

A Firsthand Account of the Historical Visit of  
The Yellow Cloud Circle of Eternal Illumination to the U.S., April–May 2011  
by August Goforth

The Yellow Cloud Circle of Eternal Illumination is based at Mont Cabriol, in a small hamlet dating back to the 12<sup>th</sup> Century in the Cathar region of France. Nestled at the foot of the Pyrenees, the estate there is the very embodiment of Nature Herself, and chosen by advanced Spirit Native Americans for its purity of soil, air, water and astral-etheric energies. These Spirit People guided Tom and Kevin, already well-developed mediums, to purchase the estate on sight a few years ago. Since then, their home continues to serve as one of the world's major settings for advanced physical mediumship development and demonstrations.

It was less than two months ago from now that I had been taking a walk through the forest near my home in New York City, that I realized that there was a spirit person speaking to me. Just the day before, I had been listening to some of the archived audio recordings of several sittings of The Yellow Cloud Circle. So I immediately recognized the voice and energy of John Sloan, one of the gate-keepers of their circle. “Well,” he chuckled, “I see we’ll be getting together soon enough!” And then he was gone – his visit had lasted no more than half a minute.<sup>1</sup>

I had been carefully budgeting and saving for a trip to Mont Cabriol, and thought this was John's way of telling me now was the time to go. I immediately emailed Dr. Ken S–, who hosts one of the only five publically-known physical mediumship circles in the U.S., *The Circle for Humanity*. I asked him if, by any chance, he might be making a trip to Mont Cabriol soon, as I would like to go with him if possible. In less than five minutes, he emailed me back, astonished by my question, as he had just gotten off Skype with the Cabriol mediums, Tom and Kevin, who told him that John Sloan had just confirmed that the time had come to take their circle to the U.S. for the first time. While everyone began to scramble to make this happen, my own mind was already spinning from the numinous timing of it all.

Shortly thereafter, on April 30, 2011, twenty sitters were gathered at the Subtle Energies Holistic Health Center in Chester, New York, along with the physical medium Tom Morris and his partner, the healing medium Kevin Lawrenson.<sup>2</sup> The mission of the four scheduled sittings over the next ten days was to continue to bring physical mediumship to the U.S., and to hopefully stimulate and catalyze new physical mediumship circles there as well.

The sittings were held from April 30 to May 6, 2011; I attended the first and last of these events. Following are my reports of those sittings, including that of Dr. & Mrs. M., who, with this writer, had devised an experiment that was simultaneously but covertly conducted from a remote location, concurrent with the final sitting of May 6. Note that the term, “the Risen” is sometime used by this writer to denote our kin in spirit from the higher, invisible realms of life.

Sitting 1: April 30, 2011.

At the site, the room had been meticulously blacked out at all the windows, including the door, which was the only entrance to the room. The tiled ceiling was less than 8 feet above the wall-to-wall carpeted floor. A tiny, windowless lavatory was the only other door in the room. The medium's cabinet, constructed specifically for these sittings, was of heavy plywood that was painted black inside and out, and a black fabric curtain was fixed on a metal curtain rod to effectively gather and contain the energies as they built up within; its floor was open to the carpeting. A heavy, wooden chair with sturdy arms and padded fabric seating awaited the medium within. If all went well,

sufficient energy would accumulate so that the Risen could come out of the cabinet after materializing within. A large, unpainted piece of heavy plywood, about 5'x 6' and as wide as the cabinet was on the floor before it – this would serve to let us hear materialized spirits walking on it in the dark after they left the cabinet. I had arrived over an hour early before orientation, and spent considerable time inspecting the room and the cabinet for any signs of possible mischief or subterfuge; none were found.

Sitters had been previously advised to not eat for three hours before the event, avoid red meat, alcohol and other mood-altering substances, and to minimize liquid intake, as bathroom breaks were not permitted, which would otherwise break the circle. After a brief orientation, all sitters were asked to remove and lock in their cars all watches, jewelry, cell phones, and anything else in their pockets. We were instructed to remove our shoes as well, as the Risen often walk about the room during the séance, and are able to make their footsteps sound as if they're wearing shoes; this would help confirm their actual presence. I was asked to inspect the medium's clothing and pat him down, but found nothing out of sorts. After the door was locked, an opening prayer was offered, and the lights turned off. We were in total and absolute darkness. The exquisitely inspiring hymn, "Abide With Me", sung by a large choir, was then played to evoke the opening of the doors between worlds.<sup>3</sup>

Before the séance, Kevin Lawrenson and I spoke about the fact that Tom does not use ectoplasm in his physical mediumship, but instead a fairly new and exciting energy that has been dubbed "photoplasmic" and increasingly utilized during physical mediumship circles to produce materialization phenomena. Ectoplasm may be on the way out, due to its high volatility that makes it hypersensitive to terrestrial daylight, while also putting the health of the medium at risk. During the séance, John Sloan briefly spoke about their agenda to eventually to use this energy that will allow materialization in full light, since ectoplasm must be used in total darkness and, rarely, dim red light.

Considered a new "etheric science," photoplasm was first described in the early 1990s by the physical medium Patrick McNamara and his sitting group, "Ghostcircle." More and more circles, including The Yellow Cloud Circle of Eternal Illumination, are using this new form of energy, which we were blessed to see in action. Like ectoplasm, it apparently uses "photoplasmic rods" to move physical objects. The rods actually attach to and move the etheric elements of the object, which are then followed by the physical parts.<sup>4</sup>

It had been asked by John Sloan that questions not be of the usual "How's my Aunt Bev?" or "Will I win the lottery?" type, but of a more serious and knowledge seeking nature. I had plenty of such questions, and had been aware of people in spirit watching me type them out over the course of the previous week. One sitter had a reluctance to ask his questions, not being sure if they were appropriate. But he reported to me afterwards that instead he asked them telepathically, and that they were answered almost at once, being masterfully interwoven into the answer of another query that was in progress at that moment.

I noticed this interweaving aspect happening with the answers to my somewhat refined questions, in that they were "layered" in nature. John and Irene Sims<sup>5</sup> would answer at length, and seemed to follow a kind of structure that allowed for the level of the listener's capacity for understanding. So there would be a phrase or two of seeming simplicity but which was actually the most advanced, then one or more of slightly more detail, but with less advanced content, and finally one or more also further defined, but even less challenging – all skillfully interwoven into a seamless and clear, but warm and often humorous response. Those with "ears to hear" comprehended exactly what was at their vibratory level. This repetitive technique seems perfectly suited for human learning, and there was always something for everyone.

For example, I remarked to John that it seemed many people, including the Yellow Cloud Circle, often speak of Spirit life in terms of "levels." To me, this seems to be potentially misleading, as our human ego-mind likes to think of things in terms of hierarchies of higher and lower – “upstairs/downstairs” – which it then judges as good, better, or best. I asked, “Where *you* are, do you and your colleagues use such labels to describe so-called “divisions of spirit life”?”

His first response was only a few words, but of profound implications: “*Of course not.*” He then added a more detailed response that basically reiterated and supported the basic beliefs of those who ascribed to numbered levels, and then ventured briefly in an open-ended, suggestive way that seemed designed to appeal to the curiosity of those who haven’t given it much thought, and might be seeking further information, yet without giving it outright to them.

The phrase, “Of course not” – which I confirmed afterward that many listening has not heard – was rich with deep, specific meaning for me. Those three words uttered by a Risen voice were resolute with feelings of strength, authority, truth, and compassion – the very qualities that epitomize positive and elevated spiritual intelligence. They conveyed unspoken volumes to me personally, as I seem to have a different, if not even radical concept of “levels” compared to the majority. Behind the profound answers was also the unmistakable implication of “*And I know that you know*” – which is a specific sharing of information and understanding that supersedes human ego-mind thinking, and indicates what Tim<sup>6</sup> and I refer to as “Authentic Self.” This was especially and personally validating for me regarding my limited grasp of Risen existence.<sup>7</sup>

I was quite abashed, however, to have entirely missed John’s remark to me right after that, which was that our book, *The Risen*, indicated that I was not only an exceptional writer, but something more that was not “a writer” — even he was struggling to find the right English word. He finally said that if there was such a word, it would indicate something like “one who has been far out and beyond and back again.” This inability to find the right terms for complex, spiritual concepts well-illustrates how much of what our friends in spirit experience is often impossible to convey through terrestrial language.

Although I was sitting only three chairs away from the cabinet, I most likely missed hearing such a personal conveyance due to the fact that I have a hearing impediment, for which I have developed skills of compensation which usually require being able to see the speaker’s face. Afterwards my colleagues also shared that they had missed what they thought was a significant amount of John’s delivery, because his voice had been very soft and raspy, as well as thick with the burr of a Scot. Although he had been asked the night before by the mediums to slow his usual speech patterns down for American ears, apparently we still had some difficulty in catching everything.

(During the ride on the way back to Manhattan, I was still in a light trance state myself, and asked John and Irene about some of the differences in the voice manifestations I had noticed. If I understood correctly, they shared that, for his own reasons, John prefers to vibrate Tom’s vocal cords for speech with his own special technique, by positioning himself in a certain way behind Tom’s body. Here we see the spiritual Principle of Resonance, as when one guitar string is plucked and another across the room responds by vibrating on its own. This technique for spirit voice precludes the use of the mouth, tongue, sinuses, esophagus and lungs, which we on earth use to produce sound vibrations. Deprived of these physical organs, the quality of sound to our human ears is considerably different. Without the force of air expressed by the lungs, the volume and tone are also noticeably impacted. Placing a gag over the medium’s mouth for “purposes of proof” would be unnecessary in such cases – not to mention demeaning.)

John then asked for some music, which turned out to be Gloria Gaynor singing her solid gold gay hit, “I Will Survive” and which was the cue for Phil Starr to materialize. While John’s voice is

typically the quieter one, Phil's came through so startlingly clear and loud that it was not difficult to imagine "the old drag *artiste*" – as he called himself – performing once again on a stage before a devoted audience.<sup>8</sup> The fact that it sounded well out in front of the cabinet and above our heads indicated it was somehow outside the cabinet's closed curtains. I thought at first that this was due to the photoplasm being used to construct an artificial larynx on the end of a flexible plasmic rod, as is achieved with ectoplasm. However, Tim asserts that the photoplasmic energy is used to enhance Phil's etheric body in such a way that it vibrates to a frequency that causes it to literally materialize in our world and impinge upon our physical senses. The resulting energetic form is also "resistant" to or unaffected by earthly gravity, allowing it to levitate and sometimes fly quite freely about the room. I am greatly looking forward to the day when the lights can be fully turned on, and be treated to the rising of Miss Starr in all her bewigged and begowned glory!

About 15–20 minutes into the séance, a sitter was asked by Kevin to take the red-bulb flashlight, draw the curtains of the cabinet, and inspect the fastenings – all were reported firm and secure – and it was clear the medium was in the deepest of trances. It was then noticed that his cardigan sweater, which had been buttoned all the way up, and under both types of fasteners, was gone. It was found on the floor next to the seat of a sitter who was at least 20 feet from the cabinet. (Before he had entered the cabinet, I had inspected the well-worn cardigan after Tom had buttoned it on, and while it could have used a bit of a sponging, was in no way altered by loose or false stitching of buttons and seams. I also examined it after the event, and could find no evidence of tampering.) It should be noted that the black curtain was suspended by large and noisy metal curtain rings on a metal rod, yet I never heard the curtain being drawn in order for the sweater to be tossed out across the room.

I asked John if there were any other people with him in Spirit at this séance – behind the scenes, as it were. He replied that there were indeed a great many there with him, and that for every terrestrial person in the room, there was at least one of their loved ones there in spirit watching and waiting for a chance to make themselves known. At that, the energy in the room somehow shifted, and John intoned in a very serious voice, "Now let's see if we can help with that." He instructed Kevin to pull the curtains open and then bring the red lamp out and place on the floor before the medium to illuminate him. Some very intense Native American drumming and chanting began playing on the Bose speaker dock for Kevin's iPod. With little forewarning, we were suddenly about to witness the physical phenomenon known as *transfiguration*.

Transfiguration occurs when people in spirit are able to transpose their face over that of the medium, and sometimes use the medium's vocal cords to speak. In the past, this has often been done with ectoplasm, but we were about to see the use of photoplasmic energy at work. One member was allowed to sit on the floor up close to the medium; he later reported he still had great difficulty in seeing much by the red light. Many other sitters also reported that they had a very hard time because the red light was insufficient in brightness. However, I was close enough to see quite a bit, which began about five minutes after the music began. I saw the medium's face change in great rapidity, as it face morphed at high speed from one visage to another. Sometimes the process would stop and the new features stayed in place for a few seconds, and then the redevelopment would start up again. Old and young, male and female faces exchanged with remarkable speed. I saw an extra pair of hands unfold out beneath the medium's hands, which would rise up and settle transparently over the medium's, still strapped to the arms of the chair, and then retract back in. At one point, I was startled to see the crisp, dramatic features of a very elderly Native American, who had such a look of serenity and bliss on his face that I could have gazed at it for a very long time. Was this Yellow Cloud himself?

And then, unexpectedly, Tim's face appeared! As it had been when he had materialized to me on other occasions, he presented as considerably youthful. At first his eyes were closed, but then they

opened and he turned to look directly at me through the diffuse fog of dim red light, and smiled what I call the infamous “cat got the canary smile” that had always annoyed me so much. I’m sure everyone was wondering why I was laughing over the solemn Indian drum chants. I saw him wink, and then his face then faded away – a few seconds later the music stopped and the curtains were directed to be closed. Along with a noisy clanking of the curtain rings, the light was extinguished, and all was pitch dark once again.

The music changed to something that sounded very 30’s, which was the cue for Irene to come through. It had rather raucous lyrics about kissing, and Irene could clearly be heard clapping along with the singer. She got a little testy with Kevin because there was a tiny bit of light emitting from the Bose speakers when he docked the iPod, and which apparently he hadn’t known about – but Irene was aware of it! They bantered quietly back and forth like an old married couple until she was satisfied he had completely eliminated the light.

There have been anecdotal reports that some sitters are able to see the photoplasmic forms as well, and indeed, two other sitters and I confirmed afterwards that we had been able to briefly and dimly see Irene – or at least bits and pieces of her – in the darkness as she moved about the room before us. Her presence was actually palpable, perhaps the way sightless persons can feel solid people and objects before them. While she moved about, she grasped and deftly maneuvered a small but solid table about the room, although never more than 3-4 feet in a semicircular space outside the cabinet. As with all the other objects, the table had pieces of luminescent tape attached to many points on it. I could often see them disappear as Irene move in front of the object. Although the ceiling was less than 8 feet high, it did not prevent her from showing off by moving it about the pitch black room in intricate gymnastics that would be impossible for a terrestrial person. She also played the drums at the same time on one side of the room, while ringing a bell on the other, while playing with the aluminum trumpet in the middle. Her ability to move depends on her connection with the medium in the cabinet, and so she would not be able to always travel as far as she might wish from him. Irene has been often known to manipulate a trumpet in darkness and tap people on the nose on the other side of the room, and carry other luminescent objects to touch 20 foot high ceilings.

Not once did we hear Irene’s feet on the plywood placed on the floor for that purpose until the very end, and one can only surmise that she must have been levitating about the space while she juggled the table and trumpets. Phil Starr also sounded as if elevated above the plywood and someone later remarked that he and Irene were either very tall people, or else they had been floating.

While Irene’s voice and teasing delivery was quite loud and clear, as well as outside and above the cabinet, it did not have the piercingly brilliant clarity of Phil’s voice, and seemed to be somewhere in between that of Phil’s and John’s speech qualities. Tim confirms that she used a combination of several new energies. I was aware at one point that my own ectoplasmic energy was seemingly being stimulated by the atmosphere, and began to awaken and respond on its own in an automatic way. I’ve never liked how this feels and was glad that it stopped after a minute or so, and it probably accounted for the congestive headache I experienced for a few hours after the séance. I also experienced some blistering inside my nostrils the day after my second sitting, as if the mucous membrane had been burnt, and I can only surmise this might have been caused by an ectoplasm response as well.

Over an hour and half had passed by then, and Kevin asked the same person to inspect the medium once more, only to find that the curtains had again been inaudibly drawn open. It was then seen that the medium, still strapped to the large, heavy chair, had been moved out of the cabinet, about 3 feet in distance in front of it. Since there was no way to close the curtains unless several of us tried to lift the medium and chair back into the cabinet, he was left as is. The person who inspected the medium’s straps both times remarked later on the intense heat he had felt inside the cabinet and

radiating from the medium. Other sitters also shared that they had been almost overwhelmed by intense sensations of heat about them. I wondered if this was an effect of the photoplasmic energy, as opposed to the coldness often associated with ectoplasm. (John actually addressed this during the final sitting.)

I noticed that the people in spirit were meticulous in their choice of words, as Irene once said the word “murder” but then quickly apologized, saying, “I shouldn’t say such words, should I?” I’ve never heard higher spirits curse or use gross swearwords, although Irene did say such things as “they used to call me a little bitch!” but all in vaudeville-like fun. Phil Starr shared that it had taken him a while to break himself of the habit of using profanities. It’s clear that the Risen understand and utilize the power of the spoken word in terms of raising and maintaining healthy, supportive energies. This is also another example of how they teach by example.

Irene began sharing that she reincarnated twice on the Earth, but then had to cut herself short as the circle’s energy began to diminish. Apparently she was reluctant to go, as she began stomping on the board before the cabinet rapidly and loudly, almost like a small child having a tantrum! It sounded like she was wearing very hard-soled shoes. No sooner has she withdrawn, John Sloan came through, to announce that the séance had drawn to a close and made his good-byes to all.

Toward the end of the sitting, John had advised us on correct eating, which reflected a macrobiotic approach using only locally-grown foods, as those that are brought from greater distances lose something important in the traveling, and no longer provide the correct nutritional vibration. The irony was not lost on us as later as we stood around munching large quantities of potato chips, cookies, and pretzels with our fresh fruit and cheese.

#### Fourth and Final Sitting: May 6, 2011.

This sitting proved to be the most energetic for me, as the cabinet and room had gathered and built up increasingly potent energy over the week’s previous three sittings. The format of the circle continued to conform to that of the previous ones. Such consistency provides an important psychological structure that instills and ensures familiarity, safety, and comfort to the sitters. This structuring also enables the communal spiritual goal of achieving deep feelings of like-minded togetherness and love between sitters and the Risen, which further evokes expansion and growth, as well as enlarging the capacity for increased energy and demonstration of phenomena.

Such communal qualities were obviously evident in this evening’s sitting, for everyone was clearly energized, smiling, laughing and joking once the lights were out and the medium in full trance. The Risen seemed determined to match and even out-shine their earthly kin, and the atmosphere often got *positively* rowdy (as opposed to negatively rowdy) throughout the nearly two and a half hours of an intense yet hallowed occasion. Questions and answers flowed easily back and forth between sitters and Spirit, and lengthy discussions ensued about such topics as life on the other side and personal development issues of various participants.

Within less than a minute after the room was darkened, I saw one of the luminescent trumpets that had been placed outside the cabinet rise in the air and vanish into the cabinet. I wondered if John was going to use it to amplify his voice a bit better, which would be perfect for my hearing impairment. He must have read my mind, for this is just what he did. It worked like a charm, and I was able to hear almost everything he said over the course of the sitting.

When the atmosphere seemed to get a little too serious, which dragged the energy down a bit, Irene Sims, ever the veteran performer, came through and presented us with a floor show of song and dance that begged the imagination. The small tea-table – its top, sides, and legs indicated by strips of luminescent tape – was made to do an intricate and lively, noisy tap dance on the floor board, to

the music of what seems to be her current favorite tune, “Pickin’ a Chicken”<sup>9</sup> – while she swooped and swirled two illumined trumpet-cones on the far opposite side of the room and up around the ceiling as if she were twirling fiery batons. The cones were swirled rapidly in circles in the air, zipping from one end of the room to the other in ways no human form could achieve. She simultaneously played the drums and tambourine, while clapping loudly in time to the music, all the while still manipulating the table and trumpets, and shouting out “WOO!” at key points in the song. Finally, she played a slide whistle high in the air, so loud and piercingly high that it was clearly impossible for any human lungs to produce, and several of us later shared we had to cover our ears, so painful was her whistling – any louder and it probably would have gone silent like a dog whistle.

Irene then went on to unashamedly dish Phil Starr in ways that must have had some of us blushing. This was Phil’s cue to enter, and although he didn’t linger, it was long enough for him to engage in some very naughty banter with one of the sitters, who seemed to have Phil’s number, and who Phil thought he would like to get to know better – “*If you know what I mean!*” Phil also confirmed that it was indeed he who had grasped the shoulder of one of the sitters the day before while at home.

John Sloan asked for the red light to be switched on and the curtains drawn back to check the medium three times over the sitting. The first time showed that Tom’s buttoned sweater had been reversed from front to back; the second time revealed that Irene had wedged a drumstick between Tom’s arm and the chair, and the third time we were treated to the slide whistle rather provocatively positioned between the mediums’s legs. It was then seen that the medium’s sweater was missing and was found at the far end of the circle; the drum and one of the trumpets has been transported there as well. Several sitters then said that ping-pong balls had been precisely tossed into their laps in the total darkness.

Halfway through the sitting, I shared with John Sloan that some colleagues of mine and I had devised an experiment where they were presently sitting in open readiness in a prepared space in their home in another U.S. state (Dr. & Mrs. M.) I did not identify them by name or location, but merely asked if John could somehow make himself evidentially known to them. John replied that he would be most happy to try, and added that there were actually many circles also sitting at this exact same time, lending their support as well as furthering the Great Agenda of linking physical circles all over the globe. Indeed, during a Yellow Cloud Circle sitting in November, 2009, Jonathan Sinclair, (who we had hoped would come through but alas, did not) declared this agenda:

*“This circle is, in my opinion, the upper, and called “coming energy” where we can conquer all. This will take time, but at this precise moment in time, there are many circles developing together and individually. There have been times during the years when this kind of mediumship was completely frowned on. We simply and with great efforts on both sides of life have managed to connect the network of physical circles around the Globe, and they are all communicating together. There is still much to be done, and with people like yourselves, at the forefront of what spirits are trying to achieve, we will do this in a very short space of time.”*<sup>10</sup>

John added that because these other circles were also using the new photoplasmic energy, we would very likely notice the room getting considerably warm. Interestingly, this elevation in warmth is opposite of the colder air temperatures historically associated with ectoplasmic energies.

He then proposed that, within a time-frame of the next ten minutes, he would try to cause some rapping noises, “at least three of them” and maybe “a few other things” at the location of our mystery sitters. It was noted that the time was approximately 7:45 pm by an experienced sitter who had developed the ability to keep track of chronological time internally.

*Intermission:*

After the sitting was over and I was back in the car on my way home, I texted Dr. M.: *“Just finished. Anything happen @ 745pm ... noises?”*

In less than thirty seconds, he texted back: *“Banging and rapping sounds. Breezes, whistling. Shuffling. Two bangs or thuds that we thought were people hitting the house ... felt the Risen’s presence throughout, older men old fashioned suits.”*

I responded: *“During séance I mentioned ur sitting and asked spirit to send signs. They said they would try for window of 10 minutes and would rap at least 3 times on ur walls and try to make other noises.”*

Dr. M.’s next and final text for the night: *“Direct contact so loud we had a discussion, the whole rapping phenomena as we had thought table rapping etc was a thing of the past. Two loud bangs on exterior walls of house by room we were in, but could have been more, we were not prepared for it. Let’s talk tomorrow we are exhausted, Pauline frazzled.”*

Rapturous success! Clearly, the M.’s had not expected what had happened, and needed some time to wrap their minds around it, so we will let the matter rest for now at this point.

Completely confident that John would be as good as his spoken word, I then moved on, asking him to comment on my longings to start a physical mediumship circle here in New York City. His response was immediate and fairly lengthy. He began by stating that they have been aware of and read our book and other writings, and acknowledged that while the book was exceptionally advanced in its content and knowledge in ways that may elude a number of readers, it had and will deeply affect others, who have been helped in invaluable ways that has brought joy to those in Spirit. He spoke of how physical mediumship circles, once rare, are now coming back into the earthly sphere to fulfill a great agenda of uniting the world as a globally-connected network. Citing the fact that physical mediumship circles were first begun in America, (i.e., the Fox Sisters in Hydesville, New York in the mid-1800s) and then crossed over to the British Isles and then other parts of the world, he seemed to be indicating that some great and hidden process has been at work underlying all the years that have passed since then. He indicated that New York City is intended to become one of the major points of intersection for this network, and my desire to establish a physical medium circle there will be fulfilled. John then advised to “wait and watch for your season when the leaves fall” to see the circle begin to become reality. He reminded me that I have a very large number of individuals and groups behind me in Spirit who will support the circle and ensure its success. As I thanked him for this marvelous information, he then asked that the cabinet curtains be opened and the red light brought forward to see if those we know and love could manifest via transfiguration.

With prior permission, I was allowed to seat myself on the floor directly in front of the medium, whose upright but sleeping figure was illumined by the dim red light, to the background of passionate Native American drumming and chanting. As before, I saw considerable energetic movement of photoplasmic energy, morphing the medium’s face so rapidly I couldn’t make much out in any definitive way. Tom’s sweater was sparkling with little white, grain-sized lights, and other sitters confirmed seeing this afterward. After several minutes my eyes became so strained that I finally relaxed them and then lapsed into a kind of disinterested daydream – only to realize that the medium’s body had leaned forward, straining against the ties, and mouthing something while staring directly at me. I was startled to see the face of Boris Pasternak, one of my guides whom I hadn’t thought about that night up until that point. He nodded his head at my recognition, his eyes



very wide as if in surprise, his features sharp and brightly lit as if from within, all standing out in crisp clarity. At once they melted and resolved into another equally-clear face, which was previously unknown to me but communicated that it was that of Carlos Yorio, another of my guides whom I have never met beyond the astral until this moment. Here was further validation of the individuals supporting my future circle that John Sloan had just mentioned.<sup>11</sup>

After the transfiguration portion was over and all was dark once again, Irene came back to raise our energy for a few more minutes, and then said her goodbyes. The circle's energy began to withdraw, signaling that the sitting was coming to a close. But then John at once suspended the closure to respond to a sitter who had returned for more clarification about a statement he had made at a previous sitting regarding her art. With compassion and warmth, and to her astonishment, he told her that the final design that she had only just arrived at a few hours earlier, but had mentioned to no one, was the one she would paint, and then advised her to patent it as it was destined to become a global symbol of hope and healing.

Throughout this sitting everyone reported hearing and feeling people in spirit walking around the room, often very heavy-footed, shaking the floor and walls. This was experienced more as feeling than sound, and Tim explained to me that if they had made their footsteps fully audible, it would have been impossible to hear what was being said.

John then made his farewells, and we listened – while remaining silent – to a recording of John Lennon singing “Imagine.” Several sitters were able to hear John singing along with it, which had happened at the other sittings as well. I close this report with a few of his immortal words:

*“You may say I'm a dreamer,  
But I'm not the only one.  
I hope someday you'll join us,  
And the world will be as one.”*



### Après-Séance

Much too soon, the final sitting was over. One by one, satiated by pretzels and juice, we wandered out into the country night to continue pondering all that had been seen and heard. The black sky overhead was clear and bright with stars, and we pretended to know which glow was Mars or Jupiter. The sweet smell of burning cedar wood drifted in the cold air, making an orange haze that masked the sliver of the new Planting Moon rising just above the trees. Kevin and Tom meandered about, giving a hug here and a word of thanks there. As it was when I first met them, I continued to be deeply impressed by these two seemingly ordinary men, who were always mellow and smiling, free of drama and tempered with quiet humility. There was none of the self-invested, smug egomentality I've so often seen in the “new age” communities – they might have been hard-working potato farmers whose biggest pleasure was the day's last cup of tea. It was clear that they were solid and grounded in an existence that knew no fear, but only joy in their own sense of immortality and firm knowledge of eventual transition to the Summerlands of Spirit.

Skepticism can be healthy when one forgets what the general consensus is and seeks the truth for oneself. But along with the early doubts, one must also strive for an understanding as broad as possible – not just through personal experience, but through scholarly and scientific research, parsing all the possibilities and options that are known to exist within the realm of physical and

other forms of mediumship. I'm so thankful that our siblings in Spirit seem to have bottomless patience and a sense of humor to put up with our constant repetition of silly questions. They will stay with us until we understand and are satisfied, and if they might go away, they'll be back later.

One of my oldest and best of friends had his first experience in that last session, and he shared with me later that it had been just as I predicted – that he would find himself spending the first 20-30 minutes trying to process what he was seeing, starting with the “it must be done with wires” rationale, and gradually eliminating the improbable, until he was left with the impossible. Then his spiritual senses came into play, and his mind began to make its own quantum leaps and bounds, and he saw and heard with newly awakened spiritual senses. Little demonstrations with sweaters and velcro, as vulgar as they might seem, are often the very thing needed to help stir up the dull brains of the uninitiated and even shock them into the next octave of consciousness (as Gurdjieff might say.) They are also the spirit team's way of practicing their skills, over and over and over, until they get good enough to move to the next level of manifestation. This is why circles may sit of 2–3 years before anything happens. It all begins on the other side, and then begins to trickle through here. And we have no idea just how many different things can be done with a cardigan and a slide whistle!

Most of us have to go through these stages of realization, and for some, this process may go on a lot longer, even years. Because of his exceptional openness and ego-free mentality, my friend came to see at least six impossible things before breakfast. I have sat next to people and seen and heard the most breathtaking things, but they have neither eyes nor ears – yet – and so experience nothing. It's like they're color blind or tone deaf. It takes a great, great deal of personal work to break free of the earth's lower vibrations and to sustain higher, newer ones to even begin to sense how big the iceberg beneath one really is.

Just as our book was not written for skeptics, neither do these mediumistic sittings occur for them. Mediumship has recently arrived at a new level on its path, in that it is now abandoning any and all efforts towards educating skeptics. They had their chance, and now they're free to return to their own mentally-darkened basements. We bless them and will welcome them – when they're finally ready to sit down and be still.

All this is in the aid of helping us become now more like what we're going to become when we leave our material body's world. It will make for a much more easy and glorious transition, and is a great deal of fun as well. The amount of joy and love that filled the room those two evenings can only be experienced, as the world of the Risen opened up and spilled into ours for a few short hours. The dream is to make it happen for as long as anyone wants.

My wish for us is that any uncertainty we may still have becomes uncomfortable enough to sustain for very long, and so we will let it guide us to evolve towards change that arises from our own seeking of self-experience. How much more satisfying it is to be personally and undeniably certain!

Notes:

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<sup>1</sup> John Campbell Sloan (1869–1951) of Scotland was one of the most remarkable direct-voice spirit mediums of our time. He was investigated and written about in great detail by the psychic researcher, writer and historian, Arthur Findlay. (See his book, *Where Two Worlds Meet*, for meticulously detailed accounts of sitting with John.)

<sup>2</sup> This was the same venue used by well-known physical medium, David Thompson of Australia, in 2008. Victor Zammit's impeccable report, which all but mirrors perfectly this writer's experience of the space and protocols used for the Yellow Cloud sittings, can be found [here](#).

<sup>3</sup> “Abide With Me” – music by William F. Monk, lyrics by Henry F. Lyte. Listen [here](#).

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<sup>4</sup> Several questions come to mind regarding photoplasm, including:

1. Can photoplasm be used to construct an artificial larynx as ectoplasm does? If not, then how is it used to convey speech from spirit to our ears?
2. Is photoplasm gathered like ectoplasm, in full or in part, from the medium's physical and/or astral-etheric bodies? If yes, and in part, that would seem to imply other sources of the energy being used. What would these other energies be?
3. Does the use of photoplasm call for any particular protocol or standards of practice for the sitters to prepare for and protect themselves when the new energy is being utilized, or is it totally safe?

I emailed these questions to Patrick McNamara after thoroughly studying the material at his website; rather than taking a stab at the answers, he suggested I just read his website. He did, however, briefly offer his belief that photoplasm might be able to build an artificial voicebox in the way that ectoplasm does, but offered nothing beyond that comment. These and other questions will hopefully be put to the Risen at future circles.

<sup>5</sup> When on the earth plain, Irene Sims was a young trapeze artist with Bertram Mills's circus. She passed to spirit after an accident when she fell from the trapeze; she was around 15 years old at the time.

<sup>6</sup> Timothy Gray was a writer, editor, and photographer in New York City until he made his transition to his present Risen spirit existence in the early 1990s; he has been August's partner in life and love since they met in the late 1980s. Together they assisted two groups of people in spirit known as "The Risen Collective" and "The Risen Assembly" in manifesting the book, "[The Risen](#): Dialogues of Love, Grief and Survival; 21<sup>st</sup> Century Reports from the Afterlife Through Contemplative, Intuitive and Physical Mediumship (2009).

<sup>7</sup> This is very much like what we refer to as an "infosphere" in our book, *The Risen*. It can be described as a kind of "thought ball of energy." All the concepts encapsulated in this compacted energy form can be passed in one action from one entity to another or more. The information can be experienced and absorbed all in an instant, or stored for later access—a little at a time or all at once. It also possesses an organic, intelligent quality, absorbing new energy and changing from what it absorbs, producing more information.

<sup>8</sup> [Phil Starr](#) (b. 1932) was a gay cabaret drag comedian, singer, mainstay and regular feature of the London and English south coast gay scene during a career spanning from the 1950s until his transition in 2005. Much beloved by Brighton, Starr's act was typically "old school": long, convoluted stories, often culminating in a hilarious, unexpected twist. Since his transition, he's obviously not changed much, and while he's still admonished to keep his language clean during sittings, he is still very much the queen of sexual innuendos.

<sup>9</sup> "Pickin' A Chicken", sung by Eve Boswell – to listen, go [here](#).

<sup>10</sup> See "[A Pleasant Week At Hamlet Montcabriol With Tom Morris And Kevin Lawrenson](#)" by John and Maryse Locke.

<sup>11</sup> Read about how Boris Pasternak, Carlos Yorio and others made themselves known to me via a precipitated art séance at our [blog](#).

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August Goforth, along with his transitioned companion, Timothy Gray, is one of the many authors of *The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief & Survival – 21st Century Reports from the Afterlife Through Contemplative, Intuitive, & Physical Mediumship* ([Tempestina Teapot books, 2009](#)) as well as *The Risen: A Companion to Grief* ([Tempestat Teapot books, 2018](#)). A psychotherapist in private practice in New York City, he is also a spirit medium, and works with several groups of non-embodied entities who are developing approaches of therapeutic support for psychospiritual challenges arising within the mediumistic experience.

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