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“Your Honor,” Mr. Thin interrupted, “I object to Dr. Fogg’s line of argument. He is essentially telling the jury that the prosecution here is on trial, not himself. Also he is rambling on and on about the subject of vision without addressing the real issue which is that he purports himself to have a lack of sight, that that lack of sight prevents his practicing medicine, and that it is on this and other even more serious charges which have brought him to this trial, certainly not merely me and my staff and our ‘vision of the world’.” His tone dripped with contempt for Slomo’s argument.

“Dr. Fogg, is this line of argument leading anywhere? We have listened carefully, but Mr. Thin here is right, you have been talking in generalities, not specifically about your own situation with vision,” the judge said, making every attempt to give the air of fairness to the two sides.

“Your Honor, when I took my oath to tell the whole truth, you will recall that I made the observation that in over five hundred trials, I have never seen one where any person was allowed to tell the whole truth. Now, Mr. Thin here is too impatient to hear the whole truth. He wants a brief edition of the truth, an abridged version of the truth, and he wants to limit it when it comes from the very person who is on trial. Mr. Thin should ask himself: why do we even need to hear a part of the truth? Why not none of it?”

Slomo calmly turned and walked to the table across from Mr. Thin who was nervously shuffling his papers. “Mr. Thin here has made the observation that he himself is not on trial. I shall make

the observation that Mr. Thin has not taken an oath to tell the truth. Now, I ask the jury: Is what Mr. Thin has said the truth?"

"Okay, Dr. Fogg, you have made your point. If rambling generalities are your version of the truth, you may continue. This court will not curtail in any manner your production of the truth," the judge replied.

Slomo continued to stand across from Mr. Thin looking not directly at him, but rather above his head. "Mr. Thin's interruption, Your Honor, has already served his purpose. He has caused the members of the jury here to lose the train of thought that I was laying out before them." Slomo spoke slowly as he walked back to his previous station in front of the jury, and then he stopped and stood without saying anything.

At a moment when the silence in the room was at its maximum, a deep, clear voice could be heard at the back of the room: "I've heard enough!"

The voice was that of one of two men in black who'd been sitting quietly with legs crossed until this moment. All heads except one turned to see the man whose voice and simple words had rumbled across the room like distant thunder. Both men in black stood, one of them stepped forward to open the door for the other. The man who had just spoken limped slightly as he stepped out through the door, yet he somehow conveyed power. Who was he?

If the curious jury could have also seen outside the courthouse building, they would have noticed a large, shiny, black Mercedes parked in a no-parking zone in front of the courthouse steps. The courtroom door slammed, and the footsteps could be heard down the hall.

"Dr. Fogg, who is that man?" the judge asked.

Since Slomo had resumed his position in front of the jury, he had not moved a single muscle except to speak. "The man who just left the room is my brother,"

The judge massaged his temples. "Now could we please get back to work? Slomo, I mean, Dr. Fogg, continue."

Slomo walked slowly over to his favorite spot in front of the jury. "I was, as you might recall, attempting to lay the groundwork for my explanation of my problem with vision."

Mr. Thin frowned and loudly shuffled some of his notes as Slomo turned and slowly walked over to face him. Slomo continued to talk calmly as he had before to the men and women of the jury.

"Vision," he began, "is the world we live in, the world we behold when we open our eyes in the morning. Mr. Thin's world is his own. My world is my own. And each of you possesses your own private world, which is the product of your private and individual vision. I cannot know or experience Mr. Thin's world, and I cannot know or experience any of your worlds either; nor you or Mr. Thin mine. We and our worlds which are produced by the phenomenon of vision are eternally separated from each other."

Slomo paused for a long time, apparently giving his words a chance to sink in. "God has configured our human experience in such a way that we are inextricably separated in this fashion from each other. Our worlds are inextricably separated. As you look at me, there is a Slomo in each of your worlds. There is a Slomo in the world of Mr. Thin, also in the world of the judge, and in the bailiff's world as well." Slomo glanced at the bailiff. "The final conclusion is obvious," Slomo continued. "If our worlds are so inextricably partitioned from each other, there is simply no way that any of us can know anything substantial about any world except our own. Mr. Thin here has told us though that he knows what is in my world. Somehow Mr. Thin has broken the barrier that God has used to separate each of our worlds from each other, and he has told you what he has found in mine. If Mr. Thin is being truthful in this respect, it is infinitely more important to mankind that he tell us all how he has accomplished this because it has never been accomplished before by any other living creature. Mr. Thin owes it to his fellow man that this discovery of his is made known to all of us. I ask Mr. Thin, how have you done this?"

Mr. Thin raised his eyebrows and said, "Your Honor...."

"Dr. Fogg, please do not distract the jury by making the prosecution the subject of their attention. You are the subject of this trial, not Mr. Thin."

"Yes, Your Honor, I am the one whose freedom which is the greatest gift of God may be taken away, stolen in a way, by my fellow men and women who I have done no other to than love," Slomo replied. It was the first time anyone in the courtroom had heard the sound of discouragement or fatigue in his voice. Slomo continued. "There is a Slomo in each of your worlds now. He is yours. You can do with him what you will. I ask: 'is there room in your world for Slomo?' Will you kill the Slomo who has entered your private world? Slomo will never kill any of you, nor will he remove any of you from his world. None of you, including Mr. Thin, will ever have anything to fear from Slomo. So we await the conclusion of this trial, but who is on trial? Whose action is awaited? Is it Slomo who is on trial or is it each of you? Are any of you frightened at the prospect of loneliness? If Mr. Thin accomplishes his charge and Slomo is taken away, or killed, as Socrates was, are you fearful of the loss that you will suffer?"

At this the judge interrupted. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we will adjourn this trial until tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. The bailiff will take Dr. Fogg back to prison and each of you will not discuss this case with any person. Court adjourned!"



As if borne on the warm winds blowing outside, creating clear skies and perfect skating weather, news of Slomo's blue aura had spread from the courthouse to the streets to the beaches. After the hour's recess, a steady stream of fans, followers and the curious jammed into the courtroom to get closer to and support the unusual, peculiar and extraordinary man on trial.

"Court come to order, and I mean to order!" the judge yelled as he passed quickly into the courtroom through the door behind his desk.

The jury had already returned, and so had the bailiff, the clerk and Mr. Thin. And Slomo. He was sitting perfectly still and quite alone at his position across the table from Mr. Thin. No one claimed to see any blue aura around him, yet his composure still drew trance-like gazes.

The judge had no idea what had taken place in his courtroom in his absence. As far as he knew the courtroom was and had been completely under his control. He prided himself on his capacity to assert his control over his fellow men. He took pride in his black robe. He took pride in the fact that tradition had given him a special seat higher than the places assigned the other people in the courtroom, even higher than the jury, which, in some world of theory, was the source of decision, compassion, and punishment.

“Dr. Fogg, proceed where you left off, but I want to advise you to keep your words strictly confined to the issues which are the subject of this trial. Do you understand?” The judge leaned forward and stared down on the table where Slomo sat.

“I understand you, Your Honor, and I will proceed. I wanted to discuss with the members of the jury, with your kind permission, the subject of my vision, and the problem I have with it,” Slomo replied.

“Then proceed.”

Slomo rose slowly from his chair and walked in his graceful, seemingly weightless style to the same place where he had stood before the jury “Vision is one of six areas of perception to which almost all of us are endowed at birth, along with hearing, taste, touch, smell, of course. And....” Slomo hesitated, “and I told you before the recess that there was a sixth sense that was the most significant of all. It is the sixth sense of which I speak, the mysterious sense which gives each of us some piece of knowledge or intuition by way of an unknown, mysterious source—maybe by way of the third eye?”

Several members of the jury looked hopeful, but the judge raised his gavel.

“Of course not,” Slomo said, nodding to the judge, who set the gavel back in its cradle. “The sixth sense,” he continued, “and the most significant of all the senses is the sense of balance and movement which has its peripheral headquarters in the inner ears, within the otoliths and semicircular canals protected deep within the bony material of the skull. If you ask any neurologist to name the senses he will forget that there are six, not five senses, but if that same neurologist were take time from his busy life to contemplate the significance of the senses, he would have to conclude that this sixth sense is the most important of all. Funny, that which is forgotten is most important.”

Slomo paused to smile at the jury and the courtroom attendees.

“Later, I may have the opportunity to explain why this sixth sense is the most important sense of all. At that time I will explain to you why a person can lose any of his other senses, including the sense of vision, and if he maintains a good, solid sense of balance he will be able to compensate for the loss in a way which will expand his appreciation for God, for his fellow man, and for his own person. That will have to wait: it is vision, my problem with the sense of vision, which I shall explain to you now.”

“It’s about time,” the judge said.

Slomo stood unmoving in apparent contemplation of his next thought, but a loud noise in the back of the room broke the silence. All heads turned with the exception of Slomo who continued to stand still. The door of the courtroom had been flung open. It banged against the wall but stayed open.

The same two men paused in the doorway, both dressed in the same black suits, both with fedora hats, both relaxed and yet intense, and stared into the courtroom.

“Not again,” the judge muttered.

The shorter of the two men stepped forward and made a motion to a young couple to give up their seats, which they did immediately. The two men stepped into the room. One of them calmly sat down and crossed his legs. His eyes were fixed on the front of the

room. His burly physique and meaty face suggested raw power, the ability to intimidate. His associate walked straight through the courtroom, passed through the little wooden gate, and stepped up to where Slomo was standing, still facing the jury. The man whispered something to Slomo and then simply stood there.

“Bailiff, arrest these men at once!” the judge shouted angrily, “and I mean at once!”

The bailiff walked over to the man standing beside Slomo and took out his cuffs. The man turned his head and stared into the bailiff’s eyes; the bailiff hesitated.

“Your Honor,” the man began, turning his head to face the judge, “I have come to simply relay a message to Slomo, on the behalf of the power that allows this whole proceeding to continue. So I delivered it. You and your man here are in no danger from me or my boss who desires to observe the trial for a while. So now, I shall allow your bailiff here to resume his own post of observation, and I’ll go sit in the empty chair beside my boss. Now, do you or anyone else in this room have a problem with that?”

The man had spoken in a deep, relaxed voice that conveyed absolute confidence. He turned and walked back through the little wooden gate and sat in the chair beside his boss who himself still sat motionless with his legs crossed.

The judge’s jaw had dropped. He closed his mouth and blotted his forehead with a white hankie. “Close that damn door and let’s get on with this trial!” he finally yelled, slamming the gavel down so hard a wood chip flew off his desk.