused. He touched himself on his face. Like a lover would. Like he had done to his wife. When they were first in love. 'Why do I feel so in love? When my love has no physical focus. When in fact, I should be in tears and in deep a depression'. Jim remembered what he had thought the night before. He remembered his three conscious model theory. 'What if these other conscious's have genders?' he said to himself 'What if my super conscious is Wonder Woman!'. Jim laughed. 'I like that idea. That is a neat idea'. Jim knew a little bit about biology. He knew about chromosomes. That men had both X and Y chromosomes. While women only had two Y chromosomes. He knew the brain was physically in two halves. And that only one side of the brain had access to the brains speech and thought centres. He also knew that experiments had been done on split brains and that both sides of the brain could function independently. 'Does this mean I am a man with two brains?' he asked himself. 'Or does it mean we all have two brains. One female. And one male or female?'. Jim was unable to answer this question. No one had ever asked that question, and Jim was not in a position to find out. Jim finished his train of thought. 'If this is true. Then this would explain my three conscious model. Although, where does the animal conscious reside? On the other hand, I might just be a normal schizophrenic?'.

A thought suddenly swept over Jim. 'Maybe the truth is in here. Not out there. Maybe we are the aliens?'. With that Jim stopped asking himself questions. Jim was tired, he was very tired. He was still on the floor and he wanted to sleep. He closed his eyes. He thought to himself 'I think I will write a book'. And with that Jim dropped into a deep comfortable sleep.

Jim did not know this but the mind was as complicated as he suspected. Many philosophers had pondered on what the conscious mind actual was. And modern science was beginning to reveal the truth about its nature. A three brain model had already been considered. With the brains two halves reacting independently and the central nervous system forming the more basic third brain. However, Jim's theory of biophysical microwormholes had never been discussed outside science fiction. Even the fantastical String Theory did not suggest that multidimensional space might be detectable. Even by sophisticated biological devices, such as the brain. This was still all pure fiction. But Jim had considered it, and the possibilities that followed from that thought. He had allowed himself to imagine things that no one had ever imagined before. Jim had been on a real mind trek. A mind trek triggered by delusional self reference.