

Chapter 1 : The Jacket (The Star Rover) - London, Jack/ Gahan, Desmond - | HPB

The Star Rover is a novel by American writer Jack London published in (published in the United Kingdom as The Jacket). It is science fiction, and involves both mysticism and reincarnation.

Plot[edit] After miraculously recovering from an apparently fatal bullet wound to the head, Gulf War veteran Jack Starks returns to Vermont in , suffering from periods of amnesia. While walking, he sees a young girl, Jackie, and her alcoholic mother in despair beside their broken-down truck. Starks and Jackie quickly form a certain affinity; she asks him to give her his dogtags and he does so. He gets the truck started for them and continues on his way. Shortly after, a man driving along the same highway gives Jack a ride and they get pulled over by a policeman. The murder weapon is on the ground nearby. Although he testifies there was someone else at the scene, he is not believed because of his amnesia. Starks is found not guilty by reason of insanity and is incarcerated in a mental institution. Starks is placed in the care of Dr. Thomas Becker, a psychiatrist, and his staff. In December , Starks is forced to undergo an unauthorized treatment designed by Becker: While in this condition, he is somehow able to travel 15 years into the future and stay there for a short time. He meets an older version of Jackie at a roadside diner where she works. He suspects this happens because it is the only memory he can ever fully hold on to. She does not recognise him but seeing him standing forlornly, she takes pity on him and offers him shelter, just for the night. While in her apartment, Starks comes across his own dogtags and confronts her. She becomes upset and asks him to leave. Early on 1 January , knowing that his time is quickly running out, Starks is briefly taken out of the hospital by Dr. Beth Lorenson, who he has finally convinced of his time travel experiences and his knowledge of future events. When he returns to the hospital, Starks experiences a flashback to the head wound he suffered in Iraq, simultaneously slipping on the ice and hits his head. Bleeding profusely, he convinces two of the more sympathetic doctors to put him into the jacket one last time. Jackie now has a better life than in the previous version of They reprise their first meeting: She stops and offers to take him to the hospital where she works. While they are in the car, Jackie receives a call from her mother â€” still alive and well. They drive on, the screen fades to white, and a voice-over reveals that the link to the "previous" future is not lost when Jackie says "How much time do we have? As the credits start to roll, the answer to the question is given by the words of the song:

Chapter 2 : The Star Rover - Wikipedia

*The Jacket (The Star-Rover) [Jack London] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Jack London was an American author who wrote some of the most famous novels of the early 20th century.*

It was written in 1909, when London was probably the most famous writer in America. Yet when published in 1910, it sold fewer copies than any of his previous works and eventually went out of print. It was republished in England in 1925 under the title *The Jacket*, and appears to only recently have been reprinted in America. Fiedler, published in *A New Fiedler Reader*. A reader might think London himself had practiced, or at least was interested in, reincarnation and astral travel. Morrell inadvertently learned etheric projection while in the jacket, and was able to walk around San Francisco and confirm his experiences were real. One time he witnessed a shipwreck just off the coast that he later read about in the papers. Solitary confinement, they call it. Men who endure it, call it living death. But through these five years of death-in-life I managed to attain freedom such as few men have ever known. Closest-confined of prisoners, not only did I range the world, but I ranged time. They who immured me for petty years gave to me, all unwittingly, the largess of centuries. In the novel, Morrell is a few cells away from Standing, also in solitary confinement. Unable to talk to each other due to the watchful eye of guards, he teaches Standing how to have a more intense OBO via their secret language of knuckle-rapping on the cell bars. Morrell tells him to will himself to die: The thing you must think and believe is that your body is one thing and your spirit is another thing. And thinking and believing all this you proceed to prove it by using your will. You make your body die. He relives the life of Daniel Foss, who was shipwrecked on a barren island in 1847, lived off seal meat for five years, and later wrote *A Journal of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Daniel Foss*. In another life, Standing is a young boy involved in the Mountain Meadows massacre in Utah in 1857, when Mormon settlers conspired with members of the Paiute Indian tribe to slaughter a group of pioneers in covered wagons. Standing eventually concludes Memory is only thing that remains after death—similar to the views of experienced astral traveler Aleister Crowley. It has been for woman that man has tamed the horse, slew the mammoth, and harvested rice and wheat. I conclude that the greatest thing in life, in all lives, to me and to all men, has been woman, is woman, and will be woman so long as the stars drift in the sky and the heavens flux eternal change. Greater than our toil and endeavour, the play of invention and fancy, battle and star-gazing and mystery—greatest of all has been woman. Others have compared it to *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Relevant scenes in a number of his novels make clear that it was a form of soul-killing slavery, which is why he was a socialist revolutionary. Reply josephrex August 30, at 8: I read the book years ago and liked it a lot, but had forgotten the details. Reply Eimai August 30, at Leave a Reply Your email address will not be published.

Chapter 3 : The Star Rover by Jack London

The Jacket (Star-Rover) and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.

And the red wrath was up in me, ripping and tearing at my will to be free. Small wonder that I shook with the effort to control. The shaking, happily, they took for the weakness of age. I held up my bra. Then I was swept away in a blaze of red. There was a crash. The litter overturned, and I scarce knew whether I was heads or heels, but my clutch never relaxed. In the confusion of confusion. But soon the horse. I was dizzy, but not unconscious, and very blissful with my old fingers buried in that lean and scraggly old neck I had sought for so long. The blows continued to rain on my head, and I had whirling thoughts in which I likened myself to a bulldog with jaws fast-locked. Chong Mong-ju could not escape me, and I know he was well dead ere darkness, like that of an anaesthetic, descended upon me there on the cliffs of Fusan by the Yellow Sea. I have taught him what spirit is, humbled him with my own spirit that rose invulnerable, triumphant, above all his tortures. In vain Warden Atherton tried to break my spirit. And there were times, beyond any shadow of doubt, when he would have been glad had I died in the jacket. So the long inquisition went on. As he had told me, and as he told me repeatedly, it was dynamite or curtains. Captain Jamie was a veteran in dungeon horrors, yet the time came when he broke down under the strain I put on him and on the rest of my torturers. So desperate did he become that he dared words with the Warden and washed his hands of the affair. From that day until the end of my torturing he never set foot in solitary. Yes, and the time came when Warden Atherton grew afraid, although he still persisted in trying to wring from me the hiding-place of the non-existent dynamite. Toward the last he was badly shaken by Jake Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer was fearless and outspoken. Morrell rapped me a full account of the incident. I was unconscious in the jacket at the time. When he was unlaced this time, the Warden was careful not to be in solitary. But it was Doctor Jackson who was the arch-fiend. To him I was a novelty, and he was ever eager to see how much more I could stand before I broke. I can stand a hundred when such as you administer it. You think a man is made in your own cowardly images. Behold, I am a man. I am your master. You think it remarkable, for you know how easily you would squeal. For I was above them, beyond them. I was free spirit. My flesh only lay pent there in solitary. I was not pent. I had mastered the flesh, and the soul. Much of my adventures I rapped to my two comrades. Morrell believed, for he had himself tasted the little death. But Oppenheimer, enraptured with my tales, remained a sceptic to the end. His regret was naive, and at times really pathetic, in that I had devoted my life to the science of agriculture instead of to fiction writing. I am able to identify it with what is to-day called Korea, and that is about all. That is as far as my reading goes. It is a sort of sauerkraut. When it is spoiled it stinks to heaven. Now how do I know that? That is how men come to be, to grow, how spirit develops. I am Jake Oppenheimer. I always have been Jake Oppenheimer. No other guy is in my makings. What I know I know as Jake Oppenheimer. Now what do I know? You keep out of this, Ed. Wait till I tie the professor up. It is not in the content of my mind. Then who put it into your mind? Adam Strang is a pipe-dream. You read it somewhere. It was impossible to convince Oppenheimer of my sincerity. He insisted that I was making it up as I went along, although he applauded what he called my "to-be-continued-in-our-next," and, at the times they were resting me up from the jacket, was continually begging and urging me to run off a few more chapters. Matter has no memory. And now I have conveyed it into your mind, my reader. Try to eliminate it from your mind. As long as you live what I have told will tenant your mind. There is nothing permanent but mind. Matter fluxes, crystallizes, and fluxes again, and forms are never repeated. Forms disintegrate into the eternal nothingness from which there is no return. Form is apparitional and passing. But the memory of them remains, shall always remain as long as spirit endures, and spirit is indestructible. Evil communications, you know. It is remarkable in two ways. It shows the astounding mental power of that child of the gutters, Jake Oppenheimer; and it is in itself convincing proof of the verity of my experiences when in the jacket coma. Now is that chess like our kind of chess? And of course he laughed good-naturedly at what he called my foolery. Yet I could distinctly remember that in my Adam Strang adventure I had frequently played chess. The trouble was that whenever I came back to

consciousness in solitary, unessential and intricate details faded from my memory. It must be remembered that for convenience I have a. I never knew in advance where my journeys in time would take me. For instance, I have a score of different times returned to Jesse Fancher in the wagon-circle at Mountain Meadows. I had brought back of chess playing. And then, no sooner out of jacket and circulation restored, than I started knuckle-rapping the information. It was different from Western chess, and yet could not but be fundamentally the same, tracing back to a common origin, probably India. In place of our sixty-four squares there are eighty-one squares. We have eight p. Also, in the Cho-Sen game, there are twenty pieces and p. Thus, the nine p. A further radical variation is that a captured piece or p. It becomes the property of the captor and is thereafter played by him. Well, I taught Oppenheimer this game--a far more difficult achievement than our own game, as will be admitted, when the capturing and recapturing and continued playing of p. Solitary is not heated. It would be a wickedness to ease a convict from any spite of the elements. And many a dreary day of biting cold did Oppenheimer and I forget that and the following winter in the absorption of Cho-Sen chess. But there was no convincing him that I had in truth brought this game back to San Quentin across the centuries. He insisted that I had read about it somewhere, and, though I had forgotten the reading, the stuff of the reading was nevertheless in the content of my mind, ripe to be brought out in any pipe-dream. Thus he turned the tenets and jargon of psychology back on me. I got you, bo. Say, get it patented. I remember when I was night-messenger some guy invented a fool thing called Pigs in Clover and made millions out of it.

Chapter 4 : Read The Jacket (Star-Rover) Light Novel

2 THE JACKET (THE STAR-ROVER) CHAPTER I All my life I have had an awareness of other times and places. I have been aware of other persons in meOh, and trust me, so have you, my.

There was no leprosy in them. I shook my head. They were in a daze. There was one who sat in the sun and ever searched his body and stared and stared at the smooth flesh as if unable to believe his eyes. He would not speak, nor look at aught else than his flesh, when I questioned him. He was in a maze. He sat there in the sun and stared and stated. It is a lie they have made. This Jesus holds the justness of the Roman tax. He holds that Rome shall rule until all rule passes away with the passing of the world. I see more clearly the trick Hanan is playing me. Gods have descended to earth before. Against his will they would make him a king. To escape them he fled into the mountains. He was too wise to accept the fate they would have forced upon him. He is no fool. Judas his name was, and there were words in that he stole from their common purse which he carried. He was an enthusiast and a desert-dweller. Either he or his followers claimed that he was Elijah raised from the dead. Elijah, you see, was one of our old prophets. Pilate grinned and shook his head, then said: John was a moralist. It is too long a story, but he paid for it with his head. No, there was nothing political in that affair. Nobody at Nazareth believes it. You see, his whole family, including his married sisters, lives there and is known to all of them. They are a simple folk, mere common people. It would be a shameful wrong. The man has done no evil. He has not offended against Rome. If they must destroy him, they must destroy him. That is their affair. Over night the white heat of the city had scorched upon itself. By midday, when I rode forth with half a dozen of my men, the streets were packed, and more reluctant than ever were the folk to give way before me. If looks could kill I should have been a dead man that day. Openly they spat at sight of me, and, everywhere arose snarls and cries. Less was I a thing of wonder, and more was I the thing hated in that I wore the hated harness of Rome. Had it been any other city, I should have given command to my men to lay the flats of their swords on those snarling fanatics. But this was Jerusalem, at fever heat, and these were a people unable in thought to divorce the idea of State from the idea of God. Hanan the Sadducee had done his work well. No matter what he and the Sanhedrim believed of the true inwardness of the situation, it was clear this rabble had been well tutored to believe that Rome was at the bottom of it. I encountered Miriam in the press. She was on foot, attended only by a woman. It was no time in such turbulence for her to be abroad garbed as became her station. Through her sister she was indeed sister-in-law to Antipas for whom few bore love. So she was dressed discreetly, her face covered, so that she might pass as any Jewish woman of the lower orders. Few and quick were the words we were able to exchange, for the way jammed on the moment, and soon my men and horses were being pressed and jostled. Miriam was sheltered in an angle of house-wall. He has ridden up to Jerusalem on an ass, with a multitude before and behind; and some, poor dupes, have hailed him as he passed as King of Israel. That finally is the pretext with which Hanan will compel Pilate. Truly, though not yet taken, the sentence is already written. This fisherman is a dead man. Miriam shook her head. They will bring him before the Sanhedrim. The sentence will be death. They may stone him. By the law of the Talmud he is guilty of death, for he has blasphemed against the law. In either event it will be well. Some fanatic had fallen, and I could feel my horse recoil and half rear as it tramped on him, and I could hear the man screaming and the snarling menace from all about rising to a roar. But my head was over my shoulder as I called back to Miriam: Scarcely did I catch her words, for a man sprang in, seizing my bridle-rein and leg and struggling to unhorse me. With my open palm, leaning forward, I smote him full upon cheek and jaw. My hand covered the face of him, and a hearty will of weight was in the blow. Next I saw Miriam was the following day. She seemed in a dream. Scarce her eyes saw me. Scarce her wits embraced my identity. So strange was she, so in daze and amaze and far-seeing were her eyes, that I was reminded of the lepers I had seen healed in Samaria. She became herself by an effort, but only her outward self. In her eyes was a message unreadable. She would have passed me ungreetered had I not confronted her way. She paused and murmured words mechanically, but all the while her eyes dreamed through me and beyond me with the largeness of the vision that filled them. She took no notice of my poor-timed jest, and her eyes remained full with vision, and she would have passed

on had I not again blocked her way. He is the Prince of Light, the Son of God. I have seen Him. Truly I believe that He is the Son of God. For surely this Miriam was not the Miriam who had branded him a plague and demanded that he be stamped out as any plague. Her eyes seemed to moisten and grow deeper as she gave confirmation. But to look upon Him is to know that here is the all- soul of goodness and of compassion. I have heard Him. I shall give all I have to the poor, and I shall follow Him. I drew aside, and as she moved slowly on she murmured: He is the Son of David. He is the Son of God. He is whatever He has said, or whatever has been said of Him that is good and great. I have sought more deeply into him. I have fresh report. He has no need of wonder-workings. He out-sophisticates the most sophisticated of them. They have laid traps, and He has laughed at their traps. At last has there appeared one Jew who understands our Roman conception of the State. She shook her head. He has not said. But this I know: The last days are known to all of you who read these lines, and it was in those last days that I learned that this Jesus was equally a charmer of men. Pilate was little interested in the fisherman and greatly interested in peace and order. The school of Rome was iron, and the governors sent out by Rome to rule conquered peoples were likewise iron. Pilate thought and acted in governmental abstractions. It was the first time Pilate had ever seen him.

Chapter 5 : Read The Jacket (Star-Rover) Light Novel Online

The Jack Rover tells the story of San Quentin death-row inmate Darrell Standing, who escapes the horror of prison life and long stretches in a straitjacket by withdrawing into vivid dreams of past lives, including incarnations as a French nobleman and an Englishman in medieval Korea.

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Chapter 6 : The Jacket (Star-Rover) by Jack London - Full Text Free Book (Part 5/6)

LibriVox recording of The Jacket, by Jack London. Read by Barry Eads. This book by Jack London was published under the name of "The Jacket" in the UK and "The Star Rover" in the US.

The Jacket The Star-Rover. I have been aware of other persons in me. Read back into your childhood, and this sense of awareness I speak of will be remembered as an experience of your childhood. You were then not fixed, not crystallized. You were plastic, a soul in flux, a consciousness and an ident. You have forgotten much, my reader, and yet, as you read these lines, you remember dimly the hazy vistas of other times and places into which your child eyes peered. They seem dreams to you to-day. Yet, if they were dreams, dreamed then, whence the substance of them? Our dreams are grotesquely compounded of the things we know. The stuff of our sheerest dreams is the stuff of our experience. As a child, a wee child, you dreamed you fell great heights; you dreamed you flew through the air as things of the air fly; you were vexed by crawling spiders and many-legged creatures of the slime; you heard other voices, saw other faces nightmarishly familiar, and gazed upon sunrises and sunsets other than you know now, looking back, you ever looked upon. These child glimpses are of other-worldness, of other-lifeness, of things that you had never seen in this particular world of your particular life. Perhaps, when you have read all that I shall write, you will have received answers to the perplexities I have propounded to you, and that you yourself, ere you came to read me, propounded to yourself. He was neither seer nor prophet, but just ordinary man like you or any man. What he knew, you know, any man knows. But he most aptly stated it in his pa. And yet, when we were new-born we did remember other times and places. We, helpless infants in arms or creeping quadruped-like on the floor, dreamed our dreams of air-flight. Yes; and we endured the torment and torture of nightmare fears of dim and monstrous things. As for myself, at the beginnings of my vocabulary, at so tender a period that I still made hunger noises and sleep noises, yet even then did I know that I had been a star-rover. Yes, I, whose lips had never lisped the word "king," remembered that I had once been the son of a king. More--I remembered that once I had been a slave and a son of a slave, and worn an iron collar round my neck. When I was three, and four, and five years of age, I was not yet I. I was a mere becoming, a flux of spirit not yet cooled solid in the mould of my particular flesh and time and place. In that period all that I had ever been in ten thousand lives before strove in me, and troubled the flux of me, in the effort to incorporate itself in me and become me. But remember, my reader, whom I hope to have travel far with me through time and s. I have gone through the h. So, to return, I say, during the ages of three and four and five, I was not yet I. I was merely becoming as I took form in the mould of my body, and all the mighty, indestructible past wrought in the mixture of me to determine what the form of that becoming would be. It was not my voice that cried out in the night in fear of things known, which I, forsooth, did not and could not know. The same with my childish angers, my loves, and my laughs. Other voices screamed through my voice, the voices of men and women aforetime, of all shadowy hosts of progenitors. And the snarl of my anger was blended with the snarls of beasts more ancient than the mountains, and the vocal madness of my child hysteria, with all the red of its wrath, was chorded with the insensate, stupid cries of beasts pre-Adamic and progeologic in time. And there the secret is out. It has undone me in this, my present life. Because of it, a few short weeks hence, I shall be led from this cell to a high place with unstable flooring, graced above by a well-stretched rope; and there they will hang me by the neck until I am dead. The red wrath always has undone me in all my lives; for the red wrath is my disastrous catastrophic heritage from the time of the slimy things ere the world was prime. It is time that I introduce myself. I am neither fool nor lunatic. I want you to know that, in order that you will believe the things I shall tell you. I am Darrell Standing. Some few of you who read this will know me immediately. But to the majority, who are bound to be strangers, let me exposit myself. Eight years ago the sleepy little university town of Berkeley was shocked by the murder of Professor Haskell in one of the laboratories of the Mining Building. Darrell Standing was the murderer. I was caught red-handed. Now the right and the wrong of this affair with Professor Haskell I shall not discuss. It was purely a private matter. The point is, that in a surge of anger, obsessed by that catastrophic red wrath that has cursed me down the ages, I killed my fellow professor.

The court records show that I did; and, for once, I agree with the court records. No; I am not to be hanged for his murder. I received a life-sentence for my punishment. I was thirty-six years of age at the time. I am now forty-four years old. Five of these years I spent in the dark. Solitary confinement, they call it. Men who endure it, call it living death. But through these five years of death-in-life I managed to attain freedom such as few men have ever known. Closest-confined of prisoners, not only did I range the world, but I ranged time. They who immured me for petty years gave to me, all unwittingly, the largess of centuries. Truly, thanks to Ed Morrell, I have had five years of star-roving. But Ed Morrell is another story. I shall tell you about him a little later. I have so much to tell I scarce know how to begin. I was born on a quarter-section in Minnesota. My mother was the daughter of an immigrant Swede. Her name was Hilda Tonnesson. My father was Chauncey Standing, of old American stock. He traced back to Alfred Standing, an indentured servant, or slave if you please, who was transported from England to the Virginia plantations in the days that were even old when the youthful Was. There have been no wars since in which the Standings have not been represented. I, the last of the Standings, dying soon without issue, fought as a common soldier in the Philippines, in our latest war, and to do so I resigned, in the full early ripeness of career, my professors. Good heavens, when I so resigned I was headed for the Deans. No; I shall never be Dean of any college of agriculture. And yet I knew agriculture. It was my profession. I was born to it, reared to it, trained to it; and I was a master of it. It was my genius. I can pick the high-percentage b. I can look, not at land, but at landscape, and p. Litmus paper is not necessary when I determine a soil to be acid or alkali. I repeat, farm-husbandry, in its highest scientific terms, was my genius, and is my genius. And yet the state, which includes all the citizens of the state, believes that it can blot out this wisdom of mine in the final dark by means of a rope about my neck and the abruptive jerk of gravitation--this wisdom of mine that was incubated through the millenniums, and that was well-hatched ere the farmed fields of Troy were ever pastured by the flocks of nomad shepherds! Who else knows corn? There is my demonstration at Wistar, whereby I increased the annual corn-yield of every county in Iowa by half a million dollars. Many a farmer, riding in his motor-car to-day, knows who made possible that motor-car. Many a sweet-bosomed girl and bright-browed boy, poring over high-school text-books, little dreams that I made that higher education possible by my corn demonstration at Wistar. There is my handbook and tables on the subject. Beyond the shadow of any doubt, at this present moment, a hundred thousand farmers are knotting their brows over its spread pages ere they tap out their final pipe and go to bed. And yet, so far was I beyond my tables, that all I needed was a mere look at a man to know his predispositions, his co-ordinations, and the index fraction of his motion-wastage. And here I must close this first chapter of my narrative. Even now, I hear the soft tread of the gum-shoed guard as he comes to censure me for my coal-oil lamp still burning. As if the mere living could censure the doomed to die! They are going to take me out and hang me pretty soon. In the meantime I say my say, and write in these pages of the other times and places. After my sentence, I came to spend the rest of my "natural life" in the prison of San Quentin. An incorrigible is a terrible human being--at least such is the connotation of "incorrigible" in prison psychology. I became an incorrigible because I abhorred waste motion. The prison, like all prisons, was a scandal and an affront of waste motion. They put me in the jute-mill.

Chapter 7 : The Jacket (or Star Rover) : Jack London : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

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Chapter 8 : The Jacket (Star-Rover) Part 1 Online

A novel by American writer Jack London published in (published in the UK as The Jacket). A collection of short stories, connected by the narrative of a prisoner serving a life sentence in San Quentin where officials torture him with a jacket device.

DOWNLOAD PDF THE JACKET (STAR-ROVER)

Chapter 9 : The Jacket (The Star-Rover)|Jack London.|Free download|PDF EPUB|Freeditorial

An illustration from 'The Star Rover' showing Standing in the strait-jacket while astral projecting. When Standing first starts to have out-of-body experiences (OBOs), his method is to put his conscious mind to sleep and then let loose his subconscious mind.