

The Mystical Gnosis Event

And the

Human Situation

**A Tractate on Transcendence:
As revealed in that knowledge in the Mystical Reunion of Being,
in the Mystic Death and Resurrection of Consciousness Event.
And its Fulfilment on Earth.**

Reality Beyond Beliefs.



(Updated edition of the volume
Psychognosis and the Dignity of Man)

R.W. Richardson

Authors Note

On the Mystical Gnosis and the Human Situation.

The Esoteric made Exoteric.

Owing to the title of this book many will perhaps be asking themselves as to what on earth or elsewhere I am talking about. Am I talking about and perhaps even advocating some kind of religion? The answer is emphatically no. Am I advocating some kind of life style or philosophy? No: I am advocating and preaching nothing at all. Am I talking about a specific manifestation of a cognitive event? Yes; I am; two in fact. Am I talking about an ancient philosophy based upon an event which by some is called Gnosticism? No, for beliefs about things do not interest me, and Gnosticism is a belief system. Am I talking about psychology then? Yes; but it would be better to call it the basement of depth psychology, and beyond; not academic psychology or psychology as it is practiced in various ways. So, what in absolute terms am I talking about here: and to whom am I addressing it, and why bother? It is about what we are, and where the mind starts. And it is also about becoming a living reflection on earth as to what we are in Essence.

I am addressing it to anyone who bothers to read it; but primarily I write for young people; teenagers and very young adults. Why? To give them something which is not only different from what is indoctrinated into them by society but also true of human experience; and because they are the world of tomorrow; and because it is needed. Why even bother? Because I care; and because it has to be done by somebody.

My real interest is in talking to people face to face; and preferably on a one to one basis, or at least with just a small group of people – for you can see the light of their eyes and answer their questions as one goes along in so doing. But one cannot in a book. Thus, I hope this book can be read in the light that it is simply a chat between you and me. For in that way, I know it works from much past experience. And likewise that way people can truly see that one means what they say, and with a deep passion for it. One cannot give these things away; but merely offer it for thought. We all have to find it for ourselves. So, in that light, let us continue.



When religions are seen not to address the deepest questions of human existence and the nature of reality as it comes to be known and experienced by us, and also seen to be too ludicrous for reality itself; and dangerous anyway, then the dissatisfied patrons thereof turn to science for answers. But they soon realise that science does not address the deepest questions that people ask either. Likewise when previous advocates of the scientific methodology come to realise that this process of simply analysing material things does not address the deepest questions, then they have only man made religions to turn to as they see it.

Hence, according to the existing consensus of humanity the answers must surely be found either in science or one of the religions, for there is nothing else anyway. But in fact they are wrong, and the something else is called life and existence itself. There is indeed something else which not only addresses the deepest questions which we ask – but also reveals the answers to them – the human mind and the nature of reality itself. For millennia some in the West have called this phenomenon by the name of Gnosis; whilst others have called it all different names. This book is about this inner mystical, esoteric, knowledge of experience and the human condition, and the human mind. It is not a religion or a belief, nor even a theory, it is living conscious experience; and has existed since modern human beings have existed – and longer.

Deep within every person, and presumably every conscious living thing which exists anywhere in the cosmos of existence, there resides a level of being which throughout millennia has been referred to as the sacred timeless ground of our being – the point where we start as a living cognitive entity. This has been known by all cultures and nations on earth by a small percentage of people in every generation, and for whatever reasons it actually becomes consciously known by them. It is the conscious event which, among other things, eliminates any feelings of alienation of ones self from the sum of all that exists; and reveals as to from whence we (Mind) come from and what we are doing here. It is the event which, originally at least, spirituality and religions were founded upon long before they were messed with and corrupted by priestcraft for political and social purposes. But such things, for millennia, have had to remain unspoken for the large part; leastwise if such folk wished to remain on this world; for religions and their power/politics did not allow contradiction to them – or else. Some took the ‘or else option’, but most did not. Hence they went underground, and far more than once.

It is this knowledge and understanding (the esoteric gnosis) by way of experience, which, if one is not consciously aware of it, is being subconsciously sought after, felt for, searched for, longed for; and which causes so many people to join a religion in the first place. It is the deepest level of our being, our individual aspect of the life force itself; our aspect or living cognitive spark of the life force which exists in the ground of our being – home. And it is there, at that level of being, in which we are all connected up as if one thing. To undergo the experience of this level of being is to reunite with it; hence a re-union. It is mysterious, thus been called by some ‘mysticism’ – but NOT cultural mysticism as is taught once again by priestcraft. It is natural mysticism – which happens along. It has nothing to do with any religion – it is in the true nature of things and our self. And it is not for believing. It is for knowing it. Do NOT believe what I say herein – but go find it yourself.

If not known, but simply felt to be there, then it is this level of being which instigates the subconscious quest for the grail of understanding, and touching base with that aspect of our being which exists in Eternity (beyond the perception of moving time and changing events). And this is not guesswork on my part – it is simply a report of it. I will speak in detail of it herein, and the journey to it; and the resulting effects. However, there is more to it than simply the conscious journey back to the ground of our being; for that is only a half of the full story. This event, and the knowledge and remembrance redeemed therein, has been called by many names, as I mentioned. In European culture it has predominantly been known as the mystical gnosis; and needless to say whole structured philosophies have been based upon it (and all

different), and including ludicrous symbolic myths such as man made religions – and most of which these days have taken the place of the phenomenon it was founded upon. Some, if not most, simply call it Mysticism, or the Reunion event. But there are various types and levels of mystical experience. Hence some, in the Western world, simply referred to this specific and deepest mystical transcendent experience as Gnosis – the Mystical Gnosis – in order to differentiate it from any other manifestation of mystical experience.

Over the years, indeed millennia, many scribes have written about this event whilst without directly knowing it for themselves. Thus, not a one of them ever mentions the actual living experience of it but rather the various social mythologies, metaphors, and often mere humbug, which have been built around it like scaffolding around a building. And all this amounts to nothing more than the intellectualisation of the unfolding history of myth making and various beliefs about it. However, because we are also talking about ourselves then it is also Psychology – but a very deep form of psychology; and you will not find it in standard psychology books or courses – not yet anyway. This whole edifice of the gnosis, just like mysticism, has been made irrelevant humbug by the sheer mass of utter nonsense which has been written about it over so many years – let alone of recent times too.

In this day and age the internet facility carries thousands of documents and texts on this phenomenon (gnosis, so called) and what they each choose to believe that it really is; or intellectualise about it all. But very few among these people (and which are mostly academics anyway) actually talk and write about the event itself. Their interest seems to be purely historical and cultural, hence purely academic (who said what and when). But I for one talk for myself, here and now. And others can do the same I hope. But my interest is not academic, and neither do I adhere to any man made philosophy or cultural indoctrination or belief system; for they are not needed. My aim in this book is not to talk about the history of this mystical gnostic thread through time, for it does not interest me in the least, for we are all living our lives here and now, and these things do not change in time. My aim here is to simply talk about the experience of this mystical gnosis (as they call it) for what it is; what it reveals; what it is like, and also the implications which it presents us with. Thus, this book is about living with this mystical gnosis event here and now; and thus not merely academic.

I am not aware of anyone having ever done this before; leastwise in any real detail. Hence as to why it is needed here and now; and in plain simple language for kids. If I am proved to be wrong on that score, then fine; and I can only read one language anyway. So, what may or may not exist in texts which I have either not found or could not read anyway, then I keep an open mind. But suffice to say I have found nothing of any real worth in English as yet. Indeed, the nearest one gets to it is not in literature about gnosis or gnosticism at all, but rather in peoples documented accounts of their own transcendent mystical experiences (Introverted Mystical Experience). But, as I say, there are levels and types of mystical experience; and this word ‘gnosis’ has been used originally by those that did in fact know it. And that becomes self evident from hindsight of the event itself, and then when realising what others have briefly mentioned of it personally and has directly correlated with the event itself. It is indeed depth psychology – but it is more than just that, far more than that.

When we encounter this inner level of our self the effect is that it unites the temporal aspect of our mindful existence with that transcendent timeless state of our being; and which in effect is the elimination of being alienated from it – and then the two parts become one in cognitive life on earth. Hence it makes us whole in awareness. I much prefer the term Psychognosis for this event, for it is more to the point – the knowledge and remembrance of SELF – and that which we are NOT. It redeems the knowledge and memory of what we are; and from whence we come; and as to what we are doing here.

Many like to believe (those who decide to hold beliefs about things which they do not know – and which I do not do) that life is somehow only fulfilled when they are dead. And they are dead wrong. They have been led to believe this by socio-political priestcraft, for reasons of their own – power over the mob. They know well enough that all minds seek for the truth of things with a deep psychological inner quest for comprehension, and this psychological need makes them vulnerable to exploitation and false guru's. And many fall for it – look around you in the world today. It is ironic, yet I truly detest the words mysticism and gnosis – by virtue of what has been done with them. But we have to use words which people decide to use.

The mystical gnosis event, although it takes place transcendent of the perception of this world and time and space, is itself fulfilled on earth, here and now, and this is the other half of it. It joins everything together, and all this is a manifestation of the deeper aspects of the cosmos and all that it encompasses; and we are the living conscious part of the Cosmos.

I do not do this in order that anyone might come to believe this, for I do not want people to believe it; I want them to find it within themselves and then use it in this world here and now, and in the future. I also do it to help tear down that which is not IT, and the psychological and social effects brought about in people and society by those who corrupt the truth of this event by way of their ignorance of it; and yet whilst making believe that they do know it for those who are gullible enough to swallow it all; and hence they make a profit out of them. For to do so not only causes great psychological problems but also sociological problems which alienates not only man from man and nation from nation, but also alienates people from the truth of their SELF; and their self amongst the rest of it all - the sum of all that exists. Religions are the most dangerous and divisive thing ever invented by man; and it must be seen as such; and for what it is. Lies. We have enough problems to solve in life on earth without all this humbug and arguing and killing over silly beliefs.

Thus, if any reader of this is more interested in their existing belief package than they are in the nature of their selves, the mind, and all reality as it is found to be by living conscious experience of it, then it would behove them to at least leave their beliefs behind whilst reading this; for their beliefs will still be there to pick up again later – or maybe they will not want to - he says smiling. We live in a world where folk seem to have been brainwashed into assuming that the human mind has to believe things. This is tragic and at the base of so many problems and tragedies on earth. There are two very old sayings (among many others) by people who have known this event. One of them is 'Know Thy Self', and the other is 'Let us make Man in our Image'. After reading this you will know exactly what they mean, and as to why they have been said.

The two most important things in human existence are Gnosis and Politics. The former reveals what we are and where we come from, and the latter is about how we decide to live work and play together on earth, and what best to do with it all. The former is not under our control or say so, for it is our nature of being and what we are; but the latter (politics and decisions) are under our control. In this world we have freedom of choice over our actions, and we are each responsible for those actions. It requires the former knowledge (gnosis = base wisdom) to be able to use the latter power wisely – and use it with that Eternal and Perennial comprehension which resides at the root of our being. But I find it perhaps best to call this event Psychognosis, as opposed to Gnosis; for even that word has become corrupted now. And you will see why after having read this. Our existence is not simply about BEING; it is also, and predominantly about BECOMING – and becoming the more that we are in Essence whilst here in form. Or, as some like to say, ‘On Earth, as it is in Heaven’. And gnosticism knows nothing of this. And that is a fact.

We have the power to make this Earthly likeness come about by our own actions here on earth, once we know it. But that requires all people, not just a few. And it also requires knowledge, much work, and patience; not beliefs, hope or faith. And it also requires dumping thousands of years of manipulative dangerous psychological junk. And nothing is going to do it for us. We can improve things here or we can ruin it all; that is our choice. When freedom of choice comes on the cosmic scene then we are in charge here – for a while at least. And thus it is. Do with it what you will – but first Know your Self, and Know all that which is not you; for then the two will dance as one in harmony and effective accord. And that IS the Cosmic project, here or anywhere in time. Try to picture a wholeness of creation in which consciousness and understanding exists in two universes of perception and knowing; the inner psyche is then that chord or corridor which connects them. One universe of perception is of space and change (time), and the other is of permanence and repose.

Gnosis (or whatever name you like to choose) is then the knowledge and understanding which exists in the timeless domain, and that gnosis is the eternal wisdom at the base of creation – and it is you; for you (Mind) are that first emanation of no created thing. To make this universe, and this world, and life here whole, we have to find the other one first. Know your Self, for it is you - and it is then achieved. Well, half way achieved anyway. For when you know the picture then the puzzle is easier to put together. The question is as to whether doing the puzzle is more, or less, exciting than that which it puts together. But the end IS in the beginning anyway.

Dick Richardson

West Somerset, UK, – 2005 c.e

(<http://www.psychognosis.net>)

Forward

by

Thelema Louise Grisham

In every revolution there is one person that stands out above all the others to make a statement that is so profound that when communicated then the whole world takes a quantum leap forward. Dick Richardson is just that person to take on the old symbolism's of priestcraft with their illusion mind-control prisons which have held men captive, for their profit, control, and gain for centuries, and in so doing gives the power back to the people.

It has been said that religion and science are twin sisters, for this was originally so. The greatest quest in the field of discovery is made up of seeing everything with new eyes that which is deemed old. But how do we undertake this quest when the fabric of our personal universe is sewn together with the religions taught by our parents? Look at their faces and there is no joy when they plough the years without the fruits of happiness. So as to keep the lie up, our parents have gone forward in trusting faith that is never rewarded, just accepting what is taught and never reaching their goals within the realms of their dreams and aspirations. The banner question is always "What is life; and is this all there is?"

May I be so bold as to tell you that you are put here as a cosmological representative to study the universe of all that exists to be known and seen? You are the walking talking part of this universe to study the rest of it, so where do you start? Why, you start in its own natural inner realities, the mind itself. Simply put, creation brought you forth to study the rest of it, and to take part in the dance of creation. Here are two questions: does an acorn need to go to school to learn how to become a tree; and does a fish go to school to learn how to swim? No, they do not. Then why is all this creation put here with self- help and yet not for man? Consider, that when a baby is formed in the female, it first starts out like an amoeba and then on to the tadpole; the sperm swims like a fish to the egg and then the stages of creation are put in fast forward motion until the final product of a human child is born? Seven days or levels of creation!

It is time that we stopped living in a world without using our inward insight to the visible laws of nature, of both the outer and the inner. There are many languages in this old world, and when you live in a country you learn the language thereof, so now you will learn the language of the true knowledge of the inward self, the mind and all its levels. Man is the mirror reflection of this whole universe, and like the acorn and the fish, there are exploding energies from within that form our dynamics. A new paradigmatic model of reality is brewing, and you will embrace it when the proper knowledge is given to aid you on the greatest quest known to man; the quest to know self; and then to know all that is not you.

You (we) are such an important secret that you are never explored because you are over all actions on this earth, a witness to everything, and you are the consciously fed and subconscious knower of everything. You are sitting on a gold “mind” of power! Did you know that you contain all the enchanting mysterious wonderments that hold this universe together?

We are living in one manifestation of paradise right now, and you are the reason it was brought forth. Remember that the physical eye sees only what the physical brain allows it to see. But there are two types of vision, the physical and the spiritual. Do you want to find that gap in the universe that explains truth by revealing it; and beauty, wisdom and love? Do you wish to mine for all the secrets of life? The gap in the universe is within yourself; for you are indeed it. Please go boldly where few men have dared to tread, for it is the sacred ground of your cosmic mind.

The world has changed greatly since 1891. Mankind has had a stirring of a type of rhythm change that is reflected in our thoughts to accommodate our accomplishments. We have gone from the agrarian lifestyle to city life, and dreams have become realities, for we fly in the air and drive cars. In a mere moment we can communicate with our cell phones and computers to send messages to any part of this globe. All of a sudden we are no longer in countries, but have become a global village with friends, relations, neighbors and colleagues tens of thousands of miles away.

The Sun which stands in the congregation of stars shining down upon us crosses the horizon and sends an electrical charge through the earth’s magnetic field daily, sun rise to sun set. There is a corresponding stimulating effect on the rhythm of the mind and thus on our senses. Sacred history is the record of the psychic changes that have taken place over thousands of years as witnessed by the rise and fall of great civilizations. We are now in a time of a great awakening, when the mind begins to blossom with the rhythm of life. It is time to decode all mysteries by going within.

What happened to the great thinkers of yesterday? Socrates, Plato, Aristotle ? How did they become so wise? I am fully convinced they were the torch bearers, and for some reason enjoyed their different thoughts so much that they left written records to guide mankind along their evolutionary way. They did not disdain being different, no, they exalted the new thoughts proudly and taught all who were also lifting to a new level of consciousness. Richard has taken to task with such ease, just as Plato and Aristotle, the concepts of the mind to present to mankind. How do I know? I can remember the day I met Richard. I was on a discussion group forum on the internet. Something came over me, for I had never seen anyone like him. He termed himself the “Guru Buster”, as he had been dubbed previously by others. But, there was more going on when he would post. My first labeled “quantum” experience happened with him. Now that I look back, I am really in awe of this clandestine meeting.

I knew him before I met him. I had seen him in a dream three times. The confirmation came later when he sent a picture of himself. I had remembered the nose especially in the dream. A force is not just a straight line with an arrow at one end as I am told. Richard, like quantum arrows, came at me with such a mega force before I met him, that he took over my dream.

I will always remember the poem “ I shot an arrow in the air” by H.W. Longfellow....

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I know not where
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air
It fell to earth, I know not where.
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long after in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.

H.W. Longfellow

The global village is very close now, for I reside in a Southwest Louisiana town in the USA while Richard is in the UK, wandering around somewhere on Exmoor. My degrees are in Speech and Mass communications. After my graduation in 1971, I worked for one of the largest hotel chains in the hospitality industry out of Phoenix, Arizona. For over 15 years I was in executive management, and whilst also continuing my acting career. Later I taught at a Junior College in Alabama. My life has encompassed with complete dedication to learning the truth of all things and attaining an affinity with the all. I hope that at the end of your reading, you will concur with me, that Richard is a part of the history in the making by blazing a pathway for the minds of today along with his peers of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. After all, “an unexamined life is not worth living.” Socrates.

Thelema Louise Grisham

Louisiana 2002

THE EXCEPTIONAL HUMAN EXPERIENCE NETWORK

414 Rockledge Road, New Bern, NC 28562. USA

Exceptional Human Experience: Volume 13, Number 2. December 1995

Abstracts of Articles in Part One.

06923. Richardson, Dick. The Divine Reality: Transcendent and Immanent.

Exceptional Human Experience, 1995 (DEC). 13(2), 10-27.

This piece consists of five chapters excerpted from a book manuscript. Some briefer excerpts have been published in various periodicals, sometimes summarized. The book consists of experiential accounts; the author's interpretation of the experiences, and poetry based on his experiences. The primary experiences are presented here lightly edited and 'Americanized'. Described are the richest mystical encounter experiences I have ever read. They span a time period from 1963-1983. The initial experience happened when Richardson was age 24 and had sat down one evening to listen to some music and read the paper. The first 4 of 5 parts describes in great detail (etched in memory) the experiences he had that evening.

The first 'Purgation', was "in some respects like being kidnapped by divine...perfection". The outer world was stripped away. In the second 'Isolation in Limbo', with his mind free in space, he was stranded in "nothing" and then fell into a "light hole". In the third, "Beyond the White: Circumincession of the Trinity of Being", one event was experienced from two reference points simultaneously and seemed to be a trinity. It ended when he and everything else ended... "I and the universe were no more. It was the end of time". There follows "Paradise: The Virgin Womb of Eternity, and a Unification in Resurrection". Here, "after a non duration of time there was a re-emergence or resurrection of my being, an annihilation of annihilation as such, but the like of which could never be dreamed or imagined". In this, the longest section, his description is awesome.

The final section, 'The Dark Side, (1963-1983): Dichotomy and Synthesis', describes the years between this first experience and a subsequent one 20 years later. In between he felt much ambivalence and confusion as he tried to incorporate what he had experienced while back in the everyday world, which was basically good in itself.

He finally gave up the attempt and tried to forget what he had seen and known. “It was too good for me and it was too good for reality itself”. He could not figure out the point of it all, try as he may. After a month or so he had a nightmare, waking in panic, sweat and even blood. He began to have psychic experiences in response to questions that concerned him. By age 40 all experiences had ceased.

Then, one spring morning while picnicking with his wife and dog, he had an experience which, unlike the others, he could not possibly describe. The transcendent self he had known at age 24 became united with his “earthly self”. The two experiences came together: “In transcendence the outer I had gone to IT; but here and now, on earth, IT, the implicate inner reality... had come to me”.

This work has to be read ! R.A.W

EDITOR: Rhea A. White

* * *

Introduction

and the basics of gnosis

To say that our existence here contains many mysteries is perhaps the greatest understatement of all time, and that is plainly obvious to all; for a mystery is simply that which we know that we do know something of and yet also know full well that we do not fully understand it. But, insofar as all the mysteries that are known by us to exist then perhaps the greatest and most important of them all, to us anyway, is that of our own existence and our place in the vast cosmological scheme of things.

Ever since we lived in caves human beings have had an innate instinctual desire or deep psychological need to understand our situation and place in the vast web of all that exists; and as to why we exist at all. Or for that matter as to why and how anything exists at all – and let alone to be known and lived in by we observers of the observed. Hence, the age old and perennial questions were, and still are: What are we; Where do we come from: What are we supposed to be doing here, and how best to go about it: and what happens to us, if anything, when this very brief lifetime here is over? Thus, the over all question being – What is the purpose (or meaning, as some like to say) of our existence; if any?

Needless to say that probably every human being that has ever existed has had their own answer to such questions; or their own guesses and or theories shall we say. And of course it also seems to be a craze that where answers to these questions are not found, or assumed not even to exist to be known at all, then the craze is to simply invent ones own answer according to ones wishes or desires. And sometimes of course it seems that at least half of humanity jumps on to somebody else's band wagon of assertions which are said to be the facts of the matter – hence organised traditional philosophies, religions, churches, cults, or whatever. I suppose the latter does eliminate the time and need to do ones own thinking and observing; and assuming that there is any merit and wisdom in that.

In this day and age (the so called beginning of the third millennium – 2005 c.e.) there are two organisations which set themselves up as the guru or final authority on the answers to these perennial questions. One of them is science and the other is the worlds various religious belief systems. But of course one has to ask oneself as to if they really are the authority on these questions; and if so then how come, and on who's say so. Moreover, science has thousands of various departments all studying different aspects of the things which we find around us; and religions, and their own inner sects, must have numbered thousands since humanity first existed here – and all different at that. So that would certainly eliminate all of them except one (for they cannot all be right), and it does not imply that any of them are right. But, as I say, adopting one by choice (or by nurture) does remove the problem of seeking the truth of such things for ones self; and by simply going along with what somebody else is claimed to have said, thought or written, in ages past.

My own approach to these things however, has always been different, and albeit far from unique. That is to say that I am one of those who is innately content to let life and existence itself reveal to us its own things, and as to what existence has to offer us. True, this is no quick way or short cut to answers, but I can see no better or more genuine (even pragmatic) way for us to go about it than by letting life and existence itself reveal to us what it is and what it is all about. Hence, simply living it, asking questions about it, observing it all closely, and finding out as we go along. Let life and existence reveal what it has on offer to reveal to us; and without our inventing our own answers to it. Q.E.D. We did not ask to exist, therefore it is life's job and function to reveal the answers to us – IT owes US answers; not WE IT. And just how satisfying and fulfilling to this innate human desire to understand things is it to simply invent our own answers to it? Well, I cannot answer that question for I have never done it: so one would have to ask those that do.

When we come into this world we are innately hungry for learning things and then coming to understand them – for there is no point in learning things if they never become understood, and hence not used. Knowledge and understanding is for using, and not simply to satiate an academic desire to know. As a mere child I did not want to understand my own existence in this world simply for an academic exercise, but rather that I could use that understanding to best effect in this world as it is here and now. Why? I do not really know the answer as to why – other than that is the way it was and is; and my system of inner dynamics simply works that way; and motivates one that way. It is a bit like asking somebody as to why they love this or that thing or this or that person. We do not know why exactly, it just IS that way. It is obviously some kind of deep seated psychological empathy, harmony or resonance. But not knowing why and how exactly does not alter the fact that it is so – for some mysterious reason.

However, the point of this preface is simply to state my own perspective and understanding (thus far anyway), in so far as where I am coming from; for people seem to love to know right from the start as to what reference point one is speaking from, and why. Well, the why question is easy to answer; and the answer being that I find these things to be important for people to give serious thought to – and that it might just help, albeit perhaps just a few people, to perhaps look at things from a different perspective to that which is on offer from the so called traditional indoctrinated modes of thinking about important questions.

There are of course a percentage of people around (and always have been) who spend all their life devoted to one major topic of interest, and hence take very little else into their awareness and comprehension. They are invariably seen to be academics and experts in their chosen field of operation by way of all the effort and study that they have put into it. But be that as it obviously is one could surely only think of them as being experts in this or that field if they have come up with the genuine right answers. For to come to know a hell of a lot about something and having got it all or most of it wrong can hardly be thought of as being an expert in this or that field.

And then there the folk like myself, which comprise the vast majority of us it seems, who throughout the course of our life come to have many different interests and motivations, and hence are not absolute experts or authorities in any of them – but simply with a more rounded knowledge and understanding of things in general.

Likewise I myself have had very many interests over the last sixty five years; some short lived and some long term, and hence meandering over many aspects of life. This of course makes one an expert and authority on nothing at all; and nothing but a mere amateur on all topics. So, that is my stance and point of reference – totally ignorant of most things; but not all things.

I mention this simply because one of the things that interests me, quite deeply in fact, (and which this particular book is about anyway), is a phenomenon which for some few hundred, or a couple of thousand years even, has been called ‘*gnosis*’ by many people. This is a phenomenon that has been studied by academics for at least two thousand years – and also by other names since we lived in caves. But for at least two thousand years in the western world both the academics and the amateurs all seem to differ in their understanding of what this phenomenon really is, and as to how it has come to be related to a so called belief system or perennial philosophy known as *Gnosticism*. Thus, I restrict this book to that phenomenon which they call *gnosis* – as I see it. Unlike the multitude of academics on this subject I have only ever briefly read a few books on *Gnosticism*, and never studied any of them in a great depth; for it does not interest me – but the phenomenon which they call *gnosis* does.

I say this because everything I have to say on this topic (or any other topic for that matter) is purely down to my own direct conscious experience of things – and not what I read in books or any other kind of hearsay or indoctrination. I am one of those kind who have always accepted that knowledge can only come from direct personal experience – and that the understanding of that data of information can only take place within ourselves; and that process is all very mysterious indeed – as is everything else. The truth is that I fully understand nothing at all – and I know it. Hence, I write from what can only be called humility; but humility is in being smart enough to be aware that we are not aware of very much – and that there is much more to become aware of. However, humility, in that sense, does not equate with being humble and apologetic. And why indeed should any person be apologetic about the things that living their life has revealed to them by way of conscious existence? You and I did not bring forth the phenomenon of life and self conscious existence; it is simply thrust upon us. So, it is not our project as such, it is simply a cosmological product that we find ourselves in and wish to know and understand as to why.

One more point which I wish to touch upon here before getting on with the book is that which we call *opinions*. No matter what you say, or assert, in this world there are those who like to reply, ‘Well, that is just your opinion, but it is not mine’! I would just like to point out to young people that our life here is not about opinions and beliefs; likes and dislikes etc – it is about existing: learning; understanding, and then acting on it. Life, for us at least, is about being and becoming. It is indeed a journey beginning in ignorance of anything and everything on this globe, and then inwardly evolving through experience and understanding and acting on that understanding. But we are certainly not all at the same place at the same time on this journey. In the nature of reality as we come to know it and experience there is both opinions and matters of fact. And matters of opinion do not always correlate with the matters of fact. When I was a kid before the age of three I was of the opinion that we lived inside the world and not on the outer surface of it – and I was wrong. And many people choose to believe many things that are not so in the matters of fact department.

When it comes to mere opinions which relate to personal likes and dislikes then of course there is no other truth to relate them to, so they can never be wrong. The fact that in my opinion the game of chess is far more interesting than the game of golf, and the fact that many others have a different opinion is irrelevant – other than to ourselves of course; and variety is indeed the spice of life on a world like this. But if somebody claims that in their opinion the moon is made out of Stilton Cheese, then they are wrong; for it is not. If they claim that they believe that it is made out of Stilton Cheese then so be it – but their belief does not correlate with the facts of reality as it is – and truth is that which is so about something.

Bringing this back to the topic of this book one must say that there is no such extant phenomenon as gnosticism, for it can be whatever anybody wants it to be. But there is such an event which has come to be called (by some) gnosis. And that is a fact of reality as it is. Up to the point in which I discovered that there were folk who called this event by that name – and given the vast increase of public interest in it over the last twenty or thirty years - I used to call this event by the name of mystical experience – albeit one very particular type of transcendent mystical experience. And in all truth I still prefer that name – albeit that gnosis is much shorter and quicker to write and say. But I should mention right from the start that when I did first come to read literature and ancient texts by many of the people who called themselves gnostics, and had this gnosis, I thought to my self.... ‘Hang on chum, these ancient guys and woman are talking about exactly the same thing that I have been talking and writing about for the last twenty years’ ! Not only that but I found that I had written things and said the identical things years before, and thinking they were new to this world, when these folk had been saying and writing stuff that I thought I had discovered and written about. So, there is very little that is new is there.

However, I did find that nearly all those people of that time were ONLY talking about one mere half of it all – and missing out on the most important part of it at that. These people (some of them anyway) certainly had undergone that very profound mystical experience which is the deepest and most profound mystical transcendent experience known to man, and they called it gnosis (as good a word as any I suppose); but they did not mention a jot about even further experience which brought all back to earth again and rounded the lot of it up. Hence, Gnosticism seems to be the nearest religion to the truth of things which exist to be experienced by us – but it only goes half way; and the rest they seem to have invented as have all the religions of priesthood since we lived in caves – and still do to this day. So, gnosticism is whatever you want it to be – but best done away with altogether – along with other man made belief systems. But the phenomenon of gnosis (a specific transcendent mystical experience encounter) is a fact of life which we have to live with – like it or not.

My aim here is to talk about this gnosis event (and in fine grain detail) simply from my own experience of it - not from books or academia – but from life experience itself. I also talk of what it reveals, what effect it has, and also the implications of it. So that is a personal and private (to me) event and understanding. But one has to point out the fact that others have known the identical thing, and from antiquity even, and come to the same conclusions in so far as they had seen of it all. So, it is not something which is simply relative to the individual observer, but rather a something in the nature and reality of Man; and Man is a part of the nature of reality; and seemingly central to it at that.

It is also plain enough that virtually all religions (from what I have read of them anyway) were originally based upon this experiential event of personal revelation by way of mystical experience – at least up until the time when the state authorities (politics and priestcraft) grabbed the controls of this phenomenon for their own socio-political vested reasons. There is an old saying in politics (and religions – the same thing really) that the people, the masses, the mob, like to be fooled – so let them be fooled (whilst we make a profit out of them by exploitation obviously). Well they sure have been. An ignorant slave is far more useful to people of that ilk than people who think and act for themselves – and based on what they know from life itself thus far. And how, and why, I wonder, will they elect their next pope or spiritual advisor? And will it not be yet more of the same case of the blind leading the blind? We will see in due course.

So, What are you? From whence do you come? What are you supposed to be doing here? What is the truth of these things? And who's word will you take on it and why? There is one simple and effective answer to this.... Do not take anybody's word on it – even if they were right – but simply go and find out for yourself. It may take a while; indeed even a long while; but we are all the same thing at root and all come from the same ground of being. And back to that ground of being we can and do return at times – even during a lifetime here; and we all come to eventually learn and understand the same things; for that is the way it is; and it is all written into your system of inner dynamics now. Keep in mind that experience only works on the person that has experienced this or that – tis just like food being digested by our system and then doing what it does. Your experience can never have the effect of inner growth and movement on anybody else. At best your experience can be mentioned to others and then be food for thought for others. It might even inspire and motivate some of them. But it can never work on them. Hence, even if you come to hear something which is indeed true of the nature of reality and events, then do not settle for simply hearing it – but go find it; for it is only in the finding of it that it can then have the resulting effect of change in the becoming process of our individual growth. Hence there is no substitute for experience. And no amount of believing this or that is a substitute for knowing something by experience and then growing from the effect of it. Beliefs are dangerous in that they can prevent this process from happening even – for nothing can get into a closed and intransigent mind – not even the things which exist for life and the nature of reality to spontaneously reveal to us if we are receptive to them.

We ARE the observers of the observed, and partakers in the cosmic process – so let the nature of reality do its job on us. That is not only pragmatic, it is also fun, and illuminating. But above all that – it is necessary in the scheme of things. And the flow of life and consciousness cannot flow where a damn has been erected by sheer ignorance and stubborn wilful intent. As has been said many times before – and it is true: A great miracle and wonder is Man. And man is just a mere part of it all – but an important part – for nothing could be known without a conscious observer of it all. And who, on this planet here and now, could do anything about anything if things were not known and understood to a degree at least. That is what gnosis is for – to act on it; and become shaped on earth by it. And thus it is done.

*

The basics of Gnosis

If, in this day and age, one were to pump the words gnosis or gnosticism into an internet search engine then one would come up with probably more information than anyone could read during an average lifetime. That in itself is fine. But the problem is that a newcomer to this subject would be totally lost and confused; for much of it is saying different things, and some even totally contradictory things. So, most of this information today is obviously not written by gnostics (people with this gnosis event) but rather by academics, clingers on, amateurs and what knows else. Also, and as has happened for centuries, much of what is written about gnosis and gnosticism has deliberately been written and distorted by people who have some kind of vested interest in these things not being disseminated and read about – for it conflicts with their religion or philosophy; and shows much of it up for being what it is – lies and inventions; and of course simply many distortions which have become the conventional ‘orthodox’ belief system. Knowledge can be dangerous if it conflicts with your means of earning a living it seems.

Also, if one were to pump the words mysticism, transcendence, spirituality, etc into the search engine then things are even worse and even far more of it. Thus, if anyone has a truly deep and sincere interest in any of these things (or anything else for that matter) and whilst admitting that they know nothing or very little about the subject of their interest, then what do they do and what do they take on board as reliable information? And by what do they make that judgment? Therein lies the rub of an abundance of information – and which in itself is a potentially good thing of course. In some respects we live in a very exciting time and with oh so much to do, to learn, to see, to take part in, whatever. In fact human beings have never had it so good – and along with all the medical and technological inventions and gadgets; and a little more personal private time to enjoy them. No, Man has never had it so good.

And yet, on the other side of the coin, we live in a strange and dangerous time. With so much knowledge, and much of it available to so many people now, we could blow the planet up into small pieces (and that would end all our problems and arguments; on this world at least). One lunatic with a machine gun can, and they do, mow down many people in the vast supermarkets, schools, halls of entertainment, and whatever. Likewise does there seem to be far more paranoia, neurosis, psychological problems, suicides, vandalism, helplessness, stress, drunkenness, apathy and sheer hedonism per capita of population than has perhaps ever existed before. And all this in a time which gives us so much in the way of potential, communication, luxuries, the benefits of organised societies, etc etc. Either mankind is some kind of foolish and irrelevant epiphenomena in the nature of things or something seems to have gone wrong in the short term somewhere along the line. And it is predominantly social nurture and man made religions which is the obstacle to real life.

What has all this got to do with the phenomenon of gnosis one might well ask. The answer is simple enough – This gnosis event is the only thing which I (and many others who have known it) have discovered which reveal to us the answers to the perennial questions. But it does more than just that, for it changes peoples attitudes and motivations.

Thus, and it is not often mentioned anywhere (if at all anywhere) that it would be true enough to say that for all practical and pragmatic purposes the effects of gnosis is even far more important in human life on earth than that which it actually reveals.

So, what does the gnosis experience reveal in fact? It reveals much; but suffice for this section to say that, among other things, it reveals (whether ones likes to accept it or not) that we, the real essential inner being, is not a product of this world at all; and not manufactured in space and time. It reveals the very deep inner sacred and eternal ground of our being, and as to what we are whilst there within it. In absolute and unarguable terms it reveals to us what we are in absolute terms; and in that learning and knowing we learn something even more important – that which we are NOT. These things cannot be known and learned in time and space; hence ones consciousness has to leave them behind and travel back through that darkness which eventually leads to it. It is like going home (inward and downward through the emanation of our psyche) by some kind of cosmological gravity. These are not acts of our own choice, volition and potential, they happen to us and come spontaneously. There are no magic pills or rituals to achieve this – though many self erected guru's would like you to believe that they can sell you a method; but none work. Only life can reveal this event and its process to you. Hence a kind of cosmological secret between you and the nature of reality itself. But of course it is no secret at all, and it is there for everyone – for that is what they are made of. But much more of which later.

I mention that wee bit of information now simply to point out that if many millions of people on earth had this mystical gnosis of what they are and where they came from then human existence and human society would become very different from what it is now and what it has been in the past. Hence, one can also look at it (in group terms anyway) as being an evolutionary jump in human comprehension and then motivation by virtue of it. The event is both illuminating and life enhancing. After this gnosis event the recipients of it are living on another level of being – and albeit on this world here and now. And no observer could detect this simply by observing them. The only way to know it is to gain their confidence and talk to them in private. And which I have been doing for about thirty years now. I can only know that they are talking about the same thing that I have seen and known by talking to them in private and in confidence; for I cannot read their mind or jump into their conscious awareness and live it for them. But so many people could not invent all this stuff; for it is too way out from both normal daily experience and also from all the things which are taught to them in schools, universities, and by way of their religions if they ever had one. So, either there is some kind of mass sub-conscious conspiracy going on or they are simply talking about their own genuine experience; and just as I speak of my own.

It is plainly obvious to all that over the last fifty years there has been a tremendous popular interest in Gnosticism; but what is even more important is that evidence suggests that in each generation there are more reported cases of this mystical gnosis. So, something very interesting is happening at least. We have to keep in mind that on the scale of our own individual lifetime evolution moves very slowly.

But, it most certainly seems to be the case that when the hardware is done (physical creation or emanation) then the evolution seems to be predominantly in terms of consciousness, awareness, and potentials therein – and there is no set or preordained time limit on evolutionary change and the becoming process. For perhaps many

thousands of years it was possible for a person to be born and live their whole life in more or less the same world and set of circumstances which they had always known. But even during my own lifetime thus far it is safe to say that the world which I was born into simply does not exist any more; and the world of today is whole new social set-up, and hardly anything of what life here was like a mere fifty or sixty years ago.

For the large part of course this particular leap in human social experience on earth is due, in this instance, to industrialisation and the advanced technology that comes along with it; and it is as simple and straight forward as that. But of course, at a deeper level one has to ask as to what is going on in our psyche (or inner system of dynamics) to bring such events about in the first place. In human social terms change comes about simply because people demand change, and they go for it. And that instigates its own set of effects and causations, and of course discoveries that come by virtue of it. But one should not fail to overlook the fact that something is going on inside people at a far deeper level than merely that of the rational discursive daily mind in order for such motivations, feelings, desires, to have an effect on the topside mind in the first place. Neither does this mean that we (in the fullness of our physical form) are mere robots acting on impulses from subconscious events – for unless our daily rational mind and the power of choice, and the willpower to enact it, allows a thing to happen, then it will not happen. An idea, and or a feeling in the mind, are not going anywhere unless we choose and decide to act on it.

We are all well aware that we do not create ideas, nor have them by choice, nor invoke them – they just pop up out of the inner blackness of our subconscious realms. Hence ideas are not a matter of human choice. But what we do about them and with them are. There are all kinds of ideas: constructive and practical ideas that are fitting for their time and place; good ideas that are not practical for their time and place; ideas that are not constructive at all; and ideas that are downright dangerous and rotten. None of this is any problem whatsoever however, the problem is what we do with them. They are much like a challenge are they not.

What do we decide to let out into the world from within us, and why do we choose this or that idea to manipulate into effect in the first place? Unless one is mentally deranged in some unfortunate way then we all have the power to say yes or no to any idea which pops up into our conscious mind. And upon such things human civilisations are born and grow. Wars start and end in the human mind. Towns, cities, villages and hamlets start in the human mind. None of this stuff grows on trees. But during all this we must never forget that we are ourselves a part of the cosmic flow – we are not something independent of it and out there watching it from an objective viewpoint – we are IT in action in time and space; and our volition and freedom of choice is a part of the cosmic package; so too are the ideas which come to us. So, do not credit your self with the power and glory of pure invention from nothing; for it does not work that way and it is not like that at all. But the degree of freedom of choice in our actions, and the power to enact it, which we do have is much indeed – and at this point in time can we really cope with it? And what guides our actions?

Well, that is the crux of gnosis – it guides our actions. One of course can be, and often is, simply guided by what we call our inner gut feelings; even fully fledged gnostics do just that for much of the time; and it is good and necessary. But with this mystical gnosis these ‘gut feelings’ are no longer sub conscious for the large part; for

one is fully conscious of as to why one makes this or that choice – for they know what they are; they know their SELF. There is an old saying in esoteric literature which goes like this.... Let us make Man in our image. This sounds like a paradox of some kind does it not. But it is not; it is as simple and obvious as daylight. What it means is that a person in time and space (here and now) is simply affirming that he or she wants their temporal mind and personality to become an incarnate reflection of that part of their self which exists in that sacred womb of eternity; the ground of being; home – or Paradise or Elysium as some like to call it. That is all it means. It is the affirmation whilst in time and space of a desire for an essential ideal which is found, known and lived, in the ground of our being. It means, ‘let me become like you’. But the ‘me’ and the ‘you’ are simply the same thing; or that is to say that the incarnate bit is a product and extended emanation of the transcendent bit. And that is all it really means. One could also say.... Oh, my love, wouldst that you and I could grasp this sorry scheme of things anew and remould it a little closer to our hearts desire. Or one could say – let it become on earth as it is in paradise. Same thing. It all means the same thing. Hence the knowledge of experience of that level of being is ones guide through life on earth – from mere instinct into direct conscious experience and knowledge. And thus it is. So, conscious experience is not for nothing; and nothing is for nothing.

Now, think on the truth of this. If one were simply prattling on about a good one-off experience, even that sublime transcendent mode of existence, then my answer to it would be – so what?! If one hears it said that one is not a product of time and space but rather an emanation of eternal being, then my answer to it would be – so what; one lifetime is more than enough for me! If one is told that one must do this or that for the good and not do this or that for it is wrong; then my answer to it would simply be go to hell, for I will do what I feel to be fitting, and what I want to do. I was like that as a child and I am still like over sixty years later. I will not be told what to do by any man or any so called god. I will not be pushed around by anyone at any time. Many have tried but nobody and no organisation has ever succeeded. I will often do what I am asked if I will do – but it will be of my choice; and the choice of nothing else. And if people and society do not like it they have two choices – to lump it or blow me away. And that is their choice. So, I am not the nicest and most convivial guy that ever walked the face of the earth. And gnosis does not alter any of that nor does it demand anything from one. One does what one does out of pure unconditional love. And that is it – nothing else. So this spiritual gnosis experience does not turn one into a nominee for an old ladies Sunday afternoon tea party scenario. Gnosis is about passion – raw undiluted cosmic passion for TO BE. That is what it is and does.

Gnostics (genuine ones) cow-tow to nobody and nothing; and they do their own thing until the day they are no longer extant on earth; for they know what they are and they know where they came from and they know what they are doing here and why. And that is it. The gnostic has affinity with creation (the cosmos of all being and existence) and the creative pulse; and hence that implies and means everything which exists.

Now, one has to add to that above statement that any gnostic, of any time and place, any race or culture, any political system, can only operate in the time and place they are existing in. They do not live in a dream world or fantasy or make believe. They have no time or need for faith or religions. Neither do they require substantiation of

their being and existential position from anything or anyone. The gnostic sees no problem or contradiction between matter and pure metaphysical energy (or as some like to think spirituality and the world as it is).

It is true enough that some aspects of contrived gnosticism (which is not gnosis I hasten to repeat) is said (by whom one can only guess) that gnostics find this world to be a prison for the spirit and soul, and hence this world or indeed all matter is some kind of inferior product of the creative emanation; and brought forth by some kind of lesser power. This is absolute tosh, lies, and distortions of the truth if it. I for one would rather be here on earth than existing in that transcendent mode of being. And there is just so much to say on this – and which I have said in other books, hundreds of articles (and poems) and many thousands of emails – that I m not going to say it all again here. Suffice to say here that here on earth, in time and space, I have freedom from the divine ground of being; and I intend using that incarnate freedom with every fibre of my being and until the last breath has been extinguished in the lungs.

In the paradise of the ground of being one has no freedom; no choice, nothing changes, so on and so forth, but here on earth I can say ‘I love you’ – and then do something about it. I love my freedom (no matter how short lived it might be) and I love to sit among the trees, walk the hills, feel the sun wind and rain on my skin – and talk and laugh with children. And that is not only good but it is what creation and existence is all about - TO BE. And to be a walking, breathing, active part of it all. And thus it is. Matter and material creation is divine. You can have paradise, I will have the earth, and space and time, and freedom from the divine and sacred ground of being. And I love it all – but I can only act here. Thus is gnosis and being. We are not made for paradise and eternity; we are made IN the paradise of eternity for here and now, on a physical world with freedom of choice in our actions. But that freedom of course must not conflict with the freedom of others – it has to be freedom in collective harmony and accord; laughter, singing and dancing with creation and the sum of the all. That is how it is for the gnostic mind.

But of course, that is not how we find it here on earth, and that is why the mystics/gnostics often weep when alone. They are not weeping for themselves, but for humanity and the physical globe itself – and indeed, for creation itself. But, as I say, a gnostic can only operate in the world which they find themselves existing in. But they also know, or soon come to realise, that this world is not very evolutionary evolved as yet – and that takes time; and change; and effort on behalf of the collective sum of human beings on earth here and now, and at any point in time. This world can only become what people allow it to become and hence strive for. Nothing else is going to do it for us – and YOU is where the proverbial buck stops. If this world is not good enough, not fitting to the dignity of man and the life force – then it is your fault, so look to yourself. And that means everyone. You cannot complain and then do nothing about it – or perhaps even more fitting to say that you cannot do nothing about it and then complain. For this world reaps what the consensus of humanity sows. And the world will not come right, or even improve a little, until humanity gets itself right, or even improves a little. And so it is. And that is gnosis.

So, is this world of today (2005) the worst place a gnostic could find themselves in? No, far from it. In fact it is probably the best time for so many people that the world has yet known. But this world of today, is, without any shadow of doubt, the most

dangerous time that has ever existed on earth. And there is much to do to even make it all a little better – and the starting point is not in discovering your spiritual realm, or gnosis – it starts in politics and human actions derived from their desires.

But what is happening now; and what is playing games with the human mind by trying to manipulate their desires? Rampant International Monopoly Capitalism is. And therein lies the rub and the major problem on earth at this point in time. I am informed that over the last twenty years South America has lost eighty percent of its rain forests; and this is despite being fully aware now that the world cannot breath without tree's – that is why they are there; so that we can exist here. What happened on Easter Island? And did we not learn the lesson of it then? Oh, but this has got nothing to do with spirituality they say. Like hell it has; it has got everything to do with it. I need somewhere to live and act out my life – and so will the next generation – if there is one on this planet. Rampant commercial profit is killing the world, and not even slowly these days.

Does any of it really matter in the long term – because there must be millions of worlds for life to exist on? Yes, it matters, for this world is the home of its people, and life, and it matters. It could well all go pear-shaped by outside forces and events anyway - and the world will end one day anyway. But, in the meantime, this world of humanity is the product of your and my efforts – nothing else. In the final analysis will they say as to how well done it was of Mankind on earth whilst they did have the opportunity? That is the criteria one should be working on and toward – not simply 'what can I do which suits me best'. People have to grow up and see the bigger picture. And gnosis does just that – and steps one back out of it all for a while – to see the bigger picture. And it works; I know. That is gnosis.

So, is gnosis practical and pragmatic or is it not? You decide in your wisdom. But I should find that wisdom within you first if I were you – for you cannot use that which you have not found and thus able to use. Instinct and gut feeling is fine – but knowledge and understanding it is even better – and it does the job quicker. And that is why we have it whilst we live on earth. The dead can do nothing about these things or this world – only you can do that here and now. Tis worth remembering – for in due course remembering can be very painful – until such time that it is annihilated – and that is a gift to the mind. By 'mind' I mean cognitive existence. And cognitive existence is that which says 'I AM' and 'I AM ME' and 'I AM WHAT I AM'; and it is you. YOU are the first to be brought forth from the point of no duration and no extension. Not you the incarnate physical body and personality; but YOU the cognitive essence of your being; the real you that endures beyond time and space. But keep in mind as to what is the point of existing and being if you do not use it to the full whilst you have it in form, in time and in space? Be yourself, know your SELF, and make your form a living incarnate reflection of that SELF which exists in eternity; for you too are from eternity, and here for this purpose.

Should you believe this and then have faith that it is true? No. Simply put yourself in the path of having it come to you – that is all you can do. And when empty of trivia and thinking, and selfishness – it will eventually come spontaneously – for it has no choice in the matter; that is what it IS and what it does. And that I know for an absolute fact. These things, and life and existence itself, is not for believing; it is for knowing it, and for living it; here, now, and always; and anywhere that one can exist.

If you feel, or believe, that there is some kind of alienating barrier between you (the observer) and the objectivity of the observed; then pull down that barrier yourself, for it is only there within you. With the gnostic there is indeed a duality in creation – the observer and the observed. But with the gnostic it is not an alienated duality; it is but a divine dance, harmony and union, between the observer and the observed. I do not live for me, I live for the dance and the union of the two – for it is good; and better than to be without it.

I am not the phenomenon of the tree which I observe – but the vision of it is a part of me, and the cosmic marriage of the two in one perception, is a part of me and IT; and the result is a gift divine and wondrous. Have you ever existed where nothing else existed but your self – with no objectivity? I have, and it is not good; it is a dark and lonely place – and I call it LIMBO. I have known it – but the world of objectivity, and forms, and time and space to walk among it all, is a better place to be. To lose yourself amongst all this, and live for IT, is what it is all about on earth. You cannot love life if you love only your self. But when you know it, you will love both IT and your self existence IN IT. And IT needs you as much as you need IT – for that is why IT and YOU exist. The consummation of creation is done on earth. And I have known it; and lived it; and it is good – good beyond words to encompass it. That is fully fledged gnosis. To know paradise and your SELF is only a half of it; but to know the world and objectivity is the other half of it – and gnosticism does not know that. But I do, and so do others – and that is the fullness and resolution of gnosis, and TO BE. And thus it is.

Religions of priestcraft claim (and wrongly claim) to give you real life only when you are dead and gone from here; and only if you believed them. They are life parasites. But the nature of reality and its natural gnosis give you real life here and now, and always; and anywhere it may send you. And thus is the truth of it. There is more than just this world of time and space. But here on this world of time and space the cosmic project is fulfilled – but it cannot do that without YOU. Life does not exist to fulfil you or your plan, but rather you exist to fulfil ITS goal and plan. Do you see? And do you see how important YOU are? And can you shirk that responsibility? You sure have the power to do so and say no – sod the lot of it. That is the miracle of your freedom of choice – for man is not a robot; but a free entity whilst in time and space. But it is guided and motivated by the wisdom within it, and which resides within it at its deepest inner root – home; from whence it came. A spark of the eternal life force, and the project of TO BE. These then are very basics of gnosis; what it reveals, the effects which it brings, and implications for further events yet to come. If anything contradicts or conflicts with these things, then it is not gnosis, but something else.

Within these pages I will not only say much more but I will repeat the little which I have said in the preface here in far more detail. Unlike the claims of self erected guru's and charlatans, and bishops and popes et al, I cannot give this gnosis to anybody. I cannot even share it with them – and that is not my job anyway. Moreover, and as many do, one could simply shut up and say nothing to anybody; and that is also our choice; and that would be dead easy and generate a lot of peace and quiet for myself. But I know that life is for sharing; and I also know, that on occasions at least, words do have some power in making a few people think for themselves; and thinking can and does bring forth changes.

One could also talk and write in such a way that many seem to like to believe that so called mystics or spiritual people should talk (there are hundreds of thousands of that ilk on bookshelves all over the world – and most of them are utter rubbish and irrelevant junk). But no, I talk to people, and always have done, simply from what I am here and now – an ordinary person with a burning desire to see a better world for children to be born into – for I have five of my own (and that alone was enough work for one lifetime me thinks).

Likewise do I write (I am no writer by the way) in the same way in which I talk and think; for I know of no other way of doing it. And neither do I pull punches or beat around the proverbial bush of niceties and political correctness (whatever that is supposed to mean). I can only be myself – and I would not want to be anybody else anyway. I know full well that I know so little about so many things, and that I am dead ignorant of some things. But within these pages I do talk about what I do know from life experience – and the passion which goes with it. And, of course, one does not bother to take the time to talk and write for nothing – nothing is for nothing. At best I hope the following can help some others when they first come to encounter these things for themselves – for I had to walk alone with no confirmation of anything from anybody for many years. And that can be lonely – but it does not bother me personally.

But even better than that if, at least some of these pages, could also help to inspire some young minds (which is seriously lacking on this world right now) then that would amount to a small miracle of achieving the seemingly impossible. Well, we live in hope whilst time lasts here do we not. Anyway, what is the point of aiming for a mere miracle when one could have a stab at achieving the impossible? Oh yes, and a prerequisite for all budding gnostics is a crazy sense of humour – for you will need it to survive in this world.

*

Back in the mid 1980's I began to receive many letters and telephone calls, and many of which were from some very well known people of that time, asking me to talk and write about the phenomenon of this mystical gnosis experiences and its effects, and as to what exactly it revealed. This was due to my having written some private poems which were found and distributed by a certain person without my knowledge or consent. Initially I was quite annoyed and had no interest in talking or writing of such events. However, not only did I become amazed by the amount of interest in these things but also by the sincere attitude toward it by so many highly intelligent and serious people. But be that as it was I could not even imagine as to how one could put all this into simple prose and within the limited space of mere books and articles; hence I was still very disinclined to attempt such a seemingly impossible and fruitless task at that time.

However, initially I simply gave them something to read for their own interest which put the verses into experiential context in simple prose, and left it at that; and which I called the Exegesis. On doing this I was informed that I was talking about the most deep and profound mystical experience event known to mankind – presumably from folk who had had a long and deep interest in these things for many years. And who

was I to argue with them, for I had never studied such things up to that point in time. And thus it was that like it or not, want it or not, and initially by way of simply writing letters and answering questions, that for the next twenty five years, ones life was simply taken over by something which one did not even want to get involved with in the first place. I suppose the moral being that whilst we are busy making our plans life unfolds irrespective of them.

Looking back now over the last forty five years I have to ask myself as to whether it was all really worth it or not; leastwise up to this point in time. Alas I think perhaps not. My innate instinctive gut reaction at that time was simply to keep it to myself; and maybe I should have stuck to it. But I came eventually to communicate with many thousands of folk all over the world, and especially so after the advent of email communication. It would seem to me now, from hindsight of all that, (including a few death threats along the way – and which did not bother me one jot) that any real good that it might have done was in such a small percentage of cases that it is hardly worth the effort involved. But then again, and perhaps in the greater scheme of things, maybe to have helped just a few along the way who were beginning to find these things for themselves anyway was as much as could be thought of as worthwhile. But in this world, as it is as yet anyway, to try to convince folk that life experience and its effects is more important and profound than their self erected or indoctrinated beliefs or wishes, is a few bridges too far - as yet anyway.

Whilst humanity places more regard and importance to their belief systems as opposed to the extant reality of their own mind and the nature of reality itself, then maybe society and humanity gets what it deserves – in a simple cause and effect relationship. The following pages are but a mere small collection from the books, articles, poems, email communications, which I did eventually come to write some time ago now, and because I was asked to do so. Some folk told me that they also liked to read of my personal feelings about all these things, and also of my interactions with people over the years; so I have included just a few of those as well. I have pointed out that I am not a writer, nor a poet, nor an academic, and I can only write in the same way that I talk and think. But some at least have claimed to enjoy it that way, for it comes over as real, they say. But as to whether it does or does not then I have no option anyway, for I have no magic ability to turn a pigs ear into a silk purse. So, before continuing with this final edition I would just say this.....

Humility is being intelligent enough to be fully aware that one is not aware of very much; as I have previously said; and time is both the redistribution of energy and the emergence of our personal understanding of things. But time, changing events, is not the only teacher of things which we have to come to eventually know and thence understand; for so too is the teaching wherein there is the lack of moving time and changing events. When we do however come to discover, and thence eventually understand a little more than we did, then we also find that humility is added to as opposed to being removed. And those that find the truth of this will know their Self. Or, to put it another way, those that come to know their Self, will also simultaneously know this to be true: and truth is that which is so about something which exists in fact, not in fiction or lies or make believe.

When we come into this world we do so in total ignorance of anything and everything, much like a clean slate or a clean start to things. There are of course fields and forces operating below the level of our conscious awareness, and we are naturally enough connected to all the forces and dynamics which come to shape our being, and to say nothing of some kind of mysterious life force without which we would not exist at all. However, we are not consciously aware of these things on coming into this world. Thus, that which we call knowledge is the stuff, data, which we acquire about all things, and ourselves, by way of consciously existing; for while unconscious we know and experience nothing - oblivion. Hence, everything we ever come to learn, know, understand, is done by way of personal conscious existence; a gnosis by way of personal life experience.

When it comes to knowledge however, it seems to be believed or accepted by some people that the things which we come to hear or read are some kind of acquired knowledge, but in reality that is not so; for that is but mere hearsay, and which maybe true and maybe not; but we do not know for sure as to which. Hence, I for one do not accept hearsay as personal knowledge. Knowledge is that which only life, and living it, can give us; and privately on the inside of our being. If that which somebody tells us, or that which we read, is indeed true, then fine; but it is their knowledge not ours; for ours has to be learned the hard way – by living it and experiencing it. This does not of course mean that the data or information of hearsay is of no value; for indeed it is all food for thought and contemplation, and can also warn us of things to look out for. But one should not confuse hearsay with that of the direct knowledge of personal life experience; for to do so is a potentially dangerous cull-de-sac to enter into; and assumption is not a good travelling companion.

In this day and age we seem to have no one simple word to differentiate between experiential knowledge and that of such things as inference, deduction, hearsay, and mere beliefs; and therein lays one of the greatest stumbling blocks for the human mind. It is by virtue of this confusion between true knowledge of experience and that of hearsay, inference or deduction, that one can become captive and slave to those who wish to control the minds of people for their own vested interests and hence gain power and authority over them; as has been used by corrupt politics, priestcraft and their organised religions; and also self erected false gurus, for millennia. And still it goes on.

I have mentioned that there was a very well known saying, and which vast empires have implemented and been built upon - *Vulgus vult decipi – decipiatur*. And which means, *'The common people like to be deceived – deceived let them be'*. And deceived they certainly have been. It seems that for some folk knowledge is power, and the lack of it in others is highly advantageous for the purpose of exploitation; and religions and politics know this only too well, and are the past masters at using it for their own ends. And still it goes on yet again. The humour and flip-side of course is that in the end life itself always wins, and comes to teach people what they have to know in order to play their role and serve their purpose and function in the vast scheme of things. Hopefully the practice of priestcraft and its divisiveness will not survive this millennium; and along with other such mass hypnotic and dangerous regimes such as rampant international monopoly capitalism and the world-wide drug trafficking scene.

It is high time that humanity got its act together; for nothing else will do it for us. Greed, selfishness and alienation is not the way to a better world to live on and bring children into. As a mere child it struck me as amusing that Humanity, which calls itself the most intelligent life form on earth, did not even know what it was, where it came from, and as to what we are supposed to be doing here and why they exist even; and yet at the same time being actually aware of our own ignorance. But, being fully aware and accepting this axiomatic ignorance is an advantage or potential which other life forms here did not have it seems – axiomatic knowledge of their ignorance of things. For if one is fully aware that we come here ignorant of anything then that knowledge acts as a catalyst and motivation to learn things, and then hopefully to eventually understand things. But why? What is understanding for in the vast scheme of things; and where does all that learning and understanding end? What is understanding for? It is obviously not an end in itself. No, understanding is for using that power of past experience wisely and effectively for the very purpose of its existence and playing our part in the whole. And nothing is for nothing.

Hence, we come to learn that human existence is not just a learning curve for the sake of learning things which is an end unto itself, but rather for using it effectively. And thus it is that our existence, and all existence, is not only a case and phenomenon of being, but also of becoming. If we compare modern day humanity, and the power which the collective of humanity has with that of ancient cave dwellers and hunter gatherers, then there is no comparison. True, on an individual basis you and I alone are no more powerful than any individual cave dweller was, for we cannot achieve much alone. But together we can move out into space, bring forth wonders, achieve much; and make this world a better place for beings to come into. And thus we soon learn that no man is an island and that the nature of reality itself forces us to live together, to work together, and to achieve things together; and thus the need for real open politics and co-operation. Society, or indeed the world of humanity itself, is of course the sum of the parts; but the sum of the parts working and striving together can achieve far more than the individual sum of human beings working alone. So there is a lesson for the learning in that one too.

*

If all the stars were paper, and all the space was ink, and if I had forever, the time for which to think; then never would the stars suffice, and ne'er would spread the ink, to tell the story of my love, and what I came to drink. And even if the words were there to shed a little light, among the existential gloom of those in troubled flight, would that amount to giving what is not mine to give, or can the power of the word encourage them to live? A little learning is a dangerous thing, or so it has been said; but if you do not give it now, then you cannot when you're dead. And for what purpose then I ask is freedom given for? The choice is mine, at least for now, to give them something more: to tell them of from whence they came, and to whither they return; for the end is the beginning - and so much there is to learn. And never did the ancients of that mystic thread through time, describe the realm of paradise - So I'll make that project mine.

So list to me old Omar, of whence you come and go; and that of which you had no ken, but dearly longed to know. I'll turn a few old pages, the lesson for to see, beyond sans wine, and dust to dust; beyond the temporal tree. You wondered what the

vintners buy with that from which they sell, that ever could be quite as good, and do the work so well. There is another vine you see, much sweeter than the brew; who's roots go deeper into truth, and lift your mind anew.

So many doors you entered, and tallied there so long; but ne'er a one there told you of the singer and the song. So stay a while yet longer while I tell of what I know; and the swan-song of my story, of whence we come and go. But better by far than being told, as many have done from days of old, just sit alone with quiet mind, and let the mystic road unwind. You seek it now and then you say, but your spirit seeks you every day. Fear not the journey through the dark, or being alone without a spark, of light to guide you on your way, for such it is, whence comes that day. Or learn it now but second hand, from those who lend a helping hand, to save you fear upon that day, when spirit takes you far away. Once upon a time there was a time when there was no time; and the end is as the beginning, and the beginning as the end. And you already know it, if you did but know it.



Would that I could sleep tonight, and ne'er awake again; and shackled to my soul could take the harbinger of pain; that catalytic virus now which burrows like a screw, and entwines itself like poison on what was pure as dew. For if I did not love you, then I would never care, and never would I worry, or your pain then have to share; but it is done - I love you; and the dark side I must know, until the temporal course is through; when all the pain will go. Why is it thus, that love must have its dark side like the Moon, or rust beneath a painted sheen which shows itself so soon? Ah love! Could we conspire to grasp this sorry scheme, and mould it in a fashion more conducive to our dream?

Thus it is, the analogy, that the '*Cave of Shadows*' is true; but alas we never know it until we see the other view; of light beyond the light we know, and in temporal fields returned. And whence comes such a time on earth when the inner light so true, by each and every being is prominently in view? But still I say, dear Omar, and unto you my love, me thinks it's not the time on earth where such truth fits like a glove, while the sacred cow of profit rings its hollow bell, exploits through fear and violence, and intimidates then of hell. I understand that in due course such things will come to be when the seed of inner movement engulfs temporality. But the climate of the temporal mind, me thinks is not yet ripe, but wallows still in Somnus, in a depth which is unripe. The time is not yet ready to reap the Golden Fleece: return then, to your magic realm; and rest - in heavenly peace.

Sometimes I've cursed the day I saw beyond the temporal tree, and the innocence of beauty amid this worlds poverty. Life could be so simple if such things we never knew; or observers of such wisdom at least were not so few. Where knowledge is but second hand at best it makes one think; but when you know; you can compare; and that is pain to drink. You cannot be affected by what you do not know; but that which you have been in which set the heart aglow, can never be forgotten, negated or put down, and that is why the mystics weep when this world they look around. Think not such knowledge is all fun while on this world we dwell; for if you care to sup of truth, then you must drink it well.

Knowledge which is second hand, like an angelus that rings, offers knowledge of the truth, without the pain it brings. Enjoy your time among the trees when next the gate swings in the breeze! But times there are, which sometimes come, 'tis easier said, my friend, than done. Thus, I would cast such Wisdom many fathoms deep; that only those who long for truth its knowledge would then reap. But neither do I have to, for it is already done, by one that is much wiser, and to which all things must come. But knowledge which is second hand, like an angelus that rings, offers knowledge of the truth where the child of Wisdom sings. But to seek within religion for the singer and the song, is much like opening vintage wine with the aid of a nuclear bomb. And when at last your reason knows, no more then can be done, and offers up its being - When you need Me - I will come!

*

Can you imagine a place which is beautiful beyond compare, in which you are in ultimate love such as you have never known could exist, and in ecstatic perfection which never changes; and there are no people there to spoil it or commercialise it? Well, such a place exists. I will tell you of it herein in detail – and how many so called gnostics do that? But keep in mind that this is only a half of it, for there is more; and I will also talk about the more. And how many so called gnostics do that? And what does priestcraft tell you? They tell you nothing at all about your Self, spirituality; the transcendent realm, nothing at all. All they tell you is how to live your life, and to believe what they tell you – and only that way will you receive a ticket to paradise and eternal life. They are humbugs and cretins and parasites of life and humanity – and they must go.

But in a way, there is a price to be paid; and I wrote the price above. There is only one resolution to this dichotomy and heartache, and that is for us to become a reflection and mirror image of what we are in Essence in the ground of our being. And I will tell you of it now. But words, alas, are only sign posts, symbols, not the thing itself; and the rest is up to each of us. For the nature of reality has done its part of the job already, right at the beginning; and the remainder is our job and responsibility. We only have to 'eat' and digest what is there already. Open our mind, and wisdom can creep in to reveal what we are; and when it does we know and understand what we are doing here. And when we understand what we are then we come to understand the nature of objectivity also; and when done then the two dance in harmony and accord as if one. Thus is gnosis and its effects. And it is so. May you find it and fare well in this lifetime.

* * *

Dick Richardson

West Somerset, UK, 2005 CE

Photograph - 1988



Born; Tottenham, North London, 1st November 1938. Resided in London until aged seventeen, and thereafter lived in the West of England; predominantly in the North Devon and West Somerset areas.

* * *

Chapter 1

A Fresh Start and New Social Paradigm.

According to modern day academic neurology people who spontaneously undergo events known for millennia as inspirational and revealing mystical experiences (indeed even psychic experiences) are suffering from rapid brain deterioration. Their words not mine. And readers can make of their assertion what they will. To an extent, but not quite so much these days, academic psychology takes a similar view, although never having claimed the above to the best of my knowledge. So be it, and that is their view. It is strange therefore that from the beginning of human existence on earth people have gone searching for these things by all kinds of methods and trying to invoke them – the quest for the grail of understanding and the sacred ground of being. Well, academia has been wrong before; and maybe there is the mere whiff of sour grapes in the air. Moreover, among the living mystics whom I have met and spoken with, there is at least one Nobel Prize winner, and many fine active brains. And this rapid brain deterioration must surely take a long time to effectively kick in, for I have been around here for near on seventy years, and without a days illness, and never a headache or the loss of a good nights sleep. Some brain deterioration indeed.

The word psychology means the study of self. But academic psychology is little more than the study of behaviourism. That is to say as to how a person behaves to this or that life experience, event or phenomenon. But it says nothing about the thing, phenomenon, entity, which is doing the behaving; that is to say the Self itself. So, what is the real us when all the parts which are not the real essential vital Self are extracted from the system of our dynamics? By virtue of the way consciousness works, human beings, and presumably all cognitive life forms, experience a duality of existence; that is to say the observer (their self) and the observed (all the things which are not our self). But nothing in science, neurology, psychology, or even the existing social paradigm, addresses the question of what that Self really is. So, what are we? Where do we come from? What are we supposed to be doing here? And how best can humanity come to live in peace and harmony with all other life forms and the nature of the observed, and whatever that might be while independent of our observation of it? And where is it all going in the evolutionary process on earth? And how and where can we learn these things?

Would it be fitting of this amazing and complex thing which we call reality, or creation, to bring forth such intricate beings, in a complex and mysterious cosmos, to simply let them wander around not knowing what they are, where they come from, or what we are supposed to be doing here – and indeed, to whither we go. No it would not be fitting. It is often said that we come into this world without an owners manual or instruction book. But they are wrong, for the data comes with the package. But not printed as a book tied around our neck on arrival here; but rather all written within the package itself. And to find it we do not have to look outward to the world and physical universe, but rather inwards, deep into the nature of the mind and psyche

itself. And nothing is left unwritten – for it goes back to before the beginning of moving time; and so too does the mind itself. And we are Mind. The nature of reality does not leave us bereft of what is needed, and what is needed to be known. On earth, as yet, we are but very new, very young, and there is a long way to go. And before moving on in freedom and volition we have to grow up; and all that is needed for the job, is supplied in the beginning – and in the essential and temporal physical system.

In many respects, especially technology, human beings today are so far in evolutionary advance of what human beings were a mere few thousand years ago, let alone fifty thousand years ago or more. But in some things, and some understandings, we are no further ahead than they were in consensus terms. For human beings have asked the so called ‘perennial questions’ ever since human beings could first think and communicate with each other; but we are no nearer answering them today (in social terms) than they were then. Hence the perennial questions are still the perennial questions; except for those with this particular mystical experience - gnosis.

In view of the fact of human ignorance of so many things we know well enough that certain types of people desire to fill the gaps in our understanding of the nature of reality and the nature of ourselves with their own ideas, beliefs, myths, religions and philosophies. But self created beliefs and wishful thinking are not a substitute for knowledge of reality and thence coming to understand it. Why does the nature of reality bring forth consciousness, and individual beings, life forms, through whom this stream of consciousness flows? Why does the nature of reality need consciousness at all? For an answer to these things then study and come to know your Self; for therein the answers are found – and eternally waiting for us. And the mind of man is ever tied to the cross of time and eternity. And that I know.

Moreover, you and I know well enough that we are not the phenomenon of consciousness itself, but rather something which mediates consciousness: a something which consciousness can flow through. We know this because we still exist during dreamless sleep in which we can be woken up again, and then the flow of the stream of consciousness goes into action again. So, consciousness is something which we have but not something which we are. The irony of course is that without the flow of consciousness we would not even know that we existed at all, even though we do. Everything we ever know, experience, understand, think, observe, all of it, is done via consciousness. The flow of consciousness. But likewise we know that there is a vast depository of ‘stuff’ and inner dynamics of our personal system, and reality itself, which are operating all the time and whilst below the level of normal daily conscious experience. Consciousness, for most of the time, ‘sits’ on top of creation, so to speak. Like an outer crust of a deeper unknown ocean of mysterious events.

I mentioned that psychology is supposed to mean the study of self. Psyche is used for self, and ology is used for the study of something. So, a reasonable word for an important study. But, as I said, psychology does not address the question as to what that Self actually is whilst independent of the way it behaves in the world and in human society. So, the age old questions remain.... What are you? And where do you start, or have your ground of being? And why do you exist at all? In the nature of reality one would imagine that nothing would be easier than something. But many things exist; including conscious entities – the observers of the observed. Why so? What needs us on the cosmological scene? And why? And how is it constructed?

I, like some others, always was a nosy so and so, and asked myself millions of questions. It is quite natural really until society claims that it has already given you all the answers. So, the kids stop asking questions. I was lucky, for I did not have an education to dump along the way; other than the education from life experience itself. And it seems to work good enough for the job. I will relate the story later.

Well, they cannot answer the question as to what we are, so therefore they like to believe in the meantime that it is all an accident, and that our existence has no cosmological function and is the product of random meaningless events – some kind of chaos arising from chaos and existing in continued chaos. Well, I claim they are wrong; simple as that. Counter to this of course people have invented so many myths and religions that their number since the dawn of their advent is unknown and now unknowable. For every tribe had its cultural myths and social beliefs to fill these mysterious gaps of knowledge. And they, just like monopoly capitalism works, eventually merge and combine until the world, as it is today, eventually has only a handful of mythological social belief systems to fill the gaps of knowledge and understanding. And it would seem that approximately one third of existing humanity subscribes to one of these religions of socio-political priestcraft. And of course the owners do very well out of it thank you; and are laughing all the way to the bank.

How long will these man made socio-political belief systems which are indoctrinated into young children (and by governmental law and dictate in some countries) last in a world which is gradually growing up and getting a little smarter; and indeed on the verge of moving out into space? One would hope not very long. For the brainwashing and putting to sleep of young minds in this world is something that neither this world or society itself can tolerate for much longer without dire psychological and political problems. Human beings will always search for truth, for it is one of the things which the mind innately does. But hopefully their love and respect for truth will one day prevent them from filling the holes in their understanding with glue; and which indeed becomes a psychological prop, crutch, and a drug which is a cop-out to life itself, truth, and the nature of reality as is. To live ones life from a book, or a whole book of mere beliefs, is psychologically dangerous, and a cop-out to living ones own life. For in all truth, life cannot be lived by proxy. We each have to live life, and know life, and interact with life, for ourselves. Nobody can do it for us.

However, whilst still very young, about forty years ago, I did discover something very interesting, and indeed deeply profound and revealing. Well, I did not discover it exactly, it was simply thrust upon me by life and the nature of reality itself. But I will share it with you, and it might just shed a little interesting light on things; important things to be sure. It is something, in fact the only thing which I know in life anyway, which directly addresses these eternal perennial questions. Most amazing really. And, without any shadow of doubt, it will also shed some light on the religions of priestcraft. For it became axiomatic to me that they (priestcraft) did not actually invent it all – but only about ninety nine percent of this or that religion. Who would ever had accepted that there was even a grain of truth in them anyway. True, it is only a mere grain. But it does prove as to where their information came from originally – before they deliberately distorted it for a personal profit and political control – it came from the ancient mystics; and mostly the gnostics. But mystics exist in every generation, even unto this day, and for as long as worlds last for people to exist on. And one day they will inherit the world, and populate it.

Anyway, the upshot of all this is that it became clear to me (when I was twenty four years of age) that religions were originally founded upon direct human experience; and specifically this psychognosis event (as I prefer to call it). However, it also became clear to me that the actual religions themselves, as they were structured and laid out by priestcraft and their scribes, was simply done for self power and socio-political reasons – such as the Roman Empire for example about seventeen hundred years ago. And it would seem to me that all other religions have done the same to some extent; and maybe not all of them by intention for political purposes. But it amounts to the same mess-up anyway.

Well, you might say that any correlations found between the truth of direct human conscious experience and that of man-made religions is purely an accident or chance event. But after reading this abridged volume of all the things which I have written about it all, judge for yourself; and see what you think. But what I do know, and which is axiomatic from hindsight, is that the things which I shall be talking of herein (well, most of them anyway) have been known and experienced by human beings ever since we first lived in caves. But the event to which it applies has now got such a large and thick scaffolding of diatribe, lies, inventions and distortions surrounding the real event (gnosis) that religionists themselves could never see the thing for the scaffolding. So, I will tear down this edifice of corruption and rebuild it again in three dimensions. I hope you enjoy the ride. Well, see what you think anyway. And be careful as to what you brainwash into your children; for not only can they suffer because of it but they are also the world of tomorrow; and we do not want it run by brainwashed morons and idiots with deep psychological problems who sleep-walk through life do we.

So, if you have any interest whatsoever in as to the true meaning of such things as: purgation, annihilation, resurrection, redemption, love, wisdom, and oh so much more, then stay with me for a while. But even more important is that event for which I had to coin the term ‘Psychognosis’. The knowledge itself. Psychognosis does not mean the study of ones self; it means the Knowledge of Self. And one cannot know what the essential nature of the observed really is until such time that you have come to know what the essential nature of our Self is. For when you come into the knowledge of Self then simultaneously one comes into the knowledge of the deepest depths of all things. And likewise, it is equally true, that you cannot know this world, or your Self, until such time that you let them go, and leave them both behind for a while. And thence come back here of course; and needless to say. I will explain all this now, and in very simple terms; for I write for young people primarily. An alternative start for them than from the teachings of both science and priestcraft.

Life is truly interesting, deep, and profoundly mysterious; and we will never understand it all; and that is a fact. But to simply know it, and ones Self, is to dance with it in a harmony and essential accord which is the very reason as to why anything exists at all. And the truth is nearer to one than one would ever believe. And the nature of reality is both better and smarter, and more profound, than any religions of priestcraft could ever aspire to even imagining and invent. Know Thy Self. For a great miracle, dear friend, are you (as it has been said before). But many of those ancient writers had not found the bit which brought it all back to earth again – The Consummatum Incarnate – as I call it. And that is of utmost importance.

We have to go when called, and to learn what is there. But when that is done there is even more to take in to account and hence knowledge and understanding. And it is the more which is equally, if not even more important. The world has had a lot of half baked.... what would you like to call them? Weirdo's? Sensitives? Mystics? Cosmic Adventurers? Cosmic Detectives? Recipients of rapid brain deterioration? Well, call them what you like – and you might be one yourself tomorrow, you never know until tomorrow comes. And it is not simply a matter of choice.

The current paradigm (specifically neurology) claims that people like myself (and there are, and have been, many of them) are suffering from rapid brain deterioration as mentioned above. Well, if one does not agree fully with science, and one does not agree at all with the religions of priestcraft; and if claiming of course there exists experiential truth of the things which I will talk of herein, then naturally of course such people must be suffering from rapid brain deterioration, or else they would concur with the gullible mob. But, evolution of the human mind marches on, and the implicate order of the nature of reality and the life force continues to unfold, and there will be another social paradigm one day. I, and a few colleagues, call it the Experiential Paradigm; as opposed to any kind of belief or faith system paradigm. And for obvious reasons. An army of the next breed of human beings are now taking over from Homo sapiens it seems. I call them Homo Ensophicus. It means human beings who walk this earth in knowledge of what they are, where they come from, and what they are supposed to be doing here, whilst in harmony and accord with what life is in essence and what they are in their essential primordial vital mode of Cosmological Cognition. Hence a Homo that walks in Wisdom and who is not alienated from either their Self, or the life force and the holistic nature of reality.

We, Minds, are a great miracle and wonder; and one should teach this to their children; as opposed to teaching them that they are either irrelevant cosmological junk with no function and purpose to their existence (for science has not found any), and with no freedom of choice in their actions (because the so called genes are in charge); or that they are some kind of creature/pawn invented by this or that religions entity up in the sky, and who have to bow down and cow-tow to it (and priestcraft who hold the keys to it obviously) in order to be saved from the everlasting fires of hell and damnation. The fear mongers with vested interests – and who's time is nearly up. The only two things which human beings need to be saved from are priestcraft, and intransigence of their own mind. And that is a fact. Maybe it is fear which holds many people back. It certainly seems to be the case; for they do not seem to swim in the vast ocean of creation; but rather simply paddle quaking on the edge of it.

But one day the actual consensus of humanity will also redeem the knowledge of what they are, and why they are here; and regain the truth of the eternal mystery of being. And that will be a good day for the world and humanity. But each must find it by going within themselves – and out the other side of inwards. In the meantime words might help just a little, but they are no effective substitute for going there. You have to do that alone. Well, kind of anyway; for you can never ever escape from the grasp of the nature of reality as it is. But being alone is merely the conscious experience and perception of it. So, by alone I mean that you cannot take another person with you on that adventure, nor any of the trinkets which you own in this world; and you must leave everything which you have behind you in order to go on that journey: and go on through that darkness alone; stripped naked of everything which is not you.

When that time comes; and come it will for everyone; then having read something like this may just help to prevent fear; for you will remember it for a while at that time. For therein is the real power of the word – for it transcends space-time. But it seems that many fear being alone for some reason or other, and albeit only for the short periods necessary. So, what can one say to them other than that there is nothing to fear except fear itself. I have even met people who were on the brink of this inner vortex which leads home, and they have told me that they pulled back just in time. Well, they do not know what they missed in so doing. But the opportunity will come again, and that is for sure, for we cannot defy cosmic gravity and the journey home. Is it worth the journey during a lifetime? Well, judge for yourself after going home to from whence we came. For myself I will simply say, oh yes, it is so well done of the nature of reality.

True, I invented the word psychognosis ad hoc. But the event has been known by so many names now that they have all come to lose their original meaning by virtue of mob control and mass wrong usage. And anyway, this word not only isolates it from so much stuff which is NOT IT, but it is also nearest to the truth of it. The Knowledge of Self. Psyche means self, and gnosis means knowledge of direct first hand personal experience. Things of course do not come with names attached, and we can call anything by whatever name we choose to. But human communication (by way of speech and writing anyway) requires words to have precise meanings, and those meanings must not be altered to suit yourself and whilst unbeknown to anybody else. For that would not be communication – that would indeed be chaos and mere babble. Words are not just noises in the ear; for they contain meaning. And it is the meaning which seeps down into layers and depths of the mind and our inner system of dynamics – and which is eventually connected to everything else in existence at the bottom of the inner double vortex of emanation.

I offer this to the children of tomorrow; freely and with no vested interests other than the love of truth. Not as dictate, but simply as food for thought; and perhaps as an anti body to social brainwashing – hence to bolster their rational immune system. Explore life for yourself, explore the universe of time and space for your self, but above all, explore your self – for your Self. And thence see what you come to find eventually; and see if it correlates with what I have found, and what many others have also found, now, and in the past – and of course in the future.

Prima facie it might seem to some that life experience is totally relative to the observer. But it is not so. It is true that on the surface of existence there is great variety; and variety is indeed the spice of life and existence. But travel down that road, up through which all things come like a gushing energy vortex of emanation from the point of no duration, and the deeper you go down, and the nearer to home which you get, then there becomes less and less variety. Until, when, at journeys end, there is no variety at all – just the one thing, the one event, and the same knowledge and understanding as comes to be known by every living conscious entity in the whole of existence. It is important to know and understand many things. But it is essential and necessary to know and understand just one thing. And that one thing is your self in the structure of the whole. For without that then you cannot know what anything is – let alone harmonise with it all, and unconditionally at that.

Do you know, it is a funny thing, but I often laugh (for it beats crying) when even serious minded folk look hither and thither, all over the world, and out to the yet known physical universe, and also deep into the atoms and quarks, for secrets which might reveal something about ourselves, and life. And yet they never think to look where it actually is – inwards. Likewise is it often said these days that outer space is last frontier. And even that is wrong. For inner space is the way home, and hence the last frontier – it is also the first frontier. So the first will also be the last. Creation is deeply mysterious, but like me it has a wicked sense of humour it seems – two of a kind I guess. And are we not all a chip off the old block. We are the stuff of creation, and the cosmos of being and becoming.

In many respects the deeper aspects of metaphysical experience (some like to call it spiritual experience, so be it) tips things on their head. That is to say that many of the accepted social ‘understandings’ are dumped in the trash can at a stroke. This can cause some people many problems (so they have told me). But it causes no problems for people like myself who never held any sacrosanct and untouchable notions (or beliefs) about the nature of reality. It is still more than enough to cope with, but at least one does not have to synthesise the process of dumping a lifetimes acquired false notions along the way. Hence, it is advisable from as early an age as possible not to collect baggage’s of junk (as a psychological crutch) along the way. Plus the fact that an open, enquiring and sensitive mind allows stuff to simply flow through it without the resistance of self created dams and barriers which become obstacles to its path.

One of the things which is tipped upside down is the concept of ‘heaven above’. Religionists (and I am not one of them obviously) like to assume that creation (the coming about of things which exist) is a top down job. However, it is revealed that creation is a bottom up job, not a top down one. The causation is at the bottom of things not at the top: within all things; not beyond them. It is also believed that the physical universe is all that exists. Well, it certainly is not. It is often believed that we life forms on earth are mere puppets of some other order of being. But we are not, we are a manifestation of it, and its dancing partner, and instrumental in getting things done in this level of reality. It cannot become manifest in time and space without us.

Hence we are here to work first; and thence understand, and thence be the ware and living part of it all on earth – as it is elsewhere. It is often believed that life is simply about being happy (a lovely excuse for hedonism is that one). But not so, and a little fun at times is a bonus, but not an end goal. However, there is something far more profound and important than short lived happiness as it is generally thought of. It is also believed that we are some kind of isolated entity, but we are not, we are a part of it all and connected to it all – always. And there are so many more things that it could take hundreds of books to relate in fine grain detail. But suffice to point out as to why the worlds mystics/gnostics are so detested by the establishment, and have been murdered and castigated by not only the owners of religions but by society itself – for society, politics and religions, do not like their little boat to be rocked, and they fear change, and they fear losing their job and their wealth, and of course they fear losing their adoring audience of sleep walkers that keep them in worldly wealth. Moreover, the mystics have this oh so annoying habit of making people think. Long live the mystics of this world; and their time will one day come on earth – as it is in the ground of our being. But not yet.

CONSUMMATUM EST

The Fulfilment of Incarnate Being.

(Paradise on Earth - or the Reciprocal Convergence)

How many coats of consciousness
must yield before the dawn
where man can live incarnate
without such pain to mourn.

What scalpel could be honed so sharp
to heal the wounds therein;
or does the knowledge of one's self
eradicate the sin.

What lies before the thought of things
which manifests the day;
the realm of infinite duration,
where there is no price to pay.

What road transcends the temporal things
of form and shape and size,
where knowledge of the ground of self
illuminates the prize.

Where feeling is not touching
and knowing is not thought,
yet overcoming paradox
is a lesson to be taught.

Where metaphysics hangs its coat
and mystics dwell in awe
the singer may be sighted,
but the song goes on yet more.

part two

**The inward journey trod and done
will yield the truth, but not the sum.
From whence we come we must return,
knowing not how, but with will to learn.**

**When Cosmos in the Atom dwells,
and the seer is that seen,
still yet our senses manifest
illusions of the dream.**

**But slowly moves the dawning
of illusions bubble burst,
when first we take a faltering step
with philosophic thirst.**

**What substance hath a shadow,
the minds virus of great might,
wherein the death of living truth
is but the lack of light.**

**Self righteous halls of intellect
who's substance is but I,
like the sound of one hand clapping
knows not that which is nigh.**

**Like jewels cast out upon the tide
that sink with marching time,
it is not an act of nature
which perpetrates the crime.**

part three

**The idea which creates the *'self'*
and enshrines its love therein;
is the first sour fruit of freedom;
for the idol is the sin.**

**Stand not in awe, nor bow, nor scrape,
to creation by your hand;
for can it ever match the truth
within a grain of sand ?**

**The symphony of man's delight
is but a passing tune,
now waxing, and then waning,
like seasons of the Moon.**

**What magnitude of counterpoint
beholds the greater me,
when casting back its freedom
like winds across the sea.**

**The greatest love a man beholds,
like the tiddler on a line;
must yet, by self, be cast back to
a freedom, beyond time.**

**Where all is one, and one is all,
is a mere lesson for a boy;
while MAN is now the affirmation
of a vast eternal joy.**

part four

**Of what, and when, and how, and why,
the knowing will come clear
if time you make with quiet mind,
and communicative ear.**

**What then comes amid the calm,
whatever be its name,
the wing like voice of insight pleads,
“Go forth, and do the same !”**

**How provest thou of what is known,
in rhyme, or verse, or prose,
where awareness was the essence,
before the thought arose?!**

**Where nothing was excluded;
though only briefly dwelt,
the mono-pole existence
wherein no pain was felt.**

**But if the mind denies itself
and turns its face away,
then the glory that is man’s by right,
won’t see the light of day.**

**So how can man discover,
that which, by truth, is best ?
Unleash the ties of ego’s grasp;
Meta-Aesthesis, Consummatum Est.**

RWR

* * *

Chapter 2

Social Discontent and Nausea – The Legacy of Fear and Ignorance.

If you or I were the sort of people that wanted control over other peoples minds, and of course which leads to control over their bank balance (and which you and I are not, one is glad to say) then how best to go about that ambition? Easy. Invent a religion and put yourself in charge of it. Tell them that they cannot get to Elysium without your help and say-so. And, do you know what; there are many who would jump on your band wagon. It is perhaps unbelievable but true. Look around you in this world as it is today and as it has been for a long long time. But even better and more effective than that, also get into politics and thence murder everyone who does not agree with you – well, by divine right of course. And that too, unbelievable as it might seem, has been done. And more than once. And done in the name of love.

Moreover, if you wanted to do that really successfully then there is one thing which you have to make sure to take care of. And that is to make sure that there is not one iota of truth in the things which you tell them. This works on the psychological principle which I call the principle of negative uncertainty. That is to say that if you invent something which does not exist then nobody can ever prove or disprove that you are wrong. Tell them also that you cannot know these things until you are dead – and, well, that raps it all up neat and tidy. Proper job; as they say in the West of England. And that too, as you well know, has been done. And more than once.

However, if you are nuts, and simple enough to add just one grain of truth in it (obviously by accident, for you do not know what truth is anyway if one is of that ilk) then the whole edifice will collapse when people come to find that one grain of truth, and realise that the rest of it is all junk. And that too has been done. And more than once. Why do so many people feel a need for holding beliefs about things which they do not actually know to be so? Well, one had best ask them. But it is clear that they love to jump on to other peoples bandwagons for the ride. I guess it saves them from thinking for their self, and looking for their self, and working for their self. Tis easier to let somebody else do it all for them it seems. The Dignity of Man indeed !

Such is the existing state of the art of so much of humanity at the beginning of the so called third millennium. I wonder as to how the third millennium will end. Will it get any better? Will this world ever be a place where children can come to live and grow in health, happiness, harmony, safety, dignity, and become the full potential of what they could become if they were truly loved and wanted; and if they were taught only that which we knew to be so; and whilst being inspired to seek the truth of things? I am not a one who ever asks for things, but that is the only thing I would ever ask for. For without that the dignity of man, and self respect on earth is not worth a light. Maybe some world, somewhere in space and time, will flower into what it could flower into if not obstructed by stupidity, greed, violence and blindness, as this one is at the moment. But while there is life then hope springs eternal. We have to hope, otherwise it is self defeating.

As human beings we need many things in order that we can even exist here at all. One of them of course is food and drink, sustenance for the body and the brain, energy intake for that purpose and function. And naturally we give this to our children whilst young so that they might grow up into adults and thence take care of themselves and their offspring. But there is more to life than just scavenging around to eat food that we may continue to scavenge around in order to live to eat more food until we have no more energy for that function and then simply die. Is that what life is about, and is that all that the children need? No, of course not.

What then, of all the other needs, is the most important need of the human mind? Keep in mind here that I did not say the needs of the body and brain – I said the mind. Well, the answer is easy. It is inspiration. Many things exist on earth simply by taking in ‘physical’ energy and re-cycling it for the need of their system of dynamics. But they are not all cognitive minds. What is it truly like to live if one only lived to eat food in order to stay alive to eat more food? I think most human beings would end their life rather than live like that. So, we need more than the food for the guts. We need food for the mind. And the major part of that food for the mind consists of inspiring the young to aspire to whatever it is they can aspire to. And thence also trying to motivate them to go do it.

Now, of all the things, and they are mostly natural things (not man made things; with the exception of music) which inspire the human mind; such as beauty, a wonderful vista for example; then what is the most effective inspirational thing in human life? Well, you know as well as I do that it is for the mind to be motivated by a passion for life and existence itself. Moreover, and as is now well known and documented, without that passion and inspiration to stay here then... well, there is no incentive to stay here. And of course a large number of people sadly kill themselves; and even young children these days. That, is the epitome of tragic. It is also a characteristic of the fact that there is something very wrong with human society such as it is at the present. If kids refuse to live in the world which humanity helps bring them into then it would be just as well for a hefty great meteorite to shatter this place to fragments which are incapable of sustaining human life at all. And maybe it will do just that. It would sure prevent a lot of tears and unnecessary suffering.

However, neither can we live our lives here effectively by assuming that tomorrow is not going to come – even if it did not come. So we have to live our lives in the prospect that tomorrow will come; well, for most people here that is, and of course for the phenomenon of humanity itself. Unfortunately it is absolutely true that the human mind and its ‘mindset’ can be manipulated by other peoples minds, wishes, desires, motivations; and not all of which are good constructive principles; and of course things which relate to the truth of things. Children come into this world devoid of any past conscious experience, and no memory of anything. In that sense their cognitive mind (not their inner system of dynamics) is a kind of blank slate, wiped clean of any knowledge and understanding of anything. Moreover, they are totally helpless, and reliant upon us and society itself.

And what do we do with them once here? Well, in many cases they pump their head full of dangerous diatribe and irrelevant hedonistic junk. No, I do not beat about the bush or follow political correctness and good manners; so that gets that into the open immediately. Life here is far too short for that and for playing silly games which go

nowhere fast. I have reached the stage in my own life here now where the incentive to want to stay here is at a prime all time minimum. This is not because of the nature of reality itself, or this physical world, for I truly love it all and could take ten million years of it, and more. No, it is simply because of humanity being what it is and what it has become. It is now nothing but nauseating trivial humbug and deceit perpetrated by cretins and empty minds. Human life on earth has become nothing more than making a quick buck any way one can; grabbing the most of it for oneself, at any cost, and exploitation of everyone else to achieve that end. And, unfortunately this is now the taught and practised philosophy of the most powerful nation on earth; and every Tom Dick and Harry seems to want to copy them. Well, except for this Dick that is. And what is their primary philosophic life principle? Fundamentalist Christianity. It creeps like a virus into minds, businesses, politics and the government and its laws. It is high time that this world had a revolution; for the love of truth, reality and common sense.

The thing about human beings is that they are not complete idiots and complete insensitive morons. They will take so much of this until they have reached the bottom of the barrel of trivial nauseating empty existence, and then revolt, and say enough is enough. And it is then, and only then, that they will climb back up that barrel into fresher and more healthy waters of life and reality. This will not be a bloody revolution (although it could be at worst), but no, it will be a revolution of sanity, caring, passion for existence, and also mere common sense. And it will and must be done by the legitimate votes of the consensus of humanity. When will it happen? Soon I hope. But I think it has already even started in a small way. And perhaps largely sub-conscious at this point in time. But a new paradigm and a new way of living human life on earth will come. It is inevitable – providing the physical world lasts long enough for it to happen of course.

How can I be so optimistic for humanity despite the existing state of the art and the fact that it is geometrically getting worse on a daily basis at the moment? Well, I have seen what is driving them; that which is there in the basement of their own being; and it is good; it is profound, and it will out. In actual fact it is not really humanity which I am concerned about at all. No, it is the phenomenon of cognitive life. Will the highest state of mindful intellect on earth, or elsewhere, in a million years time be called 'humanity'? I do not know and I do not care; for a name is simply a handle which we give to things in order to be able to communicate with other living entities at and about the same level as ourselves.

But irrespective as to whatever humanity likes to believe that it is, in reality we are all minds. And minds which the life force and the stream of consciousness flows through. We are the cognitive part of creation. The observer of the observed, and also active participants of creation up at this level of extant emanation. We are not here just to observe it, but also to take part in it and fulfil it; and help make it become what it can become when cognitive volition comes on the cosmic scene. That is our task. In all truth it is also a challenge. It is just like the nature of reality saying to us... 'Here is the stuff of life and existence, do with it what you will. Ah, but there is more.

Is humanity too much of a cringing crawling conniving fearful wimp to face that challenge? Well, I know full well that most of them are not; and they are indeed up to that challenge and the task itself. For we are made of the stuff which gets it done. As for myself then I spent the first forty years of my life learning about life, from life; and working hard to boot; and in what would now be considered as relative poverty. But there are indeed different kinds of poverty to be sure. And when that forty years was done, and not initially by choice, I spent the next twenty years in communication with people. Well, there is not much point in talking until you have something to talk about is there. Don't tell the teenagers that of course. Anyway, they do not talk they just grunt and sing; and good luck to them, for we all have to grow up eventually.

So, it was not my initial intention to communicate with people world-wide at all; or indeed anybody at all; but it seemed to just get inflicted upon me; for they came in droves asking questions and wanting to talk and listen when some of my poems were distributed without my knowledge. So what were they in need of from an uneducated cockney latch-door kid of a pre-war specimen like myself? They wanted something which neither science, universities, myths or the religions of priestcraft could give them. That is what they wanted. They were in need of something which society was just not giving to them. And moreover, they were not even looking in the right place or direction.

And they came from all walks of life and all nations on earth. Physicists, cosmologists, psychologists, writers, editors, bus drivers, toilet cleaners, housewives and house-husbands, vicars and bishops, and even some young intelligent and sensitive kids, the unemployed, and even a few weirdo junkies. As I say, all walks of life, intelligence and occupations. How damned strange; how strange indeed. And all because one person took some poems which I had written for myself out of the drawer and distributed them without my consent. How strange indeed. And why did they want? Because they were hungry and knew it. But they were not hungry for food in their guts, but something else. Something in fact more important than food in their guts. Something to live for. And how could I refuse their request? Easy come, easy go, no payment or thanks required; and have a nice day; glad to have made your acquaintance friend. And so it was for twenty long hard years. But now, well, enough is enough and perhaps a time for just a little peace and quiet - if that were possible. But it does not seem to be possible on this world, and hereabouts one has no place to call home in which one can rest ones mind. But there is a place of that ilk.

But, why oh why are people in such need of something which already exists in the nature of reality for them to 'eat' from – life itself. In the next six chapters I am going to tell a story; for the story speaks for itself; and it is in no way unique. I was asked to write it many years ago after my own private poems escaped; and they wanted to hear more, in simple prose. But these parts of it anyway (the next six chapters) was written at various stages just for myself originally – a means of remembering if per chance one ever came to forget bits of it. But one cannot forget bits of it. But of course I only know that from hindsight now.

Anyway, see if you come to find any correlations along the way with your own life; for although every personality is different, just like snow flakes, we are all essentially the same thing at root and all made of the same stuff. And life is what life is, and reality is what reality is; and irrespective of what some human beings choose to want

to believe that it is. Let life itself do its own teaching; and if even life itself gets it wrong – well, then what the hell, nothing could get it right. But life seems to plod on and work just fine, and it has no favourite sons or daughters. See how you find it for yourself. But first, before judging, look deep, look wide, and look long. And whilst doing all that remain as empty as a new born child, and just as excited about being alive and wanting to explore life for yourself. Even life itself cannot flow through a vessel which has sealed itself off from reality by closing down its mind – the valve or doorway to different levels of existence and life experience. The Mind IS the doorway to the gap in the universe. And that is a fact, not a belief. I do not believe it; I know it.

I have long since found that much more can be achieved in the way of help, encouragement and inspiration if one talks predominantly in terms of simple everyday psychology, and in simple words in a simple way. For I could do no other anyway, for I am just a very ordinary simple person, and I love it that way. I have no talent for writing or gifted with words, and I have to grope for them as most of us do. Hence I can only write in exactly the same way in which I talk – as thousands of folk will now attest to whilst smiling – yeah, I know the old git, kind of thing. And so be it, for it is all I have. But better to use all that you have even if it is but a little than to use just a little of what you have if you have much. But I have never, ever, had any problems with communicating with folk; any kind of folk. And I am not going to change my style (not that I could) for anyone or anything; for I am what I am. And I am neither proud of it nor ashamed of it. It just IS, and that is it. But before moving on I would like to say just a few more things here and now.....

When contemplating on the nature of the truth of reality one must keep in mind four foundations of premise. The Existential. The Extant Phenomenal. The Integrative. And The Mystical.

1... An observer cannot know objectivity independent of observation. Thus, from the reference point of the Existential, conscious reality is as real as experience makes it.

2... There has to exist extant phenomena for a subject to observe; otherwise it would not be an observer; and irrespective of the absolute nature of the observed.

3... A subject is not independent of creation and is therefore a part of it. In the act of observing a subject is an integrative part of what it is observing *i.e.* creation observing creation.

4... If one would come to ascertain the objective then it is a prerequisite to know the limitations of the observer: for only in knowing what we really are can we then know as to what is really objective. Likewise, if we would come to know our self then so too must it be known as to what is not our self. The world is an Image Emanation of the eternal uncreated essence of perfection. So, Know thy Self: for the story of creation and the story of your self are one and the same story. The incarnate temporal mind has not come into this universe of time and space simply to observe it: But rather to fulfil it. IT could not BE without YOU the observer. Some mighty important cosmic trash and flotsam indeed. One has to play the hand which life itself deals us.

But this does not equate with the hand which human beings, and even society itself tries to deal us. Listen to what all people say, by all means, and even give it thought. But in the final analysis, live and experience and act for your self.

I do this in order that you, obtaining an acquaintance with these things, may, in your turn, explain them to all those with whom you are connected, in order to avoid the abyss of such madness and nausea now extant, and rising, from the distortions of the truth of reality and our self. Life is not about mere opinions and beliefs, it is about what is so. It not only behoves us, but is indeed our very nature, to become aware of what is so. In so doing one must act from within the reference point of where one is now placed in the understanding of the truth of things; and negating not that which we now are; and judging not as to where another is likewise located in their growth and integration into the eternal cosmic process of being and becoming. The darkness and ignorance of unknowing is a reality within the nature of the way, and is thus both natural and excusable in human beings. To move from ignorance into understanding is also the nature of the way of reality. But the will to remain in ignorance is neither excusable nor permissible in the nature of the way; and attempting to do so causes great problems; and perhaps for the whole of a lifetime. If people choose to adopt some antiquated religious belief system when they are adults, then that is their business and stupidity. But they must keep it out of politics, and governments must not brainwash children with this stuff. Simply teach them what you know and leave it at that.

Think on this for a while. When a packet of energy comes into this universe (from outside of it – below it) there is instantaneously set up a symmetry of parts; part and antipart, as they call it; but simply two parts of one emanation into the space-time fabric. When these two parts come together there is an annihilation of the parts and that packet of energy leaves the universe, and the symmetry is broken. After a while that energy gushes back into this universe and the symmetry of parts is re-established again. The identical process happens to ourselves, the human mind; and revealed by the phenomenon of consciousness. I will talk of it later. But physics does not tell us where that packet of cosmic energy goes and as to what it is like there. And neither does psychology. Well they never will, will they; for the only way it can be known is by consciousness going there. And which it does; and which has been known since human beings first lived in caves. The nature of all reality is very mysterious, and amazing; and the nature of mind and consciousness (and which is in fact a part of all reality anyway) is equally, if not even more mysterious and amazing; and you and I are that thing, that mysterious cosmic emanation. Unlike religions neither the mystics or the scientists know all the answers; we do not even know all the questions. And that is something which the dignity of man must live with without inventing mythologies, and lies, to fill the gaps in our yet existing ignorance of things.

Religions of priestcraft truly are a drug to the mind; but they are a dangerous drug, and one which actually prevents people from integrating with the deeper aspects of creation itself; let alone asking their own questions and seeking the truth of this or that phenomenon themselves. But even that which the so called mystics know (psychognosis) is even infinitely more wondrous and profound, and mysterious, than anything ever found in man made religions – and it is also true. True of direct human experience and the human mind. And also of any conscious living entity. Probably your cat knows more about truth than priestcrafty does. So, best forget the lot of it and

start looking again – from the beginning. Once upon a time there was a time when there was no time. And you were there; the first judge of creation – primordial consciousness; and which is the root of your Self. Ipso Facto. Do not simply believe this, for it is hearsay as far as you are concerned. By the same token do not disbelieve it either; for a disbelief is only another form of belief. But listen to it (read it in this case for I cannot speak live with you here) and think. And let that thinking do its job. Sleep on it. Then forget it all and go and search out life and the truth of reality for your self. And see what happens and see what pops up in due course. And do not judge life and the truth of all things too soon.

But when it comes to life experience, any experience whatsoever, we can only observe what we observe by way of the flow of consciousness through our being, and in the final analysis (our final analysis that is) we can only use the word ‘truth’ in so far as conscious experience reveals things to us. But as to what those things are independent of being experienced by an observer one can never know. Nevertheless one does come to find direct correlation’s of human experience, and the effects of it. And it is to these things which we can attach the label truth. From our point of reference, and given that you and I do not create existence and the life force, then one has to consider the quality of life and the place in which we exist; and no matter where that may be. That which we call good is that which we enjoy and are attracted towards; and that which we call bad is that which we find repulsive. Thus good is cosmic attraction and bad is cosmic repulsion. But I have found that both good and bad experience are both pushing us in the same direction. Good pulls and bad pushes.

Thus, in the wider sense, all experience is good in that it motivates us in a forward direction (either being pulled or pushed – attracted or repulsed). We have all experienced many bad things, and perhaps none worse in the twentieth century than two world wars, and the artificial construction of a state they call Israel, and rampant commercialism, and all at other peoples expense. Yet, from the negative we have to find the positive, and as to what was learned from it all. Such things of course should never be forgotten, for if they are then history can soon repeat itself. So memory, whilst it lasts at least, is important. So too is documentation and archives, for the younger generations have no first hand experience of world wars and all that it entails.

And this of course is the very reason as to why I have never agreed with some of the ‘Mystics’ or whatever you want to call them, that keep all their experience and discoveries to themselves. Everything which humanity can ever come to know and experience should be shared, and freely, with all people. At worst it can do no harm; and at best it can inspire and motivate. And when it comes to inspiration and motivation then, without any shadow of doubt, the most amazing and inspirational event I have ever encountered was not even on this world at all. And that is a fact. I can only grope for words in the hope that it might at least help some folk along their own path of being and becoming. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. And if one does not try, well, I guess that there would be no point in existing at all. And would that one could share the actual reality with them, but alas all we have to offer is words and encouragement. The rest of it is life’s job, not mine. But, in the meantime, for heaven sake, and for your own sake, and societies sake, do not simply believe the words you read herein; but – go and find out the truth of them for your self; and then act accordingly. And when you come to know your SELF; then you will agree with me. It is not a case of believing; but rather of KNOWING. And it IS SO.

The Knowledge of Self

(Psychognosis)

The mind is ever tied to the cross of Time and Eternity.

The Mind is such that when consciousness journeys back to its root ground at the base of its vortex of emanation, back to where it has its primordial essential existence; it comes into a mysterious but direct knowledge and understanding of the essence of all things - an Eternal Gnosis. At such time a being becomes whole in a way that words cannot really describe or define; and beyond polarities. But when the symmetry of parts returns then the knowledge and understanding of that reunion from whence it came still remains, and a duality exists whilst without alienation of the parts.

The world of human society will never come right by dictate, philosophic or political legislation, or belief systems; but only by each individual knowing the deepest nature of their own being, and acting in harmony and accord with it. Only then will the sum of humanity work in harmony and accord in the essential spirit of the deepest nature of all being; and the eternal essence of from whence it comes. Thus it is, thus it has always been, and thus it will always be; for it is evergreen and unchanging.

* * *

Fields of Consciousness

Reflecting on the times gone by,
whilst lonely in a field,
a tiny distant shining light
to me was then revealed.

The light it bade me hither,
by love's gravity it seems;
and when the two became as one,
I transcended human dreams.

The young will have their visions
in the light which then redeems
the knowledge of from whence we came:
and when old we dream our dreams.

~

That which I now offer,
has been learned through many years,
I have learned of it through laughter,
and learned of it through tears.

Much is done in ignorance,
and much is done in pain,
but if I had to walk such road,
then I would do it all again.

And if you and I do not thus sing
of what sets the heart aglow,
then it could well take the children
so long, to come to know.

One thing, I would ask readers,
if I may be so bold;
to read the lines which follow,
in the order which they're told.

* * *

Chapter 3

The Open Road. Reflections on Childhood.

Once upon a time there was a time when there was no time. Well, not for me anyway for I was not here yet; and wherever 'here' is. But I am informed (on as good as authority gets) that the evening of the 31st of October 1938 was a dark dank foggy miserable night in West Green Road Tottenham London N 15. It was pushing midnight in an attic room at the top of a large old Georgian house where I was about to make an entry into this world – yuck. But I guess that I must have subconsciously thought ... 'Hang on chum, that is Halloween innit, stuff that; I will hang on here for a few minutes and wait for the 1st of November, for that is all Saints day, yeah, sounds more fun does it not'. And so it came to pass – plop ! Well, you have to smile eh, otherwise we would weep. Fancy being born into a place like this ! Not a lot; but there you go eh. Wow cheers mate !!! (talking to one's self as usual).

I am told that the first words I ever uttered were 'moor moogy' (which means more music please). I guess I must have loved music for some reason. Still do, and always have done. But the first words which I can ever remember uttering were, 'Oh shit' ! I guess that must be the most common expletive in the English language by now. Unfortunately the only language which I ever learned (because I am thick) was on the streets of London, and hence Cockney rhyming slang. But they all understood me; so no problem. Would love to have had the time and the brains to have learned Spanish however, for it sounds like music to my ears; not like the guttural and gobbledegook languages of Northern Europe, or we old Cockneys. But there you go, you get what you get, and we have to try and make the most of it. But if it works for communicating with the other rustics then fine. Given that there is anything worthwhile to communicate of course.

Funny old thing memory is it not. You have either got it or you ain't, and even if you have you cannot be too sure as to its reliability. The first thing I can ever remember was being pushed along in a push chair at a place called Wembury Point near Plymouth in South Devon. The sky was full of German bombers coming to bomb Plymouth. And I thought 'Oh shit' ! They had already flatted our joint in Tottenham a few months earlier and we had no place to live, and only the cloths which we stood up in. My father had been posted to an anti aircraft base at Wembury Point and my mother was looking for some digs in the area. I guess we must have looked like a couple of tramps.

Prior to that for a short while (just as we were being bombed out) my father had been doing his basic army training near a place called Bishops Lydeard in West Somerset and so my mother and I had gone down to that area and stayed there for a while. I have just a couple of fleeting memories of that place, but they may have been a bit later; for when he got posted yet again we could not follow him there so we were asked (by the house owners who thought the world of my mother) to go back and spend more time with them in Bishops Lydeard; a nice little house called Wall Cottage; so my memories of that place perhaps stem from the second time when I lived there. Many years later there came to be a third time; in the same house. Strange coincidence. Life is full of strange coincidences. However.

There comes a time in our life however when memories seem to 'jell' and then we experience being in this world 'all the time' so to speak. I imagine that memories simply get joined up and thence flow in a continuum from that point onward. Quite funny really for I can distinctly remember exactly when that happened to me. I must have been two and a half at the time. I was back in London and standing in a small front garden of a terraced house in Tottenham and re-arranging the twigs on a hedgerow, in a manner which I thought looked better. And I thought – 'I seem to be here all the time now' ! Strange thought eh.

Some months later we were given somewhere to live by the local council. It was the upstairs flat of a house that had been bombed, or should I say the first house in the line of destruction which could be patched up again. I lived there until I was fourteen. It was a rough old area in many respects and quite close to the industrial areas and major reservoirs of North London; and not too far from where we had originally been bombed out at Tottenham Hale.

My mother was a weaver and they had been told to weave webbing for the military. On their way to work the German dive-bombers used to swoop down and machine-gun them along the streets. And at night they would endeavour to flatten the whole place. Came close to it as well I guess. Who the hell would have been a mother on her own with kids in those days. Not that I had any brothers or sisters, for it takes two for procreation; and I guess they had already decided that this was no place to bring any more kids into; and who can blame them.

But being alone turned out just fine; for I had all the company of the kids in the street that I could ever want or need and also the opportunity to be alone and take time out just when I wanted to or felt like it; so it was good. Mind you, the first introduction to the kids in the street was not so good. I was three at the time and my mother had given me a couple bob (two shillings) and asked me to pop to the corner shop and get her a packet of fags. On the way I met this small gang of kids; most of them a little older than I was. I was stopped and asked if I had any money on me. I told them I had only the money for some fags which I had to get. They demanded it, or the one who seemed to be the ring leader did; the others just watched on. Before I had a chance to reply the money was taken from my hand by force. Oh shit !

On returning home I told my mother that I had lost it; but she simply gave me some more and asked me to go again - and don't lose the money this time. Oh shit ! Lightening, it seems, can strike twice. For the whole scenario was about to be acted out again; and I thought – well you know what I thought. What does one do I

wondered. I was a very quiet and gentle lad, and very sensitive so they tell me. But when faced with a no win situation – then what the hell. So I said, well if you want it chum you come and get it again. So he made advances. I let out with a right hand punch from hell that laid him flat on the ground and bawling his eyeballs out. And they welcomed me into the gang. Such are human beings eh, I thought. I began to wonder why people were the way they were and what made them tick. Why do they act the way they act?

Why are some nice and some nasty? Why are some clever and some stupid; emm, enough to make one wonder to be sure. From that point on however, life was a ball. Such adventures we had that they could fill a book or two. I discovered that I had many interests (and going to school was not really one of them, so we often skipped out and would go scrumping for apples whilst bombs dropped all around us; and we did not give a damn, for we knew nothing else) and yet I did like learning. I would ask a thousand and more questions a day, but there was nobody to answer them, and there were no books to read; well I could not read anyway; so I guess I simply asked myself and left it at that. Perhaps it formed a life-long habit.

I remember one night when there had been reports of German paratroopers possibly landing. The flat downstairs had not yet been taken, and was thus empty. Prior to my going to bed my mother and I heard this noise from the flat below. Oh shit ! She, my mother, was a case and a half however. She found what must have been a spare pair of army boots and put them on, she picked up the large iron poker from the fireplace and went slowly down the stairs like a herd of elephants, and shouting in a deep voice – who is there. She heard some scuffling about and then rushed the rest of way like a mad thing brandishing the poker above her head. On pushing the door open and entering the room a dark figure was in the process of leaping out of the open window and scurrying off into the night and darkness – there were bomb sites all around. A small half hearted fire was burning in the hearth, and a slice of half toasted bread lay abandoned beside it – and I think she wept; for it had been a tramp sheltering from the night.

In this place we had no air-raid shelter, so we just slept in our beds as normal, and sod the lot of it. Every night when the bombs started falling she would rush into the bedroom and throw herself on top of me, saying do not be frightened my love. I remember saying one night; I am not frightened of the bombs (I knew nothing else other than bombs every night) but I am a bit scared of you squashing me, I can't breath mum ! And she laughed; as was the way with most folk in those days; and we all laughed, for there was nothing else to be done anyway. Tis strange how war brings out the very best in folk, and peace brings out the very worst. Such is the strangeness of human beings. Perhaps they need something important to do in their lives before they actually wake up and come alive. At least in war one does not sleep-walk through life. But what a way to live.

I must have been born lucky however, for I have never been ill or even had a headache or a hangover. Or maybe I have just never had the time; who knows. Strange thing is time. As I look back now it all seems like yesterday. I can smell the smells of those days, and if I close my eyes I can see the pictures of those times in my minds eye, and feel it all again, as it was then. Huh, I wonder why.

What it is to be ignorant eh. And if we were not ignorant then we would not ask questions would we, for we would know it all. And to what degree does asking questions solicit genuine answers; I often wondered about such things. A popular pursuit for children of that time and place was that of exploring the debris found on bomb sites, which comprised what seemed to be half of London in those days. Moreover, they were the playground of the local tribes. Early one bright spring morning I found myself running (full of the uninhibited joys of childhood existence) across such a dereliction. I have no idea now as to what was on my mind at that time; but one was probably seeking anything that might be found on such a site that could be deemed useful, like bits of string, tools, bicycle wheels, and who knows what other such childhood artefacts of great value. Well, you never know what might be found in the next pot hole eh.

The part I will never forget however, was that for some unknown reason I suddenly stopped dead in my tracks (whilst running quite fast), almost rooted to the spot in fact. Suddenly thoughts came gushing into my head; thoughts which would never have occurred to me to think about, yet alone I as a mere child to have any interest in. As I stood rooted to the spot, it was as though another part of myself were talking to me. Questions came, such questions that I would never have dreamed of asking myself or even thinking about. I asked myself: What am I doing here? What am I? Why am I me? Why am I not somebody else? Why am I not a cat that lived on earth many years ago, or a dog that will not exist here for many years yet to come? Why me, here, and now? What am I; where have I come from: and why am I here? These questions popped up in mind of their own accord from nowhere, and without any forethought, intent, or deliberation. I later came to call these '*pop-in thoughts*'. However, that weird experience indeed made me begin to think and ask questions even at that age. They had a direct and motivating effect upon my topside daily consciousness. An intangible little experience acted upon and motivated the tangible and volitional thought process — and even directed it. However, I laughed, shrugged my shoulders, and continued running about looking for treasure, and never gave it another deliberate thought. What a strange bucket of tricks the mind is to be sure.

One night I was looking up into the dark sky for the impending drone of aircraft and realised that there were none there. It was oh so quiet and peaceful, and there was not a cloud in the night sky. All I could see was tiny little lights, thousands of them. You do not often see the stars in London; so the blackout had some advantages I guess. I had never really noticed the stars before; but I did this night, and I wondered, wow, what the hell are they; and how beautiful they are? It must have been within the next couple of days that whilst during an air-raid at school we all did the usual things and got dragged down into a hole below ground where we would sit cooped up until the raid was over. Lessons (for what they were worth in those days in that place) were abandoned. The teacher used to ask – what shall we talk about today? I never used to bother to answer for it was all too damned boring to get excited about. But this day I shouted out first – Tell us about the stars; and I awaited words of wisdom and knowledge which would hold me entranced. Do not know anything about the stars son; what else shall we talk about !!!! Oh shit !

But I began to wonder about the world; what it was, where it came from, how it got made; and about the stars, and everything. And just as I wondered about people, and why they were like what they were like, and what made them tick and do this and that

kind of thing. But they did not know anything about that either. So much for education I thought; sod the lot of them. I did not realise that there were real schools on earth, I thought this was normality. Well, it bloody well was normality for this place. Oh shit !

One foggy night in London town we kids were mooching around as per normal on a dark early evening when I noticed a sign outside the library in the High street. I could just about read simple words by then – never got passed that stage alas. It stated that there was a lecture on this evening about the moon – Wow! Come on, I said to the kids. Sod orf, came the reply. So I did, and crept into the lecture room like a lost sheep. But the old grey beards bid me welcome and I sat listening in awe and wonder for ages. I discovered that they did other lectures, on psychology and various other things, wow! So on regular occasions I would tell them to play Cowboys and Indians on their own, for I am toddling orf to the Library. And I did; but no sod ever argued with me or took the micky any more, once bitten twice shy. It was like a new road opening and unwinding.

When I was seven a kid up the road on one dark miserable evening said that they had been teaching him to play chess at school: glad somebody got taught something at school I thought; anyway, what the hell is that I asked. So he came around to my place with this tiny little board and set of pieces, which he must have knocked off from the place, and showed me the moves. Well some of them anyway, for he did not know them all. But we had a go at this thing, and it was love at first sight. Wow! I had to get some job that earned a few bob and go and buy one of these things and a book of rules. So after a few days of doing a milk round, and a few trips over the brewery wall and a trot around to the off-licence, I had enough to purchase the necessary goods. The guy in the shop set the board up on the counter and said, come on then ! I had been thrashing my mate who had taught me for the last couple of weeks, and thought, yeah, why not. Which immediately prompted me to rush home and read the book to learn how to play it. And which I did; with the aid of an old dictionary. Love can seem to move mountains and erase ignorance eh. Well, it sure motivates one at least.

So, chess became my third love, and kind of took over things for a number of years, bit like an addiction or an obsession I guess. But it sure was a good way to escape the outer nausea of triviality and revel in the delight of something to think about. The years passed, the wondrous years of childhood, and so many good times and good memories. They used to breed us kids for factory fodder and war-time targets, so we never had anything of an education. We were just a co-op number and an extension of the rifle; the bit that pulled the trigger. They had national service in those days, and it loomed ahead like a dark cloud that one could not avoid.

Having left school at fifteen I went to work in a garage to learn how to repair cars, for they were the in thing after the war. The most amazing thing about the war ending was that one could actually walk into a sweet shop and buy sweets with nothing but cash. Wow ! But by now we had got used to that. One found it difficult, if not impossible to change ones job at sixteen and a half, for they knew that one would be going into the mob shortly.

It was at that time when I learned something else. I was never interested in girls, daft lot. They just used to look and giggle; bah humbug. One day a girl walked into a room and zing, the universe tipped sideways; 'twas magic of the highest order. Oh shit! Cosmological blackmail !!! I guess when we are young we all think that we invented this thing called love. Everything went out of the window; all my interests, all thought of what I wanted, in fact all thought of anything at all, I just wanted to be with her and make her happy unto the end of the world. Seems that she felt the same way too. But it was ludicrous. We were so young, and both with our whole lives ahead of us; and I would soon have to be going into the army or whatever anyway; so there was not a bat in hells chance of it becoming anything more than a magic year. But that year, and that summer, are etched into the annals of time writ large. We mutually agreed to go our ways, hard though it was, painful though it was. Ah, what is the right thing to do eh, who knows.

I could not bother too wait for a two year call up, so I signed on for three years; because I would have gone straight into the guards at my height otherwise, sod that, I am not made for being a soldier. So, signing up for a three year term got one the regiment of ones choice; twice as much pay and twice as much leave; and probably out before one would have even gone in if waiting for national service; for it was getting towards its end by that time. So I went into the REME for three years. Unfortunately I somehow per chance got into the REME technical services which was a kind of 'secret' mob during the cold war. They only had three units and they were all in the UK – oh shit! I got posted to North Devon and did the whole three years there. Still, it was fun, and quite an education. It was the first time that I truly realised how bloody ignorant I was. Hey ho and away we go.

I remembered standing on the corner of the main highways out of London as a kid, and looking up those roads and wondering where they went, and what it was like there. It was a magic feeling pondering upon the mystery of the unknown and unexplored. I thought at least by going into the army I would come to experience some exotic places, and at her Majesty's expense not my own. And they sent me all the way to Devon – where the war had done years before. One day I was mooching around on my Jack Jones after leaving the Jeep in a pull in place and I looked out over the hedgerow. My vision and nostrils were filled with a place called Exmoor. That too was love at first sight. I had never seen anything of such exquisite beauty, peace, quiet, tranquillity; and, and something more; a something which I knew not what; but a kind of resonance and a recognition. I felt at home like I had never done before. How weird, for I had never been there before. So, at just on eighteen years of age I vowed that I would never leave this place – I walked away from love once; but not again, for that still hurts.

I got married whilst still in the army; far too young, and not a wise choice from hindsight. By the time I left the army at 21 I had a wife and a child. Returning to London for a while in order to get a few things sorted out I worked for the Metropolitan Police as a civilian engineer. But the hills were a-calling me, and I got home sick. And my wife hated London anyway. So we packed our bags and went off back into civilisation and kissed the London which now was, and was a rat-race, goodbye, for ever. The London which I had known and loved was dead, and gone; and the road ahead was now open, and I was free to make my own decisions, at last. Still so young, still so naïve, still so ignorant.

It seemed to me that the only real way to learn about life – was to live it, and let it teach one for itself, alone. One day as a mere child, and after so many people had all attempted to pump all their different beliefs into me, I had retaliated, and said; no thanks chum, I do not want to hear what you believe, but just tell me what you know. And that turned out to be a wonderful and useful conversation stopper. So I had asked myself the question at about the age of six or seven - Given that consciousness exists, then what exists for consciousness to become conscious of ? And whilst young we know so little do we not.

On returning to North Devon I took any job that came along simply to get established there as a civilian. Being an adaptable kind of person, such things did not bother me. I found myself doing industrial engineering in a small engineering workshop, but a part of a large world-wide organisation. To cut a long story short I met a guy there one day, and he asked me if my mother was a weaver in London. This was some two hundred miles away in the back of beyond. I said yes, she was. He said was her name May, and I said yes, and it still is. He said well then you must be little Dicky. Oh shit ! He then told me that he had given me my first bag of marbles when I was three. I laughed and said that I still had them. It turned out that his mother was a good friend of my mothers at work, and we sometimes used to go around to their house – near where I once re-arranged the twigs in the hedgerow and realised that I was now here all the time. What a coincidence.

Anyway, during the dinner brake I found him and a couple other guys playing chess, so I watched over their shoulders. They had a little factory chess club, and I had not played for years. He asked if I played, and I replied that I used to some years ago and for a while, but only within the family (I had taught my parents to play). So they asked me to take part, I was not really interested but there was little else to do during the dinner hour so I said OK. I found that they were not too good at it, and I thrashed the lot of them in quick succession.

He said that he belonged to a chess club in the town in which he lived and asked if I would come and see if I liked it. I lived in the larger town but there was no chess club there apparently, not that I knew that until he told me, I never even gave it a thought and would not have bothered. I said that I might think about it and left it at that. But over the course of the weeks he kept hassling me. So eventually I said OK, I will pop along one evening. But it was fourteen miles away and I had no car. However, I jumped on the bus one evening and went along. Such an atmosphere it was; a huge open fire burning in the hearth; chess clocks ticking away amid a silence of thought. About a dozen or so old chaps for the large part peering as if into the depths of eternity seeking answers to their problems; and oblivious to the world around them. Beautiful dark oak individual tables with little lamps on them shedding its glow across the board and pieces. I was invited to play one old chap, and I beat him quite easily. The same thing happened the next week with another gentleman; and again the next. Seemed that they were now gunning for me. I was asked to play the little Welshman called Dixie, who's hotel the club was held in; a delightful little chap who once taught maths and physics in the grammar school in the town which I lived. We did, and that evening I realised that I knew absolutely nothing about chess, wow ! But the loss fired my imagination again, and the motivation. Emmm !

I brought a few chess books and did a bit of studying on occasions, and within a month or so I was asked to play in the Devon league team, which I did; and we travelled around and met some interesting people. I had brought a little car in the meantime to make the journey easier. But after a while I wondered as to whether it would be better to start a club in my own town, and to create a little more interest and competition in North Devon; and indeed the West country at large. So I advertised that a club was starting; but not really expecting any results. But the telephone started ringing the first night. After two weeks there were about a dozen of us, and after a couple of months about forty of us. I was both running and organising the club at that point, but decided to get the other guys to do their bit, and we got it all done according to the book. Within the first year we ran a strong team in the Devon league. Within another six months we were running two teams; and by the next season we were not only running three teams but we had the strongest chess club in the west country outside of those of the large cities of Bristol and Plymouth. I must have been twenty two when I started that club, and I am told that the club is still going strong now, forty years later; how nice. But it must be over thirty years ago since I last played a serious game of chess, and hardly ever at all; for I got side-tracked by something else and lost all interest.

However, to cut back for a while. What I did for chess was nothing in comparison to what chess did for me. It gave me the beginning of an education. In the meantime I had become seriously interested in classical music, depth psychology, cosmology and mathematics. And lo and behold what kind of people should join the club but those much older than myself with a little life experience behind them. Teachers, philosophers, lecturers, economists, architects, engineers, doctors, mathematicians. And the really odd thing was that although we all used to meet and play at the club in town they all used to also come around to my place, alone, and play a game or two, and then we would just chat and listen to music, and chat some more. I found this most odd, because they were all highly professional people, and I was a mere uneducated cockney kid and as pig ignorant as one could get, and they were all two or three times my age. One guy had worked on the original Jet engine project with Whittle; and other had been a big wig in the North African campaign during the war and the British army chess champion, and an ex playboy from the 20's (who held the lap record at Brooklyn's race track) and had a multi-millionaire backing his two companies and factories. He later insisted that I join him as his company representative, and which earned me a fortune at that time. But money did not interest me.

Another best friend had been a civilian prisoner of war for the whole duration, in the infamous Jap prison camp in Singapore; and told me about the times they used to crush beetles to make soup in order to survive. He had found himself in there with doctors, philosophers, mathematicians, and for six years they all taught him. He and I used to sit for hours chatting into the small hours of the morning around the dying embers of the firelight glow. It was a time it was; about it and about for ever more; and how I remember those times and that few years, like the essence of song it never leaves one. Would that other youngsters could have been so fortunate.

It came to pass that sometimes I would put all the books away, turn out the light and sit alone by the firelight glow after the kids were in bed, and with a little quiet music on in the background I would just reflect upon the things which had been said to me;

and also as to how as mere kid I used to have such a passion for trying to understand people, what made them tick, and why; and as to how the world and the stars came to be; and as to why anything was the way it was. And I used to sit in silence and simply contemplate upon these things, and as to how clever it all was, and as to how it all hung together and worked. And there was I a mere ignoramus who could sit under a tree on the moors and simply watch all this stuff around me, and without having to hold it all together – it just worked, and it was great; and it was good to be alive. Yet in all truth, I understood nothing at all, not a jot. But did it matter? No, not really I guess, 'twas enough just to be, and to be young, fit, strong, healthy; how fortunate, and in such a world as this where there is so much bloody suffering and downright misery for most people. Ah, what it is to be twenty four, and the world is your oyster and everything is going well; tis a little too much to even hope for; yet it was so. And I felt that I did not deserve a jot of it.

It was at that time that I gave up thinking, for it was obvious that thinking was to no avail, and such questions that had motivated me from the beginning had no answers which could be got at; and I laughed to myself, for I found it quite funny. How could the nature of reality bring forth beings that could conceive of questions to which there were no answers. A little unfair I thought, but still quite funny really. There were all these guys from antiquity (women are too smart to waste such time) sat on their little bums contemplating all the great questions, and all seemingly inventing different answers; different philosophies; different silly religions; different weird and wild theories, and for what? When they could simply do what they have to do and then sit back and simply enjoy the trip and spectacle for the few years for which it lasted; for tomorrow we will all be put back like the pieces of chess into the box, and the box will be closed, and the game would be over. And all the wise men and all the mere fools like me would all go the same way. Check mate chum ! Whereupon I would throw another log on the fire, turn the volume of the music up just a little, and go with the flow; and sod the lot of it – let it be.

*

My own father was something of a home-spun philosopher, as I found out after I had got to know him again after the war. Unlike me he was a very well read and highly educated man. Greek and Latin flowed from him without even thinking; and there was I having enough trouble with a few mere words of English. He used to love keeping me up till about two or three in the morning when I was no more than a teenager just discussing things and asking what I thought. Never once did he ever give me any advice on what might be the best thing to do. So one day I asked him as to why he never gave any advice.

His reply, like parrot talk, was that a wise man did not need it and a fool would not take it, so there was no point. My reply to him was this.... In so far as those parameters may go then that may well be true; but they are a mere tiny end spectrum of people. Most people are neither foolish nor are they wise, so it could well be that for them, sometimes at least, that a little advice, food for thought, may be able to do some good and make them think for themselves in a different way ! He was stumped for an answer, and he knew damn well that I was right.

One guy that was a good friend of mine later, and whom I mentioned earlier and had been a teenager at the outbreak of WW2 and had lived his life in Singapore where his father was a doctor. Anyway, he was quite a bit older than me but had become one of my best friends and we used to meet up virtually every day. He was an Optician and had his own business in the town. One evening at that time and after a game of chess at my place we just sat talking (as was the norm with these people). It was about two in the morning and the firelight glow was getting dim. Out of the blue I said to him... Well, from the hindsight of your experiences and personal learning then what would you say is the most worthwhile and important thing that any human being could do during a lifetime. There was a long silence (I thought he had dozed off); but then he spoke, almost in the darkness now.

He said, that the best thing anybody could do was to become aware of what exists to become aware of ! I was stunned to the core by that remark and did not know why. It acted upon me like a catalytic bolt out of the blue and caused an inner stirring within my own being that had never happened before. No more was said and he went home. But I was never the same again, and things began to happen. I was just twenty four by then.

It instantaneously jolted my memory back to that occasion as kid on the bomb site when I had stopped dead in my tracks and the question came to me – What am I, where did I come from; what am I doing here ?! I did not deliberately ask that question then, it just popped up. I suddenly remembered as to how I used to call them ‘pop in thoughts’. And yet why would our mind do that? Why would it throw up such silly unanswerable questions of its own accord?

I then remembered also as to how those days of childhood were magic, and yet we had nothing at all, and we did not even know where the next days meal was coming from, or indeed as to if the next day would even come at all; and we did not care much either way, for we just lived for the day and the moment; and we used to laugh, and mean it. Twenty years later I have everything that a young bloke could want; a good job, good health, a wife and two healthy kids, enough money and some left over for a little fun, and many good friends, and happy. And yet, and yet, something is missing, for it is not magic any more; I am in control and I determine today and tomorrow; but there is no magic in it. How odd.

Yes indeed, what is there to become aware of? I remembered asking almost the same question many years ago – given that consciousness exists, then what exists for consciousness to become conscious of? It is the same thing and the same question how strange, what a coincidence. Tis strange as to how a remark here or a word there can throw one on to another track almost by chance. And maybe, just maybe, it is the potential to ask such questions, and knowing full well that we cannot answer them, is what keeps the ball rolling; for it brings our ignorance right slap bang home to us. I know nothing, and know it. I do not believe it; I know it. I wonder if cats and dogs can do that; that is to say be aware that there are things which they do not know. I wonder. But does it matter? Does anything matter? And even if it did then what can we do about it in sheer ignorance? Not a lot. So it is still bloody funny innit !! Oh mate, life is crazy; but fun.

Unlike me I took the next day off work, for it was a nice early spring morning and the sun was shining for the first time in many months after the longest winter on recent records. I could easily afford to take a day off, so I will go and walk on the moors and enjoy the spring and the peace and quiet; and sod the lot of it. It was either the best thing which I ever did – or the worst ! Depending on which way one looks at it. But after that day I was never the same again; and a mere boy grew up. Well, a bit anyway. After I had abandoned the car and walked for some time into the middle of the moor I met the ugliest thing I had ever seen in my life. It was a tree. A silly bent twisted and stunted excuse for a Rowan tree. It was so ugly, pathetic and useless that I could not take my eyes off it. All around me things were beginning to sprout and grow; spring was in the air and all was alive and well; and everything in existence had a job of work to do. Yet what the hell function was this silly excuse for a tree performing? Animals could not shelter in it; no fruit was forthcoming; one could not even make a piece of furniture from it; and it was seemingly too bent and twisted to even bother to chop it up and throw it on the fire. It was not doing anything at all. What was its function ? Everything had a function to perform in the universe. It was totally useless and crazy. It did not even make the place look good; on the contrary in fact; it bloody spoiled the view. Nothing was ever so useless in existence.

Have you ever had a conversation with a tree in your head? Try it sometime, and you may finish up as daft as I am. Yet it was just like that. A part of myself seemed to be arguing on behalf of the tree in answer to my criticism of it. Strange; bloody weird more like ! There is no way that I can recount here all the questions and arguments that went through my head, for it took hours; the best part of the day. But it was as though the tree was criticising me for having criticised it. For I had a mind and could think, and could walk about and observe; but the tree could not, it was rooted to the spot and had no mind. I had a degree of freedom to think and act and shape things, but the tree could not. So what is beauty and what is ugliness; what is worthwhile and what is useless ? I was the one that had potential and the tree could do nothing at all; and yet what did I do. Played a few silly games of chess, tossed a few ideas around and decided it was all a waste of time thinking. And yet minds can think and ask questions. What the hell was going on – was a useless tree teaching me something I wonder – and just who was the useless ugly git; perhaps it was me not the tree; hey ho eh.

All this went on until the sun began to set, and right behind the bloody tree. It was silhouetted against the sun. And ironically it did not even look ugly now, it looked kind of impressive, and old, and wise, and this place is two hundred million years old and born in the Indian Ocean. And yeah, it was true, I was just a mere kid and knew nothing, and had even given up the effort of trying. Bloody hell – all the philosophers and all the wise men, could not do what this tree had done. Grief almighty it is crazy this life. I laughed and I laughed and I laughed. The tree is not even a conscious entity, I guess, and yet I am. Given that everything in the universe has a function, then what is the function of consciousness in it ? What a strange question to ask myself. Yet it is a good one I guess; why the hell does the universe contain small packets of consciousness and volition? In order that it can sit and criticise a tree maybe? I doubt it. Why then ? I dunno ! Perhaps the bloody universe is trying to understand itself – if so then welcome to the club ! Come and join the rest of the morons mate.

Well, I am tired and hungry and I am going home for something to eat, sod the lot of it; but it sure has been an interesting day off work, and where the hell has the time gone ! Probably wasted – or was it? Or was it indeed? But I can only ask that question from hindsight of twenty years later from that point in time. I will relate that evening and the ensuing events of the following twenty years a little later. But for now I have to skip ahead twenty years.

*

One day, many years later; or should I perhaps say one night, for I was sleeping. I had a dream; an odd kind of a dream, and the kind I had never had before. I was about forty years of age then, and had come to learn some of the things which life reveals to us in our travels here. Anyway, in this dream I dreamt that I was reading a book. It was huge book with gold plated leaf edges and a big thick cover. It was so ludicrously large that I could not hold it up, but simply had to balance it upright on my lap. It was quite weird really for I dreamt I was reading it, and just as we do in reality. I was reading from the top left, along the lines and then down to the next line; just as in reality. And what I was reading was a poem of all things. I have never been the least bit interested in poetry and never read the stuff. The poem was called *Consummatum Est*. And which if course you know means... It is fulfilled.

When I got to the end of the poem I instantly woke up – and I never used to wake up at nights for I sleep like a log. The double irony was that I could remember every word of the poem. I was somehow obliged (without rational thought) to leap out of bed (never done that before) and write the thing down. How odd. So I did. I smiled, slung it in a drawer and went back to bed. A few days later I was sitting in the garden getting a few minutes peace and quiet from the daily chores when my mind became bombarded with more poems; three of them all at once. Oh shit! I tried to push all this stuff out of my mind; but I could not get any peace until I wrote the buggers down on paper. So I did, and then slung them in the drawer along with the one which had come whilst I was asleep. To cut a long story short this went on for some months until there were ninety nine of them. And then it stopped. Thank heaven for that. And I forgot about them quite willingly. And there they should have stayed, as I intended them to, until they and I rotted.

One day a colleague of mine was at my place and we were fiddling around doing something or other and he wanted a small screwdriver. I told him to try one of the drawers in a sideboard. He dug deep and found the poems therein, and which I had completely forgotten about at the time. I tried to whip them away from him quick, but it was too late; for he was reading. “Are there any more like this” he asked. Oh shit! Yeah, a bloody drawer full in there somewhere ! He wanted to copy them all down. What could I say - suit your self. Unbeknown to me however, he also distributed them to some of his cronies, and those colleagues to other colleagues. Before long I started getting telephone calls and letters coming about these poems. They wanted to talk and to hear more. They asked me to write it all again in simple prose in order that they could get the verses into context. ‘Come orf it chum’, was my immediate and instinctual reaction. One morning there were two mails in the post, laying side by side on the mat. One was from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other was from the International Centre for Theoretical Physics in Trieste Italy.

The latter asked if I could give them a ring and give them my telephone number, which they could not find anywhere. So I did, and thinking it must have been some kind of mistake. It was from the guy who had won the Noble Prize for uniting two of the four fundamental forces of the physical universe, and who had started, and directed, the International Centre for Theoretical Physics. He wanted to know if he could come over to England and have a chat for a day. Good heavens above I thought, what on earth for; I know sod all about mathematics and physics. However, it appears that some of the verses had found their way to him also. There must be some kind of underground network that I know nothing of. So I said, sure, ok, no problem. Likewise he too asked me to spend the day talking about the meaning and experience which the poems related to. I had never told anyone of the story of those events before, yet he insisted on hearing it all in fine grain detail. So I told him, word by word, and which took all day. He then insisted that I write about it and get it published. 'You must be joking my friend', was my reply. But no, he was not joking. He then said, 'I envy you, and especially while being so young'. I replied, no, do not envy me, for you know not what it has done. It turned out that he was mystic.

We kept in touch from that point on by mail and he wanted to meet up occasionally, but alas only a few years later, and before we had the chance to do so, he died. I think he was the nicest man I have ever met in my life, bar none. No, I do not think it, I know it.

But first I will simply say that the verses which came were a kind of psychic indigestion. In some strange way the subconscious aspects of my mind had placed all the last twenty years of life experience into rhyming verse, it is quite incredible. I never intended talking of the events of the years between the ages of twenty and forty; for there was no earthly point. And there was just too much of it all anyway. The poems, I guess, were just a way of the inner system of our mind throwing it all back up into one's face and conscious attention – as if one could ever forget it anyway. But the poems, and just like that twenty years, were a closed book, and intended by me to stay that way. But after the poems escaped from the drawer, and with much persuasion from people whom I did admire and respect, I thought OK, so be it. And then the next twenty years were not my own. So many mails, so much talking, so many telephone calls and letter writing; so many emails after the advent of the internet. And for what purpose, and what use ! Ah well; whilst we are busy making our plans - life does what life does, and irrespective of those plans.

Tis strange how our sleeping mind will do that which we have refused to do. So whom is in charge of what ? Our mind and consciousness is not quite what we initially think it is. I eventually formulated a theory, not for mere fun, and certainly not for publication, but just for my own model in the minds eye of understanding these things. I now call it the Double Vortex Theory of Emanation. But I am not going to talk about it herein in any great detail. For it would take too long. And anyway, it is facts which interest me, not theories. But the theory is based upon many facts of conscious experience. But I will continue to judge people by their acts, not their words, not their beliefs, but by what they do and how they do it. And no man, and no book, and no government, and no external being, is going to tell me not to do this, and not to do it this way. We all make our own bed, and we have to have the guts to lay in it; for what else, and for what other purpose is volition and self respect for?

However, having said that I am interested in facts and the truth, there are indeed found to be levels of reality and in which each level has its own facts of reality. We have five outer senses, and we should make good effective use of them all. But we also have other senses and antennae, one's which face in a different direction. The five outer senses are but periscopes above the waves of time, temporality and form. But what are they connected to below the waves of time and space?

What are you? Where do you come from? To whither do you return? What are you doing here? Do you know? It seems to me that many have known; for it is no cosmological secret. I guess they just keep forgetting to mention it in the excitement of the day. And just maybe it is the case that some peoples fears, phobias, and egotism stop them from swimming in the vast mysterious pool of creation. It seems to me that they fear letting go of the rail at the edge of the swimming pool, and to just go with the flow. They want security; and yet life has so much more to offer, and unconditionally at that.

I will return now, and for the next few chapters, to that evening after spending the day on the moors contemplating upon that ugly tree, and all the questions which my mind threw up at that time. I will then go on in one chapter to summarise the twenty years that followed on from that day. Unfortunately one has to leave out so much, and also unfortunately, all one can offer is mere words.

Have you ever heard these fundamentalist religionists types talking about being born again? Have not we all eh. Little do they know; oh how little they know indeed. Experience is the food of life which ever onward flows: understanding is digestion, and wisdom that which grows. But there is also within reach of each person another kind of wisdom; and it is also inwards, but not actually within them. But when found, then that is not the end, but only the beginning of a new level of being, and then one day, the essence and the form unite on earth, and the whole of the cosmos is in resonance, in one harmony and accord. And creation is fulfilled on earth. Consummatum Est. But before that we must venture back to the beginning; for the beginning is also the end; and the end is the beginning. The middle is the problematic bit – and the one in which we have to operate and make decisions.

That which you are about to read is not unique, and not of my making. Others have spontaneously (like me) found the same things; and the same effects; and came to the same conclusions. Well, they are not even really conclusions as such, but simply what one becomes (in the becoming process) by virtue of integrating with these events. So, all one need do is to simply tell it as it is, and was – just as others have also done. But some, talk of it in symbolic ways; whereas that does not interest me. So, I tell it as it is. Some also tell it as it is but of course people have to choose their own words where there is a variety to choose from. But given in my ignorance and oh so common nurture, I do not have that many to choose from anyway. But no problem, for they will suffice. This is the point where if one has ingrained hard core beliefs, then one had best leave them behind for a while. They will still be there when you come back – assuming that you still want them that is. But either way – good hunting.

* * *

Chapter 4

Exegesis Part One

Purgation

It was approximately 6.45 p.m. when a friend called me on the telephone to enquire if I would like to go over to his place for a few games of chess. I explained to him that I was baby sitting as my wife had just gone out for the evening with friends and would not be back until quite late. I was just on the verge of inviting him over to my place when, without thinking, I said that I would give it a miss tonight and simply have a bath and an early night. I did not know why I had said that, for I do not usually talk without thinking as to what I am going to say. I did quite fancy the idea of a few games of chess and rarely ever turned down the opportunity. Nevertheless, having said it I let it ride.

The two youngsters were tucked up for the night and the paraphernalia of childhood joy was tidied up as I sat down at about 7 p.m. I had just placed a couple of large logs on the fire and put a record on the machine at random with the intent of a few minutes peace and quiet before going up for a bath. If I had known in advance as to what was going to transpire over the course of the next three hours I would have employed a baby sitter and a witness as to my own physical condition for the duration of that period of time.

Thus it was that at approximately 7 p.m. on a late winter/early spring evening I, a mere ignoramus of twenty four years of age, sat down for a few minutes to read the paper and listen to a record prior to having a bath and an early night. Just as I sat down in the chair in front of the fire our old cat jumped up on to my lap. It took me by surprise for I had not seen it coming and thus the thought of leaning over for the newspaper went right out of my mind. I made a fuss of the cat as it rolled over into the well of my lap with its legs pointing skyward. As I stroked its belly it gave out a purr that was almost as loud as a car engine revving, and fit to rock the chair we were sitting in. I smiled and wondered how they did it, and why. I continued to make a fuss of the cat without any further thought of reading the paper. In so doing I suddenly became aware of the record which I had put on simply for background music.

It turned out to be the last part of the Enigma Variations which was to be followed later by the Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis by Vaughan Williams (how ironic are those two titles; fantasia and enigma indeed). At that time neither of those pieces were favourites of mine, it just happened to be the record I pulled out. The music began to sound like nothing I had ever heard before or since.

It was as though the music was trying to make me aware of IT. It permeated my consciousness in ways that words cannot describe. I had a fleeting thought; one of those unsolicited 'pop in' thoughts which said "sod the paper, listen to the music old son"; and I thought, "Yeah... this is good" ! In today's language I suppose we would say that the music was reaching parts that no other Largo could get to. I had always loved music, music of all kinds, for it all had its time, place, and mood; but *this* was more than mere music, more than mere sound. I relaxed back into the rocking chair with the cat still purring away like a traction engine on my lap, although the sound was becoming drowned into the distance by the beauty of the music, when suddenly, something very strange occurred; and the beginning of I knew not what.

Instead of relaxing it was as though my concentration was becoming focused, so sharp; like a narrow beam of pointed conscious awareness focusing and concentrating like I had never done before; even in the midst of chess problems during a good game, and that alone is concentration enough, but this was more so. The music had reached a degree of profound beauty which I had never known or thought could have existed. In so attaining I somehow relaxed into it, a kind of letting go of objective observation. I gave a kind of unusual sigh and an outward exhalation of breath like a long *AHH*; and just as I did so - everything vanished, instantaneously, just like creation being switched off by the throw of a switch. There was no room, no cat, no sound of the fire burning or the clock ticking; no cats purring, no chair, no body, no weight, no mass, no heat or cold, no gravity, no up or down or this way or that way; there was just total blackness and the sound of the music which was passing through my consciousness in waves. This is not a poetic description of my listening to the music, it is literal.

At the very instant of '*going*' it was as though my ears had been turned inside out; for at one instant the music was objective, on the outside, and the next instant it was taking place 'all around', for there was no inside and outside as such. Nevertheless it was as though the music was passing through the point (which I was) like waves on a pond and each wave was of greater emotional charge than the one before it; as though each wave was preparing me for the next wave, and building up into... into I did not know what. In some respects it was like being kidnapped by divine music, perfection; the only thing that existed in creation was myself and the music.

It was as though the '*AHH*' was still going on but going on in the vastness of the space of the mind alone. It became a reality in which there was no dualistic reference between myself and music, but as though there was only 'I AM the music' in a dance, a swoon, of excitement, awe, and wonder. After an immeasurable duration of time that piece of music ended, and there was a stillness and quiet as cannot be described. I did not question (at that point) that I had no body or existence other than awareness of being. Neither would I have had the time to think of such things for the next piece of music began. To say that the next piece of music began is the understatement of all time. It did not begin, it flowed. It flowed out of nothingness, like... like I know not what.

Within a few seconds of the music emanating into my consciousness there came the most frightening experience I have ever known in my life, before or since. The passion and beauty of the sounds were such that my mind went... bang ! I blew up, fell apart, exploded, or so it seemed. As I did so I could see, I had vision, I was no

longer in total blackness listening to the music for I could see myself exploding and expanding. It seemed to be like the big bang itself. I could still hear the music, and it was just as well that I could for my mind clung to the sound to try and quell the fear and panic which was taking place. I could see what can only be described as streaked out dots of light which I was expanding into and flying through like a supernova. It was like I did not even have time to be frightened, even though I was. I was somehow trying to turn the eyes which I had away from the rushing lights and the vision of this expansion and concentrate upon the music. But those eyes (heaven only knows as to with what one could see - but see one could) were eyes that we cannot open or close by our own volition; one could not switch the vision or the experience off. Just as I thought I was going to expand into infinity and fade away into nothingness the expansion stopped. My mind gradually stopped expanding and I metaphorically gave a sigh of relief; but there was no breath or lungs with which to do it. At that point it was as if I were in a kind of unbounded dome of blackness, and I consisted of nothing except a point of consciousness with no boundary or duration, no form; just consciousness. I could see what appeared to be tiny points of light coming into and out of existence all over the space which I existed within. Much like the vision one would get with ones eyes nearly closed while seeing sunlight spots dancing on the surface of a fast flowing river. It was like creation '*stuff*' coming and going all the time. Throughout all this I could still hear the music. Then, the next shock to my system, if a system I had. The dots of light that seemed to be coming into and out of existence as far as one could see suddenly turned into the music which I could hear, and I could not only hear the music but now also see it.

There are no words to describe such music made of light. It is a vision which unlike other vision cannot be recreated by imagination within the mind from hindsight; it can only be seen and known at the time of the event. I saw the music flowing toward me. It was in colours such that we know and some that we do not know. The essential quality of the light was equal to that of the sound of the music. The light itself and the colours were not different things as we tend to know coloured light by reflections or as sources of light emanating from a certain point. The music was the light, the colour was the light. It did not flow from anything except uncreated into created. The fear that I had experienced throughout the expansion or whatever it was had now gone and there was nothing but I and the music which I was now within: I became the music; there was not an I and an it. As this event continued I became aware that I 'KNEW' the music. That is to say that I knew it backwards, forwards, inside out, one note at a time or all at once; and I could see it anyway I wanted to see it. I could become the melody, which I did; I could become the harmony, which I did. I could be one note or the whole piece of the music. Reality is stranger than fiction; and a damn sight better.

Whilst this divine dance of music in unison was going on I become aware that I was of two natures somehow enshrined in one. There came a point whilst I was swimming in this light and music when I became aware that I was looking at myself objectively, and it did not seem strange at the time. '*Myself*' did not consist of a body but only of light, but I knew it was me, and I thought, "The little one is having the time of his life", (which indeed he was), but the other me, or the me of the personality, did not know this was going on; only the other bit knew that. Likewise were all these things not being thought about as we do out here in the world of temporal forms, but somehow they were just known, and seen, and felt, and enjoyed.

(Many years latter I came to call this level of visions by the name of ARKON IMAGE EMANATIONS.) I became aware at that point that there were two aspects of myself. One which I refer to as the person and one which I refer to as the personality; the latter of which is an extension and emanation of the former and thus a perceived duality, albeit a oneness in the structure of an inter-dimensional vortex of self existence. I cannot refer to two 'I's' thus I will use the terms person and personality for simplicity. It is not so much a case of two aspects of consciousness but more the case of what part of the vortex of emanation the consciousness is existing within at that instant. One cannot observe from both points of reference at the same instant however, it is either one or the other. And it even gets far more complex. But let us proceed in the order of the unfolding events.

At this point, and even though one was aware of what was going on at the time, one was not 'bothered about it' so to speak, for I was only really concerned about the love of the reality itself, the music, the sound, the vision, the event itself, for it was indeed a divine dance of the spheres. It was passion and reality unimaginable; creation par excellence, by magic. The shift from one point of consciousness to the other is not an act of wilful intent on my (the personalities) part; it simply occurred as far as I was aware. As to how long this music and light experience lasted is impossible to say, for although it was a temporal process it was a kind of temporality other than is known in 'normal' or everyday awareness in temporal forms. Likewise the visions and objects of vision (the Arkons) were not thought of as extant things existing in their own right such as a tree or a mountain, for it was known and understood to be being created at the time and only for its duration and effect.

There came a point however when things changed. I suddenly had an entirely different vision. It was just at the point when I knew the music was going away, ending. My perspective of vision was such that I could see a being, a young boy of about twelve years of age if appearances were anything to go by. He was illuminated in a brilliance of light and colour, as the music had been, and existing in otherwise total darkness, but lighting that darkness up around him like an aura. He was sitting on his bum (with nothing underneath him) with one arm wrapped around his knees which were folded up to his chin, and waving goodbye to the music with the other hand. It was not a vision of any boy or person I had ever seen or known but I knew that I had to take the vision as myself, yet not the self of the personality which I knew to be me. Indeed it was the old me which was doing the observing and learning. Such archetypal visions are a kind of learning without any words, and which are not reasoned or rationalised and yet they are understood implicitly and without thinking about them; the experience is the thing itself and the knowledge and understanding is implicit and axiomatic; thus it is a dialogue without dialogue, and synetic in its nature. Hence, archetypal 'Synetic Dialogue'.

I could see the boy waving goodbye to the music and I could see the music fading away into a distance and into nothingness; being uncreated just as easily as it had been created. I also implicitly knew as to what was going on inside him and as to how he felt. He did not want anything; he did not fear the music leaving him, for he loved it -and that was sufficient. I cannot find the words to describe the passion and feelings which that child knew and felt; but he was perfect; and an act which I knew that I could not follow. As the music went further away the sound of it also diminished.

It eventually faded away into nothingness and the boy was alone in his own radiance in otherwise total blackness and nothingness. Then the vision disappeared, and there was nothing. I was alone with my boring old self, and once again able to think and rationalise in the usual manner and seemingly in the usual time span of thinking. Yet I was alone in a darkness in which I had no form other than conscious awareness. I realised that any perception or illusion of 'otherness', or another part of myself, was gone and I was alone with my normal personality of the outside world. Yet the world was gone, everything was gone except my self consciousness and its memories. What on earth, (or wherever it be), is going on; and why ? From hindsight one would assume that in such a situation one would be terrified, for it was like being buried alive (a good analogy); however, the thought of the music which had preceded this situation must have taken the fear away, even though I felt a feeling of great apprehension and a degree of worry. Is one going to be stranded here for all time maybe ? Is this death ? Or am I still sitting in the chair with my mind having slipped out of joint somehow ? Have I gone insane ? The thoughts that pass through ones mind are at times uncontrollable, and in this situation one does not know what to think. Surely if I just sit quiet (as if I could do anything other) and hang about something will happen; something must happen; I can't just hang about here for ever; wherever 'here' is. Perhaps someone will come into the room soon and realise that my mind has got stuck inside and cart me off to a place to get it out again.

It was however, the first chance I had to think about what the hell was going on; one minute I am sitting in the chair minding my own business and the next minute... zap, and the world has disappeared, or I from it - which is it ? I knew for sure that I wanted out from whatever I was in but there was nothing I could do about it at all; for I had no control of anything. Just at that point however, and before I had the chance to get really fed up, something did happen. I was just thinking how nice it would be to go into the kitchen and get a beer or a cup of coffee when something came. I could not see what it was for it was still total darkness but I could somehow feel the presence of something I knew not what... Then I heard a voice ! To say that one heard a voice is not true in the sense that one normally hears a voice in objective terms across a distance, but it was indeed very much like it and also sounded within my mind or consciousness somehow. As though the point of origin was somehow objective yet from a location from deeper down within myself somehow. Thus objective inwards not outwards, from 'below' as opposed to 'around' me. Something said, or gave me the understanding by way of perceiving a voice...

"Do you want to go on"?

I cannot describe how I felt about that. Nothing would actually shock me (I think) after what had transpired since the world had disappeared. Yet this 'request' was experienced as totally objective; it was not me that was asking the question; it was something else. I was too stunned to even think about the meaning of the question yet alone as to where it came from; for something, even an odd sounding voice, was better than nothing at all, if indeed it was a voice. Without thinking I inwardly yelled out (for the lack of putting it into other words, and more in panic); "Go on what" ? "Go on further", came the reply or understanding. I was amazed at the logic and reasoning, but I wanted nothing else other than normality to be re-established. I was just about to reply (for if you can't beat it join it), "No thanks; I have had a wonderful time thank you very much, but I think it's about time that I was getting back to

normality right now if its all the same to you”. (You might as well go out laughing I thought). As I was about to respond however, I was suddenly washed, bathed, drowned in a passion, a love, a swoon of ecstasy; in which I responded in a way which was a kind of choice which was no choice; an offer one cannot refuse. (And not the kind of bath I had intended). I replied to whatever, or wherever, the question emanated from... “OK, let’s do it, lets go on further” ! I did not even know what the question meant yet alone as to from whence it came.

The next thing I was aware of was that the profound overwhelming emotion had gone and I was then alone again - but something was different - stone me, my mind is BENT... out of shape, distorting ! I was now experiencing not ‘nothing’ but decidedly being inside of something - inside my own mind which was being squeezed out of shape. Why is my mind not round ? The things one thinks at such time. It was as if I could see the edges of my own mind in a fuzzy darkness, with my consciousness being like a point at its centre. My mind was being squeezed out of shape, or so it seemed. It was narrower at one point than at the other; a bit like a pear. I underwent an experience of being squeezed and I did not like it one bit. I became very anxious; or near on panic is more like it. I had a distinct urge to try and punch a hole in my collapsing mind in order that I could get out, escape, before being squashed along with it. I yelled out.... “Oy, there’s some sod out there pulling my mind around and I cannot stop it”. I felt real panic coming on fast. The restricting became worse. “If you don’t pack it in I am going to be squashed inside it... sod off” ! I was about to hurl other choice obscenities when all of a sudden I heard the voice again....

“Relax, take it smoothly”!

I was just about to reply “bugger off” when I suddenly started moving. “Relax, he says... stone me... I’m moving... the whole bloody shebang is sliding away and with me inside it” ! “Good grief almighty what the hell is happening” ! “Relax, everything is as it should be, keep calm and relax” ! “Relax, he says, who’s driving this thing anyway... how do I know its passed its bloody driving test ? And where is it going anyway... go on tell me that” ? “Keep quiet, shut up and relax” ! With that command, or suggestion, I was stunned to the core;... “Oh yes, relax... OK, I’ll relax” ! Bloody liar I thought to myself, who the hell could relax in a situation like this... this is too ridiculous for words or thought... yet alone happening ! The moving began to judder; we were up against something of a resistance (me I guess)... “Relax” ! “I am relaxing”! (why can’t I be unconscious or dead or something) ! I tried hard to think on good things as one does in the dentist chair while under diabolical pain; although there was no pain here, only fear. Make out nothing’s happening I thought to myself. The juddering felt like whatever was clogging the works was fighting a losing battle in some inevitable way. There was a huge tug - then a release. I zoomed off like a bullet from a gun; into, or out of what I knew not.

* * *

Chapter 5

Exegesis Part Two

Isolation in Limbo

It was as though I had been ejected from a container of some kind and at high velocity: but I was now in a form of unseen space, a space which was so dark that it was almost a void of creation, but I was aware of a space of some kind in which I existed, and all about me. There was a long stunned silence of thought in an instantaneous recognition of the obvious. “Bugger me, why did I not realise it ages ago - I am dead - you're kicking the bucket old son” ! Not expecting any answer I shouted out - “I am dead ain't I” ! A ‘voice’ or communication answered, much to my amazement. “Well, if you were dead then you would not know it would you; just think lad, how could you think that you were dead if you were dead”.

This was in some ways the most relaxing comment that had come to me since the music episode had ended and thus in some way relieved the panic which otherwise would have ensued. I inwardly answered, “That is indeed hard to argue with, but from what I have seen thus far nothing would surprise me” ! There was no answer to that but I distinctly felt the knowledge of something smiling. The sensation was now of existing in a literal space of some kind and yet very different to the confines of what I had taken to be my own collapsing mind and the things which had transpired within it: for now my mind was definitely perceived to be in a space, and free. I suddenly felt totally alone again, or so it was experienced to be. For whatever it was, the other degree of myself or otherness which seemed to have asked the questions was now gone again. I was alone. I guess I must have been fooling myself for it is obvious that I am dead, or at least on the way to it, for what the hell would I be doing here otherwise ? For a moment I wondered as to whether I was dreaming; perhaps I fell asleep in the chair and this is all a dream and I will wake up in a few moments. But I knew that it was no dream for it was as real as life, too real; albeit so different. I could still see; for that I knew, but there was nothing to see; there was no creation other than myself, my mind in nothing, Limbo. It was indeed a state of isolation, of existing in nothing created. It was not as though one were simply in a dark place as such, for it was experienced that there was no ‘*place*’ to be dark.

It was like being stranded, left alone in nothing; separated or beyond any form of creation; abandoned. All creation having been switched off and having forgotten to take me with it. Not even a finger to wobble or anything to smell or touch. I thought how much I would love to have seen a raindrop or felt the wind in my face. And that how I perhaps took such things for granted maybe. ‘Well, just when you’re enjoying yourself eh’, I thought.

One could think of this in terms of either a Limbo experience or *Mind Alone*, for the effect and the experience are the same thing. Naturally I began to feel apprehensive, for one could not do anything. One could not shake oneself out of it for there was nothing to shake. I began pondering on life for I had accepted that this was the end of it, or the journey to the end of it. Strangely enough I did not seem as bothered about it as I thought I should have done, and even though I had been cut short in my prime, and at a time when I was enjoying life to the full.

Well, I guess I am going to fade out any minute now and there is not much I can do about that now, so why worry about it ! But if ever anybody or anything asks me if I want to 'go on' again then I shall certainly ascertain as to what they mean before committing myself. After a while something switched on what I instantly thought was a star, a tiny little pinprick of light way off in the distance. I suddenly wondered as to why I thought that this star was objective to me, for nothing else which I had seen could really have been said to be objective in the literal sense; but this star felt to be absolutely objective. I was over here and that thing was over there, and thus real in objective terms.

I then questioned as to where all the other stars had gone but realised, or perhaps better to say suddenly remembered, that this was not outer space, but an unknown inner, or sub-space somewhere; and heaven only knows where. But if this is supposed to be heaven or afterlife then it is no great shakes; and give me Exmoor any day. Well, star or not it is damned obvious that I am not going to find my own way home from this place. And even if one knew the way back how the hell would one move in that direction ? I give up ! I began to wonder if my existence was now solely due to my thinking process perhaps. That is to say that I have no body or substance observable therefore perhaps if I stop thinking then I will cease to exist. That's novel I thought, a bit like Hobson's choice. By the same token however, if I were to keep thinking then perhaps I could hang about here for forever. But my thoughts do not thrill me to that extent so I did not fancy the idea of that. So perhaps if I stop thinking then I will cease to exist. So I stopped thinking. Nothing happened. I was still there; in nothing and nowhere. Well, that's it then, so much for that experiment !

It occurred to me that perhaps the Christians may be right after all and that this distant light was perhaps Dante's Inferno; Wow ! happy days ! I didn't think that I had been that bad however, and not that I believed such stuff anyway; but there you go eh! Movement seemed to slowly begin. Either toward the tiny little light or else it was itself moving toward me; but no, I felt actual movement somehow. Although I was not really thinking about it I somehow began to question, or at least begin to think, about my past life. If this light which is coming toward me (or me it) is death, then I really do have little time to think about life. What about it ? Well, it was OK I guess, I seemed to enjoy most of it despite the pains and the poverty, the war and frustration. What did I amount to ? Sod all really ! Was it fun ?

Fun ! ? I did not know it was meant to be fun; did I ask myself that question ? What the devil is going on ! Was it fun ? Well, some of it was, but not all of it, I thought to myself. Would you do it again ? Not the same one over again I don't think, a different one maybe. Different in what way ? Well, a little less frustration and pain, a little more passion and shared enjoyment. A more meaningful existence somehow

maybe. What is enjoyment ? Well, you know, enjoyment ! No, you tell me what enjoyment is. Well, enjoyment is to love what you are doing, to do what you love doing, and to share that thing and that love with another person I guess. It is also the joy of taking part, the act of being a part of instigating and spreading that enjoyment of being; a harmony of body and mind in the excitement of experience with others, and also at times on ones own with nature. That, I guess, is what enjoyment is for me anyway. At that point I felt that I would love to see a tree or a green field; a blade of grass or a drop of rain, or at least to feel a breeze of fresh air. For they were all now lost and gone. It occurred to me that I had not done any breathing for a long time; and nothing to breath with.

Would you want to go on living now given the choice ? Now that I have come this far I am not sure. It would have to have some meaning to it, some purpose other than mere pleasurable moments and sad moments which amount to nothing really. It would have to have something which is seen, known, to have some meaning to the suffering and pain which is the greater portion of life on earth it would seem. It would have to be worth the effort of the struggle involved.

Would I really want to live again now ? I am not sure now; but what I think does not really matter now anyway; so I do not want to think any more; sod the lot of it. However, life was certainly better than being here and that's for sure; and wherever 'here' is - the dungeons of my mind it seems. But whatever now then ? In life I had the option of committing suicide if I had wanted or needed to; but I cannot even do that there-here. I wonder where those poor sods went anyway. Perhaps such an act is simply a short cut to where I am now, or where I am headed for... that light is getting bigger, quite close.... Good grief ! What the hell... are they doing here ?!

I suddenly became aware that I was drifting past other beings somehow; hundreds of the buggers. I could not see them as such but I somehow knew they were there, and I could indeed almost see them, a kind of misty outline of some kind. I could somehow feel their presence. I became aware that I was somehow passing people; or beings of some kind anyway. What the hell are they doing here in my mind, or my minds tomb or whatever or wherever ? It was as if I was drifting through their dimension and yet somehow I could feel their presence and somehow 'know' them: an empathy of some kind. These people, whatever they were, were so good. I do not know how I knew that, but I just knew it, and I wanted to be with them above all else. If I were on a bus then I would jump off at this stop, but I can't do sod all: I want to be with THEM!

I wanted to wave at them to attract their attention but I had nothing to wave; yet somehow I understood something; a bit like a conversation by telepathy I thought. I could feel them and know them, and understand them somehow. Stone me ! - they said I cannot be with them... not now ! Why not; I want to be with them, they are far nicer than many of the people I came across in life. They are different somehow; strangely different.

Then, without more ado or a by your leave, I suddenly shot off like an inter-galactic bullet, at terrific velocity and away from their dimension of existence, or their imagined existence whatever. And the light which had been a mere pin prick of light, the little star, was now much closer and larger. That is no star, I thought; more like a hole with light shining through it, or somehow rather drifting out of it.

It was now almost upon me, or me upon it whichever. I seemed to be in some kind of free fall, a decent or diminishing orbit about it; spiralling toward it. It was almost as though I could feel my own movement now and almost a sense of rushing air passing me. Hay, this is quite fun, a good feeling. But I do not think it is going to last long somehow ! I was no longer questioning as to whether this light was real but rather as to what it indeed was, for I was heading for it and fast. It is not a star, it looks more like a hole with light coming out of it from behind. Well, it would seem that it is perhaps the death star after all; happy days ! Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of Richard: some hope !

Well, what is going to be is now going to be, so sod the lot of it: for there is nothing I can do about it now. But I could go out singing I guess - more dignified than whining. What shall I sing then; it will have to be a short song: Arrivederci Roma ? Auld Lang Syne ? No, I think I fancy a bit of Bach.... that is certainly a hole... it IS a hole... with light shining through it somehow; what a beautiful light it is to be sure... radiant.... strange... this is IT, I am going into it.... stone the bloody Crows I am falling into it.... Wow !

* * *

BEYOND THE WHITE

Exegesis Part Three

Circumincession of the Trinity of Being.

What happened next is impossible... I think ! How then do we describe the impossible ? An event occurred; one event, but it was experienced twice, and from two different perspectives or points of reference, and thus appearing as two events from hindsight. Yet they could not be remembered during the sequence. They could not be remembered for an infinite duration of time; not until this whole series of events was over and behind me. This event was in a dimension of a trinity of some kind; a trimorphic reality of self in some way. However, observation is always dualistic, the observer and the observed it seems; but it can take place from three different points of reference in sequence. Is it any wonder that we question our sanity for a while.

I will have to describe the following sequence of events just as though it was experienced at the time and in the sequence in which the events took place. However, at the time, the first sequence could not be remembered during the course of the second sequence and thus it was experienced (at the time) as if I only went into the white light once. But from hindsight it was experienced as going into it twice - even though knowing it was only once. The alternative is that two parts of me went through two different holes at the same time. Confusing is not the word ! Who would ask for any of this ?

I did not experience actually entering the white light. One instant I was about to enter it and the next instant I was inside or beyond it. If it were possible to have blinked ones eyes then I would have assumed that I had blinked and hence missed it. But I know well enough that you cannot open or close those eyes. Moreover, I had no knowledge of ever entering the white light; there was nothing before this event for that part of me in this field. I saw the figure of a Human form. It was tall, elegant, old; and standing on top of high precipice, like a cliff edge. I (this part of me) was in a location just to its left and a little way behind it. But I had no form as did it. I could see the left hand side of its face and form and way off into a strange kind of distance to the front and all around it.

I must have had two eyes for the reality was three dimensional. The space all around was like an eerie white mist and yet somehow without being misty; for vision was crystal clear. I could see over the edge of the precipice where this figure was standing right near the edge of a high drop. However, I myself, the observer, had no form, and this figure, or symbolic emanation of a figure, seemed as though it were not aware of me watching it, whatever it was. Moreover I had no remembrance of ever arriving here or of anything that had happened before. I did not have a clue what I was, or what I was looking at, or what either of us were doing here: wherever 'here' was.

But it was calm, serene, peaceful, poignant, somehow meaningful, but eerie nevertheless; strange; mysterious. I had no thoughts going through me, no feeling, no questioning; no power to think or reason (as one can from hindsight obviously), but just simply watching, and taking it in: and not by choice. I, or this part of me, was just an observer (as far as I know anyway). If one was being precise then that part of myself could be said, from hindsight, to have been like a spare member at a wedding or union (Mutual Convergence). And in the true and deepest sense of that meaning: a mere observer - in order to KNOW !

The figure was looking down in toward the whiteness which was a kind of enclosed but huge dome of whiteness. There was only the restriction of whiteness which created the perception of an enclosure or dome of some kind. But whilst I was observing all this a small dark aperture in an otherwise total whiteness just opened up, like the lens of a camera shutter (the round type). The whiteness was not a blinding whiteness but simply an absolute pure and soft radiant whiteness: but kind of misty. And yet the aperture which opened up like a hole in a wall was absolutely round in form and clear cut defined. But it was tiny; a small hole. A small dark opening in a 'non wall' of the mysterious white light; and me with no form, and this form of a figure about three foot in front of me and to my right, just standing there watching this hole appear. Then all of a sudden a small ball of gold glowing light popped in through the hole; and as it did so the aperture closed up like magic behind it... like a self closing door.

As the being looked down (it sounds like a fairy story but it is the literal truth of the events so help me the god of truth), this small gold ball of light came through the dark aperture into the white light, and there it just kind of hovered, remained stationary, with this figure watching it and me watching all of it. As I said, as the small gold glowing object entered into the white dome then the aperture through which it had come, the small black hole in the white, simply closed up and became non existent behind it; and the light (gold ball) just sat there stationary; a gold ball of light surrounded by a pure white light. And all was still... for ages it seemed.

It was eerie, so quiet, yet so profound. There was not a sound or any further movement. All was utter stillness and quiet. Somehow it seemed as if the figure may have been an extension of myself with me having some kind of out of the body experience in some strange way; for I knew what was going on in its thinking; I think. Yet I was observing from a slight distance away... and objective.

The small glowing object looked much like a Ping-Pong ball and its radiance was a gold glow which stood out in contrast to the surrounding pure and soft white light. As I watched I saw the figure shed one tear; one solitary tear ran down its left cheek; yet it was happy; so happy. I know not how I knew it, but know it I did. The figure was in love with the glowing object. Had I been in a position to think, ask questions or rationalise during that facet of the events, then I do not know what I would have thought or reasoned, or understood; but I could not. From hindsight it is very strange being a passive observer. From hindsight however, there are no questions to ask regard that event as far as I am concerned; for all was understood - it explains itself. But to continue however.

Nothing was said; there was not a sound; everything was as stationary as the grave with the exception of that teardrop slowly rolling down a face. No further movement took place. It was so profound beyond words. I was not sure as to whether the figure I had been observing was another part of me or not; indeed at this point I was not sure of anything, for I could not think; I was simply an observer. The vision then ended as instantly as it had come about, and from that point I had no further memory or recollection of it ever happening; or not for a very long time yet to come. An infinite amount of time.

In the Second, or Parallel Entry.

As I said... this was no star, it is a hole with light shining out of it, and I am damn well falling in to it.... I am going into it.... Wow !

I did not actually experience going into the white light; I must have blinked or something. One instant I was about to enter it and the next instant I was inside of it. I was inside some kind of bubble - a bit like a cobweb eggshell, or one of those string lamp shades that gather all the dust. I was aware of myself inside this thing; like an embryo in an egg of some kind; or shell. It was the first time that I could actually see anything of myself since all this began. I was somehow sitting all cramped up like a bloody chicken in an egg; wondering as to what was on the outside which was so bright; and as to what the hell was going on now. But thinking did not come easy at that point, and perhaps simply more instinctive than rational thinking. But I could still think somehow. Beyond this 'bubble' which I was cooped up in was a pure radiance of brilliant and dazzling white light. A blinding light. I could not seem to think in the normal mode of thinking, although I could indeed still think somehow.

I had an instinctive urge of wanting to scratch my way out of this bubble or whatever it was, or at least see as to what was outside of it. But there was no form to scratch at. I could not touch anything even though I seemed to have some kind of physical form of some kind. I think it must have been simply too bright and blinding to see properly. I suddenly realised that the light was getting brighter and even brighter by the second; blinding and more blinding all the time. Or perhaps more light was getting in through the mesh of this thing somehow. I began to see something - or more true to say 'know' something: but what is it... I'm not sure... No, no no it can't be... it is... good grief almighty... the thing outside... it is... it is ME ! (With that thought, that event, that vision and knowledge - I was dead; gone; finished). I saw no form of anything other than brilliant and blinding light yet I knew that something outside was myself; it was made obvious; axiomatic; absolute knowledge. My being, my consciousness, started spinning, swooning somehow, spinning in a giddiness like a vortex of water going down a bath plug hole: a vortex of self existence diminishing into nothingness. I knew that my bubble was disintegrating in the light... and so was I... I am going... I am being damn well annihilated, melted down, disintegrating, burnt out, annihilated. It came to pass that everything ended; everything had gone; and I was gone. I and the universe were no more. It was the end of time.

* * *

Chapter 6

Exegesis Part Four

THE PARADISE EVENT

The Virgin Womb of Eternity Reunification and the Knowledge of Self

For an unknown duration after my bubble or shell and I were annihilated there was nothing. One cannot talk about nothing, for nothing is the total lack of experience, oblivion; like being switched off, dead, gone, annihilated. But after a non duration of time there was a re-emergence or resurrection of my being, an annihilation of annihilation as such; but the like of which could never be dreamed or imagined. No physical eye has ever seen that place, no hand has touched it, no dreaming mind has thought of it, and its reality has never occurred to the rational mind which exists in temporality: other than through the memory of the Paradise event itself.

Annihilation in that mutual convergence was something like passing through a magic gate: a gap in the universe: a hole in creation, a gate which separates time and temporal things from the transcendent realm of a divine Eternity, the repose of being. Such death is not a death but rather the ultimate in living, the ultimate in knowing, and the ultimate in comprehension and affirmation. Likewise is it the ultimate in love, passion, wisdom, and understanding. From hindsight one would initially ask the question as to why the nature of things comes to contain such a rare and precious jewel in the crown of creation which would seem to be so jealously guarded, and beyond the moat of annihilation itself, that so few people ever come to see it during the course of their life on Earth. A justified question indeed. For everyone should know this yet while they live their lives on Earth; or so would be my own judgement and any other human being who had come to witness this wonder beyond all wonders.

Dialogue upon the transcendent and eternal realm is not going to be easy for the words we use apply to temporal things and not to the eternal perception of the transcendent realm of perfection in which there is knowledge only of essences of things and not the things themselves. Moreover the vision of the place itself is not what that realm is all about, for it is about the feeling and the knowing and understanding, not the vision; and even though the vision itself is the vision to end all visions. Among all other things one knows (and realises from hindsight) is that we are a kind of jug, a vessel, a conduit, through which the life force itself flows. Without created consciousness to act as such vessels there could be no further creation, and no point or meaning to creation without us. We are the banks of the river of the flow of life; and this place is where the banks of the river of life meet the eternal river-bed.

However, it is not totally impossible to talk of such reality, only very difficult; but such experience itself solves many mysteries and so called paradoxes. To say that self consciousness, or I, is resurrected after annihilation is the most fitting description of the experience, and the best definition of the event. One could also say the annihilation of annihilation; but one cannot say as to what is happening in absolute objective terms of reality; for you and I can never know that. With regards to the 'awakening' in that realm then one cannot make an analogy of going to sleep and then waking up in another place, for that gives the impression of a continuity; which it is not. It is a broken continuity of self being. Broken by the act of annihilation.

When we awake from sleep we are the same person that went to sleep; we vaguely remember going to sleep, we remember having been to sleep, and when we awake we retain our past memories of having existed before that sleep: and thus a continuity of being even though we underwent an oblivion of consciousness during dreamless sleep. Neither are we actually aware of the point of falling asleep, but we sure are aware of being annihilated; and how. And I often wondered why. But if we did not come to know then we would never know the connection point between time and the everlasting eternal moment of being.

Because that place, the transcendent realm, is judged by us (or me) to be perfection, then for simplicity I refer to it as Paradise. There are no names however. It would be misleading to refer to it as 'eternity', for I always thought of eternity as the sum of all created time. Indeed time as we know it does not even move there. Thus it is the beginning of time; hence the womb of eternity. Moreover, nothing at all of experienced consciousness has ever known that place and dimension by dwelling there. So it is pristine, fresh, child like, virgin of any other experience or memory; and hence my justification for referring to it as the Virgin Womb of Eternity. There are no men or women there and the word virgin has no connotations of that ilk. However, let us proceed with the event and the understanding of the eternal wisdom itself.

When we awake in paradise we do not awake in the sense of coming out of a sleep then; it is nothing like that at all. There is no waking up or sleeping in that realm, for when you are resurrected into it you have ALWAYS been there; there is no before. Temporality does not apply there. Hence, even if we went there a million times it would always be 'once' from our perception anyway; and by virtue of annihilation itself and which brings cosmic amnesia. Paradise is the beginning; and the end is a new beginning. So it is both the beginning and the end, and then the beginning again. It is like the knot that joins a round piece of string or loop; or the weld that holds the circle of being together. It is home; back to from whence we came. It is my home; everyone's home. We are Twins; divine cosmic twins.

One does not wake up then or suddenly come into self consciousness there for one has always been there and self conscious within it. Naturally enough you and I can come to question that truth as it is experienced by the I AM within that realm when we are in extension of it; and don't I know it. But one cannot question it whilst in there; it is uncontradictable. Thus when self consciousness is restored, shall we say, after annihilation, it is not the restoration of the personality that went in, thus it is not really a resurrection in that sense, for that part of ourselves which exists in that realm has always been there; and the part, the personality, that went into annihilation does not

exist there; but it is still you; the real you; the essential you; but the inner and depth eternal you that only this dimension can reveal; and hold. The part that is never let go of. So much depends then on the reference point one is talking from when using the term 'I' or me. Hence we have to come to know our true self; that part which IS the real us, and of which everything else is ultimately objective - even the personality, time and changing events.

In that realm there is no memory of ever having existed before or elsewhere. There is no before or elsewhere. Thus we are not talking about the personality existing in paradise but that of the PERSON. The personality is washed away in annihilation (much like mud coming off cloths in the wash). But nevertheless that person in paradise is 'ME'... 'I AM ME'. It is still my essential being and consciousness (you in your case). But not the you of the temporal senses and personality. The person and the personality are but two parts of our trinity of incarnate being; and the soul (data field) or overself is the third part - like three quarks in a proton or three peas in a pod: Spirit, Soul and Personality. One could therefore mistakenly talk about the 'I AM' which exists in the womb of eternal mind as being objective from the personality of the being in time and space; but to do so would be very wrong and also cause a paradox and an alienation of self from self, or the outer from the inner. Likewise it is also too painfully obvious from hindsight that some, if not many (through second hand dialogue and distortions) have thought this aspect of being to be the first cause; the unseen living mover of creation itself. But not so; for there is something else, and even beyond that depth... beyond our transcendent self, and which is not us. But those who have claimed or believed that they and the creative source of all existence are the same thing are utterly wrong. And so too are those who believed them. But that is more politics and manipulation than reality as was.

The eternal paradise at the ground of our being is experienced to be the first created thing and place; but certainly not the creative source itself. Although it is known to be the first emanation of the creative source itself, the first act of creation (the son of creation in analogy). In the beginning man was indeed in a 'garden' (realm) of eternal delight and everlasting perfection; a paradise existence indeed. But as I say, it would still require an 'act' to bring forth that realm and the mind/s within it. Thus it is also known whilst in that place that there is a deeper but uncreated reality. But not a deeper reality that you or I can ever get to; and that is a known fact whilst there. The I AM which exists in that reality is not the first cause then, and that is axiomatic at the time. It is the first thing 'CAUSED'; the original observer of the observed. However, it was not created in time; certainly not the kind of space-time that you and I know out here. It is deeper down within the inner structure of the vortex of emanation than the point where space times become a phenomenon of extended manifest reality; just as a river is not the river bed, but without a river bed and the banks there could be no river. It is the ground of being; not the creative source of all being. And there is a deeper reality which can never be known; it can only be known of.

Let us continue however, with the event as it unfolded. I was resurrected from oblivion, non existence, conscious death, into a place of eternal perfection. In that place there is perfect vision, (those who are blind will see). A vision which must be from two locations I guess because the vision, the place, is three dimensional; binocular vision. There exists width, breadth, and depth.

The place, realm, goes on as far as one can see, and into a distance beyond sight itself, for it is everywhere and everything. There is up, and there is down, there is left and there is right, all relative to the point of vision needless to say. The vision is of darkness and of infinite jewel like little glowing lights. The lights are like jewels, diamonds set in a sea of purple glowing darkness; which is not really dark at all, but somehow pulsating with vitality and being. The lights are small but more than mere points of light, and they are of various size and distance apart. Some are even kind of wispy and strung out; but most are round-ish.

Neither the darkness or the lights can be described in a way which does them justice, for the beauty transcends anything known or knowable in temporal consciousness. It is the original unadulterated essence and principle of beauty. The lights in that realm are stationary, or so it seems to observation. Nothing moves, all is still and silent. The only thing that moves is I, or self consciousness. I AM slowly drifts through that realm in a clockwise orbit; a slow orbit, but an orbit nevertheless. Initially it is like a slow drifting in a straight line. However, it is an orbit, a clockwise orbit assuming the clock were laying face up on the floor. The orbit is of great distance and almost perceived as a straight line, but it is known to be an orbit about an unseen 'missing' centre. The I that exists there (us) has no perceived substance or form, it is just pure virgin primordial consciousness as far as we are concerned; or a mysterious substance which can be made conscious; a cognitive energy of some kind. But what it is made of (if anything other than pure consciousness) cannot be known. It cannot be seen or touched. We cannot see our Self.

It is like such energy is sacrosanct. There is no form to the eyes that see, for it is the consciousness or energy itself which can see. It can see almost all the way around itself, but not quite all the way around. Thus you cannot see directly behind you but you can indeed see well to the left and right in greater vision than human vision. In ones drifting in this place one does not come into contact with the distant lights at all; and one does not really know as to what the lights are whilst there, (one can deduce from hindsight though) they are just lights, beautiful lights, and their configuration slowly alters with the perspective of ones movement in orbit. (Later I wondered as to how there could be perceived movement but no perceived experience of time – but that is how it is).

The darkness itself is indescribable, it is like a translucent glow of purple soup stuff which is somehow vibrant, vital, it is not a void and it is not mere space in between the lights; it is a 'something'; but more like a glowing soup or aura somehow. Perhaps it is the 'stuff' that beings 'congeal' out of; like planets and stars do in the physical universe. And ones orbit is through this divine and wondrous darkness-stuff amid the jewel like lights. Thus, it is a brightness as well as a darkness. Like the twilight of the proverbial gods indeed. The description may make it sound a little bit like the physical universe with the stars amid black space; but it is nothing like that at all. But if anything then more like the vision telescopes see among a bright nebula in a past supernova.

The lights are also much larger than our perception of stars which are mere pin pricks of light, and there is a tint of colour in them even, as I say, like diamonds; but the predominant aura and glow is white. They have a substance and shape, but there seems to be no absolute uniformity of shape; but most seem to be round as I say. The

darkness is nothing like outer space then, and it is not even dark at all; but dark-ish, like purple soup which is glowing. The lights are not as distant as the stars in space even though they are not in contact, and the distances between them is many times their actual size. Thus it is not like the emptiness of outer space at all. Moreover, one can see all this without turning ones vision, for indeed one cannot turn ones vision. There is no 'Oh, I think I will look that way or this way'... you just see it all, all the time. But you also know that you are not seeing 'it all' at all, for it is infinite and everywhere.

However, that realm is not about the vision as I say, it is about the magic; the knowing, the understanding, the passion, the reality, the knowing the essence of the 'ALL', the love, the wisdom, the beauty, and above all else it is about the purpose of creation and being. It is ineffable really. In a word it is all about 'being there'; taking part in this wondrous mysterious union of creation at root beyond time. It seems that the vision itself is a kind of bonus perhaps: a place in which to do this knowing yet whilst in a repose of divine peace; the peace which passes all absolute understanding; utter perfection, and absolute affirmation of being. It is like an amen to creation; the swan song of perfection. It is like the last chord of the ultimate piece of perfect music; a chord which comes like an amen after that pregnant pause and build up to the final chord. There could be nothing cleverer and wiser than to have annihilation precede this reality; for it is like music in that sense; the last, and wondrous chord of created being when all has seemed to be done and finished. And whilst also being seen from hindsight to be the prelude to being also. The first and last chord of the music of the spheres and the dance and symphony of creation and being.

Moreover, it is also the beginning as well as the end, as I say, for it is where we come from, the root of our being. It is like it could be described as the cosmological waiting room of created consciousness before transmigration into the experience of time, freedom and activity. There are no other beings perceived (or even known of) in that realm; one is totally alone with this truth and its reality. Thus the place and the knowledge is all yours, all mine, all beings from their point of reference and consciousness; it is the realm where all centres meet beyond space and time in the primordial motherload of created consciousness, minds, beings, whatever you want to call them. 'Motherload' does not mean female either. It means the main seam; the core, and the pure original stuff itself. It is PURE consciousness; beyond time, space, and memory. It (I AM) is the alpha and omega of all extended minds; the beginning and the end of all created beings in creation; the first creation and the home that awaits the return of all created minds which are but the children or progeny of creation.

Nothing was created before I AM and paradise: and nothing is created after me; I am the beginning and the end of creation, (synetic dialogue). Thus it is that the consciousness in the repose of the eternal domain is the first child of creation - in the Virgin Birth of creation itself. The real and only Virgin Birth. (and this one is not symbolic, it is the real thing). Before the mountains high and wide, before the sea's did flow, before the stars gave forth their light, even then, I said, I KNOW. Before my personality was, I AM. Before cave men came into being, I AM. Look deeper than the stones of the earth and the oceans, and there you will find me; I am the light which is beyond them all; I am the light of life and the resurrection. Know me, and you will know your self; for I AM... and you are I AM.

Thus it is not really metaphysics but proto-physics; before physics. It is not 'after time' (although it is that again also) it is before time moved; before changing events emanated forth from the centre of all being and the eternal point of no duration. We are there at the beginning, like the first observer of the first act of creation; in awe, passion, and wisdom. We are the lover of the loved. We are the manifestation of cosmic love and beauty. And no extended manifest life can be without me (I AM).

Our self consciousness in that dimension cannot think; thinking is a temporal process; thinking needs time. But it is totally aware nevertheless, (thus, knowledge and understanding comes before thought: thus thought depends on knowledge... NOT the other way around as many seem to assume. Earthly philosophers are like mere babies in divine cosmic ignorance). It (we) is (are) not aware of things as we are aware of things out here however, but it is aware of what can only be described as the essences and eternal principles and qualities of things; truths; depth realities; quality; meaning; purpose; beauty; wisdom; passion; understanding and affirmation. It is the big YES to creation and conscious existence; TO BE.

That root of our being of eternal consciousness, that part of ourselves which exists there at the deepest level, the first child of creation, is totally in absolute love, a passion beyond description, imagination and beliefs. It is filled with the passion of being to such a degree that if you and I out here were to have that degree of passion energy burning inside of our temporal minds or guts then we would blow up; (and perhaps this caused it to happen during an incarnate life; who knows, who indeed knows); but such passion is like dynamite. It is not like the watered down love we know in this world, and certainly wonderful though that be. It is more comparable to the heat at the big bang with that of absolute Cosmic temperature now.

In this life we tend to think of wisdom as that of knowing what to do, of doing the right and proper thing; because it is wise to do that thing by virtue of the positive outcome. But that is intelligence and reason, not wisdom. However, the wisdom within that consciousness is nothing like that. Its wisdom is the knowledge of creation itself; the knowledge of the heart: the knowledge of itself and its eternal existence; and as to why things exist at all. Knowledge also of that which is not itself; but otherness; that which gave event to this paradise and oneself; it is uncontradictable certainty of creation; purpose; being; and the wisdom of the beginning and the end of all things. And thence all of which I sum up in the terms the 'Eternal Gnosis' or the 'Eternal Wisdom'.

It is a divine swoon of the exultation of the love of being; and being a part of it all. That 'I AM' knows well enough that something brought it forth into conscious being; it knows well enough that it does not contain its own causation. It also knows that the cause of its existence is not paradise itself (the place) in its origin; and not within paradise itself in absolute terms. The first cause cannot be seen, it cannot be directly known independent of the essences and created forms, and yet in a way it knows of nothing else other than its love for its source of being. And its source of being is that of no created thing; no thing created; and no 'thing' knowable. And it is not questionable; it is uncontradictable knowledge and certain reality. There is no doubt.

Thus, if it could be said that one is 'contemplating' whilst there, which is true in a way, then the thing which one is concentrating on, knowing, cognitive of (not thinking) in this swoon of passion, knowledge and delight is that of the love of and for 'No Created Thing'. If you follow my meaning. Everything which is (including I AM) is the manifest flow of the principle of TO BE. But the principle, although contained within all things, is no created thing. TO BE, is its own causation; and the absolute primordial essence and principle of all that becomes manifest in extension of the mysterious and unknowable point of no duration.

Thus it is that such child of consciousness (us in there) is in love, a passion, and wisdom and yet it is but a cosmological child; a virgin creation; a virgin birth no less: pure in its love of otherness and the love of itself and its home which was created for it. Pure in the sense that it cannot think. Pure in the sense that it has had no other experience beyond that of paradise itself. Pure in its love which is unconditional of anything except the passion of TO BE, and unadulterated by anything which is not it. For although it somehow knows everything in there, you and I (out here) would say that it knows nothing at all in the sense that we consider knowledge and understanding things to be. It is a very strange thing, for in this world there are two things that you and I can never ever know; one of them is everything, and the other is nothing. (For 'knowing' means to know 'some thing'). And yet that part of ourselves in that realm knows only two things: one of them is everything (the essence and principle of) and the other is No Thing. How odd, how very odd; it is like a reciprocal reality, or the square root of minus one - except that this place exists in reality to be known and loved.

The 'I AM' of that realm has no knowledge of Earth and incarnate existence. No knowledge of the universe or universes of space and time. No knowledge of created forms other than itself and paradise. Thus, those who claim that they are communicating with the dead or totally transcendent are either liars or very confused people - a little learning is a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not. They may be communicating with other living beings external of that realm; maybe, but not these beings, not the totally transcendent. You will not disturb these beings. They are sacrosanct and belong to something else for that duration; for they are home in the ground of being.

In that eternal paradise then there is only One, and the one is the all (all of us); for we are all identical in it. THAT stuff is what we are in the beginning. It is only from hindsight and whilst on Earth (with remembrance of that level of being) that we can know that all created consciousness sees it that way, and in the same way; thus all beings perceive the oneness in the divine transcendent realm of perfect repose, perfect love, and perfect wisdom.

In that place there is no pain, no worry (no bills to pay) no answering to do; no eating, no sleeping, no thinking, no memory, no remorse; no hopes or desires, no fears; nothing negative. Thus it is also then a Mono-Pole reality; all positive and no negative; (hence no negation). All good, no bad. All beauty, no ugliness. All 'now', no past or future. All understanding and affirmation, no doubt or unknowing. All answers, no questions. Good grief almighty, why was anything ever created so good? Who knows, who can answer. Only that child knows; and that is its wisdom - and it is you. Know your Self.

Search yourself then; for the quest and passion for the deepest knowledge of selfhood and understanding brings knowledge of the deepest depths of the all. And the incarnate effect is amazing and life enhancing. For we learn how to walk and ride on the waves of all creation, and to go with the flow. In the whole of creation there is nothing to cling to, for it is all yours already.

*

As I drifted in a slow orbit swathed in a love and understanding which is ineffable, beyond words and rational understanding, in a wisdom which is beyond dialogue, in a place of eternal and everlasting perfection and delight, I suddenly heard/had a voice or command/communication (or the experience of one) and understood a directive. I had never heard a voice or command before in all my existence, and I was in fear and panic. The understanding was ...

“It is now time to go” !

Words cannot begin to describe. I had never known communication or words or commands before. I did not know as to what was communicating with me, or how or why... was it me or was it something else... I began thinking... what IS thinking! There is nothing else, only me! I did not know what ‘go’ meant, and yet somehow I did begin to understand, and as I began to understand I was in even more fear and panic, (was I biting from the TREE of knowledge) for there was nowhere else to go; only this place exists.

No, no, I do not want to go (I do not know how I invoked or understood such communication for I had never communicated with anything). But I know not of ‘go’, this is my home and my love... I cannot go ! (The first thought... and not by choice).

“It is all well that you must go now, for something out there is in need and you must now be with it: do not fear, it is all well that you must go now... now be with it” !

That fear at knowing I was ‘going’ is not possible to put into words; it could not be put into words. But one knew nothing of other things, or worlds, or time and space. Nothing. Nothing other than Eternal Paradise.

*

I did not open my eyes for they had never been closed as far as I know. Returning was instantaneous action at a distance. I was looking at a cat fast asleep on my lap. My arms hung limp at my side. The fire had long since burned away and all was as quiet as the grave. It was very late into the evening and growing cold, yet my body was warm, comfortable. All was as it had been except the fire was out, the cat fast asleep; and about three hours or so had elapsed.

No amount of words or pages could ever sum up my initial feelings and thoughts on returning to temporal conscious and the same life that I had left seemingly millions of millions of years ago. Yet it was but three hours ago. I must have sat staring at the wall ahead of me for the next hour dumb-struck; without moving as much as an eyeball or a muscle. I was in shock. There are no words to describe the feeling, the shock, the excitement, the annoyance of coming back - the impossibility of it all. I was shocked, joyful, sad at returning, bemused, enlightened, annoyed, happy, mind blown yet understanding all at the same instant.

By the time I got around to moving it was about eleven p.m. I wondered as to what would have happened to the children if the house had caught fire or if one of them had woke up and come down-stairs. I thought more in that next hour than I had thought in all my past life put together; but none of my thinking made any sense to the rational mind. When I came to my full rational senses I shouted out to myself... "Good grief almighty what the hell was that"! I was indeed back to 'normality', my old charming ignorant self. But perhaps not quite so ignorant now.

I staggered into the kitchen to make a strong cup of coffee which I took up to bed with me. The children were sleeping fine and did not look as though they had moved all evening. I did not think I would ever be able to sleep ever again. But wrong again, for I was sound asleep within no time at all, and before my wife returned home from her evening out with friends. I never told anyone of that event; the paradise event, for twenty years or more, for obvious reasons. Not a word; not a mention. What the hell could one say anyway! And we all know well enough the reaction it would receive. It was therefore not only the secret teaching - but also unspeakable! Or was it !? Nothing is for nothing. And this can be known lived in and used; it is for knowing.

I had undergone what I later came to call the 'Mutual Convergence' (in annihilation). Twenty years later I underwent yet another most profound experience which I came to call the 'Reciprocal Convergence': or the Consummatum Incarnate (paradise on earth). And in which there is another kind of union, a reciprocity of 'meeting again' - and on earth, between the inner self and the outer personality in a oneness. And only then did I come to see the connection, the reason, the meaning and purpose of the 'I AM' in paradise; and in which the function and purpose of the incarnate mind and the inner depths of self and the objective physical universe are fulfilled in a unification of mindful being on earth; the three in one; in a dance among the temporal forms on earth, and which was understood as the very purpose of creation itself and the reason as to why even paradise exists - and has to be known while yet on this earth during an incarnate lifetime here. They have to be joined on earth also; that is the goal, the function and purpose - that eternal self is no longer alienated in conscious awareness from the incarnate mortal form. The alleviation of Cosmic Amnesia, and for this purpose in the evolution of the mind incarnate. And no sense of alienation from anything; even understanding. Everything in creation is a part of one dance, one cosmic symphony, and everything is a part of the whole, and the whole cannot be without every part.

And hence the saying that the outer has become as the inner and the purpose of being has been fulfilled, consummated, in the perfection of forms as it was in the beginning in the transcendent essence of being, and the essence of all things, then so too has it become in the forms in extension. And in that knowing and understanding creation

has achieved its goal incarnate; and within the knowing incarnate mind of a finite personality... but 'I AM' eternal. The mind is not in this universe simply to observe it, but rather to fulfil it. You and I AM are one. You are I AM. Know thy self.

However, that was way off in the future; twenty long years in the future. In the meantime time did get mean at times; and from hindsight I can only call it a twenty year period of the dark night of the soul at times: for I had not yet learned of the reciprocal convergence of being/consciousness on earth in the consummatum or reciprocal convergence. For twenty years I was but a half baked mystic; and something else was missing. But in the meantime there also existed a dichotomy, a duality of being; one being perfect and the other far from perfect – hence still some kind of alienation. A little learning is a dangerous thing, so drink deep or taste not the divine eternal spring. Where metaphysics hangs its coat; and mystics dwell in awe; the singer may be sighted; but the song goes on some more.

Believe what you will whilst you are free to do so; for you will not always be so ! But beliefs are irrelevant, and potentially dangerous. But wiser by far to believe nothing at all; for knowledge will suffice: and ignorance melts away with experience. But instantly after that Paradise event of transcendence itself there was but one thought, one knowledge, one understanding and affirmation... and which is...

Oh... no... Oh... my, how beautiful it is! Oh my Love, would that they could know this; would that their eyes could see and their minds understand as to what they are, and from whence they came; the beauty, the truth, the passion. My love, give me the understanding; and give me the words, that I might speak of the wonder of being. And let us create Man in our essential image.

It is an irony that you and I here on earth, the temporal rational discursive mind, find it all too easy to accept anything that is bad as being true, and yet the acceptance of anything good being true is so difficult. That synthesis of inner understanding may well be easier for some than it is for others. I had more than enough problems with it - more than enough. And it took so much to make me understand and accept it. Would that it could be easier for others. And would that one could learn and understand by way of others mistakes. But we each have to learn for ourselves, for creation needs us.

A little learning is not a dangerous thing; it is a good and necessary thing. But a little learning is only a dangerous thing if one assumes that their little learning is all the learning which exists to be learned and understood.

* * *

THE ARKONS OF TRANSITION

(Transitive Consciousness)

Between the Earth and Paradise,
the strangest place to be,
is the realm of minds transition,
the journey of the free.
No freedom though, there is within,
of actions, choice to see,
for only that which needs must,
is made for you and me.
One facet of transition
is Limbo's quiet scene;
where nought there is created,
but time to think, and dream.
Such visions are the Arkons,
of light beyond the Earth,
and each one has a message
self evident, as our birth.
It is a kind of learning
much speeded up in time,
and the message is implicit,
without a word or rhyme.

The Arkons of the depths prepare
the way that lies ahead;
where some say you are living,
and some say you are dead !
They also act as transport
to Annihilations gate;
the MUTUAL CONVERGENCE,
in the midst of the white state.
Beyond the gate of Paradise
all memory is thus lost,
of all the things you did in time;
their pleasures, and their cost.
But, of all the Arkons,
along that deep dark flight,
the most majestic of them all,
is Music... made of light.

* * *

THE LOVE OF HELL

There is a time for laughing,
there is a time for thought,
and there is a time for going
where no Earthly thing is wrought.

And when such time encroaches
and clouds the temporal dream,
fear not the rushing darkness
and Limbo's quiet scene.

For in the stillness of 'No-thing',
no vision to behold;
there is a wondrous lesson,
a story to be told.

Unlike the journeys final end,
in the Womb of Eternity,
the temporal halt in Limbo
there is no thing to see.

Yet strange, so strange, it is to be
in knowledge of 'no thing',
and how the thought of 'nothing'
teaches us to sing-

- a leaf, a breeze, a drop of rain,
a snowflake in its fall,
each touch, each smell, each vision,
and the purpose of them all.

part two

**Before the gate of Paradise,
before Annihilations might,
in the passageway of Limbo,
wherein there is no light-**

**- is now the greatest lesson
that man can learn today,
of what it's like, when all the things,
of life... have gone away!**

**So much I learned in Paradise;
So much I learned on Earth;
but somehow strange, and strange to say,
in Hell, I learned their worth.**

**Yet even that dimension,
where nought there is to see,
is but a divine essence,
a lesson, so to be.**

*** * ***

ANNIHILATION

Dedication to Rosamonde Miller
of the Gnostic Sanctuary Palo Alto.

A solitary light is coming fast !
the song I sing will be my last;
sad to say it's time to go,
and all the things I'll never know !

But never mind, the road was fun;
even though it's now nigh done.
What a way to end this flight...
crashing out in blazing light !

Down Eros, and up Mars....
but wait !... the thing is full of stars !
My Gor'd... I drift in love divine...
the Eternal Dome... is mine; all mine !

My Gor'd... I've made a motley pun
of what I am, and whence I come !
Would, Oh would, that I could be,
out here, as when I am with thee.

Never would a man believe
what in truth he does achieve.
So spread your blessings throughout time;
or no work will get done...
and that wont rhyme !

A heart on fire will pound and pound
and like a feather, float to its ground.
In resurrection from 'No-thing',
among the lights I sing and sing;
a silent song that none can hear;
except the Ultimate Cosmic ear.

* * *

BEYOND THE WHITE

(Beyond annihilation)

Oh my love, that “I” should be
awake in they, as “I” in me !
Judgement knows the depth of Glow,
where spirit falls like snow, on snow.

Where time is done, and put to rest;
primordial womb, so richly dressed !
Many hide in words, or glee;
but I, my love, will set you free !

Through “I” you may behold your form,
as I have watched from the gates of dawn.
No hand has touched, no eye has seen;
no thinking mind has dared to dream.

Time is short and tally’s not;
much less cares of what its got.
But holes between events in time,
can’t be spent, for they are mine.

Those who see the truth below,
need not believe - for they will Know
the learning is beyond the night,
beyond the moving, and the white.

* * *

DUALITY

Without another to love
all beauty is in vain,
truth is an empty vessel,
no meaning exists in pain.

**Beyond the shroud of movement
where not even truth can hide,
is proof enough the saying,
“Nought burns in Hell but pride”!**

**The Cosmos needs its lover
in order that ‘it’ can ‘be’.
But in order to say “I love you”,
requires one to be free.**

**Freedom is the Cosmic price,
its passion churns the throng,
whilst knowing not the Essence,
the Singer; and the Song.**

**I tell you this my greatest love;
the freedom that is ‘Me’,
but now I know just what it is...
... I never shall be free !**

* * *

Chapter 7

The Dark Side.

(Exegesis Part Five)

(1963-1983)

Dichotomy and Synthesis.

If it had been the case that there were no such thing as our metaphysical reality (and as I had perhaps assumed the case to be as a youngster) then all such talk and speculation on such things would be mere opinion or belief; and unjustified opinion and belief at that. But when however, such reality becomes self evident by direct personal demonstrable experience such as I underwent, and of which you have just read a brief synopsis of, then it does indeed become a real justified target for thought and contemplation. I would imagine that peoples immediate reactions to such a profound event as a mystic death and resurrection encounter such as that would be very different, and depending to a large extent upon the personality involved and their past mode of thinking. My own reaction was immediate ambivalence and much confusion. I include this chapter then, ultra-brief though I will have to make it, in the case that it might assist others to avoid so many years of inner frustration and a long drawn out synthesis in acceptance and understanding of the events.

*

Thus it was then that at the age of twenty four, whilst sitting alone one evening minding my own business and expecting nothing, that event occurred. And how is one supposed to react to that! Then again how is one supposed to react to any experience? What IS experience? Could anyone even begin to describe how they felt I wonder, for I certainly cannot, and there are no words anyway. I did not even know that such inner 'events' existed to be known and experienced. I was dumbfounded and mind blown. This was not knowledge as I understood knowledge and experience to be; and yet it was as real as being alive on earth. For three hours (on the outside) and forever (within) I had seen things and learned things, knew things; that I could not accept as being true when returning to 'normality'. How does one cope with that? How is one supposed to cope with it? No person tells us that. We all walk through this mysterious creation alone - or in existential conscious terms anyway.

For a while then I was confronted with a direct demonstrable reality which I did not want to know, could not understand, for it was too much and too 'way out' and different. Not only that but it was too good. It was too good for me and it was too good for reality itself. The world was an obvious obnoxious cock-up; but that thing, elaboration of the mind, hallucination during a trance, or whatever it was, was wondrous beyond words and belief; there was nothing better, and nothing even equal to that existence.

It did not add up or equate with the rest of reality; whatever 'reality' is. Was it the case that I had gone mad maybe? Did I really die for three hours? No that cannot be right surely. Was it a vision of death whilst yet still alive maybe? Was it the case that the mind was some kind of confidence trickster to itself maybe; and for what purpose or function? Or was it the case that it really was what it seemed to be - could that really be true? And why me of all people? I am not that 'kind' of person. My mind was in a giddy spin for about three months. Yet one also had to carry on with the normal daily chores and events as usual, as though nothing had ever happened at all.

It occurred to me that it was a damn good job that I had a keen sense of humour and a down to earth kind of personality. I think that alone kept me sane. Is it any wonder then that such people to whom these things happen (I found out later that it did happen to others, albeit rare) then begin to wander the moors on their own, to think, wonder, contemplate, ask themselves questions: and try to understand it all; and as to why it happened to them. It is no wonder at all. Life shows us things and in so doing the nature of the mind is forced to ask questions and seek answers to them. A question is much like a vacuum in the mind, and nature - and the mind itself it seems - abhor a vacuum. In due course I came to learn that some people actually go looking for esoteric experiences. They must be the mad ones I thought; for sufficient unto the day are the problems thereof. After about six months had gone by I decided to give up even thinking about it at all. For it did not make any sense; and obviously no answers were going to come. A peasant like myself could not work these things out, so there was no point even thinking about it.

As a young man I had never had what some like to call a philosophy, religion or belief system; and being young is the time when one is learning so much about life anyway, and not for forming conclusions. But I guess I thought along the lines that the human mind and consciousness was the product of electro-chemical actions within the brain and that the thing which we called 'our conscious self' was the product of this biological and electro-chemical stimulation; and that being the sum of it.

What I learned that evening however - and among other things - was a contradiction to that hypothesis. But one is so used to thinking along certain channels of thought that when one is jolted out of it one then questions the reality of the new concepts not the old ones; for the old ones fit in the mind like a snug warm glove - potted thinking and self created assumptions maybe. And which for the large part have been put there by our indoctrination, nurture and education from other people since childhood; for they tell us what life and reality is all about. Thus one is faced with the dichotomy and paradox of all time. If these things are really real, true independent of simply experiencing them, then the conventional thinking of both science and religion is wrong. So what is real then; book learning or direct human experience? The dichotomy was also exacerbated by the fact that I loved and enjoyed the events and that reality so much, and yet the implications which it also brought did not appeal to me a great deal.

One of the implications in that transcendent mode of being is that you and I are never terminated as such, but simply undergo a broken continuity of self existence. (Broken by the event of annihilation and then beginning again in that mysterious resurrection - and which then eventually led back into this world or perhaps some other incarnate world or dimension again).

But I did not fancy the idea of continuity, broken or otherwise. Another is that you and I are not even from this world at all, in essence or spirit anyway. Also that we are not mere puppets of a divine order but rather the very right hand partner of it all; its direct progeny; and that we are needed. What a lot of stupid nonsense surely; that cannot be true! The initial question then which one faces after such an event is as to whether one actually believes or accepts such events and such learning done therein to be really true or not, and irrespective of experiencing it - and actually LIVING it.

This new situation caused me a little trouble to say the least; for I did not even know how to believe things. I was happy enough in knowing a few things and also of my ignorance of other things. I had seen a little of life on earth, and mysterious and pleasant as it was some of the time the large part was that of suffering and downright misery for most people on earth: and most of which was caused by people themselves; arguments, wars, hostilities, deprivation, exploitation, and it was no joke and certainly no paradise to be sure, and we were no divine beings to be sure. Or if we were then something had gone very wrong somewhere along the way. But what I had seen and been in that evening was a paradise of perfect existence. Why? How come? And why me! What was the point of it all? How the hell could anything be so good... and yet real. And how could it be so good... and yet not real? How can you exist in something that does not exist to be existed in? How can you know something that does not exist to be known? It happened, it must be bloody real - but it can't be! And so the inner synthesis goes for a while.

But if it were true that you and I were never destroyed in absolute terms, and if those things are true, then who in their right mind would ever want to come back here again anyway? For you cannot stay there in that dimension of mind even if it is real. I do not want to come here again and that is for sure, for this world is juvenile and cretinous enough without having to live here with the memory of that other place - and which makes it even seem worse here on earth.

I began reading all kinds of literature for a while; for I had to know if others had seen and been in this same identical reality that I had seen and been in. But there is so much to read and so little time left after work to do it all. Yet that which I did come to read during the first year or two had no resemblance to what I had seen, learned and knew. It was all either junk or trivial stuff. After reading much ridiculous nonsense that had no relevance to that which I had seen and known I gave up reading again and tried to revert back to my love of chess - but it had gone! I could no more get interested in playing serious chess than I could in digging holes in the ground. I could not concentrate on chess - it seemed too trivial and a waste of good time. And that annoyed me so very much, for I had loved chess for so many years; and now that love had gone, deserted me; and not of my choice. Why?

After about six or seven months I decided to give up even thinking about that evening and that wondrous transcendent event; for not only did it not relate to anything in normal perception but it could not be got at by choice anyway; and nobody knew anything about it. So what was the point in even thinking about it yet alone asking questions and trying to think and make sense of it all?

I returned to my old philosophy, of 'sod the lot of it'! I had concluded that whatever it really was, and experienced though it was, knowable though it was, that I did not want to know, and that I did not want to think of it any longer. I was not mentally up to it. So I stopped thinking about it. Every time the thought, memory, feeling and inner passion, flashed across my mind I deliberately pushed it aside and thought about other things instead - difficult though it was. But resolute and stubborn I had always been.

After about another month had gone by I had my first and only nightmare that I have ever had in my life. A nightmare which was a dream which I will never forget for as long as I live; and which then acted as a major catalytic event at that time. I dreamt that I was out walking over the moors on a very bright starlit night. There was no moon but the stars were so bright and so abundant that I could see well enough to the top of the hill towards which I was walking. I knew the path even though the path itself was dark and not well seen as such; but the illumination from the sky made the top of the hill stand out in silhouette and quite clear to vision. I knew that there were no hazards underfoot and thus I could walk in confidence.

All of a sudden somebody switched on a searchlight. I had been walking quite slowly, both hands in my pockets and whilst whistling to myself as I walked. At the event of this light being switched on I was thus taken by surprise; for I knew that it was a searchlight and yet there was no war on. So who the hell was looking for what out here on the barren moor at this time of the night with such a bright light? It then occurred to me that something was wrong; the damn light was upside down! I had seen enough search lights during the war and knew well enough what they looked like; and this bugger was upside down. I began to hasten my steps, for the light was in the direction I was walking toward anyway; and I was intrigued to find out what it was for, and as to what they were looking for at this time of the night. But on realising that it was upside down I guessed that it must have been a slow moving aeroplane or a helicopter with a new silencing method; for there was no sound whatsoever.

Moreover, the light was not moving. It became obvious that the point of the light was up in the sky and that the wide bit was on the ground; thus upside down. But some sod up there was looking for something on the ground; yet there was nothing but barren moor out here. Then the light began to move. It began what one can only describe as a scanning action. The point at the top was stationary and the beam itself was moving slowly across the moor in a straight line. It then stopped; shot back instantly to a point in the opposite direction where it had begun scanning and then started scanning a little lower down the hill; just enough lower down that it would not have missed anything. I became even more and more intrigued. I took my hands out of my pockets and began walking a little faster toward it. I arrived at a point where I could ascertain that the diameter of the beam on the ground was about six feet; and indeed very bright. The scanning had continued... slowly across, fast back, a little further down and then slowly across again, time after time. These buggers were resolute if nothing else. I reached a point where the beam on the ground was only about twelve feet away from me; but there was still no sound and no sign of where the light was coming from in the sky. At that point I simply stopped walking and just continued to watch the event. On the next scan the beam passed by where I stood by about four feet or so.

It did not even occur to me that if I did not move out the way then the next scan would cover the point where I was standing; or if it had occurred to me then it did not bother me at all; for I just stood there and watched it; for it was fascinating. As predicted by past events it got to the end of that scan, flashed back to its original point of movement and slowly began its next scan again. It had not stopped in its movement since all this had begun. As it approached I saw that its path was coming straight toward me as I had assumed; but when it got where I was standing... IT STOPPED DEAD !

I was panic struck. I could not move. I was transfixed to the spot. I instantly looked upward but although the light was so dazzling I knew that the far end, the narrow point end was something do with me; but I had to turn my eyes away for the brightness was too much; and in looking back down I did not see myself - but I saw that ugly bent twisted tree which I had seen over the moors some seven months back; I was that useless tree.

I did not wake up, it was as though I had never been asleep at all. I was flung out of bed and crashed into the wall which made my nose bleed. I had never known panic before in all my life. I was sweating buckets and bleeding. I rushed downstairs like a bat out of hell and made a series of strong cups of coffee. I could hardly stop shaking in panic; yet I did not know what I was even frightened of; for the dream itself was a soft and pleasant dream; and I did not frighten easily by anything anyway. It was my reaction to it which was the nightmare.

I eventually relaxed a little after about five cigarettes and three cups of coffee. I grabbed a book out of the bookcase and began studying some weird and wonderful opening variation on the Sicilian defence Dragon variation to take my mind of it. It was about three in the morning by now, and there was no way that I was going to go back to bed that night. Thus it was not the dream itself which was the nightmare but rather my reaction to it which was the nightmare; and fear of I knew not what. I just did not understand. How the hell could the mind throw up a wondrous scenario as I had experienced those few months back and then tonight... this!? It got me asking questions again and that is for sure. It worked. It was as though the dream was somehow symbolic. After transcendence I somehow knew that I knew something which I could not know now, or consciously know now anyway, but that it would come, whatever it was - a kind of answer or synthesis to the events. But that was somehow intuitive understanding and thus questionable. I did not really KNOW it for absolute certainty.

When one settles down again the thinking and questioning then starts in earnest, and in a calmer action from hindsight. Strange that we can be moved into action by bad events and forget the good ones. OK then, these things do happen; so what is going on then, how and why? And what the hell does whatever it is really want? Where is all this going to, and why, and how; and why me?

I cannot go into any detail of the events which occurred over the next twenty years for it would take forever; well about ten books anyway. But what happened shortly after that dream was most odd indeed.

It was as though that every time I came to be inwardly motivated by a certain topic I then contemplated upon that topic of thought, then within a short while, sometimes weeks and sometimes months, I would have some very strange kind of psychic experience which could be seen as a direct answer to the very issue I had been contemplating upon - like an answer and resolution.

This is ridiculous I thought; and yet it is damn well happening. This involved all kinds of experiences, (there are many kinds of psychic experiences) but never quite the same kind twice. I did not even want them, this was not my kind of 'thing'; not me. I did not want to see past and future events as pictures flashed up in my mind. I did not want deep inner empathy with people. I did not want pictures flashed up in my mind as to what they were thinking or what they had in their pockets even. What the hell was going on and what was the point of it all? I did not want any of this stuff. I just wanted to be left alone to get on with my life and normal daily reality - and an answer to the big thing by now of course.

These experiences however, were much different from that first big event, the transcendent event; and anyway these other 'psychic' or whatever they were experience did not answer questions about that other reality as such, but simply seemed to show me various potentials which the mind could somehow come to do at times; and heaven only knows how or why. But that first experience was not so much about what the mind could come to do but rather - what it indeed was in essence. And assuming it was true of course. However, these other things were always proved at the time that they WERE indeed true, for they could be proved; they were proved; and they were never ever wrong, not a damned one of them. Is something trying to tell me something - if so what and why? And why indeed me; for I asked for none of this at all?

These things continued on and off for nearly eighteen years; so many strange things and psychic experience (and which I was not at all interested in). By this time, or long before it in fact, I had got used to them however, and simply smiled about them. It was not as though these events were happening every day: far from it; and life, as it had always been, was reasonable enough; good times and bad times the same as anyone else has, but not extremes of anything. Then for a while nothing happened at all, not a jot. I began to think and accept that all these things were now over for me in this lifetime, and that perhaps I had seen far more than enough anyway. Yet many claimed to understand their experiences; or so they said anyway (but I did not believe a word of it; for it was mere pretence with them; a make believe world of their own and due to their own unknowing), but I was damned if I could.

I felt a deep inner gratitude for having been so fortunate to see such wonders, and the effects of them; and yet somehow, and by virtue of it, I felt some how 'left up in the air'. As though somehow, like a pistol, I had been cocked but not fired; unresolved. It was all still unsynthesized in rational comprehension. No final synthesis to the flow and understanding of it all, and the why. A half baked understanding.

A little learning may well be a dangerous thing but it can also be damned frustrating as I found out. For an inner part of me knew things somehow, even understood them some how in an emotional understanding, yet the outer and rational part of my mind did not accept them or even want to know.

Imagine listening to the most beautiful song in creation and then the singer skips out the last chord, the resolution to the harmony, the last amen - that is how I felt. But luckily my own personality could still laugh at it. It created no hung up as such; but more a kind of rational annoyance than anything. I began, on black days, to wish that I had seen nothing of all these things at all; and yet I knew that I did not really mean that; just that dark cloud that can pop up at times I guess. By the time I reached forty years of age I thought all such past experiences beyond the normal range of sensory data had now finished in my case. I had even accepted and become used to the idea that no more was going to be seen and that no full synthesis of understanding would ever come. My degree of intelligence, or lack of it, could not work it out. Anyway I did not even want to work it out now - I damn well wanted to KNOW !

Life was ticking over OK. I was now married for the second time after my first two children had grown up and were doing their own thing; and now with two more young ones in the second marriage (with one more yet to come - another surprise!). I had what seemed like two full lives in one as it were; five children in all and one foster child which we took on from the deprived area of inner Bristol. I often chuckle when I read of these academics who inform us how best to bring our children up; the sociologists with bits of paper and PhD's (Piles of Hybrid Dribble, or Medallions of conformative potential), and often they have not even had any children. Their 'knowledge' is all academic, not direct hard earned experience. Ignorance is bliss!

If I had another five hundred children then it would still be guesswork and instinctive reactions for the large part. (plus the fact that they are all very different and with different needs and personality; children are not clones that conform to rules of convention). But if they are loved, they will not go far wrong it seems: either in wealth or in relative poverty. But having them if they are not loved and wanted is the greatest tragedy in the universe of mankind and the existing human condition. Children know whether they are loved and wanted or not intuitively; and not simply by words. Too many people say 'I Love you' in this world; but do they really know what real love (not need) and deep passion really are I wonder? Love does not need to be said, it needs to be lived. And saying it proves nothing except that one can talk. But one needs to walk that talk.

However, one spring morning when the kids were at school my wife and I went out with our dog to the hills overlooking the Chew Valley lakes near Bristol where we lived for eight years: for she had been attending Bath University for three or four years. We thought it was such a nice day that we would take a picnic and she could study some papers she had to deal with whilst taking in the fresh air. The view was crystal clear that day and the sun was soft and warm with just a pleasant fresh occasional breeze; it was perfect weather. After our sandwiches and a drink my wife settled down to her studies whilst I was playing with the dog; he loved the 'fetch' game, for he was a Springer.

After a certain amount of chasing around, I, getting a little older and less energetic than I had been, eventually slumped down on the grass for a rest whilst the dog chewed on his stick. I was in a position about eight feet away from my wife and behind her. She was lost in her work; the dog was lost in the joys of his stick and his earlier chasing, so I simply began to look around me to admire the view.

Within a few minutes or so something strange began to happen. It was very very peaceful, there were no other people around, and there fell a kind of hush that one experiences at rare times, as though all sounds were muted a little. Like one of those days when walking on air or cotton wool, or on soft new snow falling upon snow; a unity of peace which is rare on earth.

Just at that point the dog trotted over to me with his stick, he wanted me to throw it again for him. But I could not be bothered to get up so I simply threw it whilst reclining on the grass. As the stick flew through the air it began to sparkle so it seemed. Perhaps it was the reflection of the sun. But as the dog was leaping through the long deep grass as it was at that part of the field the dog also began to 'glow' with a strange inner radiance. As I looked around me, my wife (I could only see her back and her hair), was also glowing. The grass was glowing, and the trees. I looked at my hands they were glowing with an inner light of pure radiance. I began to think I was perhaps not very well or something, yet I felt fine, tremendous; never felt better.

I scanned the whole vista around me. Everything was glowing with an inner light, the world was different than I had ever seen it before. The lakes way down below us, the sky, the trees, the few puffs of small white clouds, the grass, my shoes, everything, was shimmering with this inner light and a wondrous radiance; and it was all becoming more so and more so - what on earth is happening? Then the 'hushed-ness' of sound which had existed turned into a kind of 'hum'. Not a hum as such but a kind of unified 'song' or symphony of sound. I could hear the ants, the bees, insects in the grass, the dogs breath, it was almost as though I could hear all our own hearts beating and blood pumping. And yet it was a unified kind of sound, almost like music in fact. I was dumbstruck and amazed, for I had never seen anything like this before.

It was as though the physical senses had been liberated from a sleep and come alive to a greater spectrum of creation itself; the world was different; and amazing. I was seeing it all and living in it all in a different way; a different mode of being in the world. And then it happened! It is indescribable; ineffable; unbelievable. I can describe the journey to that transcendent paradise mode of existence; I can describe annihilation; the resurrection; what it is like in that totally transcendent paradise, and what it looks like and feels like. But for the life of me I cannot describe this, and not even for the love of trying. It was as though a hole had opened up in creation itself. As though there had been a blockage up the pipe-line which was now cleared by a flue brush clearing out the muck of the senses and the mind itself.

There was no 'gap' between the transcendent paradise realm and this earth, for they were 'joined', directly connected; a blockage had become unblocked. For I now recognised those shimmering lights, I had seen them before when in that 'nothing' - Limbo, all those years ago. I realised only now, and for sure, that those lights I had seen on the journey to that paradise dimension whilst in 'nothing' were the naked face and wave front of the act of creation itself. I had wondered about it on many occasions - but now - now I knew it. That which was within; the divine implicate order, is now out there, in the world also, and on a new 'wave front' of my own minds interaction with objective reality itself. Good grief almighty - it is impossible; but happening.

And just at that point I began to be bombarded by what one can only call chunks of 'data', understanding and comprehension. As though a million pieces of Jig-saw-puzzle were being tossed up into the air and putting themselves together in the finished picture of comprehension in front of my very eyes and in my mind. It pounded and pounded and pounded with relentless velocity and increasing frequency. It was as though my I AM part in transcendence and the personality incarnate become one on earth in a gusher of a union. In years to come one might well say that one was being downloaded data, and comprehending it at the speed of light. In transcendence the outer I had gone to IT: but here and now, on earth, IT, the implicate inner reality, the child of that divine realm had come out to me. We danced again in a swoon of unified passion and delight, as it had been in paradise those long twenty years ago then so too was it again, now, on earth; the inner had become the outer: the above as the below. The essence manifest in form.

When I went to IT the outer consciousness had gone to and become as the inner consciousness. But now the inner child (of mind at root) walked upon the face of the earth - the essential spirit of being was liberated... ON EARTH through me! I gave myself up and let that consciousness walk in my body - to see the trees, to feel the breeze, to show it the finished product of creation in the outer multitude; the synthesis of the vortex of emanation. I had shared paradise... and my love, I give the world to you now, through me! The person and the personality existed as one, in a world which was better than paradise itself. But it is more than this, it is a triplicity of union. The person, the personality, and the essential nature of the life force and all creation – in ONE. One dance – on an earth beyond imagination.

In transcendence there had been a union in the Mutual Convergence, (in annihilation and resurrection) but this was a reciprocal event, the Reciprocal Convergence, Paradise on earth, the Consummatum Incarnate! Good grief almighty I cannot take much more of this! And yet it kept coming, more and more, stronger and stronger, I thought I was going to burst with passion and explode like I did once before. But not so, I was just engulfed in, and surrounded by a love, a wisdom; all knowledge, all comprehension, all affirmation, all beauty; all at the same instant and in ultimate dosage - and in a physical world unimaginable. And then... and then it came to me, revealed and comprehended in one shocker of a blast: something had once given me the understanding...

“It is now time to go. Do not fear, for it is all well that you must go now, for something out there is in need; and you must now be with it; do not fear, go now; be with it” !

In twenty years I had never understood that bit; I had never come to understand it and I assumed that I never would come to understand it. But now, twenty years almost to the day later, I understood it implicitly; and it was the first time in my life that I wept; and albeit on the inside; for it was the soul that wept. Good grief almighty - I knew what was in need - it was the world itself; the trees, the flowers, the sun and the sky, the stars themselves – objectivity - that they, IT, might become like this: and it is mine to give, through the love; through me... TO THEM! No rational mind could ever work this out. It has to be simply known and lived in; seen and loved. That is what it is to live, and to exist. NOW I know; and NOW I understand. The observer and the observed. It lives for me, and I live for it. And that is love; and that is life. And THAT is creation.

Normality slowly began to return. The 'music' gradually turned back into the normal sounds of the bees and the breeze. The inner lights of the emanation of being slowly dimmed back into the colours of normal matter and things. The 'hushed-ness' faded into normality, and the gates of paradise closed again. No doubts, no questions, no dichotomy, no unfinished song; the last amen had been sung and danced - ON EARTH. The last chord made whole and finalised - and this - is creation done; the finished product on earth. The synthesis of paradise and earth; the purpose and function of creation and being. And I was never the same child again, for the child had become a man. Homo Sapiens had moved on a step.

Somebody else walked out of the field that day; somebody very different; and the twenty year wait was over. Twenty years in the wilderness of the resolution of the paradise event. But to have waited ten million years would have been worth it. There is nothing one can say, except that it is now achieved; Consummatum Est ! And I now Understand.

*

My wife did not even know that anything had happened in that field during that hour or so; and I did not say a word. I was worn out, wrung out, drained, and mind-blown yet again; yet so very different from the last time when returning from the transcendent event twenty years earlier. Had I not have seen that transcendent paradise first, and twenty years ago, then I would never had understood this event at all. But now I did. Ah, such people (mystics or whatever stupid name they love to call them) should not speak too soon; for there is more than just the transcendent paradise. Live and learn. And now (then) yet another door had opened into another mode of being – and the road goes on to... to where, in time and space? I know not.

I read somewhere once that the young would have visions and that when old they would dream dreams. Strange, for all I can do now is to dream dreams of a better world for young minds to come into; for this one seems to be spiritually dead. I dream of a world wherein all incarnate minds could see and know these things for themselves during their lifetime; and to become what they can become; for then humankind would bring forth a world of their own volition and love; a world in which the dignity of man would be liberated. A world were Homo sapiens have become Homo Ensophicus.

A world in which there was no sadness when returning to this world from the transcendent realm; a world that was equal to it in form, as it is in essence. For then children could come here from there and enjoy life incarnate on earth – in a divine freedom - in freedom from the divine. For only here can we say 'I love you', and thence do something about it by our own intention, and passion. Life and creation is not for me, it is for me and it together; in one.

Maybe I dream of a world which will never exist, and yet could exist if allowed to. Maybe such a world will exist in the distant future; who knows. What I do know is that only human beings could make it so – with a little mysterious help. But in the final analysis it is Mankind's decision as to whether this planet will ever flower or not; become what it could become if it were sufficiently loved; for it needs loving, just as a child does.

What does it take to make human beings care for anything other than themselves? Some kind of miracle maybe? Well, reality is better than that; for it is real; and it exists to be known by all life forms. The potential of the implicate order, and its unfolding, does not determine events after volition has come on the scene – although it might poke a finger in occasionally to stir the pot up a bit. Therefore, as to what we do with the world, and our own lives, is down to us; and nothing else. But it is inevitable that we learn from experience; and we are changed by it. So, although the nature of reality plays dice by incorporating freedom into the cosmic equation, I have learned that those dice are loaded; and so it cheats; it never really lets go of us. Clever that. And the loaded weight is a phenomenon which we call love. Well, I guess I always did think of it as cosmological blackmail anyway. But it is good, and who would want to live without it. Rhetorical question.

It would seem to me that there must come a time, in one incarnate lifetime or another, when a soul must walk these paths for themselves. It is more to do with the evolution of the individual's soul than that of the existing temporal manifestation of that soul's incarnate mind as such; well, leastwise in the short time until we all arrive at the same understanding in consensus terms. It is plain enough that not all human beings on earth undergo such events during this lifetime; and yet they must do so eventually, for it is the evolution of the incarnate soul and mind itself. There is no evolution in paradise, but only in extension of it. We were not made FOR paradise (we were made IN IT); but we were made for freedom; in a temporal world - a world which we are given the freedom and power to make by way of our own desires and efforts. How incredible ! Yet it is known and even experienced to be so.

How strange and mysterious life is. It is as though the life-force which shapes our being is saying to us... "Here is the 'stuff' my love, make with it what you will"! Would that it could 'speak' a little louder, and a little more often; or would that they themselves would take the time off to listen with a keen ear and deep sensitivity to the more subtle frequencies and vibrations of creation. Truly would they then also say – let us make man in our transcendent image. And in so doing the world also changes.

In the meantime, and for the remainder of my time on this world – and when I get the time which is rare; I try to envisage a physical world like this wherein every life form here is cognisant of these things and living that life which I only knew for one hour. I do not think such things have ever even occurred to religionists at all; let alone priestcraft which drove them nuts in the first place; by ruining all this. But when I come to die from this world, it will be that which will be on my mind at the time – could it ever be so for an incarnate world. I would not mind not being there when it happened, just so long as it happened somewhere and sometime. For it is not I which I want fulfilled, it is the life force, my love, which I want fulfilled. For it is IT, not I, which is important. But it would be nice to know that it happened. Ah, desire eh; it never seems to end in this world – and just as well too. For we would never chase perfection if we did not desire its fulfilment in creation. Ah love, could thou and I conspire to mould creation a little closer to our hearts desire! Well, who knows. But let us work at it just in case it could happen. For what else is there to do in existence anyway. Whilst time lasts, let us make good use of it. Remember that we cannot do it if we stay at home and do nothing. Let the Christians have their thing, and eternal paradise, for the world would be better off without them here. But I would desire to stay here; and help get this place right. Maybe I will be back – who knows.

THE DARK SIDE

Dedication to Omar Khayyam

Would that I could sleep tonight
and ne'r awake again;
and shackled to my soul, could take
the harbinger of pain;
that catalytic virus now
which burrows like a screw,
entwines itself like poison
on what was pure as dew.
For if I did not love you,
then I would never care,
and never would I worry,
or your pain then have to share;
but it is done... I love you;
and the dark side I must know
until the temporal course is through;
when all the pain will go.
Why is it thus, that love must have
its dark side like the Moon,
or rust beneath a painted sheen
which shows itself so soon ?
Ah love! Could we conspire
to grasp this sorry scheme,
and mould it in a fashion more
conducive to our dream !

* * *

DICHOTOMY

Thus it is, the analogy,
that the 'Cave of shadows' is true;
but alas we never know it
until we see the other view
of light beyond the light we know,
and in temporal fields returned.
And whence comes such a time on Earth
when the inner light so true,
by each and every being
is prominently in view ?

But still I say, dear Omar,
and unto you my love,
me thinks it's not the time on Earth
where such truth fits like a glove
while the sacred Cow of profit
rings its hollow bell;
exploits through fear and violence,
and intimidates then of hell.

I understand that in due course
such things will come to be
when the seed of inner movement
engulfs temporality.
But the climate of the temporal mind,
me thinks is not yet ripe,
but wallows still in Somnus,
in a depth which is unripe.
The time is not yet ready
to reap the Golden Fleece:
return then, to your magic realm;
and rest... in Heavenly peace !

part two

Sometimes I've cursed the day I saw
beyond the temporal tree,
and the innocence of beauty
amid this worlds poverty.

Life could be so simple
if such things we never knew;
or observers of such wisdom
at least were not so few.

Where knowledge is but second hand
at best it makes one think;
but when you know; you can compare;
and that is pain... to drink.

You cannot be affected
by what you do not know;
but that which you have been in
which set the heart aglow
can never be forgotten,
negated or put down,
and that is why the mystics weep
when this world they look around.

Think not such knowledge is all fun
while on this world we dwell;
for if you care to sup of truth
then you must drink it well.

Knowledge which is second hand,
like an angelus that rings,
offers knowledge of the truth,
without the pain it brings.

part three

Enjoy your time among the trees
when next the gate swings in the breeze !
But times there are, which sometimes come,
tis easier said, my friend, than done.

Thus, I would cast such Wisdom
many fathoms deep;
that only those who long for truth
its knowledge would then reap.

But neither do I have to,
for it is already done,
by one that is much wiser,
and to which all things must come.

But knowledge which is second hand,
like an angelus that rings,
offers knowledge of the truth
where the child of Wisdom sings.

But to seek within religion
for the singer and the song
is much like opening vintage wine,
with the aid of a nuclear bomb.

And when at last your reason knows
no more then can be done,
and offers up its being.....

“When you need Me... I will come”!

* * *

SILENT NIGHT

A Song of Remembrance.

Acknowledgements
to Franz Gruber and Joseph Mohr.

Silent night, Holy night
all is calm, all is right;
rests the child of loves virgin light
in that heavenly womb so bright.
Rest there in heavenly peace,
Rest there in heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night,
gone the World, hid from sight
while the glory of loves sweet child
bathed in wisdom so tender, so mild,
reaping thy heavenly peace,
reaping thy heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night,
realm of love, Oh so right,
guide their spirit to thy side
so in truth we all may abide
singing of heavenly love,
singing of heavenly love.

part two

**Still the night! calm the night!
for the child of heavenly light
from the womb of eternal abound:
in remembrance of loves silent ground,
where thy true love is born,
where thy true love is born.**

**Silent night, Holy night,
all is calm, all is right,
where thy truth redeems my glow
spirit falls like snow upon snow
and rests there in heavenly peace,
rests there in heavenly peace.**

**Silent night, Holy night,
gone the world, hid from sight,
while the glory of loves sweet child
bathed in wisdom so tender and mild,
rests there... in heavenly peace.**

Rest there... in heavenly peace !

*** * ***

ENTELOS EPINIKE

There is one thing you ought to know
if one would advise you which way to go;
so heed a word, and mark it well,
lest your mind may fare unwell.

In order that you truly see
words of truth that come to thee,
distinguished from a word untrue
of things which are so close to you.

Remember that a one who knows
the restitution of repose,
and truly seen the wondrous thing;
their poetry will dance and sing.

So if there is no sparkle there;
but words of doom, and dark despair,
then let your mind not linger long;
for theirs is not the actual song.

Hence, be alert, where greed may dwell;
which brings a cloud, a hollow bell;
and thus a darkness long in time;
for theirs is not the actual rhyme.

* * *

Chapter 8

What is Truth.

When asked the question as to what is truth, then one should go on to ask the questioner as to what is the truth about what exactly, for everything has its set of truths relating to it. The set of truths which relate to the structure of our backbone are not the same set of truths which relate to spring sunshine, or as to where you really went on holiday last year. The truth is that which is so about something. To relate the truth is to state the facts as they directly correlate with the thing in question. What is the truth about the nature of reality and our own place within it? I would suggest one goes and finds them – for they are all there. True enough, we can only come to know that which we can get at. But that raises the question as to what can be got at and by what means. Has every religion that has ever existed all got it right? Have any of them? And who made these religions, and how much did they truly know about any of it? And how do you know?

If you find something which does not fit in with their belief then it is written off as an illusion. Buddhism (which was set up to destroy all the local tribal religions in those parts in those days) claims that there is no real self in the system; so if you come to find it (which they did not) then it must be an illusion. And so it goes. Unfortunately in life we come to find people who, for whatever reasons, deliberately lie about some things. If this lie happens to be about something which we know the facts of then the lie is seen for what it is, a lie. But, if the lie is about something which we do not know the facts of then we do not know it to be a lie.

Likewise, if an assertion is made about something (say by science for example) which is simply a mistake then likewise if we do not know the facts of that thing then we do not know that it is a mistake. Thus, we learn at an early age that human beings are capable of both telling lies and also making honest mistakes; hence we have to be wary, if not indeed even sceptical, about the things which we hear or read. Simple pragmatism and common sense. And I am the epitome of a pragmatist and sceptic; for some human beings force that attitude upon us alas. Would that it were otherwise.

Added to all this there is yet another very interesting psychological device – the avoidance of the truth. I guess we all do this on occasions. This of course is neither a lie nor is it an honest mistake, it is simply a case of shutting up and saying nothing; and which might come about for many different reasons – peace and quiet being high among them. But when it comes to things which we do know something about, and also feel it important to say them, then we human beings go down roads which the proverbial angels would fear to tread – given what this world is like as yet anyway.

My own major interests in life have been psychology, politics, philosophy, and of course that of mystical experience and the gnosis of our transcendent condition, and what it knows – but only after discovering it of course. Why are any of us interested and motivated by this or that? Who knows. I have never yet met anyone who could switch interest and motivation on and off like a light switch for themselves. It is much like these silly guru's who tell us that we must love everything and everybody – what a pack of nonsense it all is. How do you switch on love when and if it is not flowing through you. That would sure be a good trick. People would pay millions for it.

However, this book is about the mind and mystical experience, not the other things which have or still do interest me. So, one is often asked as to what is the truth of this phenomenon of the mystical gnosis and as to what it reveals. This question is reasonable enough, so we will take a look at it, but for the large part it misses the real point of mystical experience and the gnosis. Mystical transcendent experience certainly reveals things, indeed profound things, but most of its wallop is about the effect which it has, not what it reveals. For it changes the way we live in this world; and to say nothing of what it does to ones understanding of all things (gnosis). It is also evidently bound up with the evolutionary unfolding of the human mind and awareness.

In life there are some things which we can prove the truth of, but there are many other things which we cannot. However, this does not mean that they cannot be proved, for they can be and they are; but not by us; but only by life itself; by ones experience of it. But then some folk ask the question as to how real is experience. Well, this is really a silly question when they are lost for anything more sensible to say. The answer is that we never have anything other than experience – that is what you get when existing. We get nothing else. So, how real does experience need to get before we call it real? But some then go on to say 'Ah, but how does experience correlate with the nature of reality'? And one has to remind them that conscious experience IS our reality. Tis like the old question, 'Does the tree still exist in the yard when nobody is observing it'? Who knows and who cares; for we can never know what exists when there is nobody around to observe and experience anything. We would not even exist to ask the question, let alone care. Even the nature of reality could not prove to us as to what exists if we were not to exist to experience it. People do seem to tie themselves up in their own mental knots at times do they not. One of the potential problems with words I guess – especially when they invent words for things which do not exist.

But if we use words simply to point to the things we find in life, as opposed to things which we do not find, then they are not so much of a problem really. And until such time that we can all read each others minds (heaven forbid) then we are stuck with words for communication. So we had best make good and effective use of them – well to the best that we each can anyway; and all use the same word for the same thing. But as yet humanity still uses hundreds of different languages, which does not help a lot for real communication – especially in my case, for I have problems enough with just one. Moreover, it seems to be problematic enough trying to communicate with people that do use the same language for much of the time; and one often thinks that they must be living on another planet – or another dimension of existence. Try having a serious conversation with a die hard fundamentalist. One would communicate better with a door knob – leastwise you could open the door with it and get in.

However, the facts of mystical experience are that people have them (most spontaneously – some make claim to inducing some effects at times; but I know of none who have seemed to induce the big ones), and that people have had them ever since we first existed on earth (not all gnosis I hasten to add). Psychic experiences (of which there is a very wide range or variety) are far more common than mystical experiences. But in mystical experiences there are only two kinds – Introverted and Extroverted mystical experience. The former are inwards and transcendent, and the latter take place in the physical world. Then there is the deepest kind of Introverted Mystical experience which reveals what we call the gnosis – and which seems to be the most rare of all known mystical experiences. However, there are depths and degrees of both kinds. And they are well documented these days – and I know them to be facts personally; and so do many others. In saying ‘many’ then one has to point out that a tiny percentage of six billion people can amount to quite a few whilst also being a small percentage of the population. However, it does seem to be coming more common throughout the unfolding of time.

The next thing one is confronted with at times is when a certain kind of person claims that one is merely interpreting an experience. But in truth this is nonsense too. Of all the documented accounts which I have read regarding mystical experience it seems to me that such folk simply do what we all do – simply describe the experience which they underwent, what it revealed to them, and what effects it came to have on them – and of course they may or may not mention the implications of the things learned therein; as do I. So, one is not interpreting or altering anything – they are simply telling it as it was. How would one ‘interpret’ the experience of sitting under a tree on a nice sunny day? The damn thing does not need interpreting, for the experience is what the experience is; and it makes us feel whatever it is we feel about it; and we see what we are given to see. And then simply tell it as it was.

True enough, that depth mystical experience (gnosis) did also imply things within the experience itself – for we learn it, understand it, whilst there. One implication, for example, is that we are never terminated. However, we (the temporal rational mind) can never know that to be true can we, for we only live one life at a time. So, that kind of implication does not really interest me. You cannot know something is true other than from hindsight of the event. So, how could we experience that we were never ever switched off to the point of everlasting oblivion – or even that we were if we were for that matter? It just ain’t possible to know. Hence my saying elsewhere that we will never know and understand it all. Some of course might like to have a faith that they will never be switched off permanently; but faith does not interest me and never has – I do not need the stuff; for I take life as it comes. Moreover, one life is sure enough for me, and it was good. Anything else is not my call; and whatever will be will be; and I could not care less one way or the other.

However, in that transcendent state of being we do understand that we are never switched off permanently. Fine, that is the truth of what it reveals and implies about that bit of us there – but it is not my problem, nor my doing; so, I will take it as it comes – if it comes. I do not even know what is going to happen tomorrow on earth; let alone in aeons to come elsewhere. I try to cope with each day as it comes, and have a good restful sleep between times. So, when they say that he or she interprets this or that experience, I say nonsense, just tell it as it is; and which I do.

We sure do not have any control over whether we exist or not; but we sure do have control over as to how we act and conduct ourselves whilst we do exist – and that is worth keeping in mind, and it is that which is important to me. And keeping in mind also that we have to live with ourselves in the process; and I would rather live with somebody who is honest and has respect for their own integrity. It does not matter a damn what other people think of one – it is how you live with yourself and the cosmos of existence that matters. And that is the truth of that one too.

There is another great fallacy with regard to mystical or metaphysical experiences. It is sometimes assumed by some (heaven only knows why) that the people who undergo such things must be different in some way. But this too is utter nonsense. True, they probably will be afterwards to a degree, but certainly not before in so far as I can ascertain. Both myself and the others that I know of are all, what shall we say, standard human beings. Some of the nicest and most admirable people I have ever met have never encountered a mystical experience at all. Leastwise not in this lifetime anyway – let alone the gnosis event.

I am one of those types who judge people not by what they say, or by what they know or claim to know; but by what they do in this world, and the way in which they go about it; and actions certainly speak louder than mere words. True, I have never met a miserable or corrupt mystic as yet; but the same applies to millions of other folk. Mystics are not special, they have just undergone revealing experiences, and do with it what they can. It is just possible that those who become mystics/gnostics were going about life in such a way that somehow put them in the path of it – but I do not know for sure. It is also possible that they were, shall we say, born to become one in some way or another. But once again, I do not know. One could make many guesses to both of these points; but I am concerned only with knowledge of experience; and that is it; and there is no point or anything to be gained in guessing.

I suppose another irony is that it becomes clear from hindsight that more has been said and written about mysticism (just like as with the gnosis event in particular) by people who are not mystics/gnostics than has been said and written by people who are. That is but one of the reasons why I did eventually decide to talk of these things. For what do they know of the truth of it; it is all hearsay to them. Bookshelves are filled with books about mysticism (so called) which were not written by mystics – some of them academics and some of them mere charlatans; and they are so easy to spot. This is why for the last twenty or more years I have tried to encourage them to write their own stuff in their own words, and just as it was experienced. Many have. In the future I hope that millions will. That would sure cause a shake up of the existing paradigm – and give priestcraft (and psychology) something to try and conceal or claim did not really happen, or is totally unimportant, or brain damage – or sent by Beelzebub of course.

This of course does not mean it is wrong or unwise in anyway for academics and scholars to write about this gnosis event or mystical experiences in general whilst having no experience of it. Indeed, some make a good job of it, and with much research which is of great interest even to the mystics and gnostics themselves. But what is unwise is for a reader to take it to be some kind of first hand affirmation of such things. And this of course applies to any field or avenue of academic research. I have never yet read an academic book on mysticism by an academic claiming to know

these things for themselves; and that is just fine. What is dangerous are those who write giving the impression that they do know this or that for themselves when in fact they do not – and one meets many of them alas. But they do not seem to realise that others can see through them like a pane of glass. But a newcomer to these things would not be able to see through them; and at worst take the information as genuine human experience – and on their first hand experience of it at that. So, what is the truth of it as they see (hear or read) it? So, what is true about mystical experience and the gnosis itself? What is true about any experience? It is true that we have it and it is true that we grow by way of it. It is all true experience, and experience is all we ever have, anywhere. What is true of the effects of mystical experience? Ask the mystics, and I speak and write only for myself, and simply mention at times what others have told me personally.

What is true of the implications of mystical experience? Wait and see, for that is the only way to know. I do not know any more than the next man, until things happen. We all know today, most of us can remember yesterday reasonably well; but none of us know tomorrow – not even the mystics and psychics. But, today is extant, yesterday is gone, and tomorrow has not yet been issued forth from whence it comes. And that is it as far as we are concerned. And sufficient unto each day are the problems thereof. But, as it has wisely been said before, today is the beginning of the rest of your life, and you can make decisions here and now; and change things for the better – or for the worse; and that is up to you. But it is wise to keep in mind that whatever you do now, this very moment, will never be undone; for what has been done can never be undone – and it is you, and sometimes others, that have to live with it. And that too is true. Why is so much responsibility inflicted upon man? Because we can cope with it; and things need to be done in this neck of creation. We are not here just to watch the clouds roll by.

Another aspect with truth is that of colouration and or exaggeration of a truth about the facts of something. I guess we are all prone on occasions to exaggeration at times, and simply to press home a point. However, when it comes to the events which I talk about herein then one could not exaggerate them, for words cannot even attain to the quality of these things as they are anyway, let alone add to them (and all mystics agree on that too). So that is both out of the question, and unnecessary even if it were possible. Then we come to the fun and games bit when some truth is, for whatever reasons, disguised as fiction. Maybe the writer does not have the courage to come right out with it, or maybe they have other reasons.

Then of course, and which happens a lot, we get fiction disguised as fact; and which is but another lie – as are most things in most religions and cults. But maybe the most difficult thing to contend with and get ones head around when it comes to truth are the cases where something contains bits of truth, some lies, and some symbolism. And therein is the real detective job. And this of course seems to apply to and cover every aspect of human writing and communication – so called history being a very good example. So, what is truth? Truth is a statement made about something which correlates with the facts of that thing or event. And every phenomenon which exists contains its set of truths insofar as it IS what it IS, and it ain't what it is not. But even that can only be expressed as true insofar as experience can experience anything of it. And what exact effect does observation have (if any) on a thing which is being observed?

We can never know, for we cannot experience it when it is not being observed. So, for all intent and purpose it does not matter a damn what it is, or what it is like, when not being observed. We will never know, and it is irrelevant to us. A good question is... Is it always more or less the same when we DO experience it? Well, this gnosis event certainly is by all accounts. But you can only know that from hindsight of it too.

Then we come to what is probably the last 'problem' on this topic of what is real within an experience; and that is the question of what kind of experience is actually symbolic of something else, and those which are not symbolic at all. First and foremost our normal daily life conscious experience is not symbolic of anything – it is the thing in action itself. However, from hindsight one can clearly see that nearly all the events which go under the heading of Near Death Experiences (just one thing for an example) are indeed symbolic. These events take place just below the level of normal daily consciousness – either IN the subconscious mind itself and some it seems which are projected up from the subconscious mind into daily consciousness (an extended Arkon Image Emanation, as I call them). However, (and I go into this elsewhere, so I will only touch upon it here) if a person has only ever had a near death experience as their only 'extra-ordinary' experience then it seems that some of them at least take what they see to be a real extant thing – like a city of light for example – or a nice field of flowers is taken to be paradise and the after life, etc. This is oh so common. And if you bother to take the time and sit and read a hundred or more documented cases of NDE's you will soon see the truth of it and that there are never two the same – albeit that they do contain some aspects of the event which are of course the same.

So, what is 'real' about these kind of conscious experiences? First and foremost it is true that they are real genuine conscious experiences – and it is true that they have the effect which they have on this or that person. It is also true that by and large they have much the same effect on most people that have them. And the effect is invariably good and worthwhile – hence a terrific experience. But what is true of what they actually saw? From hindsight I would answer it this way – they were absolutely genuine symbolic experiences from the shallower depths of the psyche which were symbolic of the reality at the deeper aspects and layers of the psyche and the vortex of our emanation. But you can only know that from hindsight of what they are symbolising. You cannot simply guess that they are symbolic of something deeper; for guessing is not knowing.

They were representations that made them feel safe and secure in a way that their rational mind would grasp this image and come to understand it. And true enough, those cities of light and or fertile green pastures truly do, in their way, symbolise that level of being which we call paradise, home, or the ground of being – and it takes any fear they may have had away from them – in most cases anyway. In short the experience truly works for what for what it happens for. Nothing is for nothing. But, that experience is not the thing which it was symbolising. And that is a fact. But it is a fact which they do not know at that point. Some of course are smart enough to realise that it was merely symbolising something, but they knew not what exactly. And that applies especially to those who have had two or three or more near death experiences; and each one being different – as some indeed do.

Hence we have to grapple seriously with the symbolic and those that are the thing itself and point to nothing else. Indeed, even a good percentage of night time dreams are seen to be symbolic of something in our life – albeit not all of them. And even if some of them are merely symbolic of the fact that you have not digested your food properly before going to sleep.

*

Throughout these further pages I will go into many of these things in greater depth, or perhaps I should say that I already have done so years ago; for most of this book was written years ago. Thus, if I seem to repeat myself on occasions it is due to this; and most of this particular volume is extracted from other books over the years and also from articles and even emails – thousands of them. Maybe they made a mistake when they asked me to talk and write about all this, for I also knew damn well that if ever I did start then I would never stop; for there is so much to say – and it is not all about mysticism and gnosis. For it is people that interest me most, and human society and politics. Why? Who knows; but probably because I have to live here with them for a while. Plus the fact that on the surface everybody is different. Interesting is it not. When I used to teach people I often heard it said that when you have taught one you have taught the lot – but nothing could be further from the truth; for they are all different. Fun, is it not.

I remember talking to a Lady once and she said to me, ‘I want this mystical experience and I want it now’ ! How does one reply to that? I simply said tough luck, there are many things which we all want, but we sure do not get them; leastwise just when we want them. She was a good and kind Lady, so I told her that she did not need it anyway, and to simply get on with her life and make the most of it – for no more was needed anyway. She saw the truth of that, and went away happy, and to continue to lead a good useful life. What more could anybody really want or need. And nobody can give another person mystical experience – and who would be brave or wise enough to even if they could? Not me. I have known of folk (not known them personally) who have killed themselves after having an experience which has frightened the living daylights out of them. It is interesting to note however that they were people who were playing at inducing experiences – interesting! The mind is not for messing with, and only a fool would do it.

Over the last few years eight people alone have told me that reading my stuff has prevented them from further attempts at suicide and gave them a reason to live. Well, I suppose that is something positive at least, but wow; the power of the word can be frightening at times. And hence we must stick only with what we know to be so; for words can deeply effect people in many ways. Moreover, when we do not know something then it is the easiest thing in the world simply to say ‘I do not know’; and leave it at that. And that too is honest, and appreciated. And that I also know. It is also strange but after all those years of communication I did not learn anything from anyone that I did not already know about people. At best it simply confirmed things thousands of times over. But I did learn that there are a lot of good people out there, which is good; and also that there are a lot of lonely people out there too, which is both sad and unnecessary.

We all know well enough that there exists a few rank cretins and abject morons, and some very dangerous people; but they are in a small minority. As for the rest it is simply a matter of getting to know them, and to tread lightly on their souls, and to help where one can if help is needed, or where it is not then simply to have a good laugh and share a few jokes and stories, and like ships that pass in the night, simply move on. One should never mess with somebody's mind and their life. And I never did like bullies – it brings the Hawk out in me. Tis strange as to how peace lovers can become hawks – but that is also true at times. Oh yes, another thing which mysticism reveals is that not only are we all the same thing at root but also that everyone is perfect at root. And would anyone like to argue with that one prior to knowing it? And if so then on what grounds? Do not judge by what you see on the surface of people; because life is hard, and scary at times, and we are not all at the same place at the same time - on the surface at least; and we do not all react the same way to this or that event, for we are not robots.

What is the truth of our problems here on earth they ask. We have many problems to solve here obviously, but most of them are psychologically based. Perhaps the most pressing problem on earth at this point in time is the exponential rate of population growth. People who had serious genetic malfunctions used to die, probably before breeding; but now we can keep many of them alive, so those malfunctions remain and grow. When it comes to poverty it is said that a child dies every three seconds. If the will to feed them was there then we might be able to keep them all alive, and maybe not. But if nobody died other than through old age for fifty years, would we and the world be able to feed them all then too – and keep on feeding them? Obviously not. Sentimentality will not feed fifty billion people on earth. The answer is not pumping food into peoples mouths as charity but rather acquiring the means that they can feed themselves. So, what more could be expected where poverty already exists – kids will die? Civilisation is not an accident, and it has to be worked for and maintained. Civilisation offers charity; but the world cannot live on it.

On occasions people have asked me as to why my interest in politics, for mystics are supposed to be above such mere mundane things (so they say – and 'mystic' is their name for me anyway, not mine). Well, once again this is utter nonsense. Politics is all about how people live work and play together on earth, and what could be more important than that here. Moreover, I was interested in politics and psychology at the age of three, and long before I knew that mystical experience even existed to be known. And keep in mind that everybody has this gnosis within them. Some do not know it; some feel it but do not know it – and some (gnostics) become consciously aware of it – that is all. It is there for the using of. Thus it is that when talking about truth I can only vouchsafe (as can any of us) for Experiential Truth, (and only from hindsight of it at that) and that which exists for consciousness to become conscious of, or leastwise at this level of being anyway. But as to what truth may exist beyond the grasp of consciousness then the answer is easy..... What is truth? Ah, tis a divine and eternal mystery to be sure; and wondrous to behold – take another look at that tree, that flower, and that sunset. Could you do it? Yet they are there to be experienced. Chew the bones out of that.

* * *

Chapter 9

A Model of Reality.

In some chapters I introduce a few terms which I did not go on to try and explain there, like for example the Double Vortex of Emanation, Cosmic Amnesia, and the central core of the stream of consciousness, Arkon Image Emanations, etc. So I will endeavour to do that here; but only very briefly for I have never got around to writing more than a dozen chapters of what I call The Double Vortex Theory – for theories are ten a penny and bore me anyway, I prefer to stick with what I know as facts of experience. Maybe one day I will finish it, but I doubt it. However, in order to link concepts and ideas as they relate to a structure, even an intangible structure such as the mind/psyche, it naturally helps to create a model or map in the minds eye simply in order to think about it at all, and to see some kind of energy structure in a way, a picture in the minds eye, of understanding to conceptualise it.

Any theory or hypothesis must take all known phenomenon into the overall conceptual understanding of things. To leave out anything which is known in an overall understanding, map or model, is a negation of reality itself; and a puzzle will not be completed where pieces are dumped in the trash can simply for the convenience of not having to explain them. Some Scientists do that; and they call it science. Well, I do not. In passing I would mention that scientists and mystics are really very much alike. They are both cosmic detectives. But the latter are observing stuff which the former cannot get at with their tools. And the only tools that can really study the mind and consciousness are the mind and consciousness themselves.

Anything which exists, irrespective of what or where, must have its own energy structure and system of dynamics and its place and relevance in the whole. Such questions as to the difference between psychic and mystical experiences for example beg such questions as to how do they relate to each other and the whole, and what is going on; and where. A transcendent aspect to our being is a fact of experiential life, so how then is it structured and where is it? Is it in the physical brain or elsewhere? And what indeed is the physical brain made of? What is anything and everything made of in the final root analysis? And why does it exist at all? We can only ever work on things which we come to find (by whatever method) and evidence of this or that causation and effects. Guesses are neither science nor in the tool kit of genuine and sincere mystics or gnostics.

People with a real love and awe of life and existence seek a truth irrespective of what it turns out to be and irrespective as to whether they are going to like it or not. Emotions are a wonderful thing, and life would be an utter farce and irrelevant entity without them; for love, awe and wonder are emotions. But one should never ever

involve emotions when searching for the truth of this or that thing – even the truth of emotion itself. We all know well enough how the fundamentalist types (and their boss - priestcraft) like to invent a causation of all things in their own likeness – stupid.

This of course is a model which presumably could never be substantiated as either being right or wrong in terms of empirical observation, for we will never be able to take a picture of it, or stick a knife into it to carve it up for analysis, or stand objective to it. But it certainly helps when thinking, talking, and listening to events of this nature and correlating documented accounts of different types of experience. The proof will only be known in YOUR own experience of these things on the inner personal level in due course. In the meantime it is easy to laugh at anything which one has not encountered as yet (done it myself so I know) and think of it as all utter rubbish and hogwash. The best stance is simply to assert that one has no idea of this or that thing as yet; and one will wait and see. In the meantime it is probably wise to doubt it and question it – and just leave yourself open as to what might, or might not, come. And keep in mind that one can never truly say that this or that thing does not exist to be experienced – for you cannot affirm a negative. One cannot experience the non existence of something. One could logically deduce that something does not exist – but one cannot know it. For you cannot come to know (by experience) a negative.

We know very well that some types of experience are common, some less so, and some very rare. We come to learn that some experiences and visions are symbolic of something else, while others are not symbolic. How could an outside hallucination of a drunk correlate with a near death experience vision for example. These things happen, so there must be answers, and there must be a system of dynamics which cause them to happen. Moreover, and as I have gone to pains to point out, these experiences effect the person and their life; and eventually even the way they come to see and hear the physical world with their five external senses; so how, where, why?

Such a model cannot be useful in the sense that a road map is, but it can and does help when thinking about these events and discussing ones own ideas and understanding regard to them. My own understanding of this structure is one I have come to call the *Double Vortex Theory*; as mentioned. It is based on my own and other peoples experiences which I have discussed and or simply read about over the last twenty years or so. I have been asked to write this but I never really wanted to; because (a) it would take too long and (b) living our life is more important than writing out such dry stuff as a road map. So, I did start to write it (on request) and did about eight chapters before I got very bored indeed. I may finish it one day (if I get really bored) and I may not. So, I mention this simply to say that the little of it which I offer and make mention of in this book is but a mere fraction of it. It would take too long to write and folk would get bored to death reading it all – and that is assuming that they are still here with me now even.

Daily observation gives us the impression that we are a free floating object in space and time. That is to say a hoop could be passed over us to demonstrate that we are not connected to any other physical object on earth, or elsewhere. This model would first and foremost give a very misleading impression when saying that our inner depths are connected to a transcendent level of reality, and that all things are ultimately connected to each other via the roots; and which they are directly experienced to be; and by many people in the past and many people existing today. The implication

would be that the transcendent realm of being, and other such mystical and psychic events, are conscious events inside our skull and would thence disintegrate with the physical body. But this is certainly not the case as it is experienced to be. Given that such events are consistent, albeit rare, then how is it done and where is the structure? Many like the cop-out of answering questions by simply asserting that Zigzag, or some such, did it all. Well, OK, fine, but how did Zigzag do it then, and why?

We obviously know far more about the physical nature of the universe than did people of two, three, and four thousand years ago – including the mystics and gnostics of those times. And consequently our conceptual understanding, language and descriptions will differ on that score at least, and even though the experiences are the same and have the same effects. Religions give the impression that whatever it is they believe in is objective, detached, and somewhere outward and seemingly upward beyond the sky, a ‘higher’ reality; heaven only knows where, and to which we are not directly connected. Whereas I am saying the complete opposite - that the transcendent realm is inward and downward within all things extant. But *within* (as has been said before) is not what it seems to be on face value; hence better to say that the transcendent level of being is inwards, but not ‘in us’. ‘IN US’ makes it sound like we are some kind of insular jam jar which things are locked up in and isolated (other than by a window) from anything else. This is most certainly not the case however. It also implies that there is some kind of vacuum of nothing in between all the jam jars of self containment – and which is not so.

One could also ask as to where is the location or point of the big bang (big flow or big gusher of the physical universe) relative to where the physical universe is now. Or where is the centre of the Cosmos (everything). It seems to me that the structure of the mind is not so very different from the structure of the physical universe itself. Moreover, if a principle of dynamics works, then why should not the nature of things make use of it elsewhere, and indeed all things? So how do we go about looking at this in a way that makes some sense and fits in with all known conscious experiences? We are obviously not connected to any other object in the perceived physical universe, and yet all mystics agree that everything is connected to everything else. How come? Inwards.

How could there exist instantaneous action at a distance when nothing (assuming that is correct) can travel in space faster than the speed of light? And light is sure not instantaneous, albeit quite fast. Why are there more types of psychic experience than mystical experiences? How could it be said that an object occupies a point in space whilst at the same time saying that the object moves through space? Why does there exist less and less to be experienced as consciousness travels down this so called inner tunnel? Why is the final level of being (paradise or the ground of being) the same experience for everyone who encounters it? How does one account for the infinite accounts of ‘coincidences’ or synchronicities which directly (or indirectly) have a real tangible affect on our daily lives, and eventually comprehension and becoming (and some of which are called psychic experiences)?

The Double Vortex Theory (in full) at least answers these questions in large measure and gives a sensible explanation without creating a paradox or requiring gap-fillers. The irony at this point in time is that science would both understand and think along these lines more readily than religions would.

Actually the model is very simple really. Moreover, it is nothing like as way out as the scientific notion that worm-holes could connect many different universes together. We have no scrap of evidence to justify a theory that many parallel universes even exist at all; it is pure imaginative speculation, and one that would require the ultimate in cosmic overkill to get a job done. But the things of which I and many others talk are experienced every day, and have been since mankind first existed here, and hence require an explanation. Such things may well be thought of by some as a miracle, but if so then how are such miracles of creation done, and how do they all fit together and work? Nothing happens that cannot happen within the dynamics of reality as it is in its fullness of being. And neither does this imply that everything which could happen does happen.

It is best to begin the analogy with a house brick or a lump of physical rock. One can also pass a hoop over a house brick if thrown into the air, so that too is obviously not connected to anything in the perceived universe either. So how is the house brick connected to the big bang, or its own ground of being? The answer is obviously inwards and down through the stuff which gives it existence up at this level. There is nothing in this universe which contains its own causation or exists independent of the structure which brings forth its emanation. Everything is a product of a lower, deeper, level of reality. Call them dimensions or inner levels of structural reality if you will. Moreover, if we took away all the structure which brings forth a house brick, then the brick would not exist. (purgation and annihilation for the physical house brick).

By the same token if there were no deeper and transcendent realm of the mind - the ground of our conscious being - then the top-side daily consciousness (and the personality) would not exist either. We can never ever be disconnected from our root causation no more so than a physical lump of matter could be. Now, if we could travel down the inside of the stuff (vortex) of the house brick we would eventually go back to its origin; but there would of course be no constructed house brick there. Thus there is an interdimensional energy in a vortex of levels of reality within it and deeper below the surface of its top-side emanation. At the top of that emanation we observe the finished product, the incarnate or universal form, or formation; viz. the house brick.

Go down the inside of our own psychical brain, for example, and one comes to cells, then molecules, then atoms, then atomic particles; for the brain is made of matter as is the physical universe. Or perhaps best to simply say it is made of the same stuff. However, the physical brain and the mind are not the same thing, and not the same identical structure. So the brain mediates stuff which is of a different order to the physical brain itself – mindful existence, conscious experience and awareness of things. And to say nothing of feelings, likes, dislikes, ideas, concepts, love, beauty and all the rest of it which actually come to change the physical world itself. And it is all the rest of it which not only makes life but also makes life worthwhile living. A human life can hardly be said to be a physical life, but rather a mental one. But it needs the physics to operate in if one is operating in a physical world – obviously. It has to be made of the same stuff as its environment – or else it could not exist in an among it. It could not even know it or experience it without being made of the same level of emanation as that which it observes.

From our daily perspective of an objective point of reference, mindful existence takes place within the brain however. And if we blow a hole in this brain then you and I do not exist in this world any longer. And therein lies the real problem and dichotomy between materialists and those (by any other name) who claim that there is more. Well, I too state that there is more; but in a far different way than is believed to be the case by religionists and many metaphysicians. For the large part of course their views are not based upon personal experience but simply upon beliefs in antiquated myths and religions. Or in the case of science simply by what they find in the physical levels of existence. But even these folk seem to accept the existing model of the human form and formation as science tells them it is. But, I am saying that the existing model is wrong. The major existing paradigm states that the brain creates our conscious being, and consciousness itself. But I claim that they are wrong. Hence, I must be wrong; but never mind eh; for the consensus once claimed that the earth was flat too. Well, we will see will we not; for there is much learning and understanding to be done as yet. Those who assume that they know it all, know nothing; and assumption is not a good travelling companion. Oh but it is 'obvious' they say. Well, that which is obvious to some is not obvious to all, and the obvious is not always what it seems. And that fact is not so obvious to some it seems.

What I am saying is that mind and matter are two different things at this earthly level of existence, or two manifestations of one thing (nothing new it that however); but rather that the two vortices are entwined within one vortex of emanation – hence a double vortex of emanation. But they are only two things in that they are branch lines of emanations of one thing – pure primordial energy. We know well enough that in this world we cannot play golf with an idea; one needs a little hard ball I am told. Now the question being is as to which vortex runs deeper into the nature of existence (creation), cognition (being), or the hard stuff of material energies which construct the physical universe? Does it really matter as to which comes first? Well, not to me it does not; so this aspect is purely academic as far as I am concerned; but it does matter when it comes to our understanding the nature of reality and as to why we exist in it at all.

Does material energy (so called) come first and then brings forth beings and consciousness: or does mind stuff come first and brings forth the other stuff; or does something else bring forth both of them independently at root, and thence merges the two in some way?

Some claim to believe that only the mind exists (idealism) and that all else is some kind of mental construct or even an illusion. But if that were the case then there would exist no such thing as 'otherness' and objectivity, for everything (including you) would be a product of my own mind. Well, I sure am not taking responsibility for that lot; and the physical universe which we all share here. Tis not my project, I did not create it. I am only a small part of it not its causation. And neither is anybody else. Unfortunately or otherwise we can only ever know anything by way of conscious existence. So, consciousness is all we have to go by when it comes to anything at all; including all existence; and even science itself – hence what exists to be consciously experienced and lived in and known by virtue of it? THAT is the question.

So, either the phenomenon of conscious experience has some relevance in the nature of reality or it is simply providing us with a lifetime of irrelevant junk conscious experiences which have no bearing on the nature of reality at all. However, by and large we all experience the nature of reality (in daily conscious terms) to be much the same thing. So, either we are all experiencing something which does exist in some way and yet is real enough in existential terms, or we are all being downloaded the identical junk by forces which we could never ever know or contact anyway. So, is life and conscious experience relevant to the overall nature of reality itself or is it all mere meaningless and irrelevant junk? And for those who like to claim that you can only know the real truth of things when you are dead seem to overlook that even then one could be downloaded by another dose of different but irrelevant junk. And for what purpose if that were the case? And what exactly does being dead mean?

However, I claim that life experience is not irrelevant junk, and I also claim that we need to understand it whilst here, alive, on this world, now. Being a rank pragmatist with rapid brain disorder my view is that we have got life and conscious existence no matter what it is, and no matter where it comes from and how. And given that we have got this stuff (whatever it really is) then it is pragmatic and useful to study it as much as we can; and endeavour to make the most of it whilst it lasts. But on studying it and thinking about it as best as I could (and not to mention experiencing it) then I found that it becomes weirder and weirder and deeper and deeper, and more and more mysterious the deeper one goes down into it. And in so far as I have seen to date then it most certainly does not correlate with the existing views and paradigms of social culture and understanding – either scientific (as yet) or the state religions of socio-political priesthood.

If we go down the inside of the bulk of that structure of the physical brain one comes to a trinity of quarks. Quite a coincidence indeed; for one actually consciously experiences a trinity and moves through it. We then find a dimension of a trinity; three kinds of reality – two up one down, or the other way around depending on whether you popped down inside a proton or a neutron. Eventually one would come to the ground of its existence where there is only one thing – the ground of the house brick and all physical matter/energy. The mind (cognitive energy) is obviously different and far more complex in its structure or emanation than mere unconscious matter however; for it contains cognition; awareness; being. However, all creation is seen to be wide at the top of the vortex of emanation and narrow at the bottom; like a funnel, hence a vortex of emanation, and yet still very much connected to its original ground.

In the case of mind it is the ground of conscious being; or primordial mind. If it were possible to see and experience all those levels then it becomes clear that there is more to see (variety of forms) on the surface of the earth than there would be at the level of quarks for example.

Thus the further that consciousness seeps back down the inner vortex of the mind itself (not the brain) then the further one goes down into creation itself, and the less and less there is to experience at that level. Just as with material energy. This is why the ground of being is a oneness, everything there is the same stuff and in the same level of reality. There is only one thing to see there, and we all see it identically, for that is what primordial consciousness experiences at that initial level of cognitive

being. However, come back very close to the top of our own vortex (the immediate subconscious levels of the mind) and there is so much that one can see, and a whole variety of types of experience therein; psychic experiences, for the most part, are at and near to the top of it and predominantly in the outer of the two vortices; not the inner one. Thus, when people have a near death experience, or if they indeed go all the way, their consciousness travels back down the proverbial river Styx; the inner darkness of their own personal structure.

But the mind or psyche is not a house brick; and moreover, there is the fact that the psyche itself also generates experiences within those levels. That is to say symbolic images for the conscious being to see, and intuitively understand therein for an effect. It is a bit like one part of the structure in dialogue with another part. Or the vital or essential part of our being in communication with the incarnate or temporal level of the top-side mind. It is so plainly obvious from hindsight that many who assume they have been in direct contact with their creative entity itself at that level have simply been in contact with their own inner levels of structural reality. The 'soul' being a specific layer, dimension, within the lining/wall of the vortex of our emanation itself; and whilst the 'spirit' or essential vital part of our being is that which it is all based upon in the ground of being – our real Self; the spark of the life force; and way beyond the level of the everyday top-side personality.

In normal daily reality our outer sensory data is very restricted, and within narrow band widths of frequencies. Imagine what it would be like if they were to change around. Suppose we heard that which we normally see; touched that which we normally smell; saw things that we normally heard, so on and so forth. The physical universe would be something else again to perception. And not as good I would imagine. Personally I like it as it is; so no problem. Imagine if we could actually see every energy and structure in creation and all the angles and dimension of therein. I guess it would look pretty rough and boring. Probably something like a ten dimensional spiders web. Or more probably just a horrible mess like a vast ball of meaningless string.

I obviously use the terms universe and cosmos to mean two different things. Many use them synonymously. I use the term physical universe in the same way that physics does. But I use the term cosmos, or cosmos of creation to include everything which exists anywhere, not just physical objects and energies thereof, but also the sum of all vortices and inner structural levels of reality. Just as a human body and top side consciousness are the surface of our own individual vortex of emanation so too do we have our inner vortex of emanation.

Also of course this perceived universe is the surface of all such vortices. In a strange kind of way there is no such thing as 'the' universe as such, other than the sum of the vortices surfaces which comprise it. We see a vortex of energy end on – like a flat plate. But the physical eyes cannot see into it and down through the structures. Nor can we send an inner-space probe down there. But it is still there nonetheless. Thus we are not 'in' the universe, like being in a jam jar, but we are a part of it. When our consciousness seeps down inside its own vortex of emanation, then consciousness is not 'in' the universe at all; it is elsewhere, bellow it; but still of course in the cosmos of creation (all that exists).

Naturally if we are still actually alive on earth at that time then our body is still a part of the universe whilst consciousness is elsewhere; indeed, even as it is during dreaming. One does not have to be dead in order to dream – but you do have to be dead to the world (unconscious of it). The implication and experience is that one does not have to be dead to experience the level known as death beyond annihilation and the dimension to which the dead seemingly go – where all individual life starts. Hence I and some others simply call it the Mystic Death and Resurrection, and the gnosis gained therein – for we come back into the same life where we left off. Dead means that the being and its life force is no longer here on earth when I use that term. Moreover, there is no way that you can manipulate the human body during transcendent mystical experience. Indeed, it gets to the point where you did not even know that you ever had one at all. However, extroverted mystical experience is very different indeed, and it is nothing like Introverted mystical experience.

At death (the one where you do not come back again) the physical body is no longer functional or animated by the life force, so it therefore disintegrates; and consciousness cannot get back up a vortex which does not exist any longer. However, if you die whilst still alive (Introverted mystical experience, and the mystic death) then the vortex of energy is just fine; so we can come back up it again. From the beginning of our time on earth the genuine mystics have said that in order to know this world, and oneself, you first have to leave the world behind; and I personally vouchsafe that assertion; it is a fact of experience. And those mystics were absolutely correct in experiential terms; spot on. They went down their own plug-hole – vortex of emanation; as have many during their lifetime here. They journeyed back home to the ground of the life force within them; the womb of Eternity; Paradise or Elysium, or whatever name you would like to hang on it.

Not surprising then that those who undergo near death, or in fact temporary death even, immediately begin to experience the initial events of mystical transcendence; for they are one and the same thing: one is for real and the other for... well, a project of transcendence it seems; so that we can know it whilst alive on earth. The question arises as to why most people under anaesthetic have no experience during that time. I do not know the answer to that one; but I would imagine that it is akin to the dreamless sleep effect. Consciousness certainly does not seep down this vortex during either dreams or dreamless sleep. Consciousness can obviously be switched off without it actual moving into another mode of being or level of reality.

If death were as is envisaged by the oblivion belief, then that would be the same as dreamless sleep – but much longer, forever. No particular problem with that scenario as far as I would be concerned – in fact it might even be preferable if one is totally fed up with other beings. Non existence means no problems, no worries, and no rent to pay; and nothing to try to come to understand and get right. Oblivion would simply be a permanent unconscious rest; as opposed to the conscious experience of eternal repose in the transcendent mode of being. Nothing wrong with either as I see it. But one could never attain to the knowledge of Self in oblivion of that Self. However, that is a very simplified version of the actual vortex of emanation. In reality it is far more complex than that.

The term I use is the Double Vortex of Emanation. This means that there is one vortex within the other. Permeating right down the centre of these two vortices, there is a kind of *hole* for want of a better word (the so called tunnel), as in the vortex when you pull the bath plug out and the water goes down the plug hole.

Imagine now then that we have two ice-cream shaped cones. Put one inside the other. Fill the inner vortex (ice-cream cone) with sand and then pass a drinking straw down through the centre of the sand (with no sand in the straw). Now cut off the bottom of the two ice-cream cones enabling the straw (and whatever travels in it) to pop out of that structure altogether – into a different reality - the paradise of the transcendent realm. Pure unadulterated primordial consciousness. Or just think of a black hole in the mind if it helps more. Thence the mind/psyche is seen to be a kind of wormhole itself – back down to its origin. Much like a lift-shaft in a building taking the passenger (and conscious experience) to the basement of that building, and from whence it originally came up. Envisage however, a gap between the bottom of our structural vortex and that of the transcendent realm itself.

We now have a structure which from the outside would look a bit like an exclamation mark ! Except that the top of the line is far wider than the bottom; like an inverted pyramid. Now, the gap which exists between the ice cream cones and that of the transcendent realm is something which we can never ever know anything about. Why? Because it is death in the existential sense; or that is to say the oblivion of conscious existence; and which I guess is the same thing. Well, that is to say that consciousness is switched off whilst traversing that gap at least. If we are no longer conscious then that is tantamount to being dead as far as we are concerned. Moreover, I do not think we would want to actually experience whatever it is that happens when the spirit or essential vital part is stripped from the vortex of the psyche at that mysterious annihilation and resurrection event. What I saw and went through was more than enough thank you very much. Thus it is that the mind vortex is directly experienced to be a doorway to eternity.

Oh, I would just interject at this point that we all know well enough that the Pope holds Saint Peters keys to the doorway of Paradise – damn, he must have been drunk or having a kip when I slipped in without him noticing and without his permission – I will make amends later however. But just think, if we got rid of him then every sod could get in; and throw the gates wide open – like reality does. But sssshhhh, do not tell them for you might wake them up. There certainly comes a point at the bottom of the vortex where we are switched off, and then... nothing, no experience at all. Then we are switched on again – in Paradise. Thus, consciousness was experienced to have been annihilated and thence resurrected again. Resurrected back into the transcendent realm from whence it originally came and has its permanent existence. We (being) is/are so very different in that transcendent mode of conscious existence that one would never believe it until one knew it for oneself; and one could most definitely not even imagine it. And of course, when you know it, and especially whilst still there, then you do not have to believe it, for you ARE IT.

If you like the analogy of circles then think of an X being marked on the circumference of a circle (the circle of life). Let us call the X home or paradise. On moving out of the X one travels around the circle clockwise in time until one gets to the X again – hence the beginning is also the end. But in fact it is up and down again.

Many ask as to how 'real' does it seem to be at the time. In a manner of speaking it is even more real than this world is; for this world and the whole universe changes every second, whereas that realm never changes; for there are no changing events therein – other than our popping in and out of it. But that does not comprise a change regard the place, dimension itself. So, whereas the world and universe are transitory, that realm is experienced and some how known to be eternal; and we are all connected to it. It is our home, our ground, it is the Virgin Womb of Eternity and Primordial Consciousness. It is not a woman, it is not a man, it is not a being; it is a place, a dimension, a level of conscious reality. But it is a very mysterious, profound and wonderful place to be sure. One cannot get fed-up or bored there, and even though from hindsight there is not really much going on there at all – other than in the knowing and the being there. It truly is like a celestial wedding night – if you grasp the analogy; it is a love swoon between the first thing issued forth (us) and.... Ah, that is the mystery which can be known but not put into words, for it is no created thing. One can only really say the essence of the raw and primordial life force. And man, it is a passion; the passion for TO BE. Tis mysterious, hence Mysticism – the REAL and BEST name for it. We MUST give that word back its real meaning; and not use it for all the other junk which now goes under that heading. Mysticism it ever was, is now, and will ever be; and our knowledge and experience of it is the divine gnosis. And so it IS, and ever was and ever will be. And let any religionist try to tell me otherwise – let them wait and find out; for they too will know.

Consciousness then, and whatever that is made of, travels down a central... what word shall I use – pipeline, hole, at the centre of the vortices. Imagine like a lift-shaft in a building. I guess you have heard people describe travelling down a tunnel in near death experiences. Well, it is much like that. A funnel would be a better description. The tunnel does not have hard glossy walls however. The tunnel is through the psyche itself. Within that structure there exists the records of every stage of evolution that ever was.

The 'sand' in the psyche is the stuff of creation at those levels, and it is written upon – just as you and I write upon it now with the quantum effect in computers. Creation is much like a computer program in analogy; but on a grand scale and involving real life and conscious existence – and the feeling and knowing of it. To say that creation is like a program does not belittle it or take anything away from it. But it is not the kind of program (like a computer program) in which things are determined and all planned out to happen that way beyond the point of ones freedom of volition. If it were (which it is not) then indeed there would be no such thing as freedom of choice at all, and moreover it would not need life forms with volition but simply little mechanical robots to get it all done. But robots do what their program dictates – we do not.

And we are not little mechanical robots even though both our body and brain is indeed a cosmic machine. Best to think of the body as a time and space ship; and the brain as the engine – but YOU are the driver and the life force. But we are the stuff and activity, and the vital life force within the machine. The body and brain is the tool/vehicle to get us here. Our body is indeed a space ship – and it travels though time. You were here yesterday, you are here today, and you may or may not be here tomorrow. And you may, or may not, exist here (and or other places) for time out of mind – eternally. The life force transcends time and space (changing events).

There are two vortices then; one within the other. One is presumably the record data of the evolution of the species (the psyche), and one is the evolution of ones own individual program (the soul). Souls do not go to paradise, conscious BEING does. Souls end before the paradise level. The soul, from hindsight, is seen to be the inner of the two vortices, and that the Psyche and survival kit being predominately the outer vortex. The outer vortex is the part that one does not want to get caught up in – unless you have a twisted sense of humour and adventure that is. For there are indeed dark and fearsome forces and archetypal memories there – but it can conduct consciousness. Moreover, this is one very long journey and at terrific speeds at times, or so it is experienced to be. But there are levels where consciousness can and does stop in its movement for a while, for there are things to be synthesised, a process to go through at each level, and things to be learned. So, unlike myths we do not fly up to heaven or climb the pearly staircase but rather we gravitate back down our own vortex of emanation to the paradise of our original mode of being from whence we came in the first place; like going home by gravity – and which is exactly what it is. So, we slide back down to paradise – the ground of being. And the momentary bump at the bottom of the slide is that which we experience as, and call, annihilation. And then back home again into the primordial cosmic state of conscious perception and memory of what we truly are – gnosis. A round trip. And I am what I am.

Mind is not from this world or even this universe; it is deeper than the fabric of the space-time universe (changing events). If one were to view this vortex from the top downwards then it would appear to be like circles within circles. Thus, it is experientially true to say ‘I am on this world, but not from it’.

You have no doubt heard the term *Purgation*, and it is true. We go through a process of purgation. But it is not what the Christians think it is. Purgation means to have things taken away from you. Everything (the further we go down the inner vortex) is stripped away from us. But that is by virtue of our going deeper than the level where they are found at. So it is not like skinning a rat. One of the very last things to go is memory of oneself as a personality on earth. But there is a point where that also goes (annihilation – zapping the so called ego or personality). But it has not gone anywhere, it is you, consciousness stuff, which has simply gone deeper than where memories and data are written onto the energy at those levels. Memories are recorded. Not in a big gold book on St Peters desk, but in the energy of the psyche and soul, the stuff of the cosmos of all existence. Symbolism and myth is wonderful stuff is it not – but NOT if it is taken seriously; and taken to be the thing itself. And that is what religious fundamentalism is – mistaking the symbolic for the real. They are normally good and kind people – but sleeping in Somnus – stupidity. Ignorance does not cause stupidity – but filling ones ignorance with self created idols and myths is the stupidity.

Did you ever wonder why so many people undergo a life review when flying down that plug hole of self existence? All the memories, information, data, is there within the psyche. And depending on need the psyche can present them in many ways, either just recollections, remembering them, or creating pictures to see them – experience has to be digested and synthesised there. Experience is not for nothing: nothing is for nothing. So, the walls of this psyche structure are very wide compared to the passageway of consciousness which goes down through it.

One person described them (the walls of the tunnel) quite well as a hedgerow of potential visions and information, and he actually went into them somehow (he was dabbling in invocation at the time). Shortly after returning to normal daily consciousness he committed suicide, for the experience of existing in that hedgerow of the psyche was far from good (Pandora's box). But not too many people manage to see into those walls at all; and just as well. The mind is not for messing with or playing silly games with. Mystics are not generally interested in psychic stuff, and I concur with them. My only interest in psychic phenomena is purely academic. I have had quite a few different kinds of psychic experiences myself; but they are sure not for messing with. But psychic phenomena DOES NOT address the perennial questions of what we are, where we come from, and as to why we exist; whereas the deeper kinds of mystical experience and gnosis do just that, for that is what they are – the revelation of what we are, AND as to what we are NOT; and as to why we exist at all – and as to why anything exists. In there you just know it; for you are it – and it is axiomatic. One does not invent this stuff; one simply experiences it and relates it as it found.

Now, another strange thing which seems to crop up is that at times some purely psychic experience can move from topside consciousness not into the tunnel of the river Styx but actually directly into the wall structure of the vortex – the psychic fields. Therein reside (are stored) species memories it would seem. They are all there presumably in case they are needed again in an emergency. Creation seems to cover its tracks well and keeps good records. It sounds like going from the sublime to the ridiculous does it not. But these inner fields can be known and are known and experienced directly. However, let us leave this for a while as this will suffice for now as a working model but we will make many references to it later. Keep in mind for now the analogy that going home is much like a floppy disk being reformatted – all the data being wiped off except that of the operating system itself; and that this takes place whilst consciousness itself is travelling back down this vortex which it came up to get into this world. It is magic, but it is not done by magic it is done by physics and cosmic dynamics.

The existing scientific paradigm has it that the physical brain creates consciousness. For science to assume such is no problem, but to teach it as a fact of reality when they do not know it to be a fact of reality is not scientific and defies their own principles of operation; and it is wrong. It is much like stating that ice creates water. The mystics argument is that mind/consciousness stuff existed before the big bang and always exists, and that in absolute reality the stuff of consciousness is all that there is originally at least, and originally means at the deepest depth of anything that there is – inward and downward through creation - the manifestation of all things. The axle which movement orbits. It means that the phenomenon of consciousness can permeate this stuff. However, or so would go the argument, consciousness can be switched off. Indeed it can, even chemicals can switch it off, anaesthetics; and dreamless sleep itself does a good job of it every night. So too does annihilation by the way. The irony is that I personally find that unconsciousness is one of the most amazing things in existence, and thank the powers that be for it; and unconsciousness is also just great. No consciousness means no problems; and a damn good rest. The Bard said "Sleep, per chance to dream; the thing which knits the rabbled sleeve of care". But I would say; Sleep per chance to forget the lot of it for a while and have a damned good rest.

However, does the fact that consciousness can be switched off prove that the brain creates it? No, it does no such thing. Imagine the brain being like that of a radio transceiver. That is to say that it can both receive and transmit data. Imagine then that the brain was the machinery that connects (and modulates) transcendent consciousness to the perception of this so called physical universe in a dimension of changing events – which it does.

Now if the ‘*valves*’ of the brain were closed (like a tap in water pipe) then consciousness would not be able to pass through it into the outside world or dimension thereof. Therefore a blow on the head, or sleep, or anaesthetics would simply result in closing those connection points or turning off the taps which allows consciousness to perceive a physical universe. We also know well enough that unconsciousness does not equate with non existence. True, one can call it non existence from the point of view of not being conscious of anything, but we can be, and are, woken up again, and carry on from where we left off, and with all the machinery operating as before; much like the software within the hardware of a computer. Paradise is much like being put into a cosmic drawer for a rest. This indeed could well happen with consciousness switched off – but it isn’t.

Moreover, if we were never made conscious of that level of being then we would never know it and never learn of it and be effected by it. So, we HAVE to know it. Nothing is for nothing. Unconsciousness does not then imply death and everlasting oblivion of the phenomenon which can be made to be conscious. This ‘being switched off’ business makes it self evident that you and I are not consciousness per se on the bottom line. We are something which can be made conscious. The stuff which consciousness permeates and lights up – the life force. We can never know what that ‘stuff’ is; all we can know is that its existence is axiomatic; hence the words spirit or essence of being at least points to it. So, we can experience where we came from, and therein learn (remember) as to why we exist, but we cannot know what our ‘stuff’ is or is made of, for consciousness does not reveal that. So, yet another mystery. What is that stuff in that transcendent realm which can conduct consciousness, as a wire conducts electricity? I do not know, and I do not even have a clue. One could well call it the breath or gas of life; but one would be wiser simply to stick with ‘I do not know – but it works’.

Likewise, on the bottom level of physical matter we cannot even know what that is either, and yet the stuff serves its purpose just fine. It may or may not be the case that on the bottom line the stuff of which consciousness is made is the same stuff of which the physical universe is also made; but this certainly does not imply that in some mysterious way that the physical universe is itself conscious, for it is obviously a very different process of emanation and structure up the pipeline of the vortex into emanation. However, it is just as conceivable that there exists two ultimate modes of reality as it does for only one mode to exist. Either way there is no dichotomy of mind and matter as far as I am concerned. Consciousness has to perceive of existing somewhere and in something, and a physical universe is just fine by me. Indeed, I love it. Some fools decry the physical life, but as I say, I love it; and paradise would have no purpose if there were no physical worlds for beings to live on. I have no wish to escape to paradise, for I love it here, and every atom and blade of grass, every sunrise and sunset; I love it all.

And truly is there nothing better in the whole of creation than sitting around a roaring open fire having a chat or a good game of chess with a good friend, and a pint of real ale. Oh my, and the silly Billie's long for paradise – they have much to learn as yet. But they do not seem to know it do they. They certainly do not accept that fact.

As medical equipment has improved over the years it is capable of bringing people back who would otherwise have died, and the more it improves then it seems to be the case that the greater depths of near death that they can be retrieved from, and hence the deeper their inner experience will have been and seen down to. Not everyone reports any conscious activity however, and their experience or lack of it is akin to dreamless sleep, oblivion. What inner working I wonder actually 'decides' or triggers the actual death process. We do not know.

However, this is a book about transcendent experience and the mystical gnosis, not near death experience. But nevertheless the correlation's with regard the two phenomena are too closely related, at least during the early stages of the mystical death, to assume anything other than that they are a part of the same event of consciousness; but with different causes. Likewise are the effects of near death experience identical in a persons changed viewpoint, feelings and attitude. For they too, by and large, report being more sensitive, more involved in life, less egocentric, and with changed values or an enhancement of their old values, like being topped up with vitality, and spiritual oomph and a greater empathy with the essences of things. And how do we know that even near death experiences are not instigated by the psyche itself? Are near death experiences an accident or are they somehow inwardly contrived for effect? Near death experience is very common; and human beings have always undergone such events. Albeit that the term was not coined until about the mid nineteen sixties. It was not even coined (to my knowledge at least) at the time I underwent that transcendent event. However, I did not undergo a near death experience, I was fine and very fit and well. But it was the initial correlations which interested me when I did come to read of such events about a decade later. But one does not need to be hit by a truck to have it.

Over the years I have had discussions with oh so many who had undergone near death experiences, and no two were ever the same (which makes a lot of sense to me) but they do of course contain a similar process, and virtually identical effects. But none went all the way home – and they know that themselves. They were sent back here before arriving home or hitting the target. Do you know what they used to call that once upon a time? They called it 'Evil'. It is an old archery term (yes I used to do archery too). It meant the arrow falling short of the target. A near death experience (and they have been known since mankind existed here) did not reach paradise – the bulls eye, home, the transcendent realm. So they said that they fell short of the mystical target.

And that word Evil simply mean that it missed the mark. They probably only got as far as Limbo, the dark place where one is alone. And that was Evil. One almost busts a gut laughing from hindsight. And look what priestcraft has done with it all. In an odd manner of speaking it is seen to be true enough that a few human beings outrage the sensitivities and moral principles of average society; and in doing so one can well say that they are missing the mark of consensus harmony and accord, and miss the mark of what is seen to be an ideal behaviour – and that of course is true enough, and

we cannot allow it. But this has got nothing to do with paradise or even their innate SELF, it has to do with their personality and the world as it is – and they cannot all cope with it. True, they will either have to cope with it or be segregated from society. And it is for us to find ways of doing that which are effective and work.

It is useful to use the terms spirit and essence in different contexts at times. I will try to explain. If we decide to call that part of ourselves which exists in the transcendent reality as our spirit (certainly not the soul which is a data storage record) then the things which it actually knows whilst there can be referred to as essences. In a way they are the same thing, for that is the mode and reality of that level of being. But in a mysterious way one can still differentiate between the knower and the known; and it is seen to be the case that the essences of which are known by our spirit or vital part in that paradise mode is the direct link or umbilical chord which connect us to... to what – the life force itself; to that of no created thing. What do I mean by the term ‘no created thing’?

Well, it is simple. It means something which was not brought forth into existence by anything else below it, and hence contains its own existence – ‘not made’. A something which never changes. A something from which everything which is brought forth is built upon and emanates from. It is the ground and potential for everything which ever comes to exist; including the flow of consciousness itself. No thing created. I will try to talk of Essences later, but it is very difficult. But this thing of no created thing is not a person – let alone anything like human beings or cats or dogs – and nothing at all can be said about it (only by fools maybe) – it is the no thing which everything owes its existence to – it is the stuff of the Cosmos, of being and becoming. What shall we call it? Call it what the hell you like – ‘mate’ is as good as anything else – or Fred, or Matilda, or Zigzag. But ‘home’ is as good as any and more fitting than most. But no name at all is the best of the lot – No created thing.

For many years (like they all seem to do) I asked myself as to why me, after all these events. I gave up on that for there was no forthcoming answer. But what would the answer have been if I or you had got one? I guess it would have gone something like this..... Why not you chum? And what makes you think you are alone anyway? But, I tell you this. If these forces and dynamics can pick upon the most stubborn, argumentative, dogmatic, so and so that ever existed, and yet still get the job done – then most people on this world would be a real pushover for it. Perhaps the nature of reality likes a good challenge and fight eh. Well, a bit like myself really in which case eh. A stubborn sod. But anyway, that was one fight I lost. So there you go. And there indeed you do damn well go – like it not; want it or not; ask for it or not; long for it or not. Mind you, I will say one thing about myself which I judge to be good (about the only one I can find on close scrutiny); is that I was never closed minded and intransigent; and always loved a laugh and a challenge. I think without a good sense of humour these things really might drive one nuts – for they really are so wacky and way out; and that too is a fact.

However, just to sum this up as a model of reality in your mind (for food for thought at least) see it as though your normal daily conscious experience of life was like the top floor of a tall building; and a wide building at that. Imagine that that floors existed below you that you knew nothing about. And then one day a cover in the centre of floor slides open and reveals a lift shaft – a gaping great black hole to

appearances. What then if you jump into it and go down it? (I have known people who have been on the edge and refused to go). You will pass other floors, and experience what exists to be experienced on those floors of the rooms below you (this place has many mansions on the way down you know) and you will see many wonders and mysteries. You might even hang around on this or that floor for quite some time. Indeed you may even get out of the lift-shaft and wander into some of those 'rooms' on that level. But you also might stay in the lift-shaft and carry on down to the bottom, the basement of being at the bottom of the vortex of the emanation of your being – home base. And then you will remember what you really are and where you really came from, and why you exist at all - - Psychognosis – the knowledge of SELF, and Gnosis, the knowledge of the depths of the all.

Keep in mind that any mystical or transcendent experience which contains change, or in which you can think, is NOT the ground of being, the womb of Eternity. And this gnosis can only be gained (redeemed) there – in the Eternal Gnosis beyond space and time (changing events).

We are confronted then with the Cosmic call to know your Self. If you do not reach that level then you are not evil (in the terms which that has come to mean) for there is no such thing. It just means that you have to learn what exists to be learned on whichever floor you are on; and for whatever reasons. We all get what we need it seems; and even though it may well not equate with what we want or expected. So, think of going home as sliding by gravity down the plug hole of the vortex of your mind, and enjoy the trip whilst it lasts. So, OK, it is different from the top floor, but so what eh. And there is nothing to fear, for all is well that ends well.

I would just venture to say however, that it might be best to stay in the life stream (the straw down the middle) given the chance – and keep out of the hedgerow (as one guy called it) on the side of the road if possible. It gets kind of prickly in there I am told. Seems that I must have stayed on the straight and narrow eh; and went through it all like a dose of bloody salts. Well, I never was a one for hanging about much I guess. Get to the crux of it all, and quick, and with no circumbendibus. Oh yeah, where do all the bad guys go they ask? Paradise mate; we all do. The question is not so much where they go but what do they come back here as. Maybe they have to start from where they left off eh. That makes sense with what I know and have learned therein. People that get it all very wrong are also amazing divine cosmic twins, and nothing so profound is ever wasted. Seems to me that nothing is wasted at all; it all simply gets re-cycled. Even black holes in space do that with stars that have passed their useful shelf life eh. Cosmic vacuum cleaners. I wonder if they have any vacancies for a cleaner; a yard brush. I would be good at that. I have sure had enough practice in this world at clearing up other peoples mess; and in more ways than one.

I guess my one ambition now is to be a yard brush of the divine implicate order of being. Well somebody has to do the dirty work and the tidying up the joint eh. And let us face it this world needs a bit of cleaning, clearing the mess away does it not; and I am good with a mop and broom (about the only thing which I am good at really). So why not indeed, it beats playing silly computer games and knocking little balls into little holes. Or one could always collect used postage stamps I suppose. But no, I will take a rain check, and simply get the broom out and get on with some real work. Let us first sweep priestcraft and rampant monopoly capitalism away, and clear the

road up a little for the new young travellers in this part of creation – give them a fair start to life incarnate; and a little encouragement, help and inspiration – and then you will be doing that which you are here for – and whether you are consciously aware of it or not. If you do all this without gnosis then you have sure arrived before the mystics – and that is a fact.

Realise well that what you do is more important than knowing why you are doing it. True, the mystics learn things which many do not yet know – but the real hero in life is he or she that does it right whilst not knowing. And in doing so they arrive even before the mystics, in a manner of speaking. It is they, and there are millions of them, which are the real hero's and who truly act out their love unconditionally of actually knowing – and they are greater than I. At best the mystics can encourage them to keep doing so.

Anyway, in the meantime simply think of reality as being like a dumbbell with a different universe being on both ends of a narrow bar which connects them – the realms of change and permanence (time and eternity) and connected by a phenomenon which we call MIND, and the latter's job is to perform the function of the flow of consciousness from one to many beings; and each part with the freedom of volition. Here is creation my love, do with it what you will – and learn in the process – and become the more that you are; on earth as it is in heaven! So, let us make man in our image eh – and do credit and justice to creation and our own divine dignity and being. But, it is your choice, and you do not have to do it if you do not want to. Amazing is it not. Fact is stranger than fiction.

Well, we have to smile do we not. As a kid I used to love those brain teaser puzzles. Problems to solve, chess, mysteries, I often felt like I wanted to be a detective, anything that fully absorbed the mind. Well, I sure found it – it is called life and existence, and it is the greatest puzzle and mystery that ever there was or ever there will be. And, do you know what - - without a little mysterious help we would never solve it. And even then we never solve it all – so pass the beer and let us drink to a profound and divine mystery; and the best one to be in, for it is real.

Just think, without asking for it we get life, this world, and paradise too. And with luck it can go on in reasonable health for sixty or seventy years. We can also have children and watch them grow up into adults. We can have a few beers and a few good chats, and many laughs with other living beings – and we asked for none of it. And they moan if they get a cold or a runny nose occasionally; and some moan because they do not like the colour of this or that persons skin. Huh ! I do not weep for Man, but for that which brings it forth. Could they do it all any better? No, the Dignity of Man must not be wasted on this world, it must come into flower. We can make Man in our image; and we must make it so, and if not for us, then for life and this world, whilst it lasts.

And this of course, and this gnosis that comes by way of mysterious conscious experience and reunion, and empathy, and harmony and resonance with the all, is what is known as the perennial philosophy and as derived from that knowledge, that axiomatic gnosis, that understanding and the commitment to life by way of it. This is not about love as you and I here on earth know the feeling and power of love – it is the same thing, plus more, writ large – it is everything; and there is nothing else.

I cannot find or invent words for it; it just IS. Absolute passion is the best I can offer for it. And without that passion for life, existence, to be, to become, and to know and understand, and then act – then what the hell is the point of existing at all? There would be no point – no purpose, no meaning.

The tears and the suffering on our part are not for nothing; for they are a part of the learning process. And so too are the heights of enjoyment and utter bliss – it is all a part of the flow of being and learning about it – and it is the only way to be able to come to eventually say.... ‘I KNOW’. How much more is there for YOU to come to learn yet? Do you know? How much more is there for me to come to learn? I do not know. How much more is there for creation itself to come to learn and to do? Does IT know? Does a cat know? Does anything know?

Tis a funny thing is it not; but oh so many people claim to want this thing which we call gnosis, or mystical experience, or some kind of enlightenment, etc; and many even go in search of it by way of rituals, meditations, drugs, whatever. But what if per chance they got it? What then? What would they do with it? And why do they want it in the first place? For what real reason do they want it? Well, I cannot know other than what they tell me can I. I did not want it; I did not search for it, I did not try to invoke it etc – it just came – whollop! I do not know what to do with it – one just has to live with it. But what it really does on the bottom line is not to make us realise how wise we are, but the complete opposite in fact – how ignorant one still is of oh so much; and how we really have (in absolute terms) so little power at all – other than the few things that you and I can do here on earth.

But one realises that this is all that really matters - I can sit on the grass under a tree and watch all this stuff in action – yet I do not have to hold it all together and make it work – it is done for me. And man, that is the prize above and beyond all possible prizes and worth. I wonder if they all realise that. I know so little about anything at all – yet it all still works – and I am the observer of the observed and the watcher at the gates of dawn. What the hell more could one want or desire? Rhetorical question; for it is all done already. If you want a real model of reality then just look around you – for there IT IS – but in so doing use ALL your antennas, not just the five sense that point outward – but feel it, and feel it within you; for that is where the answers are written; and that is where its meaning and purpose are found – in the beginning; always and for ever.

In some respects (and apart from the gnosis) this all much like a round trip in another way also – in that one becomes like a child again in many respects: no inhibitions, no worries, no trying to do it all yourself and hold it all together, and so many other ways too. Hence why the mystics are fun, and take it all one day at time – and laugh at it all – or rather laugh WITH it all. And maybe as to why they love kids so much too. But of course, that is just one effect – but a good one to be sure.

* * *

Chapter 10

Psychic Energy and Experiences

If we could annihilate all the matter in one lump of standard household coal there would be sufficient energy released to power a medium sized town for some weeks, well: so they tell me anyway, for I have not proved it by doing it, but then again neither have they. But I do not doubt it. Either way there is a vast amount of energy contained therein. The human body and brain contains all this and more. Indeed our incarnate physical form is just that – organised energy. But as we have discovered there is another kind of energy (far more intangible) which is even more organised, well, usually anyway, and which drives this machine. That is to say the life force itself and the conscious mind; but nevertheless still another form of vital energy nonetheless; for it is not made of nothing. Nothing is made of nothing; and neither does it exist without doing something in the scheme of things.

The common belief is that the less intangible (more solid) energy creates the more intangible energy; but in reality the tangible becomes more tangible as creation unfolds, (look into an atom to prove it) but prior to that the intangible (soft stuff) exists first. Thus the mind stuff would say (it does not but we put words in its proverbial mouth) that I Mind, comes first. And conscious experience of existing reveals this to be the case also. Does it really matter which comes first? Well, not to me it does not, for water is still wet and we can drink it; and I am a pragmatist – we are here now so we have to get on with it. But if one is seeking truth by whatever way truth can be revealed, then one is of course interested in what is so. So, it is revealed both by scientific observation and conscious experience that neither create either, other than in the sense that absolute pure energy manifests from the intangible through stages of less intangible – from essence into forms. And conscious experience substantiates this by direct experience – on rare occasions anyway.

But no human experience has ever been recorded to counter or contradict that view. So, to put it in simple terms the hard stuff comes by way of the soft stuff; and then eventually all goes back to being the soft stuff again. Seems to be like cosmic cycles does it not – in and out like a Yo-yo. Hence not too mysterious to be comprehended I would have thought – even if not fully understood in absolute detail.

I suppose the problems really start when we begin attaching names to all the stuff and to all the forms; but then again, we have to or there would be no communication between human beings. Anyway, when it comes to the energies which constitute the human form it is generally called the psyche. I have no idea as to why but there you go. I guess we could have called it Zunk, or Oops, but we did not.

But no matter what we call it there is a lot of cosmic energy therein; so hence psychic energy. And within our own system we call the tangible bits the body and the brain and the intangible bits the mind and consciousness and all that stuff which goes on in there – including all the passions, likes and dislikes; all the tears and the laughter, all the hopes and all the ideals. And we cannot see or detect any of this stuff other than by way of being it in conscious terms. And they say life is not mysterious indeed. Wow!

So, no problems so far. The problems come when people start arguing about it all, and everything else for that matter. Moreover they start in earnest when different aspects of these energies begin to do different things than is considered to be the norm of what they are ‘supposed’ to do according to man made encyclopaedias which explain as to how things are supposed to work and what they are supposed to do. It is perhaps a great shame that the life force has not read them, and hence behaves itself as according to mans understanding of the nature of reality. So, either Man has got it wrong or the nature of reality and the life force has got it wrong. So, which would you bet on being wrong, reality or human beings? It must have been most annoying when the earth suddenly went round from being flat and then started turning on its axis – and which just goes to prove that the nature of reality cannot read, tut tut. But probably just as well eh – or it would be a right cock-up here.

I might be wrong but I cannot really imagine electrons arguing about what they are supposed to be doing in the universe. Moreover, the physical universe would not even exist without the little blighters buzzing around; so, some big job for the little gits eh. But without you and me the universe would not be known – and neither would anything else be known. I do not of course mean you and I the human beings, but you and I the conscious mind; the observer of the observed. So, the same would apply to a rat or some well advanced alien beings if such exist. But we know that we exist; and we know that we can do many things that rats cannot do; we have more power and say in our affairs. And we could indeed blow the world up if we wanted to. Rats cannot do that (I hope). So, in the most simplistic of all terms our energy is more organised than a rats energy; and perhaps a wee bit more complex and mysterious too; albeit not a lot. There is no reason at all why rats should not undergo mystical transcendent conscious experiences. But then again perhaps they do not need it whilst alive on earth. Do they I wonder undergo psychic experiences? Do rats see ghosts etc? Well, who knows and who cares other than rats. But we know full well that human beings undergo both psychic experiences and mystical experiences (and both kinds of mystical experiences; Introverted and Extroverted). I wonder if the nature of reality knows about this cock-up of brain deterioration?

So what then is a psychic experience? Good question. What is the difference between a psychic experience and a mystical experience? The latter is the easier to answer. Think of it this way. Psychic experiences reveal things that both the energy of the body and the mind can do. Whereas mystical experiences reveal what they are. So, psychic experience addresses the what can it do questions and mystical experiences address the what is it and why questions. A good analogy would be this...

A new car is standing gleaming in the show room. An alien from outer space pops into the showroom to have a chat with the sales person. The alien asks two questions (a) What is it, and (b) What can it do.

The sales person replies (a) It is an organised package of cosmological energy and dynamics constructed in such a way that it performs a certain specific function; and its function (b) Is a means of transportation of the packet of energy which we call a human being or me, and lots of people who call themselves me; and it can do one hundred and eighty miles per hour. The alien replies, Oh I have already got one of them thanks and buggers of at the speed of light – shouting, follow that chum.

If we could shrink ourselves down to the size of an electron and buzz around inside the human body and brain we would be inside a mighty big and complex universe in there. It would be fun would it not. But I would rather be sat under a tree by a stream. Space and time run deep in creation, but mind and consciousness runs deeper than physical matter and changing events in the space-time fabric. Before the universe was... I AM. You hear it and find it astonishing and ridiculous no doubt (the result of rapid brain deterioration of course). So would I have done fifty years ago. But it is direct conscious experience which many human beings have known and reported. They did not invent it and they were not telling lies about it. And one of course will find out soon enough for oneself anyway, for you cannot stay here for ever.

The thing is however, is that such levels of existence and understanding is of little use if this world never comes to know it; for it would then have no effects. And how can it come to know it then? By showing us yet whilst we live on it of course; that is how, and that is the why... so that we know whilst here, and use it. When you give your child a present do you tell it to wait until it is dead before opening it? Is that logical and rational – let alone effective? Moreover, I have said that one learns many things, and connected things, so let us then observe this facet of the so called beast within; for that is also another present for the incarnate being; and potentials, tools, to be understood and used wisely at all times.

What would be your reaction if a demented individual were to attempt to torture rape and murder your spouse, lover, or child? Would you sit in passivity and do nothing? Would you phone for the police and hope that they get there in time: or would you turn the other cheek maybe? I doubt that anyone would do that, for even the birds do not do that. You know what you would do; and you would know why you had to do it. And moreover, the chances are that you would summon up the strength and the energy to do it... for THE BEAST WITHIN has been awakened and liberated into the world; *reserve energy*. Beware the monster within when it awakes, for it is like a dragon slumbering in a cave breathing fire and passion.

It is the antithesis and anti-part to the shining and glorious white winged stallion from paradise. Observe all these things well, for a little learning can be a dangerous thing if not digested and synthesised in comprehension. The spirit or essence of our being itself is free of extraneous frequency bands, enharmonic wave lengths. It is tuned to resonance; to the resonance of from whence it came in its primordial cave beyond space and time. The essence of our being alone cannot exist incarnate in a world of time and space and changing events in its pristine condition. The spirit has to be made suitable and ready for leaving home. It has to be armed and armoured. The spirit cannot walk naked upon the face of the earth, it has to cloth itself with the stuff of the earth, to become as the earth, to eat and digest the earth, to breath and drink of the earth... to KNOW the earth, and to understand the earth.

In the beginning the earth was hostile, for the mind was learning. It was too hot or too cold, barren, unfriendly, wild, dangerous, like a living monster itself. Man shivered in caves, in darkness, and in fear. But the spirit is indomitable; it watched, cunningly; it observed; it learned the nature of causes and effects, actions and reactions; and it comprehended. It ate from the tree of understanding. It named all things that it may teach its progeny, that they may know without having to re-learn it all for themselves. And it observed patterns, and formed number and reason for its own tools of survival.

And in doing these things the world seemed to become less hostile, sunnier, more temperate; life began to smell good; and comprehension began to knit or weld an affinity which man never before felt or knew. The outer monster was becoming a friend by virtue of man's own thinking, work and efforts. It pays to observe and think.

And little did he/she realise that one day it would become a lover and dancing partner. Little did they know, and their imaginations could not foresee that; for they were products for their time and place. In the meantime, and time was mean at times, their learning became written upon the inner form itself (the genes), and their progeny took over from where they left off, and made in the likeness of all past learning, and without having to think about it; for it was now instinct; written into the genes on the sands of time and space itself. The incarnate universe was writing and recording itself. The program was unfolding in form. Our reactions to life write the genome, the data, which constructs our incarnate form. And this evolves; and the children inherit the actions and effects of the parents and society. Incarnate learning of the intangible things also gets written into a system, we have no consensus name for that depository. Some call it the soul, some call it the sub conscious. But like anything else it is what it is no matter what you and I call it. But this is a more personal data than general species data of the physical form.

The past generations had written the music in the genes, and the children now played the tune. The effort and the learning is never wasted; it goes into subconscious instinct. Nothing is wasted; nothing exist for nothing. And while this was going on the soul (data depository) was growing another shell around it, and men came to call it the subconscious in due course, or the psychic occult inner forces and dynamics of the form; the hidden memories, hidden reactions; past fears and darkness, panic, survival tactics; it is all there within you now, for if it is again needed... and the past which runs to the beginning of time; the big bang itself is written on your soul. I know. If civilisation collapsed then it would rebuild again; for it is all there, written on the sands of time and space energy. Paradise has no need of this stuff however – or rather we, the first emanation of personalised consciousness does not need it.

But the spirit or breath of life itself (not the psyche) runs deeper than all time and all extension: hence, *know thy self*; the good, the bad, and the ugly. But if you fear the revelation of your true nakedness then you will cloth yourself in deceit and lies, and you will not walk upon the waves of creation; and the water will not become wine, and the lead will not become gold; and paradise will be unknown to you, and there will be no wedding of the parts on earth during this lifetime... the reciprocal convergence in the consummatum incarnate... the union of paradise on earth... the outer becoming as the inner. Eat all that life has and gives however, and you will know life, and your self. One could simply say resign yourself to what IS.

Our physical body and brain is made of all this energy. I am informed also that when a particle is brought forth into this universe then there is made at the same instant an anti-part, a kind of mirror image with reverse polarities. Once again I do not know if this is true, for it is not my field. I do not see why they should say that with conviction and uniform agreement if it is not true however. What is learned however, is that you and I have an anti-part of some kind, and that when our temporal consciousness melds and unites with this mysterious phenomena then we too annihilate. But this is not another 'us' it is simply another part of our trimorphic existence – and less tangible; a different kind of 'stuff' – the stuff we are based upon.

In the beginning there was one stuff (in essence – that, without which, it could not be) and when that one part migrates from home, it becomes two more, hence three in all. When a packet of energy comes into this universe it does so in two parts, and hence a symmetry is set up. There is the normal everyday personality, there is the pipe line of data and instructions which operate it and takes in all new learning and writes it (on the soul or subconscious), and there is the original essence of the being. Three peas in the pod. When the personality and the soul unite, then the personality annihilates in that union; and the symmetry of parts is broken, and the energy goes out of the universe. But the data for the extended levels of creation exists somewhere and some how and it awaits for the life force to re-enter it if needed again during that lifetime. Thus, that part of our psyche of emanation is like a pipe with no water running through it at that time. Or a corps with no life force stuff to animate it. Does your radio work when disconnected from the power source or supply? But the radio set is not the program which we hear is it, and it did not create it either.

Annihilation is then followed by the resurrection of the consciousness of that essential part of the being back into that primordial transcendent reality of pure conscious cognition itself. Extended creation then could almost be said to be like a cell splitting into two, and then that of symmetry breaking on returning to its primordial condition. After a duration of non moving time consciousness is then 'expelled' from that dimension – or original garden of cognitive being (not for being disobedient to anything) back into an extended field again: re-establishing a symmetry of seemingly opposites, but still connected parts somehow. And albeit to this world, another dimension of consciousness; or even some other dimension of extension somewhere maybe. It may be however, that this universe is the only level of emanation that it can come into. My guess would be that this is the case; and it is certainly more than big enough to be sure to house all manner of lowly and advanced life forms. I cannot even imagine another kind of extended reality in which one could have freedom and form; time and space. This universe works just fine; and one at a time is enough for everyone I would have thought. And these events of course would apply to any conscious life form anywhere. Another aspect which is not my own field is that of wilful control over psychic energy as some seem to be able to do at times, or maybe to some small degree at least. I know well enough by my own experiences that the energy and field forces are there but I have never knowingly had any conscious control over them; nor have I ever sought to: I do not want it. I have enough problems with freedom of choice at this point. There are those for example who can divine water, and which I am told is simple and anyone can do it – but the tap is nearer as far as I am concerned. Personally I would rather divine the divine harmony of existence however; (excuse the pun).

I have however, met a few people myself in this world who have spent much of their life attempting to access these psychic energies by self control. If this is as they claim then that would perhaps be the nearest one could prove in empirical and experimental terms that such inner and surrounding energy fields are accessible by human conscious will: but reliable demonstrations of real psychic events are rare indeed – it is not there simply to prove its existence to anyone; no more so than an electron is. Neither is our transcendent part – it is there to do a job; perform a function.

I would mention however that none of these people (psychics) with whom I have had direct personal contact have known the inner depth reality of which I relate to them (gnosis). Yet these are the very people who really listen with a keen ear to what I have mentioned to them; for they know that there is something deeper than that which they themselves are experiencing, getting at and using – hence more. However, when people have these psychic events (and there are many types it seems) one has to ask as to what is really going on in the system. Is it really all what it seems to be on face value alone then?

I know well enough that the visions seen during transition (*Arkon Image Emanations*) are not what they seem to be on mere perceptual vision alone; for they have archetypal meaning; they are symbolic. Moreover such events are usually out of the blue for most people, not induced, (myself included) and not a matter of conscious will or intention. If I had known that they were coming then I would probably have tried to avoid them even; unless I knew exactly what was to come - which I did not. I do not go looking for psychic events personally; let alone mystical ones; been too busy with other things I guess. Come to think of it I did not even go looking for life and existence at all; it just happened along without my say so. So we are not actually studying our own cosmic project and invention are we. I am responsible for my actions on earth, but I am not responsible for my existence. Moreover, I would never have created me – and no doubt you for that matter!

On the face of it then it seems to be more a matter of an individuals innate sensitivities at work in this or that psychic field and potential. But sensitivities (just like a radio receiver) of all kinds of frequencies and vibration rates can indeed be worked on by wilful volition; and some even honed up by intention. The question is can the deeper sensitivities (like occult hidden psychic potentials), be sharpened up by self intention during one lifetime? Evidence of experience would suggest that it not only can but is indeed so. Personally I am more interested in people honing their essential reality (base frequency) as opposed to psychic abilities (priorities and all that); for that is even more needed on this world at the moment than hidden psychic powers or bending spoons. Mystics are not interested in psychic phenomenon or psychic experiences other perhaps than in pure academic terms of interest. I can bend spoons well enough with my hands thank you – or a bloody great hammer if need be. Would that I could mould the spirit of being likewise.

Irrespective of control however, when these psychic events do take place then that particular person instantly realises that there are in fact hidden realities to their nature, and deeper and profound realities at that. And which is all for the good obviously; and it also gives them much to think about and contemplate upon. The act of deep inner contemplation (not just mere thinking) is itself a catalyst for inner movement to some degree.

Perhaps these more minor psychic experiences are their own system telling them... “Come on, you have a brain and a mind; use it, think, look around you, get a move on; do something; learn and grow” ! Psychic experiences do not happen for nothing or for no reason; no more so than mystical ones do. No more so than you would simply put the kettle to boil water and then do nothing with it.

Psychic experiences are far more common in percentage terms than deep mystic occurrences: evidence seems to suggest that virtually everyone encounters some kind of psychic event during their lifetime. A small percentage have many, and a smaller percentage have some kind of regular or permanent ability in these fields. Same too with local mystic experiences (Extroverted Mysticism) in that they are far more common than transcendent ones (Introverted Mysticism and gnosis). The mystic death and resurrection event is far more rare (during a lifetime) than being struck by lightning twice. Most mystic experiences are local (on earth type) events. Some mystic experiences are partially transcendent (like a deeper near death experience for example); and a few mystic experiences are totally transcendent... beyond memory, space and time - beyond the white light of annihilation itself and into the resurrection of the paradise event. You will not find very many of them during a lifetime. I know.

However, both local (Extroverted Mysticism) and transcendent (Introverted Mysticism) mystic experiences are both of essence, or spiritual experiences, (deeper forces and energies than psychic events in the structure of the vortex of our emanation). The Consummatum Incarnate event is itself a local mystic experience, perhaps the ultimate one, who knows. But what if that were to last for years, or a whole lifetime in fact? Local means something from the inner depths coming out to the topside temporal consciousness, and often projecting itself on to the backdrop of the world; whereas transcendent or partially transcendent means the outer consciousness itself going inwards to another depth of the inner hidden reality – hence Introverted Mysticism.

There then comes the very ‘*odd*’ kind of experiences which cannot really be defined as the standard psychic experiences or potentials and abilities thereof. An example of this is the very current claim of abductions by space aliens. It is impossible to talk sensibly about an experience one has never personally had (difficult enough regard to the ones that we do have at times). But on the face of it these so called ‘abduction’ experiences are neither nice nor are they useful in a beings personal inner growth it seems. Could they indeed be some kind of negative psychic feed-back owing to earlier depotentiation of some experience during life? Indeed, they sound a little more akin to some of the darker psychic experiences known as delirium tremens in drunks to me, a negative kind of experience; (even though negative experiences exist for a good reason and function in the psyche). The system (psyche) certainly can throw up bad experiences, and for its own good reasons and effects.

However, you and I have a psyche. But we do not *have* a mind, for we *are* mind. Likewise other people have a psyche. Our own psyche can project both energy and an experience out onto the back-drop of objective energy itself at times... out of the body experience for example. Hallucinations are another example; or communication with another being in some cases; (although most of this is done inwards, sub-space, not outwards).

Now, if we, by volition or not, can project energy outward (inductance or whatever); then so too can other people. So, when one has one of the very 'odd' kind of psychic experiences, such as 'possession' (so called) then how do they know if it is their own psyche which is doing it (throwing it up and out there)... or somebody else's psyche interfering (resonating) with them? Not easy is it! Could people really be partially 'possessed' then; or rather interfered with maybe? A kind of telepathy with in-built video facilities? I guess that in a more subtle and acceptable way even love is a kind of 'possession' when it is directed toward us from another. But this is very different of course – and acceptable; well, usually anyway.

The question then, and if that is the case, is as to how many of these other kinds of odd experiences are personal psychic events and how many are projected from another's psyche by some kind of electro-magnetic inductance (kind of phenomena) maybe? Like picking up a television signal by laying a piece of wire close to somebody's antenna wire and feeding your own set off of it. A difficult one to be sure! Never ever having had an experience of that ilk (possession or abduction) then I am not qualified to say. All I would offer perhaps is that I would have thought that one would know the difference intuitively as to whether one is being 'got at' by totally objective incarnate life forces in the outer world or not. But I may be wrong - but so may they be wrong also; very wrong perhaps; for the psyche can do some amazing tricks of its own. And that I know.

If beings from outer space however did indeed have the technology (and the will) to arrive here to observe us then they are not only going to be very far in advance of beings on this earth; but they will have evolved into the inner and deeper understanding of their own nature of being more so than we on earth have; and they would also be our cosmic twins from that realm also. Thus they would be very smart in more ways than one. Coming to observe us would be like us going out for an evenings entertainment to watch an old black and white comedy movie. Moreover, they would be smart enough also to know that they must not interfere with other life forms. As to whether they might ever come to drop a few subtle hints or not would be a matter of conjecture however. It is true enough that we still molest animals for gaining knowledge (some even for pleasure), but no advanced culture would dream of such diabolical activity. It would be abhorrent and repulsive to them; and above all not needed (but they may have done it in their past). I know well enough that I would not interfere with life on other planets even if given the chance... other than to watch and learn of course; drop a subtle hint or two in real times of need maybe - hard to say; and that is a moral judgement on our part. It is interesting however that such an 'occurrence' has come about just as we ourselves have started thinking about space travel; a coincidence indeed. I know for fact that Archetypes evolve.

The universe is a big place, (to put it mildly) and to assume that there is no life out there, and probably much like life on this world at that, is a totally unjustified assumption when one considers the amount of life forms on this world alone. Naturally a planet must have the right conditions first for life forms of this kind anyway, which goes without saying; but there must be many of them: and creation is about life and being after all. This does not mean or imply that where and when life comes to a planet that it will be at the same time and in close proximity to other such events. Indeed, other such beings even in this universe may not even be in our time field at all, (relativity and all that). But then again, who cares whether life exists on

other planets or not; let us get our own one right. Priorities again. But their world is not our problem, this one is. But it could well be that we have been observed on occasions - who knows; who cares - let us give them a good show and show them that we have got it right; or at least getting it right. Never having met an alien from another world then I have to remain open minded. I get the strong feeling that I will not however. And I am certainly not going looking for them; lack of time and all that you know. Hence, having no experiential knowledge of them myself; and also finding the reports in so many cases to be a little absurd, shall we say, then I doubt it. Moreover, if such entities were smart enough to get here then they would also be smart enough to remain hidden – unobserved. If you had a magic wand and could time travel back into the days of cave men would you dress in twentieth century cloths and carry a Ghetto-Blaster around with you? Mind you, the radio signals would be very weak, for they do not exist here (there) yet.

What is a known fact however is that the psyche can and does at times also project energy from within itself on to the back-drop and energy fields of the world itself. The question being as to what forms and potentials can this energy in fact project. What of the so called visions of ghosts or apparitions? And which is probably the most common of all psychic experiences. What is really going on in such events, rare though they be in genuine good quality observations? Could this not be the ultimate mode of a projected Arkon Image Emanation maybe - even to the point of actually experiencing the sensation of touch? Things are not always quite what they seem to be in this world - or the psyche. Experience is real enough however, for we never have anything else anyway. We only ever know (have gnosis) of anything by way of experience; and if experience is NOT experience of something; then we can never ever know anything of anything ‘objectively real’ anyway. The question is as to what it is an experience of and why did it happen. And what happens to an electron even when we observe it? Psychic interference? We, affecting IT? You and I demodulate creation – the stuff that is out there and we call objectivity. How much of what we see and experience of IT is down to us observing it? Do you know? For sure? And also down to where we are each individually AT in our integration with it.

Genuine psychic experiences indeed have a ‘message’ to convey or a function to achieve in some way; and I personally know this from hindsight many times over for myself, for I had many of them for a period of years. The thing is that if our own psyche can project an energy field or radiation belt which can be ‘read’ or modulated by another mind, (inductance – or maybe even torsion fields) then so too can other peoples psyche on us it would seem. So who’s energy field is one dealing with in any one particular psychic experience then? It is not so much a case of souls or psyches overlapping as such but more to do with the ‘wave front’ interference’s and inductance’s of such extended fields it would seem. And what of the phenomenon as for example of background noise in radio communication; signal to noise ratio?

Matter is a kind of ‘condensed’ energy itself in so far as our external senses detect it and our minds understand it; but the consciousness, spirit (essence) and soul (psyche) is made of something less dense; but it is not ‘nothing’, it is also energy of some kind. That there exists such a thing as psychic energy is plain enough to all those who have become aware of it by so many different kinds of direct experiences; and albeit not by choice or intent. I personally became more interested in these outer projections of energy fields when realising that a few individuals on occasions had been observing

the vortex of our inner energy and emanation from the 'outside looking in' so to speak. Virtually all my own experiences were either from the inside of this vortex looking out or disappearing down inside it altogether (transcendence). I have met a few however, who claimed to have existed in another field adjacent to this inner core it seemed, and eventually found an obstacle which they could not penetrate, and yet they knew well enough that it was there and something to do with themselves in some way. Their consciousness, it began to seem to me, was actually existing in what I had always called the 'survival kit' of the soul field; and they were looking inwards to the central core itself it seems. If this were the case then there obviously existed some kind of barrier field or 'skin' between the two aspects of the incarnate soul vortex as there were known to be (by myself) between the actual spirit and the soul proper (and which separate during annihilation); but which could also mediate consciousness. It was of course at that point of hearing what they had to say, that I had to modify my own existing model and understanding of these inner fields and forces as it was at that time developing. Previously I had the understanding of only one vortex of emanation (like an inter-dimensional cone or ice cream cornet type structure in analogy and with a pipe line down its centre). But these people were 'out there' on the outside of this thing looking in. Weird! It makes one think and ask questions to be sure.

So where the devil were they then; and what field was their consciousness existing in at that precise moment? Were they actually existing in our other-part emanation maybe, or were they 'creating' an extended field which consciousness could also flip into? Mysterious! It became obvious to me then that one had to place another ice cream cornet (vortex) outside of the one which I knew: and their consciousness was then existing in the space and fields which existed in between these two inner vortices (one vortex inside the other). And this fitted in perfectly well, not only with what I knew from direct experience myself, but also with the conceptual model I had been constructing in my understanding of these things. And to say nothing of having to take so many accounts into consideration – thousands of them.

So, many people who were telling me identical things were not conspiring for they did not even know each other, and they could not have read it in a book even – for it ain't there in books. For these were not your common psychic events; but rare ones. But neither were they spiritual (essential) phenomena in the strict terms of my own definitions due to experience of those levels. Think then of two pockets which our consciousness can 'jump into' - the inner vortex itself (the root of which goes down to the level of the annihilation event) and the incarnate survival kit field which existed (at least around the top end of it) like a glove around a hand or an insulating layer around a live electric wire. In what energy field does the so called 'out of the body experience' really take place in then?

It is certainly not associated with the inner core and mystical experience. Moreover, out of body 'trips' always return to the inner structural system like the return of a ball on an elastic retainer; they do not stay out there or go to paradise that way. OBE's as they call them are very common indeed, but they do not reveal the secrets of life. In the 'dome' of the white light prior to annihilation one encounters a trinity of our being: three parts of a unified structure all meet up down at that level; a bit like three trunk roads all meeting up and merging into one road, (a good analogy really). Hence a trimorphic entity of selfhood, but all meeting up at one junction.

At that level consciousness can and does flip between three modes of existence – the circumincession of the trinity; and that I know by experience. Christianity knew about this a long time ago too; but I never met a Christian that had even heard about the phenomenon, let alone knew what was happening therein. So, it seems that most of them do not even read their own stuff eh. Consciousness can *flip* from any one of these three fields to the other then, quite readily at that level, but it cannot be in two parts at the same instant. The insulation is different down there. It is much like an electric charge cannot exist on both plates of a capacitor at the same time. You cannot be cognitive in two fields at the same time. (I would dread to think of the experiential consequences if it did happen: I think one truly would go mad). Early Western religion had a word for this occurrence, as I say, it is the ‘Circumincession of the Trinity’. Somebody knew about this then ages ago. It becomes more interesting all the time does it not. Like a detective story unfolding itself - much like the universe is doing.

I have known this Circumincession of consciousness myself directly; and many long years before I ever came to find literature appertaining to it by the way. So what is going on then, and what is consciousness flipping into and out of at such times? And what exactly IS consciousness ‘independent’ of these three intrinsic fields in which it becomes directly aware or modulated into cognition? Personally I do not think that consciousness exists independently of the fields within which it can be made conscious. I imagine it to be something like the lightening strike in a thunder cloud. It is the cloud of energy itself which is the medium for consciousness it seems to me: and remember that consciousness can be switched off also - perhaps when the energy of that clouds ‘charge’ and conductive potential has drained; been used up. This is why it seems to be impossible to know what we are made of in absolute terms. For the only way we can know it is via consciousness, but when consciousness is not there – then nothing can be known of anything. Moreover, we are ‘flung’ out of paradise. What causes this? A catalytic reaction – juts like after a certain time (and effects) a current jumps from one plate to another plate in a capacitor. Moreover, what about electrons jumping to a different level within an atom – or even out of it?

As I said before, we have to create words for things and forces which are known to exist; otherwise we could not think and communicate in this world. Thus it is that the word spirit is as good a word as any another word for that essential and vital part of our self which exist at the central core or energy cloud of our deepest inner being, (like circles within circles) and in the absolute primordial mode at the very base of this vortex of its own emanation - in the paradise of the eternal and transcendent modality of mind; the ground of its being.

It does not matter as to what we call anything, providing we all use the same language in order to understand each other, and the same meaning for each word. A good analogy of a tripartite phenomenon of conscious existence is in that of water being able to exist in three modes; solid, liquid and gas. We do not enter into paradise from annihilation like walking or floating through a door. It is just like that lightening strike going out in one cloud of energy and then being ‘induced’ into the neighbouring cloud of energy (Paradise in this case). It is a damned good analogy in fact.

Consciousness is the awareness of the energy cloud that it 'lights up' it seems to me. When leaving paradise one does not suddenly take a left or right turn in ones orbit and then go out through a side door like a billiard ball going into a pocket and out of the 'universe' of the table. No, one just stops being there, instantaneously; just as going into it was. There is no journey back to this world. It is as though the return is simply this outer emanation of the cloud (incarnate mind) is suddenly illuminated again by that 'spark' of essential nous. One must remember however that whilst existing on earth during a lifetime that the outer 'cloud' is still there waiting to be lit up again: but at death the outer cloud of organised energy (body and brain) extinguishes, and thus a new one has to made for the reincarnation of that spark of nous. And a new one will carry no memories of past experience, for it has none. Hence Cosmic Amnesia. Other than what is then placed into instinct (data – the soul) due to past life experience; but no memory of it at all, but simply sub conscious moral and instinctive data records.

Also, this returning from paradise is nothing like waking up from a sleep. And yet consciousness returning from that paradise event is just like you had never ever been away at all - wide awake, with it, alert. Indeed, it was a damned good thing that near on three hours had elapsed of temporal time or I would never have accepted that it really happened at all – I think anyway. Our existential reality then becomes that part of our own trinity of energy fields which consciousness is existing in at that moment; and it flips from one field to the other somehow; but it cannot be in any two at any one moment. It is like a charge not being able to exists on both plates of a capacitor (or condenser) at the same instant, as I said - it jumps from one to the other.

The field which surrounds our innermost core of self not only emanates the physical body itself (from the 'stuff' of the outside universe itself) but it also brings forth the field or channel of the inner Arkons, (archetypal image emanations of communication from one part of the mind to another; or from the soul to the conscious mind). But the incarnate survival kit images and psychic events which encompasses all past collective species memories, past events of the incarnate mind, potentials, communicative powers, and self projection potentials in times of need or stress, arise from less deep aspects of our being - the Soul cloud NOT the Spirit itself.

Probably all this data is recorded in the genetic coding anyway. So do not extract bits from the genome eh, just in case. You might zap eternity he says smiling. But energy transfer is what it is experienced to be, and once again even science in everyday life not only substantiates this but we use it in common daily affairs. Throw a switch and you are transforming energy into another mode. Everything which exists anywhere is energy in one mode or another; even the mind and consciousness, even paradise and whatever brought it forth. There is nothing which is not energy of some kind.

Transition itself (the journey between Time and Eternity) is like the old story of the Ferryman across the river Styx; with the exception that the symbol leads one to believe of an objective person instead of another part of our self with which each part can have communication with the other. These ancient mystics seemed to know all this well enough - but they certainly seemed to have had problems in relating it, or their latter scribes did: certainly more so than we do today.

Their symbols and language about these things however are not suitable for today's language and comprehension. In fact they cause a lot of problems – more problems than any good they do for anyone it seems to me. What is the point of a symbol or a myth if it does not ring some kind of inner bell of recognition and affirmation? No good at all.

I quite liked the well documented and recent story of the woman who was lost in a 'white-out' (blinding thick snow drifts) during a mountain climb. She survived conditions which the human body does not usually survive. Apart from well below zero temperature and surviving, (I think it was two nights), she had no food or shelter. She knew that she had to walk to a place which offered more chance of being found. During this walking she encountered 'road blocks', barriers, in her path. These road blocks were not real, they were visions which looked solid. But when she tried to touch them she realised that they were not really there at all. She had the sense however to realise that something was trying to guide her path (knowledge without the knowing or understanding of how or why). She put these visions down to an objective entity which she called a 'Guardian Angel'. (by virtue of brain washing; just like the Ferry-Man myth, and which many people do just that; by virtue of their mental conditioning and conventional thinking). Well, it certainly worked however, for she lived to tell the story when in fact she should most certainly not have done according to accepted physics and psychology.

'Guardian Angeles' have been well documented and spoken of since the year dot in human terms on earth. The consensus belief however is that they are some kind of objective 'Christian type god-creature' or its 'subordinate' out there in physical space and time. Not so. Before they make assumptions as to what these things really are then it would be better to come to learn a little more about the deeper nature of oneself and our various connected inner parts and the very mysterious fields of inner energy. Not only can these fields of energy be directly known and experienced by being IN them; but it would seem that some, albeit a very few, do have some kind of potential to tap into these energy fields at times by their own effort and will. An interesting point in this case is the 'road barrier' - for that is a modern day implement. Cave men did not see road barriers did they; hence archetypes are still being formed within the psyche; ones that you and I will understand today in a modern world. Hence the Soul evolves. As the human incarnate mind evolves and we become conscious of more things and more connections of things, then so too do the psychic experiences evolve, in order that the topside mind can understand their meaning in some way. But our essential nature (or spirit) does not evolve. It is what it is, and always so.

Such inner forces are doing their own respective tasks all the time whether we are conscious of them or not; and when they convey a message then it must then be understandable to the thinking rational mind whilst the thinking mind is still existing in the outer temporal mode of being (the world). The deeper one goes into the soul then the less symbolic (archetypal) communication there becomes. The ground of being itself has no meaning; it is the thing meant. Hence it is not a symbolic construct but the thing itself – it points to nothing else at all – other than No Created Thing.

However, it is the becoming conscious of these events which is the mind-blowing event initially. Indeed, if you took the time to think of it then I am sure that you would realise just how miraculous it is that we become aware of anything at all even. Consciousness and Cosmic awareness is the greatest accessible miracle in creation – and yet taken for granted. Comprehension is about on the same par, or even a notch up maybe. Consciousness is a miracle. Try creating the stuff and making it work, laugh and cry. Personal consciousness is the miracle of all miracles; and irrespective of where it is existing. A miracle simply means something that happens, and has an explanation and answers, but I do not know them or understand them. It means no more than that when I use it. It does not mean super-natural it means natural and rather super – deeply mysterious, and oh so clever.

If you bombard germs and bacteria in dark water (for the light protects them) with electromagnetic waves of a certain frequency band then their shields go down and you can zap them... without using chemicals in the water. One could go on like this for a whole book. Hundreds of books even. I will not even mention such things as the power of sound – but there is so much to learn in just that alone. Moreover one could write a hundred books (given the time and the interest) on human spiritual and psychic events recorded from the year dot right up to today. And it will go on going on, for it is what we are and how we function. But this ‘Guardian Angel’ bit however is one facet of our own trinity of being. Heaven only knows how it works, for I certainly do not (see if you can find out). All I know is that it is there and that it functions for what it is designed to function for; and for its duration. I guess one could liken it to a computer back-up system – or even an application wizard. One can call it the sub-conscious: (below normal daily consciousness) but one becomes conscious of being IN IT (when in it); and our consciousness can indeed actually exist IN IT, and while observing our other parts to boot, by way of this circumincession of the trinity of our being event.

But like so much else regard these things they can only be proved to us by life itself - by them happening. They cannot be proved in a clinical tool shed, for the psyche only operates when it HAS to operate; and it does not operate simply for fun and games in the tool shed to prove its own existence for scientific endeavour or mere curiosity value. And can science prove that you enjoyed your last meal? Does it have to be proved? Do you not know it without it having to be proved? The knowing IS the proving.

Can science prove that you are conscious? Is it not its own proof; axiomatic? Indeed, the psyche may indeed play ‘games’ at times (there is psychic humour but I am not going into that one here either), but the ‘games’ are of its own reasons and time, and even then for a reason and purpose to do with this outer life: I have had a few, and that I know. To assert while in ignorance that these things do not happen is much like saying that music does not exist in the grooves of an old record when there is no access to obtaining that music from it. You cannot prove it until you put the record on the correct equipment and then listen to it. You cannot prove it without ‘doing it’. But life proves it with no problem at all – well, unless human beings make a problem of it; and depotentiate the very experiences which exist in order to make them grow and become more aware.

Regard these things you cannot prove it until IT ITSELF proves it to you by revelation. It is like paradise - it can be received but not stolen; understood but not rationalised; loved, yet not explained as to why or how. It is like the ineffable itself - knowable yet not definable. Hence the saying 'Life's secret teachings'. They are taught only on the inside of our being as indeed any experience is - even self existence. Prove that the man or woman standing next to you is a living being with consciousness and sensitivities. You cannot; for only THEY know it to be true: you and I know it only by implication of what we ourselves are like. Their consciousness, and how they experience BEING, is their secret shared only with the divine implicate order of being and their self; tis the way things are; and they are mysterious, hence mysticism. It is the same for every living entity in existence, and yet unique to them all. Every object in the universe also has its own space and time, but at root they all share the same dimension and time - or no moving time in this case.

One could of course belong to the belief system which is the extreme right wing of Idealism called Solipsism in which they say 'Only MY mind exists' ! Idealism is the belief that only mind itself exists and that all else is some kind of projected illusion of a mind. But a universe (energy) of some kind is out there right enough, and probably much like we do in fact come to experience it by way of the senses; although not obviously exactly AS we experience it by the five outer senses. There IS however, something out there with which the human mind or psyche interacts like a wave front of two energies interacting; and at that wave front creation as we experience it is 'created'. The physical universe as we experience it in our daily lives would not exist (that way) if we did not exist. So what is it that is really 'out there' and truly objective then ? Do you know? For sure? And beyond your experience of it?

It cannot be known (by experience), for knowing is from the inside. It may well be deduced however. And you and I do not create the power of deduction and inference do we; for they too are natural facets of the mind. You and I do not create anything, we simply manipulate the forces which exist. Creation is producing them in the first place. All we do is put this bit here or that bit there; or heat it up a bit or cool it down a bit, and so on and so forth. But that is not creation in the sense of issuing the stuff forth. And even though our own 'creations' and inventions (manipulation of the stuff) is rather ingenious at times – cloths pegs work well do they not. So too do atom bombs. Here is creation (stuff) my love – do with it what you will !!!

You and I do not put the physical universe out there then, but we do 'modulate' the energies which ARE out there and objective to us, by interacting with them. And in such a way that the interaction of such wave fronts manifests a tree or a mountain in the way in which we DO actually experience them. The colour IS created in our mind - but the cause of the colour effect in mind is objective. The sound IS created in our mind: so too with the smell and the touch and the taste; but they are a result of the effects of the interaction between the observer and the observed; and the more we interact and grow then the more we can come to both understand, and see, and communicate, with it. Some folk we call colour blind – they see it different according to what they are. And indeed we become mini creators ourselves. But we do not create the energy which exists, we simply modulate it and make use of it. We model things but we do not create the stuff with which we model them.

There does not exist a band of coloured music made of light floating around out there in the universe of space and time; yet still we can come to see it and exist within it... by deeper forces within. So how did these inner fields and sub-space come about. And what is really out there in the objective world and physical universe which is absolutely objective to us - and yet which our physical body is a part of and made of?

Whatever is it? Creation itself of course is not dualistic in the absolute sense, there is only one creation; and which means the construction of everything which exists naturally. But creation itself is not only created in a dualistic mode of the 'I and Thou' (observer and the observed), but even more so in a triplicity mode; a trinity itself. This trinity is not the first cause it is us and all creation itself. However, consciousness can exist in three fields, dimensions, and consequently know them; and that is a fact of human existence and human conscious experience. Ipso Facto.

(1) Formative Consciousness: (this world of time and space). (2) Transitive Consciousness: (the journey home to our root of mind - soul space and time). (3) Essential Consciousness: or Paradise Consciousness - gnosis: (of essences beyond moving time - a permanent now beyond differentiation and change).

These fields, are a fact of direct experience and gnosis. It is also very strange indeed that there is no known 'return trip', as I have said, from that paradise consciousness. (No known journey back that is). This of course could simply be that consciousness is switched off during that return trip back up the vortex of the psyche; for there is nothing to learn on the way out. But somehow in creation there is a 'circular' movement of some kind and some how. From the womb of eternity to extended incarnate creation - home via the soul cloud for preparation, and then returning to the womb of eternity again - like the extended nature of the implicate order being sucked back into the implicate order again; like creation breathing in and breathing out. Paradise is a bit like existence holding its breath! And all this work, energy and process, is not brought forth just to happen once.

It certainly seems to me from hindsight of all these things that the objective physical universe is some kind of 'conscious life sacrifice' (or personal consciousness sacrifice anyway) for us to exist within. And that our own mind and existence is some kind of 'worm-hole' through all reality itself. Quite a thought to be sure. Matter goes into a black hole. We (mind) go into a white hole. Very strange: very strange indeed; and very interesting.

Some religionists talk about their creator as though they knew all about it and what it wanted. The less they know then the more they believe that they know it seems to me. Ignorance may be bliss after all it seems. But ignorance can also be extremely intransigent and dead scared of learning. Nothing quite like a good adventure into the unknown is there; for life could get boring and mundane otherwise. But first they should come to learn a little about their self and the true nature of reality as it really is known by direct experience; and perhaps then build their temple a little closer to home... in the mind itself. For that IS the temple of the amazing implicate order of things. These things of BEING will never be known and experienced by bricks and mortar; but only in the mind soul and spirit itself.

Never mind the churches and the synagogues. Never mind the books and the icons. Never mind the actresses and the bishops. The only way in which you will communicate with it is with your mind; soul and spirit, inwards. And you carry that with you wherever you go – it is not possible to lose it. And it is not screwed on – for YOU are it. You can no more become isolated from the Essential Order of Being than you can from your self... even in Limbo - and even though you do not know it in Limbo. But I do know it now - from hindsight of being there. Think about these things on quiet occasions. An idiot like me could not invent all this stuff you know – I have enough trouble pulling my socks on at times. Also contemplate upon them while relaxed and alone; for thinking and contemplation is good for the mind soul and spirit. It is also good for your own inner movement and evolution. But thinking is hard work is it not. But do not let others do it for you... not regard these things anyway; for this or that person may be very foolish and totally ignorant of these things. Or they may be clever, but with vested interests of their own at stake.

Close your inner eyes and antenna and you will remain blind and then led by others who are also blind; and they will lead you into roads which lead nowhere except their own pocket. Do not dance to another's tune, but become the singer of the song of life yourself. Think then, of the structure and emanation of the sum of your being. It is like an inverted pyramid, like a vortex of energy going back beyond time; narrow at the bottom with its beginning in paradise; and wide at the top with its feet on the earth. As the universe expands so too does the comprehension of the incarnate mind. For the incarnate mind is half way between the point of no duration and the extended sum of the multiplicity in time and outer space. But all that which is now done and past is within you now; you are made of it. We can each let out of ourselves the productive or the destructive elements; and that we can choose to do: that is our freedom of choice. The greatest gift in creation is freedom from home, and the power of intention. But we have to be its master, not it ours.

The sun and moon is outward; and paradise is inwards. In space co-ordinates the sun is about ninety million earth miles away and the moon but twenty four thousand. In time co-ordinates the sun is eight minutes ago and the moon but a quarter of a minute ago. How long ago is the end of your nose? How long ago is the dead centre of consciousness; and the eternal now? Yes indeed, how far then and how long ago is paradise? You are closer to it than anything else in creation; and yet you do not come to see it do you – for you are residing there NOW, and always (well a bit of you is anyway – and it behoves you to find it in due course). For you are looking out beyond the sun and the stars; beyond yourself. For the deepest mystery of all time and all space... seek within... know thy self !

Listen to the genuine mystics for they offer you a thread, like a torchlight in the dark, that you may seek within yourself and find that jewel in the crown at the dead centre of that mystic cave for your self. And in that mystic death and resurrection is then revealed eternal life and the divine implicate order of being. These things are not objective to you, you are connected to them... you ARE them. The only monster is within your self, a part of your incarnate survival kit. A part of the incarnate soul field itself, (not the spirit). The soul field is in two parts. One part is for the personal record only in some mysterious way; while the other part is for the memory and energy of group survival on earth, the monster within IS the incarnate survival kit; and it is needed and has to be this way for the nature of reality to be this way. But that

part is indeed a Pandora's box of magic tricks and potentials. It is not for playing with or messing with. I know people who have, and I know some who have gone nuts and killed themselves. They did not like what they found and meddled with. Never do it.

On the day of 'judgement' (the dimension of discrimination and separation of the parts) there will be two in the field (annihilation field); one will be taken and one will remain. In the dimension of the soul (during transition) there will be two in that field (the Arkon Field of the psyche). One will be taken (and which includes the personality and the survival kit - the so called monster), in the act of annihilation in the white light of the trinity; and in the act of the discrimination of the parts (the separation of the parts). And then one will remain... the absolute pure essential vital part which came from paradise only; and back into paradise itself... spirit unto spirit... the modulated becomes demodulated back into its own inner eternal resonance. Like snow falling upon snow. It is much like the demodulation of a radio wave but the other way around; for the 'writing' is wiped off the carrier wave. The writing is wiped off the wall; and that is the last act of purgation itself - annihilation; having all things taken from you except that which you are in essence, in paradise, at home... your real enduring self.

The carrier wave of being is the pure unmodulated essential spirit of our being. The outer emanations are dissolved into thin air when the insubstantial pageant has faded, leaving not a rack behind... except the pure and unadulterated spirit of being; the child of creation... home from its wanderings in the mansions and aeons of space and time. Just as the mystic learns to wed his or her consciousness to the inner soul dimension and spirit then so too is it possible for others to wed their consciousness to the survival-kit department of the soul field... to some degree at least. But I tell you in all truth, that the outer soul is one to have its doors closed unless opened either in an emergency in times of need; or unless knowing what you are doing and why and how. And at such time it is instinctual and subconscious that such door opens and the forces are let loose in the world. But open this pocket (Pandora's Box) of your own accord, and for your own petty reasons, and you reap the reward of things you do not know, understand, or need to know. Moreover, the psyche does not go all the way home; so all one would eventually find, at root, in the psyche - is death. But those that stay on the path will never know death - only life. It is so easy you see, and as crystal clear as daylight from hindsight and knowing it.

These forces and energies can be used for good also, and when naturally used: but first you must know how to use them. And this is what the ancients referred to as good and dark forces, or magic even. But in contrast to this the innermost dimension of the soul has its own kinds of powers and forces; powers and forces which are emanations directly in conductance with the central core (the spirit itself). These are not things of good and evil, they are things and forces of eternity and time. They are both necessary, and they both function every day, every moment of your life... and even whilst sleeping. They do not only work when you are conscious of them. Indeed, all your thoughts, feelings, learning of the day, fears, hopes, and aspirations, are all taken into these fields, churned over, digested and synthesised... and then... and then, they write the results upon the blank pages of the genome for future generations to replay your vibes if need be.

And why indeed do we need to sleep during life? It is not done that way for just one reason alone; for everything which naturally exists performs many functions. Do you know all the functions for which sleep exists? I certainly do not. The only one that concerns me is the bit that obliterates consciousness for a while and lets one forget the lot of it for a few hours. And then when awake again – Wham ! The energy is back again and firing on all cylinders. As for the rest of what goes on when asleep – well it does not need me to take care of it – it is all done for me; and I feel sure it can cope with it all better than I could. What about you?

These inner dimensions cannot be tapped and drawn upon too readily as some would have you believe. Some have learned a little of them however, and even some degree of minor control of simple aspects of that power. But most simply experience events at times; events that migrate up into consciousness for a specific effect upon the conscious temporal mind and the personality. Observe and learn these things when they occur, for there will come a time incarnate when such forces will become more accessible throughout evolution; and by then we will have become a little wiser in the use of such inner power; for power without the wisdom to use it right is the recipe for destruction and chaos. And that should be self evident by now – look around you in this world. So, be careful of your dreams and aspirations, your fears and your ideals... for your children will eat of them. Such is the power of creation; such is the gift; and such is the way of things. ‘Here is creation and the energy my love, and here is life... make of it what you will: form your own gift; but create it in the likeness and the wisdom of your eternal spirit and in the judgement of your soul... and let us create man in our image’. That is why we have it – *Ipsa Facto*.

There is no such thing as objective forces of good and evil, or nice and nasty other than that they exist in all living beings also. All such things are but cosmological necessities of the act of our being; they are needed in the system. Mankind has now attained to knowledge and power over the atom. It is high time also that he attained to a greater knowledge and power over his sub conscious and the miraculous gift of freedom of choice in his and her actions on earth, and to give equilibrium to the earthly powers.

Intelligence without innate wisdom is not only alienated from self; but destructive power if used in ignorance. But time is made for mind not mind for time; and mind is made for cognition... KNOWING. Mind can and does bring order from chaos. The mind is not simply in this universe to know it but also to fulfil it. There comes the time of the inner Sirens call from the deep; and if we care to listen, then one magic day it will drag you down to the rocks, the very foundation of the deepest depths; home from whence you came... be there when it calls; and then you will affirm - “ Ah, oh yes, now I see, now I understand... and now I ACT.” Fear not the darkness; for in ignorance we grow, learn and come to understand. Creation is so clever. We come for a purpose, and we fulfil that purpose. *Ab uno disce omnes. Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

Despite all things that come our way in life we can still dream of our ideals. Never let the rain of transient misfortune wash those dreams away from you. Never let fear erode those higher values. And just think, if there were no value or purpose in life (as some seem to think), then you have even gone one better than the life force itself: and it might just learn from you.

Think on this: Nothing will happen if you do not make it happen: but once you have done something then it cannot be undone by time or anyone else; and you must make that conscious choice each day; and thence live with the results; as must all others also live with your deeds on earth. Let the beings in paradise rest in divine peace; but the earth is for us; and movement, action, and becoming. Let us create incarnate man in the image and quality of our primordial consciousness at root. We think; therefore we CAN bring order out of chaos; and we will ! For harmonious order is good. So be it. The world and universe around us is beautiful beyond measure, and it is our responsibility and duty to creation itself for us to emulate that beauty within ourselves, and to give out from within us only that measure which is befitting to it. As you would do for your child then do also for the world itself. There is no reward for this task, this duty, other than the reward of the effects which come from those actions, those dreams and ideals. That is unconditional love; and there is nothing greater to which you and I could ever aspire to achieve. Live your life as though you were only here once, one shot at it, and make it a worthwhile one. Failure to achieve anything is not a problem, (I have achieved nothing – except five bright healthy happy kids – and most of that was not my doing) but failure to even try is not in accord with the spirit of man and the essence of life.

But I know what drives us, and the spirit of man is indomitable; and we will eventually die trying. Success or failure is irrelevant, all that matters is that one tries; and one uses all the powers and potentials which we have access to at that time. Trying to achieve what is known to be achievable is the stuff of men; but trying to achieve the impossible, yet desirable, is the stuff of the divine implicate order of being; and is the cosmological project of transcendence itself. Give it your best shot, for nothing else is worth living and dying for – indeed, existing for. Real love and passion is not for retaining within you, it is for giving away. Love is not yours, you simply mediate the stuff from one location to another, and in so doing it is shared by all. Psychics can occasionally use psychic energy, but every human being can share love; and that is infinitely more important than anything else in our short lives here; and infinitely more mysterious. Ipso Facto; and QED. And yes, I am dogmatic about what I know to be right. So too will you be.

I often encounter people who tell me that they detest religions and churchianity. So I ask them why. The first thing they mention is that it is not only all idiotic crap but also that they detest dogmatism. So I ask them as to what is wrong with dogmatism. I tell them that I love dogmatism and that I am dogmatic about things which I know to be so. And I tell them that they too should be dogmatic about things which they know to be so. So I tell them that they do not really exist at all and that they are not a conscious life form. And they say, oh yes I am. So I ask them to prove it; and there is a silence followed by... I just am! So I say, ok, fine, be dogmatic about it then; no problem. Have a nice day chum. Oh yes, I sometimes mention that I am not too struck on religions either, but not because of dogmatism. And best leave it at that in most cases.

Moreover, it is well to keep in mind that there is nothing in existence more dogmatic than life and the nature of reality itself. One can argue with it in our mind, but it sure does not change things - only us. And we have to smile eh. I guess one could cry, but what the hell, tis better and more fun to laugh and go with the flow.

I found that swimming with the tide is far easier than swimming against it. Not only that but you get further too. Do you want to go on further? Ask yourself, think about it, make your mind up. One could well say... pull yourself together, for it then shines brighter. Ah, I seem to recall some wispy strung out things in paradise that had not pulled themselves together and did not shine like a diamond. Maybe it was just a coincidence eh. Maybe not. What a wonderful saying that is – Pull yourself together – and how fitting it is.

When existing in the transcendent realm then you only comprise one part; and that is all that is needed there. On earth we are comprised of three parts, and they are all needed here to get the job done. So, as they say, pull yourself together and use all three parts. You cannot function at your best if some of the tools are not being used. The parts do of course work whether you are aware of them or not – but they work even better and quicker when you are aware of them and on their side; and that is what becoming is all about – using all of that which is there to be used.

Regards to all these forces and energies, and all this psychic energy too – and the power and energy of the body itself – we have this thing which we call ‘well being’; meaning, as far as we know, we feel good, fit, and well enough to cope with the day and all the menial tasks (which are not menial really - even the washing up and cleaning the loo has to be done). And we even look forward to it and enjoy doing it. Many of us sing or whistle whilst we work – and that is a good healthy indication of well-being. But to feel good each day, when so much could in fact go wrong with our system, seems to be nothing short of a bloody miracle itself. How the hell does it all work for so long and in reasonably good condition – and even though we all abuse it much of the time? Do you know? I do not; nor do I really understand a jot of it.

On recollection I was indeed ill once. It was during the war when I was five years of age. There was no national health service in those days, and if one could not afford a doctor or hospital treatment – well, one just died. It started with measles and developed into bronchitis and double pneumonia. I can remember laying in a bed chair in the kitchen around a small hearth. There was some red sacking over the light bulb to shield my eyes from the light. Personally I do not ever remember feeling rotten, although I was probably unconscious for much of the time. But when awake I seem to recall feeling not too bad. Anyway, some doctor came to hear of this and he started coming around to our house three times a day; and I guess doing whatever he could do for the best as he saw it and understood it, and with no charge (there are such people to be found you know). He told my mother that if I lived then I would probably never be ill again. He was right; I obviously did live (unless all the last sixty years has been an illusion). I wonder if that guy was from paradise! And in all that time I have never been ill; never had a headache (I do not know what they are like); never been fed up, never run out of energy, and I have had one amazing and interesting life – and a few way out adventures too – and all free of charge! Now, there is luck for you eh. Well-Being seems to be as natural as the day – I guess unless we let other things interfere with it and upset the inner balance. Most mysterious eh. Such is life. Don’t let beliefs spoil it for you, and others.

* * *

Chapter 11

Essences

It is often said, and in many cases believed it seems, that everything in time changes. Or to put the other way around '*time changes everything*'. But it is not true. If everything changed in time then there would be nothing to recognise change (temporal conscious existence recognises change – essential consciousness does not) and no underlying structure to change it. And if there were nothing to recognise time then the concept would not even exist. It would certainly seem to be the case however that every physical thing or object changes in time, or changes in due course. However, gravity seems to be consistent: the quantum dimension of physics seems to be constant: electromagnetism seems to be consistent; and one could go on. There are also other less tangible things which exist throughout time which time and change does not effect. Love is no different today than it was ten thousand years ago or at the dawn of human existence on earth. Beauty does not change. The truth of mathematics does not change. Truth itself does not change. But these things are even much different from those of gravity and electromagnetism in that they are totally intangible. And this is only in this dimension of existence – where change does exist.

Many have attempted to define and simplify such things as wisdom, love, beauty and truth: these are things known as essences or mysterious qualities. And yet we never really know what an essence is independent of that eternal quality we find in something itself. Both art and music are good examples. You cannot see an essence, you can only feel it. And yet *feeling* is not an outward sense detector and therefore the existing paradigm or at least many people do not accept it as true: for only things known by way of the five outer senses are true by many people in today's world. All mystics have at least one thing in common – sensitivity to a high degree. The degree to which a human being can feel joy and pain is a direct correlation to which they can pick up subtle cosmic vibes and the essences of being. So we get rid of all that emotional and essential phenomena. Do so and you will die whilst still alive - and not the mystic type of death but the existential one: into spiritual bankruptcy.

Life as we experience it on earth is more about feeling it than it is about seeing it, touching it, hearing it, smelling it, or tasting it. Feeling it is also more about *knowing it* than seeing it is. Thus it is, that even in a physical and changing world and universe, that the most important things in our lives are the evergreen intangible essences themselves. The outer senses alone are but periscopes above the waves... but what are they attached to under the surface of time and space? When you grow old you will begin to live in a world of the past - your own world of past experience. You will begin to feed off your own memories of this lifetime. At such time it is important to have many good memories, and not too much regret and remorse thrown in.

It is a very strange thing indeed that in memory one can somehow come to feel it all over again... the essential quality of the events and relationships of your past life. Even more strange is that the inner re-living of such past events in memory can reproduce old sensations such as smell. But that is not all they can reproduce. One often hears the young say such things as *'The poor old sod has nothing left but memories, and they live in the past'*. My first reply to such blatant ignorance would be that one hopes that the young will have a past worth remembering when they are old. My second reply would be to say do not feel sorry for them for they are having a whale of time living in the past – and on the occasions which they do, which is nothing like all the time. They are not of course 'living' in the past they are re-living it in memory and essential quality only. But those memories also have the power (or rather the mind and psyche does) of re-emanating those known essences: for essences transcend the time and space of the temporal mind; and they are ALWAYS THE SAME and have the same effect and feeling: they never change. They always produce the same inner depth feeling. That is one definition of an essential quality, or an essence. They are detectable, axiomatic, effective, irrefutable, yet indefinable.

The next *miracle* associated with this is that the essential quality and nature of past experiences can be felt even more when the event is not actually happening in extended reality. This is very weird and strange: but true. There are many things which we like and enjoy which are happening at the time of course (hopefully): but such things become even more alive and potent in essential quality in mind than they were when the actual event itself was happening (for the mind is focused on this only). The ground of being itself is just like that; except that you cannot even remember a past life at all whilst in it, the essences alone remain, and operating at ultimate – full volume – for the lack of a better word.

What *is* an essence then? I am not sure in absolute terms, other than that it is the thing, the quality, without which that thing could not be. Like love and beauty it is the reception of vibrations which have no enharmonics, and thus in resonance with that fundamental quality of being. But one can perhaps best define it as that eternal quality which is intrinsic within something and which remains when the thing which encapsulates it has gone. Strangely enough the essence of something can be known even better when the thing, object, or event which encapsulated it is in fact gone. Memory has more than one function it seems. One learns this fact by the very event of human memory itself, and even whilst alive on earth if you observe it closely. Moreover, why does one have to undergo this past recollection of life while in the mode of initial transcendence in one form or another. Some see pictures of their past life: others, like myself, simply *feel* those past experiences and somehow become forced to contemplate upon them: and this is not really by choice as it may seem to be at the time. Are we at that time passing on collected information, and our reactions to it, on to somewhere else for some kind of cosmological record maybe? Maybe not. But it happens for a good reason.

The eternal modality of mind, as I have mentioned, is really all about eternal essences, quality, and principles. It is not about the actual vision even though the actual vision is the ultimate essence and principle of visual beauty and grandeur. But the vision is not what it is all about. No, it is about the knowing and this gnosis of the eternal and everlasting essences of being, and the comprehension of therein.

Paradise is love without a created object of love. It is beauty without an object of beauty. It is wisdom with nothing to do about it or with it. It is about absolute pure truth without an event of truth (except the realm itself of course). It is wisdom also in knowing the truth of all these essential principles and qualities: and even beyond memory of anything other than it. And only in this way is it made to be uncontradictable - by being *in it and living it*. And of course not being able to argue with it; for there is no argument or debate there; it is not possible; for it is a mono-pole singular non changing reality. Whilst there it is simply a never ending perfection of existence – the real never ending story. But you and I out here know better; well, more in fact. And one realises that it is only the beginning and the end of being, and in essential quality of being; but it is not the middle, and it is not a dimension in which you and I have freedom and volition. And there is no communication with other beings – other beings are not even known to exist; for ‘everything’ there is a singularity – ‘I AM, and nothing is brought forth before me’ ! And so it is.

So, simply being told of either that realm, and as to what it feels like, and as to what ultimate essential being is like, would not prove it, it would not prove anything to anyone except that the speaker could speak. But being *in it* does prove it - and without argument or contradiction. You and I cannot do that for each other. Moreover, when back in temporal mind we can remember and feel all that, and the passion, just as though we were still in that transcendent realm of being, for the rest of our lives on earth even, it has become us on earth, and we it. They wonder why such people walk alone at times; but that is the effect. You can never ever forget it and you also continue to be affected by its essential nature acting on the topside mind and personality throughout your life. Is it worth knowing then? The after effect alone is indescribable. And what value could you put on it? How much would you pay for it if it were in a pill? Perhaps it is just a coincidence that I have never had an illness - not even a headache. Some pill to be sure. It works. (Pulling yourself together).

It is a very strange thing indeed, but if I were asked to say as to what I personally knew in anything like human comprehension of ‘actual things’ whilst in that dimension of being then the concept was that of a *jug*, a container of some kind, but an open container like a pipe or conduit through which the life force and these essential qualities and principles flowed up through. Like an instrument of music being played upon. That sums it up just about perfect. Paradise is the essence of eternal being. It is the realm, dimension, field, in which everything is taken from you (in the last act of absolute purgation; the last act of which is in annihilation itself): and then all that is left is the resurrection back into the original and primordial truth of primordial being, and a beauty, a gnosis of the eternal essences of creation and being; which are evergreen truths that never change. Time does not change everything then; neither does it change everything which is in and operative throughout time even in this temporal realm. Does consciousness, for example, age?

I have also said elsewhere that this level of being is not the first cause but rather the ground of our being; the first event of created personalised mind itself; and which is self evident whilst in there. But that there is something even deeper and beyond that realm itself; is self evident whilst there. But as to what it is then that cannot be known. Thus, the ‘Our father which art in heaven’ bit (as some have symbolised it in antiquity; and through either rank stupidity or sheer ignorance) is simply our root of self existence in that dimension; it is emphatically not the root and foundation of

creation itself, and it is nobodies father. That part of ourselves therein has been mistaken by nearly all religions of priestcraft to be the first cause, and that is obvious by what has been written and recorded. But we are but the first child of creation, and that is it. You and I do not create creation; and we do not know what did, nor how. And there is more than us dear Horatio. Moreover, you and I are not a him or a her in that place. Some religious priestcraft also symbolises this as a human being on earth and thus distorts and ruins the truth of it all. Well, not the truth as such but only that of peoples understanding of it on earth. Now, whatever that deeper 'thing' of no created thing is within itself, and which cannot be known independent of its emanations and essences anyway, it is obviously the root of where these essences have their origin. But in that root one would find that love, beauty, truth and wisdom are four faces and manifestations of the same thing. They are only experienced as different things here on earth. And obviously all a part of the manifestation of variety. The kind of – 'go forth and multiply'- phenomenon. And no, that does not mean breed like rabbits.

There is nothing more blind, wrong and dangerous than religions; and that is fact. And they have as much interest in truth and morality as I have chances of winning the lottery every week. Do not try to understand religions, for there is hardly anything of truth in them to be understood; but rather try to forget that any of them ever existed – and start again, and searching for truth yourself. As in fact I did – and others have done. It works. For if you open up all your equipment to the nature of reality then the nature of reality can do nought but reveal itself and flow through you. It is not an option on the part of reality; it is how it works and functions.

Just as in the physical universe all the physical forces are emanations of one singular energy at root beyond time. Love is the recognition of beauty which is truth, a truth which is beauty, and a beauty which is love. On earth these things are all different, but in paradise they are same thing... in ONE. The all in the ONE. I have also said that whilst in paradise we are also somehow connected, like an umbilical chord, to that deeper root and foundation of all being - the thing of no created thing (call it by whatever name you like, but a rose is a rose by any other – and best not call it anything at all; for it is the IS-NESS of what things are and how they work). And that umbilical chord is that of these eternal principles, qualities, essences, which flow up through us whilst there; the channel is not blocked up at that level of our being; it is an open conduit... as it can also become on earth itself in the paradise on earth event; the Consummatum Incarnate, or the Reciprocal Convergence of being. It is all very strange and mysterious but true and knowable by direct experience. And you and I have to face the fact that there are some things which cannot be known. But who cares anyway. And in all truth who would really want to know and understand everything – it would get mighty dull and boring. And to say nothing of lonely. Me thinks that a mind that knew everything would end its own existence.

Not only that but experience itself also makes sense - which is more than religions of priestcraft would ever do. And it could be symbolised in a million different ways no doubt. Even in their clumsy way most religions have said that the good things endure and the bad things are destroyed (and they use it as a threat). They have said it but they have also completely misunderstood it or misrepresented the truth of it.

Do they (the religious academics and scribes) simply judge by what they know and experience on earth itself. But you cannot, for paradise is so different; it is nothing whatsoever like life on earth; it is kind of opposite, a reciprocal reality. The essence and principles of all things remains then, (in paradise and at an even deeper level than paradise somehow; the life force phenomenon itself) but that which is not of essential nature does not remain. I have described what that place is like elsewhere, and what it feels like and what you learn there; and what I have said about it is so. Only the good remains there then; so it is a mono-pole reality; a singularity. Why should it not be the other way around then? For it would not have been my problem if it had been all bad experience, for I did not create it. I have no axe to grind or anything to prove to anyone; I simply say it as it is known and experienced to be. Why should it not be then that paradise is everything bad and nothing which is good then? An opposite mono-pole if you will? I do not know why; all I know is that *that* is how it is. Fact. I am nought but a reporter of these things - and I wish that I could make a better job of it too – for words seem to be useless to define quality – especially when I utter them.

Neither is there anything *bad* in Limbo or anywhere else in those fields; (other than what you cart there with you in memory of your past life of course) for there is nothing else experienced by consciousness in the Limbo field except your self and your past memories (all alone), and the time to think about them. I would mention also that an incident caused by another human being, no matter how bad it is, does not carry any remorse for yourself. It is only the mess which you cause that you have to live with for a while in that transitional field of being and synthesise it. Limbo is experienced as time without space (as far as consciousness and being in it is concerned anyway) and that paradise itself is space without moving time. As to what is happening in absolute objective terms beyond our experience of these things then that can not only never be known but is also totally academic to you and I whilst in it. If the food you are eating is really good and yet tastes horrible... then it tastes horrible; simple as that. Ipso Facto.

In this life on earth we know well enough that time and space are not the same thing but that they are somehow closely tied up together. Indeed there are some who even believe or assume that somehow they are the same thing; but they are not the same thing. Time is not a phenomenon as such: it is an effect of phenomena. Space is an extant phenomenon in which events take place and unfold and change. But it is the changing events themselves which give rise to the effect which we call time. Nothing ever changes in paradise and it is always *now*. It is beyond moving time. Limbo lasts just as long as there exists resolution and synthesis to be done by that individual on its way home to its ground of being. One could make the analogy of a dark and empty waiting room. Hence there is nothing else that could be done other than to remember things and question yourself. There are no options such as ‘What shall I do or where shall I go’; one is in it and there is nothing one can do about it, and that is it.

Be warned then regard to remorse and that which you cart there with you; for it is not exactly a nice place to hang around in for very long; or in other words dead boring. But there is no such thing as an essence of something bad... and that is why they do not last. This does not mean that time is not real: for it *is* real; it is a real effect. But time does not cause anything or have any effect on anything. It is the things themselves, which effect each other that causes time to exist as an effect – not a phenomenon in its own right.

Time does not make you grow old, it is the physics of your form and their actions and interactions which make you grow old. These events do not take place 'IN' time, they create time. Time is the effect of these events in space unfolding. And the realm of no time does its own teaching. How can one envisage no time? A simple but good analogy would be that of a turning wheel or disk. At the very dead centre of that wheel there is a point of no extension or duration that does not turn (the axle), it is like the focal point of all the turning (energy movement) but whilst itself is in repose. Like the dead centre of a hub of a wheel. Now, Paradise is not that reality of absolute no extension and duration (for that is even deeper) but simply that of the first layer of movement around that point (the moving hub). In paradise there is movement, and it IS an orbit. The mere fact that our level of mindful existence there does not perceive moving time is because there is no change within it, no changing events (except coming out of it at some point; but you do not know that is going to happen until it is about to happen).

You and I in paradise are the *right hand movement* (hub) of the absolute focal point of all creation; the first emanation of the central creative act; the inner hub around a stationary axle of which all temporality is an extended force field beyond it... but which alters every day, every moment, every fraction of a second. Thus it is that space is real in extant terms and that time is only real in terms of the effects of mass and movement. Space is an essential quality of creation whereas time is the product of the change and effects of actual extant phenomena in that space.

If, for example, only one object (mass or blob of matter) existed in the physical universe, and assuming that there was nothing to have effects upon that blob of matter, then time would not exist at all. If there were two objects in that space, and if they did not undergo change themselves, and their movement was in constant harmony with a similar velocity and direction then time would still not exist. There is only one thing in paradise, proto-physic consciousness, and we are all *it*. Like drops of cognitive rain water returning to the ocean from whence it originally came.

It is often asked as to how an object can be said to occupy a point in space and yet be said to be moving through that space at the same instant... a so called paradox. It is not a paradox at all, for the thing does not move through objective space, it occupies its own space and its own space moves with it in the vortices of all other objects spaces. The universe expands not by virtue of 'more space' coming into existence but by virtue of mass, gravity and repulsion of mass and their radiation's of energy fields. A thing requires its own space; and yet the density of its own gravity distorts not only physical light but also time itself as an effect. (Is not our own soul - the shell - our own space ?). But it is not distorting something which exists independent and in its own right; it is only distorting (changing) its own effects and fields by virtue of its own emanation of existing mass gravity and radiation. It is not changing something which is 'out there' and independent of it; it is changing its own gravitational field, and hence time is its own product. Time was made for mind, not mind for time.

Spiritual time and physical space-time however, are *not* the same identical thing. Returning home from whence we come is a form of gravitational attraction – to the hub of creation. But what kind of gravitational force indeed? But it is the reciprocal of the force which throws us out into an extended orbit (the physical universe life). The fundamental frequency of creation (all movement) I guess. Moreover, when you

and I observe an object in space, even our own physical body, we see only the 'end view' of a vortex of emanation not the whole structure of that vortex. For the vortex itself does not exist *in* the physical universe which the senses know and experience. It exists in the cosmos of creation; and which is the sum of all dimensions, fields, and most of which we cannot even see, hear, taste, touch, smell, or even detect. But there *is* something that can detect it in this universe - YOU; the MIND ITSELF. You cannot even see or touch an idea - yet they are axiomatic. No tools will ever find paradise for tools cannot exist there or get there; and they are made out of the stuff of the physical universe. Only that which is from paradise, made in paradise, can return there, and that is also the tool which can detect it; and that tool exists in this world and in that realm also - YOU. The mind of mankind, indeed all cognitive life, is eternally tied to the cross of time and eternity; or more correctly put as time and permanence; change and permanence. That is the cross upon which the mind of man is affixed.

For anything to happen in a closed system then that pure system requires a catalytic agent. Suppose for example that only paradise existed and nothing else; (and which seems to have been the case before time transgressed the repose of mind), some would say that this would be wonderful; nonsense it would not be wonderful at all. An impurity has to be added to a closed system to activate any differential happening or event. Now, impurity does not mean something bad or something evil it means something to *stir it up a bit* (I like doing that also). An impurity is the catalytic agent. It simply means something of a different order from that pure unadulterated system itself. 'I AM' is obviously the 'impurity' (catalyst) in the pond of no created thing and no extension. And this is why we are thrown out into extended orbit - by virtue of the catalytic reaction. Clever isn't it. We are not that which brings forth things; we are that which is brought forth; hence we are not the same, and that IS the catalytic agent - and slap me vitals, IT WORKS ! And slap (or ZAP) our vitals it sure does. And those that see no mystery are blind. Even in paradise we see and are aware of mystery. FACT. Tis all a mystery, everything.

We were not thrown out of paradise for being naughty but because of an energy which we feel and call love; passion, the passion of TO BE; and love is the strangest and deepest catalytic essence of them all, and the original catalyst itself it seems. Love IS an energy form: an 'E' motion, if you like. And does not $E = MC^2$? Volition, passion and energy are the creative impulse. Love blew my mind; and that is a fact. I guess it could then blow the universe as well. Cosmic passion (E-motion) does not cling, it lets go and flows. The river contains no flow, for the flowing IS the river. If it did not flow then it would not be a river, but rather a sealed isolated pond. 'Being' is permanent and unchanging; but 'Becoming' is an everlasting flow of essential change. As I said elsewhere, creation is an intangible in search of an ideal, within the passion which binds all things together. Wisdom is knowing it. And the essence of our being knows it and loves it; for that is what it is, that movement.

What is the whole creation worth a damn if there is nothing in it (or out of it) which you love? Without love there is no motivation, no movement, no goal, no ideals, no nothing. Be honest with your self - is there anything better? Now, how could you ever come to say "I love you" if you were not free and unique to affirm it, say it, feel it and know it? Does a slave love its keeper then? Does the keeper love its prisoner? For if it loved it then it would not keep it a prisoner. We cannot stay in paradise you see; for love lets go. There is no freedom in paradise.

In paradise you are the prisoner of the divine implicate order of being, the life force (not that we complain). Yes; you are free of pain in there right enough; free from worry; free from work; free from fear; free from the grind of the day; free of doubt and uncertainty; free from poverty. But give me all these things any day, any time, any where; for then I am also free to say “*I love you*” ! And one can then do something about it, and with it. Love needs to love something other than self - hence the need of duality. Creation and creative potential have to be dualistic - the creative agent and the created essences and forms; the observer and the observed. It could be no other way. It just would not work, could not work any other way – and it is good.

There is also the so called paradox of instantaneous action at a distance. Paradoxes are fun are they not. But no such thing exists in reality; other than in our ignorance of it. How, for example can an extended gravitational field come into existence at exactly the same time as the mass itself when it is said that nothing can move faster than light; and physical light is not instantaneous? (there IS another light by the way). Because of the underlying reality of the next dimension down in the connected structure itself; that is how. Existence is not flat. The fastest radiation in the space-time fabric is that of a quanta of light so they say, and yet even light takes time to travel in physical space-time. So how come then that a gravitational field exists instantaneously with the mass itself? Look at it this way: they are already connected below that space-time fabric and it CAUSES the space-time fabric to exist.

Imagine that the space time fabric (dimension of) was the surface of a flat pond (a very crude analogy is this). Imagine something the shape of an orange squeezer was located just under the surface of that water and thus out of sight and unknown because it is in another dimension of reality. Imagine then that this phenomena (the top of its vortex) being pushed up from below the surface of the pond. The outer rim of the orange squeezer would pop up above the surface at the same instant as the peak (the mass) at the centre of the object. The peak (the bit the orange goes on) is the body of mass: the extended rim (which appears not to be connected to it in space-time) is the radiation field. In space time (above the water surface) they appear as two distinct things and phenomena, but under the surface they are but two facets of one vortex of emanation deeper than space-time emanations. Creation has to be constructed somehow you know. It is not an illusion of all our individual minds.

Imagine a tuning fork type energy of which we could only see the two flat ends of the fork part; but one stem of the fork was off-set from the axis. Imagine turning this in such a way that the central axis is one of the flat visible ends. The other end would appear to be in orbit of a central part. This central mass would itself spin on its axis... hence instantaneous action at a distance from an observers reference point, for they do not seem to be connected and yet the reaction is faster than the speed of light in the dimension which exists in between the two ends. It would seem then, that somewhere, somehow, all the stars in space are connected up in some mysterious way: indeed all matter; all things. All minds are likewise connected up... in paradise. Space time seems to be much like the inside of a tyre on a wheel. You cannot escape it by conventional transport, or see beyond it. No more so than a two dimensional being could experience a three or four, or more, dimensional structure. An interesting point is that a tyre has a valve for the air to get in and out – the mind – the gap in the universe. And the tyre does not serve its function without air in it. The air fulfils the function of the tyre – we fulfil the function of the physical universe.

You and I (our essential cognition) is not the only thing which is not of space time; for so too are these essences and eternal principles of life and existence. You are directly connected to that essential *no created thing* at the point of no duration and extension by way of such things as love, beauty, truth, wisdom, passion, comprehension, and the joy and affirmation of *being*. These are only names which we give to forces, energies, acting within us. It is learned to be so in that dimension, and understood, comprehended therein. In paradise you and I are the eternal wisdom, understanding, nous or gnosis of creation, cognition: and the being which is the love of wisdom. But there is one thing even greater and more profound than even that of the love of wisdom (which is us)... and that is the *Wisdom of love* itself. But this kind of love of which I talk should best be described as a passion for being. Not an I love him or her, or this or that thing, kind of love; it is a raw cosmic passion for 'to be'.

Perhaps all this a little too complicated for science to get its intellect and discursive mind around as yet because of – analysis paralysis. When they stop thinking they will find it, and the truth. You and I do not create these things: we only come to see them, know them, learn them, feel them, understand them, and hopefully, like a mirror, come to reflect them; and to let it flow through us out into the world like radiation from within our own vital mass. But which was not put there by our Self – the being in paradise. It is not something which we have, it is something which we ARE.

We are, whilst incarnate, the flow and pipe line of the essences of creation and the life force (morality is based upon these essences). It is the reflection, the giving out, the giving away, which is all that matters in creation in so far as what you and I can ever come to do: and that is what creation itself is. Do not want to *have* your god, or even exist in it; but get rid of it; get rid of it into the outside world. For what you already ARE then you are not in need of, and you can never ever be disconnected from that; for if you were then you would never be existing in the first place. You cannot lose that which is yours eternally. You can give it away all the time and yet your cup will never run dry, for it is not a thing of time and space, it is eternal and ever lasting, and in you. And *getting rid of it from within you* lets it come into the world; not in form but in essence, quality and effect; but the effects become the incarnate form. And your giving it away spreads that energy by effect. Not even an ant can exist on this world without changing this world. *You* have a lot more scope in creation than an ant does.

In a very crude analogy then we could say that we are the germ in the divine implicate order of things, the muck, the catalyst. But in reality (and do not forget that we are brought forth anyway, and for this purpose) we are the instrument of its own movement, for without us (incarnate mind) there is no cognitive movement and intentionality in the physical universe – we are it. The physical universe itself is an emanation of the essential reality of being, but we are the cognition and volition of it in action, knowledge and awareness. If we do not let this thing live and flow, then nothing else in creation can. That is some task; some responsibility; how important then is your lot: and you yourself? So what are you going to do with it? That choice and potential is yours – whilst you exist here. If you do not like it, then tough luck, for you are stuck with it; for that is how it is. If you negate your self you negate creation. For you are it. That which you do not use will kill you whilst alive.

When a black hole evaporates then the stuff which made the physical universe exist has simply returned to its original mode, (annihilation is its horizon also): and well beyond time. But it also comes back to do the job again. Matter goes into a black hole; consciousness goes into white hole. The separation of the parts was once called '*judgement*'; but it is a discrimination, separation, of the parts however; symmetry breaking. You will see it and know it. The blind will see in more ways than one. The physical eyes are a very poor replica when compared to the vision of the mind itself; and you do not need glasses in those realms. To put it bluntly and in more common terms of '*religion speak*'; it is the case that the divine life force gives us life and existence by modulation of its self in some way: perhaps a lowering of part of its own frequency vibrations or whatever (hence a catalyst). But it is we here on earth which can, by our own choice and actions of freedom, give IT (essential existence) existence on earth; by way of its essences... letting them flow through us. We ARE the conduit.

We could have been made as robots to do this task. But we were not; we are emanations of the life force and we can choose not to do it if we so wish. And this is not only the deepest profundity in our own lives but also the deepest secret and mystery in a mystical creation itself. The implicate order of cognitive being could not exist in its own extended creation without you and me; and without you and me inviting its essential quality through us. Loved we may be; for that is how we feel it... but needed we ARE! We are not here for nothing, but rather to perform a task; a cosmological job of work. And it is not all fun and games or a hedonistic party. From our perspective creation is not a free ride – even though many love to believe and act like it is. We are here for a function not a free ride. And the function is to work.

So we must get a grip on the essences of creation in order to make a better job of it. Is that not why we are loved - because we are a part of it? This kind of depth love is not sentimentality; it is cosmic passion; the stuff that blew the universe out there. Good is not good, such movement is simply experienced as good for we are at that resonance and that reality before our own emanation into extension; and we can maintain it here (when we know it) by volition and action. Only through us can the eternal spirit and essence of being exist on earth then... and in its own manifestation at that. That is the wisdom of love: and that is understanding and commitment to being and freedom: freedom from the divine centre of being... in order that it can live and manifest on earth, in form, as it is in essence in paradise. And they simply do not see it do they !

Only fools would want to stay in paradise for ever; but the work is out here. We must get the job done you know, for nobody and nothing else will. We ARE the Cosmic Cognition in action. Not much point weeping about it then is there. Just get on with it and get the job done instead of wallowing in ones own tears and pity and self aggrandisement. Cognition has to role its sleeves up and get stuck into it. The good, the bad and the ugly; the difficult and the seemingly impossible. Anyway, you do not know what is impossible until you have tried everything do you.

Christians tell us that they want the divine; to be with the divine always in that ground of being... but no, not I, I want it to live here and go on working. If you love creation it will always exist; for that is what creation is about; existence for the love of it. The passion is also reciprocated you see. Creation is not about having it, it is about letting it go; it is about giving it away. Love is not about having it; it is about using it and letting it go: beauty is not about having; it is about letting it go. This does not mean

your house or your money; it means your love and your vitality in being. Be a genius, or be a fool and make people laugh; sing or dance; do what you are when you *are it* - for that is existing to the fullness of our being, and such variety really is the spice of life – albeit not the essence. Likewise the physical universe could not exist without electrons; but electrons do not create the physical universe; they are but a part of that creation without which it could not exist. As are we. We are another part; and a vital part at that; the cognitive volitional part. You cannot *have* life; for there is nothing to have it and own it, you are it. You can only live it and let its essential quality flow through you and out the other side into the world. So what are these essences then? I am not sure, indeed it cannot be known by us. I only know that they exist and that they can be felt and known in all things on earth also. I know also that they are all that you do know whilst in paradise, and to their ultimate heightened and unadulterated degree of perfection. Only beyond time and memory of all extended existence can you exist in the full undiluted essence and principle of being; and so that nothing can interfere with that resonant harmonic dance of creation. But as it is in heaven, so too does it become on earth – if you let it in and out; in and out, time and again my love; time and again. In and out like breathing.

I know that they are the food and inspiration of the spirit and soul and that they can become the food also of the incarnate human temporal mind on earth as well; (As it is in heaven). So is there any point then in we human beings going in to that paradise and coming out again whilst during a lifetime on earth? Is rapid brain deterioration such a bad thing, he says smiling. Can they achieve this by plugging your brain into the national electricity grid? You think about it, for I don't have to; I did that a long time ago. You have that journey in front of you, and I envy you. Would that I had made a better job of the journey. Give it at least some thought then in the meantime. And yes, time can be mean at times. But time will not be with us for ever.

On earth this passion for being is *not* forced down our throat so to speak as it is in paradise. You are not free to run away in there either. In paradise there is no choice, no freedom: no games of chess around a nice fire with a pint of best ale and a smoke. My god this world is good, and they do not see it. Learn to love it and feel it; for you will not be here long in this lifetime. In paradise you get what you get and you get what it is. But on earth you get all that plus what you make of it here also. Is that not miraculous? Wouldn't it be nice if all the fundamentalist religious tribes were to stay in paradise for ever, and for which they long and hope and pray; while you and I could stay on this world and let it come right; and without religious wars, stupidity, ignorance, divisiveness and hostility. I tell you, it is the mystics that inherit the world not the meek and mild sheep like cretins who refuse to think for themselves and refuse to live and eat of life. And anyway, a human lifetime here on this world is a mere flash of cosmic time. And only when you are older will you realise just how quick it goes – here today gone tomorrow – like the speed of light indeed

These essences whilst on earth are a food of which you may eat if you wish to eat or reject if you wish to reject them; for that is the power of the discretion of the discursive human mind on earth with its power of freedom of choice... incredible and magic power. The 'angels' (the essence of mind) in paradise would admire our power and potentials. But would they admire what we do with them? Think on it. When you know paradise you know your true self also. But what is even more important is that you know that which is NOT your self... and among which entails the rest of

creation itself. Would your eternal inner 'angel' in paradise be proud of you then? Would you be proud of yourself when you know your self from the other perspective? That is what I mean by dignity; the dignity of man IS the dignity of being, and the dignity of creation itself. All this stuff is yours. And you could see it all, be living in it all, feeling it all, if one could but look away from the mere shadows on the cave wall and see what is really extant to see, to know, and to be – the bigger picture ! Is this all there is, some ask. No my friend, it is not, for there is more, much more.

There is no person on earth, or has been, or will be, that has known these things whilst on earth who would not sacrifice their own life for this truth; for their life on earth is nothing in comparison to this love and this truth. In paradise it is as though something has sacrificed its own unique existence in order that you and I can exist there; be there. But on this world it is as though you and I have sacrificed our eternal life (of being in there) that IT can itself live... OUT HERE. Our existence here IS our sacrifice. Do you see? Yet you even have the option to end your existence here if you wish to. That is another gift. It is a reciprocity of love and wisdom. Creation is Epiphytal. However, our given freedom of choice amounts to this.... Life, existence, needs us here for a job (simple as that) but we are given the option (by the power of choice) to do this job or not. And that is it. Is it right to do it? Is it wrong not to do it? Nope! Neither is right or wrong – it is your choice, and you will reap from it what you do or do not put into it here – but not there in the other place – for we all go there anyway; for we are made there; and made of it. You will get no prize or reward for doing this job, nor retribution for not doing it. Hence it is down to our unconditional love of its worth or not. But the world here will become a reflection of it all and what we do with it here. Those who love life would stay here to get the job done.

And the oneness has to be a dualistic construct of emanation for it to exist this way. The observer and the observed. The knower and the known. The lover and the loved. The Singer and the Song. And objectivity is not what you think it is.... It is the song in action; in performance. Paradise, from our incarnate minds point of view is merely the intermission – where we go for a drink and refreshment. Here, I would have a pint of real ale, but there I have an ocean of real wisdom. Think about it. But we do *not* cast ourselves from paradise; so what is in need then? What then needs us out here? You have a think about it. But we do not even have to do that (sacrifice ourselves), for it is already done in annihilation itself. We cannot sacrifice ourselves for this love and this task. We are not allowed to. For you are resurrected from the death of conscious existence which occurs at annihilation. In the last act of the trinity you will see and know your other self objectively, (some kind of other, or anti-part); but when the two become as one... you will then be in, and know, paradise; the virgin womb of eternity – home from whence you came and were made.

On earth male and female are kind of opposites. The ancients used this as a symbol. They said that when the female becomes as the male, then they will know paradise. They made these kind of silly symbolic analogies willy-nilly and some people today take them as being literal. When the opposite poles meet they will annihilate each other; and then only the spirit, the vital essential nature of our being, exists - in paradise, the mono-pole reality. My friend, you have another part - and that part does not evolve; and *it* needs you – to let IT out into this world.

In the past many have attempted to speak of these things, some literally and most symbolically. Some, a few, have done so in a way which is so beautiful and so true (within their terms of reference of their concepts at those times of course). Some have put words together which are not only true but are also like pearls strung together (note the end of this chapter for example – the manifesto of the enlightenment). They really knew the reality of which they were talking or writing about, but they were also gifted with words and the power of communication at the same time. Would that I was and that we all were. But most, like myself, simply mumble and stumble and probably do not make any sense to anyone at all. But there you go. To try is just fine however: but to fail is human. Do not fear failure in this life, but simply love the trying, and the partaking; the event itself. For an event such as we know it out here does not last for ever and it will never ever exist again in the annals of time and space. But the essence lasts for ever and ever; both in time and beyond. And keep in mind that to know other beings then we have to be here anyway. Is it not miraculous to touch the skin of another being? I bet you take it for granted at this point in time eh. Well, don't, for it will not last for ever. Try getting to grips with an incorporeal mind mate !!! You will not have much joy and you will be wasting your time here; for life on earth IS the manifestation and emanation of life, and the principle of TO BE.

So when they tell you that everything changes in time; well simply ask them as to how they know that; for if they can experience the fact that things change then they are using something, a tool, which is eternal in order to recognise it. They will learn what they have to learn; what exists to be learned. For in due course you can do no other, you can only learn what exists to be learned; like it or not. The strange thing is that we come to like it; and we come to like it because it is what we are made of, what we are, and from whence we come. Going home for a trip during a lifetime is a bit like the analogy of being called in, to remember what we really are; and then we say, Oh shit, yes, now I remember; so let us get the job done! The mystic, the true mystic, is the remembrance of the Pleroma of all being. Why do you weep when you are happy? Why do you weep at the sight of ultimate beauty? Why do you weep when in absolute joy? Why do you weep when observing altruistic actions by other human beings? You do so because the inner part of you is recognising something from home; an eternal essence and principle of the divine implicate order of being. That is why; that IS indeed why. The spirit and soul recognises something which comes from beyond the horizon of annihilation - home. The inner spirit can cope with such beauty; the soul field can even cope with such beauty; but the incarnate human mind simply collapses under the gravity of the passion and e-motion in the face of a divine essence on earth. And those very essences can also drag you home by their gravity whilst even alive on earth. And they do. And watch out specifically for the power of sound – do not underestimate it; or any manifestation at all.

Passion can be found, or liberated, more easily in some things than in others from our everyday perspective, and music or natural beauty are two typical cases. It is these events which have the effect of being the key or trigger which instigates the shift of consciousness and blows the conscious aspect of our mind into a different dimension of being. It is absolutely natural. But in order for that to happen one has to be there, feeling it, and relaxed at the time; and also prepared to go with the flow, and no matter where it takes one. We have to let go of known reality and go we know not where or how at the time. Hence, hindsight is a wonderful thing. Pity that we are not born with it eh. But even that is within you in instinct. FEEL IT.

So, what for example, is music really? I am not sure, for I do not know what anything is in absolute terms beyond the conscious experience of them. But as well as being an essence known and loved by the discursive rational mind it is also a dimension of mind within the soul itself. Music is like divine butterflies in a sunlit garden of eternal wonder. Music can conjure up and reveal all the emotions known to the soul and change your personality like no other thing known on earth. It can be tragic, sad, humorous, jolly, gentle and soft or wild and passionate, profound and divine. I could live in a universe of music for a thousand million years - and still be hungry for more and more.

Music has the power to inspire the mind, elevate the soul, and expand consciousness. Fact. But then again, we are living in a creation of music here on earth anyway – the music of the spheres, and the symphony of all frequencies of vibration and movement. I hope you play your part of the tune well – for we all have to listen to it and go with the flow. So, if you want a better world, then go make it so; don't leave it all to the others; do your bit and get stuck in. For there is nothing else worthwhile to do – anywhere in creation. For, in the final analysis, it is the dance of creation, and sung by the choir invisible. Creation IS the singer and the song in action. And the last and ultimate chord is sung here on earth – NOT in paradise. That is an absolute fact. So, for your own good, and the good of the world and creation, forget this bit about the world being a prison for the soul – it is not; it is a divine wonder and the finished product as it exists here as yet. But there IS more to do yet, and it is your job to do it.

There is of course no sound, no music, no singing, in that ground of our being. It just is not needed there anyway. It is absolute silence. For the essences of all things are there in full flower anyway. But such symbols as the choir invisible and the song of creation, although symbolic language, (all language is symbolic) it is true nonetheless in the deeper sense. It is the swoon and gasp in awe of creation, and this gnosis (knowing it all by experience and being there) is the dance, the cosmic dance of to be. What would our being sing if it could sing in there – Huh, no such song or tune could ever be written. But some come close enough to it to FEEL IT. And you already know that. And I know that you know it.

But I tell you in all truth, that on those rare occasions when one is both relaxed, empty of the days problems, and also the passion is stirring within one, then music, even man made music (if one can put it that way) brings the remembrance of that realm slap bang into ones compression as though we were there living it again right now. It is amazing. True, other things can do it also, but with music it is not only the memory that comes back, but the actual feeling of that realm also – the essence and passion of it all. And the 'angels' sing a hymn in silence – for eternity. Do not overlook the power of sound – and silence. For without the silence and the gaps there could be no song, no symphony; and no singer of the song. And with paradise and the earth – then it could not work. And I wonder where these composers get their music from eh? I wonder. Or maybe I don't.

* * *

ORATION

On the Dignity of Man.

**Giovanni Pico della Mirandola
The Count of Mirandola 1463-94.**

Manifesto of the Enlightenment

I have read in the records of the Arabian's, reverend fathers, that Abdala, the Saracen, when questioned as to what on this stage of the world, as it were, could be seen to be most worthy of wonder, replied; "There is nothing to be seen more wonderful than Man". In agreement with this opinion is the saying of Hermes Trismegistus.... "A great miracle, Asclepius, is Man".

At last it seems to me I have come to understand why Man is the most fortunate of creatures and consequently, worthy of all admiration. And what precisely is that rank which is his lot in the Universal chain of being - a rank to be envied not only by brutes but even by the stars and by minds beyond this world. The best of artisans - the creative powers - addressed Man thus...

"The nature of all other beings is limited and constrained within the bounds and laws prescribed by us. Thou, constrained by no limits in accordance with thine own free will in who's hand we have placed thee, thou shalt ordain for thyself the limits of thy nature. Thou shalt have the power to degenerate into the lower forms of life, which are brutish. Thou shalt have the power, out of thy souls judgement, to be reborn into the higher forms, which are Divine. Whatever seeds each man cultivates will grow to maturity and bear in him their own fruit. If they be vegetative, he will be like a plant. If of the senses, he will become brutish. If intellectual, he will become an angel in the son of God. If rational, he will grow into a heavenly being. And, if happy in the lot of no created thing - he withdraws into the centre of his own unity, his spirit made one with God, in the solitary darkness of God, who is such above all things, he shall surpass them all".

So let a certain holy ambition invade our souls, so that, not content with the mediocre, we shall pant after the highest, and, since we may, if we wish, toil with all our strength to obtain it, full of Divine power, we shall no longer be ourselves but shall become with he Himself who made us, for he who knows himself in himself knows all things - as Zoroaster first wrote.

I have also proposed theorems dealing with magic, in which I have indicated that magic has two forms, one of which depends entirely on the work and authority of demons - a thing to be abhorred, so help me the God of Truth, and a monstrous thing. The other, when it is rightly pursued, is nothing else than the utter perfection of natural philosophy. The former can claim for itself the name of neither art nor science, but the latter, abounding in the loftiest mysteries, embraces the deepest contemplation of the most secret things, and - at last - the knowledge of all nature. As the farmer weds his vines to elms, so does the Magus wed Earth to heaven, that is, he weds the lower things to the endowments and powers of the higher things.

If all of this appears new and strange to you reverend fathers, then think on how the Sphinxes carved into the temples of the Egyptians reminded them that the mystic doctrine should be kept inviolable from the common herd by means of the knots of riddles. The theologian, Origen, asserts that Jesus Christ - a teacher of life - made many revelations to his disciples which they were unwilling to write down lest they become commonplaces to the rabble. This is in the highest degree confirmed by Dionysius the areopagite, who says, that the hidden mysteries were conveyed by the founders of religion from mind to mind, without writing, through the medium of speech. Let us consult the apostle Paul, a chosen vessel, when he himself was exulted to the third heaven. He will answer, according to the secret interpretations of Dionysius, that he saw the cherubim being purified then being illuminated, and, at last, being made perfect.

When we have been so soothingly called, so kindly urged, we shall with winged feet fly up like Earthly Mercury's, to the embraces of our blessed Mother and enjoy that wished for peace, most holy peace, indivisible bond, in one accord, with the friendship through which all rational souls not only shall come into harmony with the one mind - which is above all minds - but shall, in some ineffable way, become altogether one. This is that peace which God creates in His heavens, which angels descending to Earth proclaim to men of good will, that through it, men might ascend to heaven and become angels. Let us wish this peace for our friends - for our century.

- PDM

*

Well, that was how some of the smarter ones talked of it five hundred years ago, for they knew the books were wrong but they dare not go beyond the limits too far. And this particular guy died at the age of thirty one anyway. How did one get so smart in such a short life here one wonders. Human technology and understanding of many things has changed a lot since those times, but the spirit of our being has not changed a jot. And neither has common sense it seems. Well, a little maybe, but our inner evolution is a slow process; albeit perhaps speeding up a little now, one hopes. We have a long way to go, for there is still much which is not right, and we try to get it right. And this itself is a strange and mysterious thing. For in human life on earth we cannot really know as to what IS right or best. But what we do know, simply by observation and feeling it, is as to what is wrong. We can indeed know what is wrong whilst without knowing as to what is right exactly. Does anything actually know what is right? Are we not a part of the cosmic project unfolding? Does not reality learn as it goes along? Is not the wider scheme of things learning from all the parts of the project and still writing it? Are we not the cognitive part of this project? Puppets we ain't, and needed we are. If the phenomenon of mind and consciousness had no part in this cosmological project, then it would not exist; and we would not be here.

The religionists tell me that their entity knows and directs everything. Well, there is no virtue in getting it right if you know all the answers in the beginning is there. But Man's virtue and dignity is that he and she plods on trying to get it right whilst in ignorance, and in ignorance of knowing if it can even ever really be got right at all. But that does not stop us trying or aiming for it. So which is superior and more dignified, real life and real mind, or the idiotic and dangerous alienating inventions of priestcraft? They do say that life on earth was evolving along quite well until some gigantic collision or inner earth phenomenon occurred two hundred and fifty million years ago, and wiped out ninety five percent of all life forms and vegetation here.

Well, life sure seems to be determined and resolute to out even on this little planet. I wonder where it would have been now if that event had not occurred. I wonder where life will be in one million years time, let alone two hundred and fifty million years from now. Ah, I give up. But I imagine they will not be killing each other off due to fear by then. And one thing is for sure, there will be no priestcraft and no monopoly capitalists. Maybe I (mind) will stay home for a few million years next time, and let them sort it out in the Greenwich Mean Time; or as they now say Universal Time Co-ordinated. I am glad something here is working and co-ordinated. Anyway, when it comes to essences, then like so much else in life and existence (and even far more tangible things than that) then our words fail miserably; and of course life is not about words, it is about being and living it. But, the good thing is that even though we cannot do them justice with words, words are not really necessary for the real action. For everyone will recognise an essential quality of being when it hits them, and they will not need words or conversation to prove anything – life proves itself, it is axiomatic to us all – and one does not need to be a mystic or a gnostic to know this or recognise an essence, and thence empathise with it – and thence go for it. And another thing which I can guarantee, it is this.... When you see it and know it, you will weep.

* * *

Chapter 12

Gnosis; Psychognosis; and the Experiential Paradigm.

Before proceeding with the bulk of this chapter I would mention that I hope by this stage of these pages I have made it clear that gnosis is a cosmic phenomenon which we come to know by experience, and that which is called 'gnosticism' is literally what anybody wants it to be – for it is not a phenomenon which exists. Gnosticism is some kind of packaged social belief system (albeit with great varieties and definitions). Gnosis is an experience – gnosticism is a man made package of beliefs. The same applies to the terms 'Mysticism' and Mystical Experience. Mystical experience is something which happens to people, whereas so called Mysticism is once again any package of beliefs which anybody wants it to be. However, both mystical experience and gnosis are revelatory experience – hence the same thing with two different names.

However, it is not quite as simple as that; for gnosis is one very specific mystical experience whereas mystical experiences cover both a variety and depth of experiences in both the Introverted and Extroverted types. Thus, mystical experience is not necessarily gnosis but gnosis is a mystical experience. Therefore one cannot put a meaningful definition to the words Mysticism and Gnosticism for they do not point to any one specific thing. Whereas one can put a definite definition to the word gnosis – for it means only one thing – and of which I talk in detail here. Especially in part four of the Exegesis – the Paradise Event in the mystical reunion.

Gnosis means the experience (and knowledge gained therein) of reuniting the daily mind of man with that inner and transcendent spark of cognition which is called the sacred or divine which exists at the root and ground of all being. And every living phenomenon is seen to be connected to this level of being which is transcendent of time and space as we know it here on earth. Hence it is within (inward) of all life forms. The word gnosis is also sadly used for simply finding it – becoming aware of it. But even that definition is not really good enough for the real gnosis is that knowledge, understanding and wisdom KNOWN therein itself, and not simply the act of finding it.

Why then the word which I coined, 'Psychognosis', as it relates to this? Simple, for it is even a more precise meaning. The revelation of gnosis IS the revelation of our self which exists at that level of being – thus it is the absolute knowledge of our SELF. But as it has been said (by some) from antiquity, the knowledge of SELF also reveals that which we are not. Hence, the deepest root of all things. And they were absolutely correct in so saying – for it is that way. Likewise does a person become affected by this experience and develops, naturally enough, a philosophy of life and a way of living it by virtue of it.

But this has got nothing to do with Gnosticism – which for the large part is seen to be ludicrous and wrong. For it ain't so; and gnostics do not concur with so many of the assertions found in Gnosticism. Now, also; Gnostics do not hold beliefs anyway, they have no interest in organised and packaged religions nor priestcraft. However, and the next problem is that over the last thirty or forty years many people have come to read old texts under the heading of Gnosticism and decided to jump on to the bandwagon of the package of beliefs and they thus call themselves Gnostics – and which is also ludicrous for they do not have this mystical gnosis – and that is what the word gnosis means. And once again another reason for my coining the term Psychognosis.

If somebody chooses to believe the assertions and claims made by the genuine gnostics then what should they call themselves? There is no name. If one jumps on the band wagon of Buddhism (even more varieties in that one) then they call themselves a Buddhist not a Buddha. If they join Christianity then they call themselves a Christian, not a Christ. And so on and so forth. But in Gnosticism they seem to call themselves a gnostic. Fun, is it not. Well, no not really. It is like somebody reads a book about mysticism and calls themselves a mystic. Or somebody reading a book on Philosophy and calling themselves a philosopher – I hope they do not get into brain surgery books. So, I just thought I would reiterate on that little problem before proceeding with any more of this book. Tis worth thinking about is it not.

*

The Mind is such that when consciousness journeys back to the root ground of the vortex of its emanation, back to where it has its primordial essential existence, it comes into a knowledge and understanding of the essence of all things. At such time a being becomes whole in a way that words cannot really describe or define. But when the symmetry of parts returns then the knowledge and understanding of that reunion from whence it came still remains, and an 'I and Thou' duality exists whilst without alienation of the parts. The world of human society will never come right by dictate, religious dogman, philosophic or political legislation, or belief systems; but only by each individual knowing the deepest nature of their own being; for therein we all know and understand the same things. Only then will the sum of humanity work in harmony and accord in the essential spirit of the deepest nature of being. And this process is natural. A simplistic analogy would be such (an old article of mine)

The Leaf on the Tree.

Given that science believes, and teaches their belief to the young as facts, that we are an accidental epiphenomenon of an unexpected outcrop of creation; and given that the spiritually inclined do not know quite what to believe, then I offer the following, and for both aspects of the community to give some thought to; if they wish to think on more. To rip something down without putting anything in its place, leaves a vacuum. But to merely fill a vacuum with yet another unsubstantiated story would be no better, indeed even worse than the vacuum itself. For at least in a vacuum of knowledge and understanding one would thence seek for a truth until found, and irrespective of what that truth turned out to be. But where does one look for truth? And to where does one

look for the truth of this or that thing? Well, that which I offer, and only in symbolic form here, is proved to us to be true by life itself. So I offer here a mere analogy, and one which both science and many religions like to use themselves – the tree of life.

Imagine then that you were a leaf on a tree. Observation initially suggests that you grew on the branch: an end product of a long series of mysterious forces which results in you, the leaf, perilously attached by a thread to the tree of life for your short term sustenance for existence thereon. Current thought assumes that one day the wind will blow and your connection to the tree of life will end; and you will revert back to the oblivion from whence you came.

You, the conscious leaf, can see many other such leaves on that tree, and see also the body of the tree itself. But where is it all going to: what is it all for; is there any point or meaning to the tree and all the little leafs on it? The leafs come, and the leafs fall and go, to rot in the ground. Indeed, why does even the tree of creation itself exist? Is it simply to bring forth little bits of foliage that make a colourful show for a short while and then pass into the void of nothing? Thus it is that the leaf sits firmly attached to the tree for a season and simply blows around in the random actions of the wind; and sometimes wondering as to why it has to be made conscious, and with feelings, to fulfil this silly cosmological function at all.

But one day something very strange and different happens. A different kind of wind blows; and the little leaf is very disorientated for a while. For instead of the leaf looking outward its perception is turned inward. It sees not the tree and all the other foliage, nor the sky nor anything of the outer world; but only that of an inner well of blackness and void. But vision is suddenly restored, taken over by some other eye, an eye unknown to the leaf hitherto, and one which begins to move inward and downward through 'nothing'. Down and down, onward and onward down into an abyss of blackness, but which is interspersed with some visions along the way; light and colours in visions not understood by the leaf at that time.

That which the leaf 'was' (the cognitive part) travels into the leaf, down into the branch of the tree; down the inside of the trunk of the tree, down, down through the roots of the tree itself – and thence beyond the tree itself and into the ground of its original self existence; the very ground from which the tree itself grew out from. And the leaf knew that it was home; the real home and ground from whence it came and has its origin and eternal existence. And the leaf realised that it was not a leaf at all, but rather the very sap which gives it existence; and which pays no resemblance to the leaf at all; for the leaf was always nothing more than a dead thing, a vehicle, a shell for the sap to view the finished product of the tree itself.

So too is it with consciousness. The mediator of consciousness is not a man or a woman, or an animal or bird, it is a primordial cosmic energy, and the very first emanation from the point of no duration or extension. Before the tree ever was, the sap existed; before time ever emanated into existence, the mind was. That which they call spirit, is consciousness and that which mediates it. That which they call the soul is the tree trunk, the universe of time and space. That which they call the personality is but a seasonal outcrop of the sap of eternal life, the leaf itself.

And when the sap returned back up through the tree and back into the leaf from whence it had been, then it smiled at its neighbouring colleagues who were oh so worried about being blown off the tree of time.... “Not to worry, for you are not from this universe (tree) at all; know thy self; for you are the first thing ever brought forth from no created thing, and long before the tree ever existed”. And the sap of the leaf also knew as to why it existed, for it had been home and remembered what it was for. But all the other little bits of foliage creased themselves laughing – until just prior to their leaf being blown off the tree and the sap within it had left, and had begun its journey back down through the vortex of the tree of creation, and on its way back home, from whence it came beyond the mists and vortices of time. A great Miracle indeed is Man.



I have mentioned somewhere within these pages that which is called the spiritual quest. But what of that which is actually the spiritualising process itself as it relates to our incarnate form – becoming in form as it is in essence? We will talk of it here by way of analogy – The Well analogy which I once wrote as a part of an article for some organisation or another many years ago. I, and other’s from distant antiquity, have also said - Let us make man in our image. And this of course is the same thing. What does one have to do (and how do we do it) to become on earth as we are in essence? Good and important question.

So, before I give the analogy let us mention a few things first. We can never become on earth what we are in essence, for that is impossible and neither would we even want to. On earth we have a body and brain, physical things, friends and relations, people to communicate with, and all the rest of it. This is nothing like our essence of being in its domain of existence. So how could we ever become like it? It is not a matter of becoming on earth like our essence is in its ground of being but it simply means becoming a living reflection of what that part of our self is actually like and being consciously connected with it. Psychognosis gives us that knowledge and connection. So what do we do with it and about it then? It is not just a matter of knowing and then understanding, for it does not stop there. Knowledge is for understanding; and understanding is for doing something with that understanding – hence action in the world. So let us look at the Well analogy....



Imagine a very deep water well. Imagine daily consciousness to be the surface skin of the water within the well at the surface at the top of the well. Imagine the phenomenon of the mind to be the actual water in the well itself and in the spring, the reservoir. The water in the spring is pure water (well, as pure as it can get anyway). However, on the surface of the water in the well there is stuff of the outside world: bits floating around on the surface of the water which are not the water itself. Therefore the surface water is polluted, not pure in the sense that the source water is pure. Imagine, then, that the water level could fall back right down to the source of the well on occasions to experience its own root or ground of existence – the reservoir itself.

The source of the water is its essential existence whereas the water up the well is an extended emanation of it. Spiritualisation of the surface skin would then be the process of clearing the muck on the topside surface of the water in order that the topside water (human incarnate consciousness) can be a living incarnate reflection and mirror image of what it is at root in its ground of being. So that the same pure water exists at the top of the well as it does at the bottom. The outer becomes as the inner, and what is above reflects what is below. The process involves the unfolding of an implicate seed into the outer and extended reality.

The volition which exists on the surface skin of the water then knows what it should be like up there, and without all the bits which make the water toxic or whatever on the surface. So it simply picks these bits off the surface skin of the water and dumps them. The water then becomes clearer and clearer and fit for drinking. The surface of the water is purged of the bits which are not really itself.

It is perhaps ironic that life provides us with spontaneous anomalous experiences which are at first highly mysterious but which later make absolute sense to the rational and enquiring mind. The ultimate coincidence no doubt. Or is it? As rational and highly pragmatic beings (as well as being life's most mysterious phenomenon) we can take coincidence only so far. We fully realise that there is more to be experienced in life than simply that which presents itself to us by way of the five outer senses, and which are in analogy seen as mere periscopes above the waves of creation. Throughout the evolution of human consciousness on earth we have seemingly come a long way in a short time; but that journey is not over. Much of what we now do and aspire to do is a matter of our own determination, or will.

But what is power without something to direct the mind in the wise use of it? And what is it that gives this mysterious yet substantial guideline to behaviour, a moral and dignified approach to the wise use of our freedom of choice, and the aspirations that are judged best to go for? The answers, coincidentally or otherwise, are the very intangible and anomalous experiences that come to shape our being here and now. The rational mind without a wisdom to guide us is potentially dangerous. Yet ironically or otherwise, this wisdom is innate and built into the system itself. It is certainly food for thought for the millennium to come. And, as the world's genuine mystics of all times have said: search within for the deepest answers. Objectivity is indeed a mystery, but no more so than the mysteries which abound within observers themselves; and especially in that mysterious reservoir of being in our ground of existence. That which they like to call morality, intuition and conscience, is the existing state of evolution of the sub-conscious, or soul; the data of what one has become thus far. One's reaction to life and situations (behaviour) is, for the large part based upon that capacity of subconscious 'knowing'. Hence, when making judgements about a personalities moral and ethical behaviour, then that is fine. One can judge their actions – the actions of the personality – but this is not a judgement of the person which resides deeper than the personality. Conscience and sub-conscious gut feelings are ones own personal guide, and a guide and sign post to where one is at in 'pulling one's wholistic self together' process.

*

People like to call some folk by the terms wicked or evil, and true enough their actions are seen and felt as being abhorrent and retarded from a more advanced wholistic point of reference. But this is a judgement of their actions, and a measure of where they are it. They cannot eat the food of their own soul (it has nothing to do with the essence or spirit of their being) which has not been put there yet. You cannot draw out from your bank that which is not there to be spent. And you cannot get an overdraft on morality. Society cannot pump morality into anybody by way of words or legislation, it is impossible. But only living life itself, and experience itself reveals to a person what is the best course of action (good) and that which is less effective (bad) or that which is destructive (evil). Such names should really be dropped from human vocabulary altogether, for they have taken on different connotations from what the stuff really is. Obviously one has to segregate vile behaviour from daily social life, for it will and does disrupt it. But actual punishment such as it is, is not effective. True, one can prevent some people doing things by the mere threat of long term segregation from society. But that does not make the person any more moralistic; for they are what they are until they become the more that they are. And they can only become the more that they are by experiencing life and cause and effects.

Thus it is that a deeply moral person will feel inner pain and remorse for an act which does not measure up to his or her own sub-conscious knowledge and understanding. But one with less, or very little as yet, will not feel remorse or pangs of regret. We are not all at the same place at the same time. And if we were then society could not work. To make a silly analogy of antiquated vocabulary – the saints and sinners have to co-exist together, for each help each other in different ways. And reveal things to each other in different ways. So, fine, judge the actions and even the personality; but do not judge the real person, for they are as perfect in essence as you are. This is not stuff of the spirit but of the soul, sub-conscious activity of their other part; the data record of their learning and becoming. And one does not expect pigs to play chess.

Moreover, this is axiomatic during a life even. How many people finish up somewhat ‘nicer’ than they started out in this lifetime. They are here to experience and grow. So help them if you are in advance of them in terms of experience. Not always easy is it. Not always possible is it. But in the final analysis it is life’s job to teach them, not ours. But we can help where we can, and if we can; and if we have a will to do so. The wiser are the servants of the less wise. And keep in mind that this inner evolutionary development of the soul has nothing whatsoever to do with intelligence; it is to do with Being, and Becoming in the wholistic sense – pulling all of ones self together; part and deeper parts. Morality itself does not make a person love, and does not supply passion and drive; for those parts come from the essential spirit of their being, not their soul or sub-conscious growth. There is no morality and conscience in the ground of being; for it does not need it where one cannot act or do anything. Morality and conscience is for this world, and in order that in due course beings can live together in harmony and accord. The spirit does not need to, for there we are each alone with the ultimate reality of eternal being.

But more and more people are at least becoming aware that there is more to themselves than the mere periscopes above the surface of the waves. Many millions of them in fact. These people are not mystics, and most are not even psychics, but just average people who have had some direct experiential evidence that there is more to them, and which does not equate with existing science or ancient religions of

priestcraft. And they do indeed have deep moral convictions which they cannot negate. Now, it is this population of people, along with psychics and mystics, who are in fact even now bringing forth a new paradigm – the Experiential Paradigm as a few colleagues and I call it – as mentioned elsewhere.

But call it what you like, for a new social paradigm is a new social paradigm. We have been through the loony-tune paradigm of ancient and medieval priestcraft (and much of which simply contains astronomical symbolism as its metaphor); and most people on earth today are also well past the purely materialistic philosophy which science seems to endorse. They are not mystics and they do not have this experiential knowledge of psychognosis, but that does not matter, for they are aware that there is more to them and they know it by way of experience – not by reading it or believing it, but by living it. Hence as to why we call it the Experiential Paradigm. They experience and live the more that they are becoming. I have written many articles on this over the years, and one which I called the rape of gnosis...

The Rape of Gnosis.

We are not in a position to know as to how many different religions and or spiritual philosophies and belief systems have ever existed on earth. I would imagine that most of them were never even documented for posterity and the record. The interaction of human societies however, and the globalisation of ideas there from, would inevitably bring forth a mixing bowl of conceptualisations appertaining to metaphysical ideas, stories and myths. Consequently the world (or any evolving world) would seem to inevitably synthesise such stories into a mere handful of large scale systems of thought; in much the same way that the commercial businesses buy each other out in the rat race to become the big and dominant one; if not the only one (a problem with men – and freedom - not the nature of reality itself).

Millions of people world-wide claim to adhere to one of the large existing ‘isms’ or doctrines, and for whatever reasons they do so. There is also the psychological (or maybe pathological) question of - ‘Oh how lovely the world would be if everybody thought the same as I did, and acted as I would like them to act’. Likewise many millions of people world-wide refrain from aligning themselves with any doctrine or belief system, and simply live life by their own inner moral views and simply take what comes in life: and which seems to be becoming more common over the years. However, most of the existing world religions and spiritual philosophies are accredited to one individual, and each in their own case. Likewise is a dead social activist/initiator very useful; for they cannot argue back if and when their own original statements (and or beliefs) become distorted for reasons of commercial shelf life and saleability. Nothing quite like a dead hero for inspiration and icon status.

A rare exception to this social phenomenon is that of Gnosticism. Gnosticism (the religion), like any other ism is a belief system adhered to by those believing in the phenomena of gnosis (not a particular persons assertions), an event of cognitive spiritual (metaphysical) personal encounter—just as is Mysticism. The point being is that neither gnosis or mystical experiences are religions, but rather phenomena which people encounter direct and first hand; and invariably spontaneous events (unsolicited or self-invoked) such as are all genuine shifts of conscious experience.

A typical modern day example is that of the phenomena of Near Death Experiences. The term was only coined during the middle to late sixties or thereabout (if I remember rightly) but the conscious event has presumably been encountered ever since humanity existed on earth, and just as even deeper and more revealing metaphysical experiences have done. The point being that pretty well everybody on earth has now heard of NDE's, but only a small percentage of people have the experience of one. Thus, the event thereof and the social 'ism' thereof are not the same thing obviously; and many academics and scribes have written about the phenomena whilst without knowing it directly. The first thing that springs to mind in most people when they hear the word 'Gnosticism' is that of two conflicting entities; a good creator and a not so good amateur and possibly evil creator (the Demiurge) playing some kind of metaphysical chess game in which human beings are the mere pawns in the game. Much like Christianity really. The great problem with humanity is that they love to fill gaps in knowledge and understanding with their own self-imagined answers. And many folk love to jump on somebody else's pre-constructed band wagon, for it saves them working things out for themselves.

Human beings encounter absolutely incredible and way out transcendent conscious events and which are superb beyond words. When 'normal' daily consciousness is restored there comes the self-evident dichotomy and question of - 'How come daily conscious experience on earth is not as good as that other mode of being!!!?' And in order to dig out an answer even some of them (the direct experiencers) concoct what they consider to be an answer to that dichotomy - 'some rotten devil is getting in the way and messing it all up here on earth', kind of thing! If this was not so true and destructive it would be funny, damned hilarious in fact. Have you ever had a good dream and then woke up to find that you have so many bills to pay and that it all ain't milk and honey? Well, imagine that scenario taken to the power of infinity. How come a good creation contains a rotten world? Well, it is human beings that make it a rotten world, not creation itself; and they are acts of freedom of choice and intent. Thus it becomes that people hearing about this event of gnosis also come to hear the invented 'answers' or gap fillers, even some from the original source maybe, but predominately from later scribes and the meddling bandwagon adherents and cling-on's either out of ignorance (of the more) or for vested interest.

Millions of people claim to believe, for example, that when they die their earthly sins will be forgiven and they will go to a heaven beyond the sky and dally with their maker happily forever after, and leaving this vile world behind. But why, for they have never encountered this event? Why do people need a crutch and need to believe things which they hear or read yet have no personal experiential justification for the assumption? Why not simply trust (if they need to trust anything) life itself. Just like any other religion, the structured religion itself is a rape of experiential conscious facts of the observer. All religions, including gnosticism, contain the seeds of their own destruction within them - lies and distortions.

When these lies and distortions are seen to be too ludicrous for dalliance with within a more educated and aware society, then, conversely, any original truth therein goes down the plughole with the dirty bath water of corruption's and distortions. The humorous and yet interesting irony in both Gnosis and mystical encounters (NOT Gnosticism and medieval religious mysticism) however, is that human beings keep coming to have them, generation after generation, and the same ideas keep popping

up throughout all human existence - but gradually without the distortions which were enshrined therein by centuries (and millennia) of socio/political corruption and myth making - the pure event itself. Plop! Just as though life itself was lending a hand, doing the dirty washing itself and saying – look lads, kick the crap out of it eh!

The forerunners of Christianity did not need Christianity no more so than the precursors to any new understanding needed the authority and myths of past and existing society. And likewise somebody with the mystical gnosis does not need either gnosis or Gnosticism (the information and data thereof). It is also within this context and reality that I have previously mentioned the changing paradigm of that from doctrinal beliefs to that of personal experiences, the evolving social acceptance of an 'Experiential Paradigm', and which is now slowly becoming manifest worldwide, much to the annoyance of establishment churches of priestcraft obviously. Thus it is that one also hopes that in due course folk with an interest in the mystical transcendent knowledge, or gnosis, or nous, will give more thought to that than to the ancient religion of Gnosticism, and in which the dichotomy exists of a divine and transcendent cognitive event and that of an evil and corrupt world (which is not so).

For the true gnosis (the event not the social belief system thereof - psychognosis) also reveals further down the line of experience that the same spiritual reality exists not only in objectivity but also within every manifest thing of objectivity and the physical world around us. The real teaching (with experience) of Gnosis is that there is nothing other than spiritual reality, and manifest in many ways and forms; and in the outer and the inner (within self) from that of the cognitive mind to a blade of grass and the manifestation of a physical universe itself. One creation, one root, one ground of being, one transcendent project; and with many dimensions and levels contained therein; and containing all levels of life and comprehension in the becoming process.

Analysis of objectivity, when taken far enough, eventually dictates that the observer should analyse themselves (ironically as quantum mechanics is now making them do just that – at long last). Inner analysis of the self eventually dictates that we must then analyse objectivity. This is more than a mere coincidence - and very humorous in cosmic terms; and it vindicates the oneness and wholeness of creation; the wonder and mystery of the observer and the observed in unison. And just as the deepest adventurer's into the mystical gnosis have always maintained from the very beginning; and unto this very day. Religions come and religions go, but mystical experiences which people encounter, and which all religions were originally founded upon, are here to stay, and they have great effect for change upon all those who encounter them; for the cosmic project and unfolding of the implicate order contains and needs just that. We must come to know not only what we are in essence but also as to what objectivity is in essence. And when achieved then a duality of observer and the observed will still exist in existential experiential terms, but there will be no alienation of the parts, and it will be a marriage and dance of the two.

At such time one does not think in terms of spirit and matter, or mind and matter, or profound and mundane; but one simply lives the harmonious effect of the oneness of all things; and seen and known to be all connected up to each other. One should of course also add that the effect of direct personal experience actually works, and always for the good and the better; whereas the effect of merely believing something - well, we all witness that effect every day on earth – bloodshed and hate.

In order to grow we have to eat, both of physical food and experience; but believing one has eaten a meal does not work. And that which there is to be found and eaten is there for everybody who is willing to eat and digest of their own meal, as opposed to trying to digest somebody else's meal, and which cannot be done. Life does not play silly games, let alone metaphysical battles either in or beyond temporality. Human beings invent religions and gods in their likeness; and some have done so since we lived in caves (and some still live in that cave it seems). Thank the power that be that the nature of reality itself does not create that reality in human imaginative likeness; or existence would indeed be a game played by rank fools.

*

As to how many hundreds of articles, letters, and thousands of long emails I sent out over the last six or seven years; and private communication for many years before that, I will never now know; for I did not keep them or records of them. But just a few still seem to be available to be picked up in cyberspace; including one whole book and all the poems which I wrote. There is no such thing of course as cyberspace other than the vast collection of huge main-frame computers world-wide which contain all this electronic information. Another one which I wrote back along and picked up from a website recently is this.....

The Real Quest of the Mind and the Cosmos.

One of the strangest things about life and all existence is that it is all a mystery. A mystery being something which we know exists to be known yet we cannot explain it or fully comprehend it. The second strangest thing is that it seems that we are left to work it out for ourselves. Well, at least to try to anyway. I often wonder why we bother, for during our lifetime here there does not seem to be any confirmation as to whether one gets it right or wrong in the final analysis. But the mind innately asks questions, and learns through the process of observing, thinking and asking questions. A slow unfolding revelation, bit by bit; page by page; a day at a time. Sufficient food to be digested for that day and time. It seems to me that too much at any one time might well choke us. But life and the nature of reality, albeit many things, is clever.

I think it should be safe to say that all children are born asking questions and with an open mind; or certainly most at least, if not all: and that implicit motivation and process moves us on a step at a time into greater understanding and with more potential in this world. But it soon becomes clear that, for whatever reason, many become closed minded. I have no idea as to why. Maybe it is fear of the unknown (inculcated into them by society itself). Maybe it is because they assume they know everything already. Maybe it is because they believe that many questions have no knowable answer anyway. Or maybe they have just been put to sleep by society itself – and society is very good at that. And that too is no accident. But for whatever reason, it soon becomes clear that some folk do close their minds down to further learning and understanding, and which results in an existential (and sociological if there are enough of them) stagnation and entropy. Indeed, much like the thousand

year void of knowledge after Rome destroyed the Library of Alexandria and all the documents and wisdom contained therein from antiquity. And indeed murdered the teachers, philosophers and scientists who were active there and then. Culture and knowledge almost died, slept, for a thousand years. I have often wondered then as to if there could exist a way of preventing minds from becoming closed down. Some kind of wedge that could be placed in the door of the mind to preventing it slamming closed and remaining that way for the duration of their lifetime here. Some idea maybe, a catalyst against entropy and stagnation. Well, who knows. The nature of reality of course has its own methods so to speak. But it is an infuriatingly slow process. But one which human volition and will might possibly be able to assist and speed it up a little.

Since whenever human beings first began to think there have been developed thousands of theories, belief systems, creation myths, religions, philosophies and cult short cuts to the answers to the mystery of existence; and one of course has the option to choose one of these instead of attempting to work it out and think for themselves if one is so inclined, lazy, or rank crazy. Over the last few hundred years of course we have modern science in on the act. Modern science it seems believes that it has taken over the job of telling us all as to what life and reality is all about, and even how it works. However, I would say this. For science and its methodology to tell us all about life, the universe, and everything, would be much like science telling us what a great painting is all about by studying the molecules of the paint.

But a picture is not about the paint – rather it is about the picture and message; the paint is simply the media with which to tell it. Or, for it to tell us what a great musical symphony is all about by measuring the gap between the notes; or telling us what the game of chess is all about by simply studying the rules of the game. The rules can be learned in half an hour, but chess has never been fully mastered even by its greatest exponents; and that is only a man made game. Yet, scientists themselves, and many other people it seems, truly take their claim seriously. And which I find both incredibly funny and pathetically nauseating. Having said that I must add that in so far as sciences goes and what it can do then I am one of its greatest fans and advocates; but certainly not in the area of telling us what life and all existence is all about, and how to even live it.

As a mere boy of about five or six years of age I became really fed up with being bombarded by peoples beliefs. Rather, I wanted to know what they actually knew. But when asking them I received strange looks and was told not to be cheeky (not by my parents or relations I hasten to add). Indeed, I found it to be the greatest conversation stopper of all time. Try it for yourself the next time somebody wants to download their stuff on you. Simply say, “Thanks very much but no thanks, simply tell me what you know to be true for yourself”! Invariably the reaction will be hostile; for their beliefs are their idol it seems. The smarter and wiser ones will simply smile.

This whole concept for the desire to comprehend, to understand things, is not simply a matter of choice or idle curiosity when there is nothing better to do; no, it is something which is innate and fundamental to the phenomenon of mind and conscious existence. Maybe the motivation behind creation is waiting for us to work it all out for it – maybe not; but you never know eh. Well, one of the things which I did learn

for a fact is that humour helps to keep us sane, and seems to be as necessary to the process of our particular existence on earth as breathing air, eating food and drinking fluid.... preferably clean air and fluid that tastes like real ale. However, and be all that as it should be, there is the serious side also. It often used to strike me as odd that seeds did not have to be taught how to become a fine plant, and fulfil their cosmic job without hassle and a nervous breakdown. Why then should human beings have to be told everything I wondered.

Well, it turns out that they do not; for life itself supplies some of the answers, and everything which we really need (not everything which we want I hasten to add). I often wonder as to whether there will come a time when it supplies them all. If so then role on that day. Yet, even that is not quite true in the deeper sense. For in one sense the process of learning things (from life itself) simply throws up more mysteries. But the answers, at least which I have ever had thus far, simply bring more and more questions along with it. One could well say that it all becomes more complicated and mysterious rather than more simple. But I like to think of an analogy which I came up with many years ago, and which is this. If knowledge and understanding were a small white dot on a large sheet of black paper (the old analogy) then as the dot gets bigger and bigger then so too would the circumference of the unknown. However, if that dot were on a balloon instead of an infinite yet flat piece of paper, then eventually the whole balloon would be filled with the light of understanding eventually.

So, is the mind more like a flat sheet of infinite paper or a balloon in this respect? There is so much that we can know; and we can come to know it and use it effectively. And we feel that effectiveness by the vibrations which we call love, morality, goodness, harmony, and beauty. All creation is movement and vibration; and resonant harmony is called 'good' and discordant harmonics are called bad or evil or wicked. But what lies behind the handle of a mere name? Reality does. Creation does. Existence does. The observer does. The observed does. It is no different from the sense of smell other than on higher vibrations within the frequencies spectrum of creation (do we not often say that society stinks). No movement – and then nothing created exists; only no created thing. So, get moving and get smart. Speed up your vibes if possible. Or better still let life into your system and it will do the job just fine without help – for that is what it is for.

Over the course of the last sixty years I have learned a few things; not many but just a few. And as pointed out above these things do address the deeper questions (perennial questions) and answers some of them; but they also raise more questions than they answer; as yet anyway. Almost like a bit of a game really is it not. However, you and I invent games for fun (even chess, but do not tell the grandmasters that it is just for fun, for they will throw a wobbly) but life is certainly not all fun and games, far from it alas. And neither is it game at all, fun or otherwise. I have to mention here that the things which I say and write do not come from any living or dead person; nor from books, nor from belief systems (for I have none and want none) nor from mere imagination, nor from any man made religion or philosophy; but only, and I emphasise only, from living life itself and experiencing some of it. Thus, nobody, and no other thing, is in any way responsible for my assertions and claims, only me, and me alone. Well, I guess one could blame life as well – for not keeping it 'normal' and as it should be according to societies wishes and silly ancient beliefs about the

nature of reality. If reality ever tried to become what all people wanted it to be then it would probably have a nervous breakdown and commit suicide too. However, reality does not comply with human beings wishes – and it behoves us to fall in line with IT and learn ITS ways; and what it really is. And in truth, there is no other way.

The beauty of this approach however, is twofold. Let me explain. I see nothing wrong in keeping an open mind and letting life itself teach us, for we did not produce ourselves after all. If life is going to bring us forth then let life itself take the responsibility for teaching us what we have to know. It sure seems to know more about it than scientists, priestcraft, politicians and academics do; and as I mentioned before, plants and animals do not need tuition in order to fulfil their cosmic purpose in existence. The ‘stuff’ is within the system. The other great advantage is this. If every human being came to write down what they have learned in life and about life (albeit briefly as I and others have done) then we could all seek for correlation’s within those affirmations of experience and thence the understanding derived from it.

One of my dogmatic assertions is that life is not relative to every conscious mind which exists (some really do believe this so they tell me). Hence, the nature of reality is what it is and is the same for all observers beyond the mere level of our existential daily experiences of life. True, we all experience existence from within our selves and we are all somewhat different from each other on the surface, but they are mere surface wonders and differences, as is the skin or the personality. But deeper down than all that changing daily phenomena, there is something which holds it all together, the rules, the dynamics of existence etc, and these levels of reality are what they are, and they are the same for all. The nature of reality is complex and mysterious enough without it being a different reality for every living entity within its encompass. Imagine bringing forth a different universe and cosmos (all equally mysterious but different) for every life form that ever existed. Wow! The powers that shape our being would be busy indeed. Existence is not relative to the observer.

Creation entails great economy and wise use of energy. Including recycling the stuff – note black holes... the space-time vacuum cleaners that gobble up matter which is well past its shelf life. Thus it is that if people were to openly share their experience of life and their eventual views and understanding derived after some experience of it, then it would be highly interesting to accumulate all those affirmations and views and to seek out direct correlation’s of life experience itself therein; and whilst devoid of all the diatribe of socially constructed belief systems and academic philosophies and creation myths. Tell it as it is lived and known; and be truthful. We cannot know anything about existence other than what is lived, known and experienced. The observer cannot be the absolute observed and remain an observer.

When I was first asked to write about these things (instigated from some initial poems which I wrote years ago simply for myself) I did not think it worth while to even bother. But two things later occurred to me (and also through direct first hand experience and observation at that). One was that the power of the word can be very effective on our inner system at times – like love, and like music and beauty are. It can make people FEEL IT. The other was the realisation that open debate and sharing information, can at times be fruitful despite all the pains of continual arguments and downright abuse. And which is soon proved to us in this day and age on the internet – been there, done that, got the psychological wounds and scares for so doing; but no

problem, for such is life and people. Time to move on however. In the final analysis my only real concern and reason for communication is in the hope that it may help somebody in due course; in some small way at least. I have already known the reward of seeing peoples faces and hearts open up when mentioning these things and thence them realising that they are not alone, not crazy or deranged, and no different from many other people on earth here and now. If speaking the truth of human conscious experience (and ones deepest feelings about it all) is an anathema to many, then so be it, and it is their problem not mine. But as for myself, and many others it now seems, then truth is my (and their) overriding criteria of operation. I would rather learn and understand absolutely nothing at all about life and existence than to learn a whole bag-full (or book-full) of lies, distortions and untruths. And many of which are erected for vested or sociological interests anyway in this backward little world as it yet is. As I say, coming back from that realm wherein this gnosis exists is much like coming back to a planet of ape men – well, not all of them of course; but many of them. And the whole political and social structure here seems to be something out of antiquity – and perhaps even now beyond redemption and progress. So, gnosis (or psychognosis – call it what you like) is not all fun.

Thus, would it not also be wonderful to be able to give spirituality back to the people where it belongs and out of the grasp of profit orientated cartels of power. That, as far as I am concerned, is as much as one can hope for. And hope truly springs eternal. But that would take millions of people to achieve it, and acting accordingly and in harmony and accord with each other. Time does not change things, but in due course things change, and for good reasons. And evolution marches on. Would that we could all get in step with it and help it along a little. Kind of speed it up a bit, and kick the dust out of the cogs.

*

But many people really are deeply into these things, and at such times communication becomes worth while and effective. A typical email which I found of late was to a very well informed academic Lady who also became a good friend – and after much initial light bantering of argument. I am of course not at liberty to talk of what folk have said to me, for that is private and confidential. But sometimes my replies to them are almost fit for human consumption – well, not often maybe but just sometimes.

Cosmic Amnesia and Consciousness Expansion.

Dick Richardson, for Margaret Harrell

Hello Margaret; regards to your most interesting questions on these two specifics with reference to transcendent mystical experiences. Let me first try and elaborate more on the phenomenon of consciousness expansion – and which indeed came first, at the beginning of these events in my case. When writing the actual exegesis of those events (the initial transcendent experience) I had to write it as like a living diary of how it was and what it was like. To have interjected concepts and knowledge from later aspects in life would have spoiled the actual story of the journey. I tried to make it so that people could try living it with me, and what I felt and knew at the time. That, as you obviously realise is why it is written that way.

Much of the remainder of the book goes on to talk of things in depth – but not the depths to which you push for answers :-) and which I find admirable. Anyway, I will begin with the expansion phenomenon itself.

The Expansion of Consciousness into the Soul.

Without any shadow of doubt (and I am not the type that frightens too readily) this was the most frightening thing I have ever experienced. Not really frightening in the sense of deep fear but rather more in total and utter shock and bewilderment, and the unknowing as to what was happening or why or where it was going to end. It was literally, and without any warning, like blowing up on the inside – in all truth I think some people might have died of fright, but I do not know. It was just like my head blew out into the size of the universe (not into the universe, for this was inner space – hidden space – the soul itself). So what was it an expansion of consciousness into? I would imagine that some groups of people might perhaps assumed it to be the mind of their deity or creator. But no. This stuff was to do with me personally, and beyond any shadow of doubt as far as I am concerned. Hence there is no question of it. So what was it? It was me. I later came to call that part of ourselves (within the double vortex of our emanation) the soul; our own individual soul: the subconscious mind would be a synonym as far as I am concerned. But wow, it is big; and full of data and potential.

It became clear to me that this aspect of our being contains much data of a personal ‘record’; the place where past experiences (and perhaps more) is stored, for the record. Moreover, this aspect of ourselves can and does communicate with our normal daily consciousness (the incarnate personality). It is plainly obvious to me that most of the experiences which people put down to religious experience, contacts with the deity, out of the body experiences, ghosts, visions, near death experiences, contacts with the so called dead, are all a product of this realm, this part of our own being.

And each persons soul or subconscious being unique to them; and hence the varieties of experiences which this level can generate – even to the point where the consciousness can exist within the picture created. This aspect of the soul I call the Arkon Realm. All of its manifestations are symbolic, every one of them. They are not real entities as seen and lived in, they are done to create an effect on the top-side consciousness and personality. Thus they are real symbolic Arkon Image Emanations, but that which you see or do in them is simply for the learning of and the message is contained within the actual effects of them. They alone are capable of changing a persons life for ever.

Hence, my music made of light experience, and the boy, were symbolic emanations of communication with one part of the mind to the other, and for effect. All these experiences (therein) are symbolic of something else, and something much deeper in the nature of our being and creation itself. But their function is for effect, change, modulation; they are gradually turning a pint jug into a quart jug; and a pigs ear into a silk purse; or a Homo Sapiens into a Homo Ensophicus. These events re-tune the conscious aspect of our mind and personality. So the expansion is like a small drop of water dropping back into a vast pond and becoming the whole surface area of that pond – and I emphasis only the surface area, NOT the depths of the pond itself, or the side walls which are dangerous, and contain the incarnate survival kit of the species in

encoded data (the psychic department of the double vortex). I have to re-emphasise that whilst at the level I still had all my mental faculties of the outside world personality: memories; sense of humour, and all the rest of it; just simply no body and no connection to it. I could not have returned to 'normality' by choice or intentional activity. I was there and there was nothing I could do about it.

Given that your other question related to the phenomenon of Cosmic Amnesia I will say no more about the soul and its other depths and functions other than to say that it is something oh so very different to our essence (or spirit) of our being, the eternal enduring part. But it does seem to be the case that the soul, and its records would be put into some kind of cosmological cold storage for the purposes of reincarnation, and hence a re-attachment to all our past experiences (although kept sub conscious during a lifetime – and manifesting as instinct and deep gut feelings) in future emanations of our being from that of pure spirit; in order to start off where we left off at the last time around of extension (incarnation). Stars pick up the stuff of past stars and go on from there. Modern stars are more evolved than ancient stars. So too is it with our emanations into form.

Cosmic Amnesia.

That which I call Cosmic Amnesia is (a) Nothing to do with normal amnesia as is known in peoples forgetfulness after an accident or whatever; and (b) it is something both very different and infinitely more profound. And to me it seems to be tied up very much with unconditional love, freedom, and existential needs whilst alive on earth – MOST of the time.

There are two forms of Cosmic Amnesia, but which are really two aspect of the same phenomenon. They are Incarnate Cosmic Amnesia; and Essential Cosmic Amnesia. When we come into this world as a child, in conscious terms we are a clean slate and remember nothing (but the soul/subconscious seems to know it all – to have it all recorded); but the baby and child knows and remembers nothing at all. Just a few have claimed memories whilst in the womb, but as to whether it is true or not I have no experience of it; but it could well be I guess, especially sounds and music from the outside. But we have no memory of what are referred to as the perennial questions: What are we: Where do we come from and return to: and What am I doing here; kind of thing. That then is what I call Incarnate Cosmic Amnesia. This phenomenon also gives us existential freedom to act unconditionally of anything which we (our soul and personality) innately is.

Without such forgetfulness we would be biased in our actions by love and wisdom from the start. Thus, this manifestation of forgetfulness is essential to our own natural continued growth and more learning incarnate – the soul has to evolve through incarnate experiences and thence becomes the sum of all our doings and learning's, goals, ideals, aspirations, loves and hates. The soul evolves, and there is proof of that found in the many kinds of latter day psychic experiences (I could elaborate but will not do so here). But the soul evolves and the spirit/essence of being does not evolve. For the spirit is the life force and the dynamo of our being and without which we would not exist – for we are IT, we are not our soul, we are an emanation of the spirit which has the soul as its outer emanation and record of events and becoming the more; but spirit is spirit and the same thing always; the life force of our own unique

existence (not the creator of creation or the life force itself – just our bit). But the spirit IS made in the likeness and of the same stuff as the life force itself. And the power which be, emanated Man/spirit in its image – or one should say mind in its image. For that is what we are, minds and consciousness, not simply physical bodies; as you yourself well know.

However, the Essential Cosmic Amnesia. As you know I call that Transcendent realm by various names at times: Paradise; Home; The Mono-Pole Reality more often than not. But the ground of our essential being is what it is. It is where our own bit of mind and self consciousness is made, constructed, and always resides. Spirit cannot leave that realm and journey forth – it is a prisoner of paradise; and it is a very part of what paradise is. Paradise could not be paradise without ‘me’ the spirit of the life force. Without ‘me’ (us, personalised spirit and created consciousness) there would only be ‘no thing created’ – no emanation from the point of no duration and no extension – no cosmic symphony – and no players or musical instruments.

Thus it is that whilst in spirit we have no memory of the outside world or any past experience of anything at all. Moreover we cannot even think and would have no understanding of words and meanings anyway. The ground of being would not be a paradise condition if we had any of the attachments which are not pure spirit, pure essence; and time and memories are indeed attachments. It is because of the purgation of attachments that it is a mono-pole reality, all good no bad, all now no past or future, all understanding no thought or contradiction, all beauty no ugliness, all joy no pain. The real instigators of religions (not the churches and priestcraft) knew something about this place, and that is an axiomatic fact.

So anyway, that is what I call Cosmic Amnesia, and there is no better name. When in Paradise we know nothing of earth: when on earth we know nothing of paradise – UNTIL IT happens (Psychognosis) - Redemption of lost knowledge and memory of what we are and where we come from. I and others who have known it walk the earth in memory of both the world and that place – WHY ? Paradise consciousness can never ever know the earth, BUT earth consciousness can know paradise; WHY? Because it has to in order for us to become an incarnate manifestation and reflection of what we are in there. You cannot love something and be moved by something which you do not know. ‘Something out there is in need, and you must BE WITH IT’ – with the knowledge and memory you see! Remembrance of the Pleroma – the annihilation of cosmic amnesia.

In due course all incarnate human being must be with it, the knowledge of their divine essential selfhood – and come to act and love accordingly. Telling people cannot have any effect, not real effect anyway; they have to eat of it to be changed by it; nobody can eat their food for them and grow for them. All this stuff is within the vortex of their own being, and to make contact seemingly takes a little love, a little sacrifice of time, a little questioning and a lot of caring about the true nature of reality, and a deep passion for it. These things do not happen by accident and they are not random. I have no idea as to what extent past existences might have to play in this scenario, for I have learned nothing about past lives; and I do not think for one moment that we need to; for all this stuff works well anyway, like clockwork – spirit and soul works.

I hope this may go some way towards giving you a better understanding of my own comprehension of these two aspects of our being; Cosmic Amnesia; and the Expansion of Consciousness into the Soul. And these of course are simply two aspects of the many which are not even mentioned in religions and academic metaphysical philosophies (let alone modern psychology) – because they simply do not know; and do not know what it is they are talking about. One of course cannot ask questions about things which they do not know as yet. So one has to just smile. Love, Dick

*

It would seem to me from many discussions that psychology is a little more advanced in the USA than it is in Britain and many parts of Europe today. But there is one so called ‘advanced’ aspect of depth psychology which is very wrong. And that aspect is the one which calls itself ‘Transpersonal Psychology’. There is, and which is obvious to many human beings now, something which is far far deeper than that of the personality; hence ‘Trans-Personality Psychology’. However, the inner person is the real thing, the real us; and there can be no psychology which goes beyond the observer of the observed. Hence, Transpersonal Psychology would be the study of a being which does not exist. And which is utter nonsense.

Now, the fun bit is this. This organisation (and mind-set) has a section (you can find it on the internet) which is absolutely elitist – and apart from being wrong and misguided. There is a section called ‘The Transcendent Experiences of Scientists’. Yes, scientists are normal human beings (hard to accept at times but there you go) and they too have psychic and mystical experiences. However, I read all the accounts thereon (at that time) and there was not one transcendent experience among the lot of them. What they were referring to as ‘Transcendent’ were nothing more than common psychic experiences – and which millions of people have every day. And they are calling this transcendent; and hence Transpersonal Psychology. Utter hogwash and diatribe. A little learning eh !

I know of two organisations (and I have worked with them) which contain many thousands of documented experiences. These cover a range from the most common psychic events to the deepest mystical and transcendent experiences – thousands of them. But that is only a mere start. We need millions of them, and to be made readily available to the general public for reading anywhere on earth. Oh, by the way, the Transpersonal brigade restrict their collection of experiences to scientists (elitism) for scientists are more sensible and truthful than ordinary mere human beings like you and me. Utter lies and untrue – and elitist. Talk about king sized ego’s to be sure. There is only one place for elitism – the trash can of oblivion.

It is of no interest to me as what folk decide to call these things; gnosis, psychognosis, rapid brain deterioration, mysticism, et al. All that matters is that they use the same word for pointing to the same thing – and that it points to something which not only exists, but is known to exist.

*

And to close this chapter, one email communication to a good friend and mystic; an amazing serendipitous acquaintance in this world. The original had the incorporated music of the same name on it... a time for us....

Dear Thelema, A Time for us.

Among all those with whom I have had acquaintance on this world, and few among that number with great pleasure alas, your light and love shines through you without bar or barrier, and your essence which exists in Eternity shines on earth also, as it is in the beginning so too do you shine here, and for always. But this world alas is not ready for mystics as yet. It was not ready four thousand years ago, nor two, nor today. But the spirit of love endeavours for ever to become in form as it is in essence, and will continue ever to do so, for that is the goal of the cosmic principle. In the meantime mystics can but dream dreams of that time. But as yet they have no place on earth to rest their head and build a camp fire among friends. But a time for us will come incarnate. I have seen the beginning and the end, and our home. I have also seen the finished product of creation on earth, and wept at its beauty and wonder; but the world is not yet ready for it. But a time for I and thou will come, there will be a time for us, I know there will.

As yet here I see mountains of pain and rivers of tears; instead of fields of dancing and oceans of laughter and joy. They reap what they sow in their displays of egocentric greed and trivial hedonism, and they know not what they miss in the process. Alas, as yet, the words of the mystics who offer a torch light in the dark still echo into that sound of silence and meet with entropy in their minds. And they would not recognise one if they tripped over one on a clear day in sunshine.

But, ah my love, a time will come for us, rest assured. In the meantime patience, resilience, fortitude and determination; and your spirit of self is indomitable. You will live and shine for ever. In the meantime remind them that there is one thing greater than the love of wisdom – and that is the wisdom of love. For it resides even deeper than our own spirit in paradise, and will one day drag them home screaming to their ground of being. You might try telling them these things, for the poor old knight is becoming punch drunk me thinks and is in need of a long rest. Old acquaintances will not be forgot my dear Lady, and they will frolic once again in the sun and rain.

Love is for ever. Richard of Exmoor.

*

It has sometimes been claimed that Gnosticism (keep in mind this is not gnosis) seems to be all about depth psychology and existentialism and nothing more. Well, once again this is utter gibberish and a total misunderstanding of what it is all about. True enough there is of course much depth psychology in it – for it is about the nature of the human mind and our place in the vast scheme of things. And, as I and others have pointed out, it addresses (by way of direct experience) answers to the perennial questions. And yet nothing else known to humanity does. Inventing things certainly does not – and experience is all we ever have anyway; and it works, it does the job. Some things can be ‘known of’ without our experience of them – but they cannot be KNOWN without experience of them.

But even beyond all that, psychognosis/gnosis is something which unites the mind of man with all creation; and not merely only all the parts of our self. Thus it is a catalyst for the elimination of alienation in both senses of the word. And added to which is not only a moral guide to living life but the very source where that guide is written (laid out). And hence it is a philosophy of life and living it. It is also a cosmology and a cosmogony. So, it is not a mere anything (let alone mere psychology) – it covers just about everything which we need. And even more than that, it is a mode of living here and now, and the affirmation of it.

This particular paragraph is pure speculation on my part; and albeit justified speculation based upon experience. I have made enough mention within these pages of people who have very little in the way of deeper experiences; and some, for example, who's only 'odd' experiences was perhaps in seeing what they thought was a ghost. However, things of this nature could be seen to be 'a way in' – a gentle way in to integration with the deeper mysteries of being and becoming. It certainly makes them think along new lines for the first time. But why then are some peoples first experiences the big and deep ones? For that is certainly no easy or gentle introduction or way in to these things. I have also mentioned that reincarnation is directly implied in the gnosis event. If that is the case (and which I do not know to be a fact) then is each person simply taking over from whence they left off last time around – and hence ready for this or that event? It certainly makes a lot of sense and fits in with the rest of it. But, as I say, I do not know. Perhaps somebody else knows. But it is not wise to judge things or make assertions about things that one does not know for sure – by experience. But these things also imply that one cannot directly experience reincarnation whilst knowing it to be so. Maybe some things really do have to be simply deduced. Who knows.

As I said near the beginning of this book; search for information of these things on the modern day internet and you will find much confusion therein. And that probably applies to just about anything and everything, to say nothing of spirituality, mysticism and gnosis. Hence my own advise to all young people (or old ones for that matter too) would be to forget the lot of it (including this book) and search things out for yourself. Or if one does come to read all that exists on this subject matter, then fine, think about it all; churn it all over in your mind; but do not accept any absolute truth about anything until you have found it to be true by your own experience of it. And as I have said, when coming across these genuine mystics with this particular gnosis, then if you ask them if they believe all this stuff they will say no – I AM LIVING IT.

And thus it is. Oh, and by the way; do you believe that eating the daily food which you eat has any effect on your physical body? Does it not do it whether you believe it or not? Do yourself a favour this week – rap up all your beliefs in a brown paper bag and flush them down the toilet plug hole – it might do everybody else on earth a favour as well. But in doing that you will not detract from what you are and where you are at. And you sure cannot flush down the loo that which you KNOW can you – for that is truly yours – and exists to be expanded upon too.

Poem No 100 dedicated to....

The World is Full of Beauty

~ ~ ~

Dedication to

Thelema Grisham-White

(The Lady Hawk of the Lakes.)

*

This world is full of beauty,
and such a pleasant place would be,
if they did but love it,
and its wonders they could see.

This world is full of wonder
like the twinkling stars above;
and if we did our duty
it would be full of love.

This world is full of mystery
like the deepest depths of mind;
yet the dignity of spirit
hereon is left behind.

This world is full of records,
of data writ on time;
as is the soul of being,
and its essence, so sublime.

This world is full of spirit
which knows not where to go;
while fear shackle them in darkness,
and thus they cannot know.

**This world is full of music,
yet they seek the object of their love;
but the love which is within them,
they think comes from above.**

**But that which is the wonder
and the absolute bar none,
already did its work of art;
in the beginning it was done;
before time tore asunder
and symmetry came to be,
in the mono-pole of oneness;
and resides there still to see.**

**Thus, all there is to ever know
and all there is to be,
is waiting till we're ready
to see it thus, you see.**

**Each voice which sings the song of songs,
each mind that comes to know
the nature of their deepest self,
whilst on earth will come to glow.**

**If truth were but their only love
how wondrous it would be,
for only love reveals the truth:
of The one, the two, then three.**

**Ah love, could we conspire,
to amplify the song,
from the two in isolation
to the multitude and throng?**

**So, in the depths of winter
where darkness is thus rife;
gather the babes around the hearth
and speak to them; of Life.**

**Fire the flame within them
As the coals do warm the hand:
and tell them of from whence they came,
The Divine Eternal Land.**

**Life is not thus made on earth,
nor in space, nor form, nor time;
but deep, beyond polarities
in a ground which is sublime.**

**All things brought forth in time must go,
back to from whence they come;
and the end is the beginning
when the temporal work is done.**

**And the work which you and I must do
whilst on this earth we run,
is to make it a reflection
of the realm from whence we come.**

**The world will not come right by chance,
nor hopes, nor faiths, nor pleas;
but only by our actions,
our aspirations, then our deeds.**

*** * ***

Chapter 13

Feed-Back and Perfection.

The most powerful force for effecting our social existence here on earth is motivation. But it can be positive or negative motivation. But motivation is nothing if not used, acted upon. Where does this motivation come from? We have a reasonable understanding of cause and effect nurtured into us from an early age, but what is not explained is the concept of feed-back and reciprocity in this process. Phenomenon (A) cannot cause an effect on phenomenon (B) without being affected itself by virtue of having caused an effect on something else. Everything effects everything with which it is in contact. Moreover, it seems to me that this cosmological principle works not only in all things but at all levels and dimensions of existence. But then again if a principle works well then why not. Added to this is the mysterious fact that at some level all things are connected up in some ineffable way anyway. This of course does not mean that things are connected up to each other in the space-time continuum. Stars are not connected to each other in space. The earth is not connected to the sun - directly that is, although it is also by way of radiation's as such. I am not connected to any other person other than through interactions with them. But all things brought forth are connected up inwards at the deepest level of and within the vortex of creation.

Depending on a persons belief system of course (and assuming that they feel a need for one) one could say that they are all connected up in the big bang (or before it to be more precise; in a singularity). One could say in accepted religious terms that they are all connected up in their particular creative entity. Others may say that they are all connected up in the Yin and Yang synthesis, or whatever. But by virtue of the dynamic inter-dimensional reality of all extant things they are also still connected up to each other even whilst existing in a physical universe - by way of their inner depths, not through physical space and time itself.

The problems of many so called paradoxes and 'weird coincidences' arise due to thinking of all causation and movement as moving only in one direction; (from A to Z in a linear space-time progression) instead of also up and down the inner vortices of all things brought forth; and albeit that many phenomenon of causation do in fact operate in the space-time continuum. One of course could make a never ending list of examples of various modes and levels of the feed-back phenomenon. Smile at someone and you receive a different effect and feed-back than if you hit them over the head with a hammer - and one of our very first lessons as a child in fact. More agreeable reactions and feed-back come if we are nice to people; or most of the time anyway, and which is both obvious and simple psychology.

But such things as these, although being feed back, still operate in the linear progression of time, cause and effect. What happens when we kick a football is another example of the same kind. With a bit of luck it goes somewhere, other than in a bad dream maybe. So the cause is our self (volition) in kicking the thing (true mind over matter), and the effect is that we imparted energy into it, and caused it to go somewhere else. But that is not the end of the causal chain however. What did it cost us to kick it? It cost energy, and for which we perhaps had to eat a tenth of a potato, or whatever, to have that energy within us to use. The ball has gained energy and we have lost it; a kind of feed-back or a form of reaping what we sow. Thus, phenomena (A) cannot cause an effect on phenomena (B) without phenomena (A) being affected by virtue of having caused an effect on phenomenon (B).

Another example is that of the *book* of our own genetic code, and which itself is a product of feed-back and learning throughout incarnate evolution. If we become adept at something then it will become written into the code for further generations to acquire more readily. But there are of course many aspects and levels of this feed-back and 'reverse causation activity' principle in all things.

In the transcendent mode of our being one also learns that there is something which is deeper in creation itself (deeper than paradise and our self within it) – viz. its causation; and which itself brought us and it forth. The paradise event is the dimension in which that bringing forth results in our own conscious existence in a self identity of personal being; a sentient consciousness which affirms I AM ME, and which has its self integrity which separates it from other beings in conscious identity terms. Why so then, for what purpose or function did whatever it is in absolute terms do that? For nothing at all is far easier than something I would have thought: so what did it cost in terms of its own feed-back then?

Let us bring the idea a little closer to this world for the moment for simplicity. Why does a physical universe contain consciousness; or indeed exist at all for that matter? It was certainly not done simply for fun or for something to do to while away the time - for there was no time. The easy answer is that it was an accident. Science claims that creation and the evolution of life on earth is one long string of amazing chance accidents which amount, I guess, to a series of incredible miracles. Indeed, if that were the case then creation is indeed more miraculous than even the mystics claim and understand it to be. But in reality there is no such thing as accidents other than where our own intentions go astray. Without intention there can be no such thing as an accident – for who or what would have had the accident of intending one thing whilst yet another thing happened? To fall down the stairs is an accident, assuming one did not intend it. But nevertheless the act of walking down the stairs in a fit manner was not performed and hence the falling was simply the only thing that could happen given the set of circumstances; and it did not defy the laws of nature. To fall from the bottom of the stairs to the top – would require something beyond the laws of nature however. As of yet there have been no reports of such.

No, and neither is it done simply for fun: for it is not much fun being on this world for much of the time for so many living creatures on it: (domestic cats seem to get the best deal in this universe, and we ask nothing from them in return). Neither is creation a long string of impossible events, accidents or coincidences. If it were impossible then it would not have happened. If it was an accident as such then who had the accident in the

first place ? And how ? And what was really intended? And intended by whom? The physical forces of the universe do not have accidents: for it operates like regular clockwork; and everything functions within the parameters of its dynamics and potentials therein. You and I can have accidents simply because we are conscious and with the power of intention. But even our accidents, like dropping a brick on your foot or spilling the milk, are only accidents because we intended one thing but the result of the action was something other than that which was intended. Do stars have accidents? Do atoms have accidents ? “Oh damn, I meant to have been two up quarks and one down quark” ! The only things that can get anything wrong in that sense are things which can think and have the power of intention and the power to do something about that intention. The wonder of all wonders however is that we can also at times get something right. That is to say that we can achieve something which we did intend: (not often maybe, but time and trial and error are a great teacher). Moreover, as well as mere actions of intention (or accidents) minds like us can also come to work things out by observation and thinking; or some of the time anyway – another chaotic accident maybe? If we have worked something out right then it will work: if we have not then it will not. In the final analysis learning is as simple as that. And the effect is as simple as that. The process however is not simple at all but infinitely complex. So, is the fact that something works, and can be understood, a chaotic accident too? Ask yourself.

To say that if something exists then it either has to be a conscious intention (as we know conscious intention here on earth) or an accident is a concept which came from heaven only knows where; and is justified by I know not what. When a religionist claims that the gods and demons are intentionally responsible for all good and bad actions and phenomenon it is tantamount to admitting that they do not have a clue. If the physical universe such as we know it, and the phenomenon of consciousness et al – indeed the transcendent realm itself even, were all pre-determined intentional activities then creation is far more weird and mysterious than any mystic has ever given credit or credence to. Likewise is the scientific term ‘nature’ something of a cop-out itself. To say that things comply with the laws of nature also implies something outside of the nature of things which pre-determine the mathematics and dynamics of creation as it comes to be. Nature does not determine things, the nature of things is simply the way they work and function.

Given that you and I can only ever have any direct experience of a mere fraction of creation – and the mathematics and dynamics which apply to that fraction – then we are not in a position to give a definitive answer to the creative force itself, and it is not likely to tell us one would assume. Well, apart from telling religionists of course. However, it takes little imagination to speculate forms of causation which are neither accidents or rational conscious intentions pre-designed to work that way. We do not give birth to children simply by rational intention (although we do in fact have a choice in the matter) but the process is neither an accident nor is it designed by us. Given that there is volition within creation does not imply that there exists conscious pre-determined volition before the ‘start’ of the cosmos of existence. The idea of ‘start’ and ‘end’ only applies to temporal events. If one likes to put creation down to a conscious intentional highly advanced human like being of this or that religion then did such an entity pre-design itself before its existence? Oh, they say, but IT always existed that way! Well, how do they know – were they there to affirm this to be the case? And once again ‘always’ is a temporal linear time line concept.

One can certainly envisage physical universes coming into and out of existence by a process of dynamics which simply conserves energy even throughout changing manifestations of that energy, and simply works that way, and can work no other way; but physical universes are a part of creation not the sum, nor their own causation. To say that a big bang is the starting point of this, or any, physical universe is not to talk of the sum, and it says nothing about the life force itself. Does the life force (independent of beings) have any choice in doing what it does? Is there such a thing as the life force independent of beings? Is there such a thing as the sea independent of the water which it consists of? If so then who says so and how do they know – where did they learn that and what was the learning of it like? Nobody knows. Is the absolute creative force the same identical thing as the creative life force? Nobody knows. Guesses are easy to make, learning the truth of reality is not so easy. It is not possible for us to know at exactly what level of reality intention or volition becomes a potential, or how; for we are a part of it and not an objective entity looking at it from the outside of all existence.

And indeed our experience and understanding of what we refer to as the deepest depths of existence are relative to our own experience. Beyond that we can only guess; but guessing is of no intrinsic value to human existence. You and I have not yet created living entities with the power of volition, comprehension and awe, capable of love, comprehending beauty, and all the rest of it. Beings such as our self, and any who may be even more advanced in creation, are the most complex things within creation. By comparison paradise and the nature of ourselves within it is the most simplistic creation insofar as beings are concerned; for we have nothing but consciousness and a mysterious kind of cognition in that mode of being. And what level of complexity would exist even deeper and before that level of being? No consciousness at all. 'In the beginning (of being) I was there' ! Do you see. That does not mean before being existed.

A worm on earth has far more to do in this life than we do in paradise. That does not mean that I would rather be a worm than be in paradise - far from it. Likewise our body and brain is the most complex machine in the known universe, and it took heaven only knows how many millions of earth years to be made even as it is now. (Not seven days). So, why does our kind of consciousness exist at all then, and anywhere at all for that matter, here or there; and wherever else maybe? Why so? Why bother?

Much of our thinking (some mystics excluded by virtue of their experiences) envisage all things, including creation and the creative process, as an unfolding process from point A to point Z in a linear fashion; a beginning and an end; and in this process the absolute causation of the end was the beginning. Mystics however come to learn that time is not quite what it seems to be; and not all that there is. It is feasible that creation (as we know it) is not being done from the beginning at all but from the end. That is to say working from the point of all acquired knowledge and understanding in a feed-back loop of temporal causation. More of which later. But for now simply draw a circle (about an inch in diameter) and call it the universe. Draw a straight line across the centre and call this line 'Time' – the time line. However, now draw another circle outside of it and call it the cosmos of all existence. So, the physical universe is one circle or bubble of energy within another one. Now, continue the time line of the universe into the cosmos but not as one straight line, but rather as a whole series of lines which feed back to various points along the time line in the smaller circle. We would finish up with something which looks like a magnetic field; except that it is many dimensional, not just one or two or three.

Suffice to say for now is that we know that our own system (the sub-conscious level) 'knows' thing that we, the incarnate personality, does not know. It operates and causes effects from a point beyond the incarnate perception of acquired knowledge and understanding along the time-line within the smaller circle – a feed-back loop. This does not mean that our soul is an independent conscious entity, indeed there is no implication of it being conscious at all. Many minor human experiences, including some psychic events, defy the linear time line theory in their operation and are seen to be somehow working backwards to cause an effect from a point of hindsight – and this is simply within ourselves. What of an advanced super collective of souls of some kind then? What of the collective of all souls? What of the cosmic principle itself then? What of the life force itself? Time is a facet within a given level of reality not a container of all reality. To what level can volition aspire and indeed achieve? And is time a barrier to that consciousness? It does not even seem to be a barrier to our own level of consciousness even whilst on earth.

Think on this. Science, indispensable though it is, and highly affective within its parameters of potential, assumes at the moment (so they claim anyway) that we, the conscious entity in the machine, exists only to spread our genes around. We (sentient beings) are simply a side effect in the reproduction process of genes - genes then obviously being the '*real*' thing that existence is all about. I cannot imagine a collection of genes laughing and crying, loving and hating, writing songs and poetry in love and awe of creation and existence. Can you? Are genes even aware of existing? Do they have the power of volition and intention – yet they are not an accident. They are but a part of a particular process for a particular effect.

The genetic code is much like a computer program, a complex set of instructions for the formation of a physical body and brain to be constructed from the very stuff of the physical universe itself. A part of this program and machine is an energy conversion process - turn this into that and place it over there please, and no argument thank you! The finished product, if it turns out OK, is a vehicle and space-time capsule for a mind with self consciousness. Does all this complex and profound consciousness, with emotions, passions, fears, loves, likes and dislikes, and with wilful intention, exist simply to move a dead body from point A to point B in a physical universe then I wonder? If so why bother to make it conscious; and with the illusion of volition, at all? A mechanical robot would do the job of spreading genes around just as well as a sentient being... or better in fact for they could not say 'NO WAY... sod off chum' !

In chess there is the term 'over-kill'; that is in doing more than is needed for the job at hand, and stringing it out a bit. If the consciousness of living creatures on earth existed just for that (spreading genes around) then even a bird would be cosmic creation over-kill taken to such ridiculous levels of stupidity and unnecessary waste that even you and I would not have done it that way. Think on it. Are we smarter than that which brought us forth and of which you and I are only a small part? Would you use an atomic bomb to open a bottle of wine? (Like both science and religion does). It would kind of defeat the object would it not... wine everywhere and not a drop to drink. Or truth everywhere but seen nowhere. Consciousness in this universe (and elsewhere) exists because it HAS to exist; nothing exists for nothing; nor just for fun.

Creation was not done for fun; or a whim; or an accident. Creation is not a whim of something which is floating around somewhere feeling fed up and lonely without it. Creation is not a matter of something to do. It is what it is. The physical body is not alive; it never was alive and it never will be alive. But it is indeed an incredible and wonderful machine and which can be animated by - whatever the life force is while independent of the vehicle. Somebody said to me the other day "I saw a dead body for the first time"! So I asked them as to whether they had ever seen a live one at all. The human body and brain is no doubt the ultimate yet known machine in creation. It is an incredible wonder. But it is a body; a machine for doing a job of work. We are not here just to steer it around corners and plonk it on top of another one to make more of the same. The evolution of the human physical form may or may not be at an end (all other things being equal): but the evolution of human consciousness and cognition is most certainly not at an end. It is now high time for the human mind to get smart, wised up a little, learn and grow up. We are in but another phase of the unfolding of the implicate order. Freedom of volition (as we know volition) is a part of that phase. The first shall be the last ! That means that the first thing brought forth shall be the last to emanate into a physical incarnation. Mind and volition cannot exist in a physical emanation of forms without the dynamics and structure which can hold it there.

One is not looking for supernatural '*miracles*' but rather to the demise of them; and to the knowledge and understanding of what is so in these things in so far as they might be able to be known; hence comprehension and affirmation of creation itself by the created. And this will not be done by way of analysis paralysis or wild guesses. Spiritual time and space-time (indeed even psychical time) are not the same thing however. The body and brain exists for the mind not the mind for simply moving the machine from the breakfast table to the lunch table via the loo. Moreover, the more the incarnate mind evolves into knowledge and understanding then the more active potential it has in the creative act and process itself; and hence the need for an evolving body and brain to connect it up better to that universe for more potential within it. And of course comprehension of it.

Have you ever noticed how science fiction writers invent advanced life forms on other planets with only one or two fingers for example, and that even look like slimy lizards? Where is their imagination? If they did not have fingers and thumbs then they would not have evolved into intelligent beings in the first place; for they could not manipulate tools properly. Why is it that in science fiction human beings are always the best looking, nicest and the most clever? What a pile of egocentric self adulation and diatribe. True enough I would not fancy a physical argument with a cave man; but I would take a hundred of them on at chess all at the same time... and win all the games; no doubt, no argument; no question. Could we ever teach them to play chess in the first place however: and would they give a damn? Their incarnate mind and potential was for their time and place; just as ours is right now.

The thing is that science fiction, like all other media, has to cater for the consensus request, or so they think. 'Give em what they want and we will get rich'. So why do they want idiotic trivia then? If they were to give them something better then the consensus would soon adopt it: for they are smarter than the media assumes. More so than the media it would seem to me. But here of course we have a case of not just feed-back but rather negative feed-back in operation. In creation however feed-back is positive feed-back.

Let us look at the more subtle aspects of this feed back however. A tree has many functions in creation; it is only we that bring something into existence to do one specific job of work (like a hammer) - and that is a waste of energy in cosmic terms; albeit effective enough for us. How many jobs, functions, roles, does a tree have? See how many you can come up with. However, do not fail to take into account the more subtle function of inspiring human minds. Do not poets and musicians (real but mini creators themselves) become inspired by both the beauty and complexity of the nature of existence itself... and so too do scientists by the way. Is that not the lesser (so called) inspiring the greater? Now, why should this accidental, no function mind thing which exists simply to push a dead body around both need and acquire inspiration which has nothing to do with the physical body and its reproduction act? Why the over-kill?

Why show this irrelevant idiotic side-effect thing called consciousness a reality which they come to know and thence call paradise? What is the point? That is over-kill taken to a degree par excellence in stupidity and waste. The mere fact that a blade of grass exists is enough proof that creation is not idiotic. There are just too many unnecessary accidents here are there not. Are you not inspired by the wondrous magic within in a storm cloud? Or music, poetry and art maybe? The complexity and spectacle of thunder and lightning; or a cat purring? There is more to see than just paradise you know. If paradise were likened to modern day human beings then it would no doubt say – ‘Hang on to your hat son, for there is more to come, and it will blow your mind away’! And we would say... ‘Derrrr’ !

Creation and being is predominantly about communication; data; comprehension; creative potential for beings; it is about being here and taking part in the creative act and the love of being extant. Moreover, and what is most important and often overlooked completely by some it seems is that the mind does not function at its very best until the body is forgotten about (as mentioned elsewhere). We do not function at our best until a being loves something more than itself or its own existence; or even thinks about something else more than itself. We cannot switch love on but we can indeed switch our own thinking on. The work is already done and all we have to do is use it. Have you noticed how these idiotic religions of priestcraft tell their prisoners to love their watsit? How the hell can you love something until you know it, and even then you and I cannot switch on love by choice or volition. It is either there and flowing or it ain't. It is not a matter of choice as to what you love or what loves you.

Why bother then to bring forth either human beings on earth, or consciousness which floats around in paradise with nothing to do except wallow around in love and bliss; the divine peace; the metaphorical chorus of the choir invisible? Why bother: for what purpose and function is it that way? Is it in order to make sure that new finger nails come to exist to pick noses maybe? Or to milk cows maybe? What is singing to what and why is it singing? What needs to be sung to and why? What does the ineffable life force itself get out of it all ? **INCARNATE EXISTENCE** ! In form, as it is in essence. That is what.

From potential into being. From essence into form. We are the instrument upon which the music of the spheres is not only played, but known by; loved by; lived by. And no instrument can play itself. And that is exactly what so many people in the world today are trying to do - to play their own tune on themselves. It cannot be done chum.

And this is but one reason as to why there is so much stress, anxiety, neurosis, paranoia, et al, in human society and peoples minds. They try to play their own tune. And on themselves. They have not even got a tune for heaven sake.

The essence and truth of duality is very complex, very beautiful, very profound, and very mysterious. Yet it can be known as to why it is so. Paradise does not answer all our questions and provide the answers as to how things are made. But it does teach you why. I wonder why? More over-kill stuff maybe? Think about it for yourself for a while; you are free to make your own conclusion - for a while at least. The implications are that the soul (not the spirit) evolves throughout aeons of time and space, experience, learning and comprehension throughout its individual becoming. I have no knowledge, no idea, no conception, as to what it could become incarnate, or how. The implications are that this knowledge of past incarnate experience becomes recorded somehow, stored somewhere, and used again for the next incarnation to take over from whence it left off somehow. Universes could operate in exactly the same way – even creation itself – a broken continuity that retains data from past emanations. In as much as creation would say – been there, done that, got the record.

The implication is that the spirit then migrating into that new incarnate (or extended) field will obviously have that data as its new starting position for that particular existence, and from which it can continue to learn and evolve from that point on - and to a large extent due to its own efforts and acts in that lifetime, and whilst beyond any personalised memory of past events. I do not know if these implication are true, and to be honest I do not even care one way or the other, for my only concern at the moment is with living this particular lifetime here and now - and what we make of ourselves and of this world by our own efforts whilst on it here and now; and hence leave to our children to improve upon. However, could it also be the case that the extinction of a universe cycle records its own past and results, causes and effects; and stores that data for future use on its own energy? Who knows. But it makes sense.

Now, to refer back to the mystery in question here. There are times whilst playing a chess game, or any other field of mental activity for that matter, (but I will use the chess game for simple analogy for I know it well), that a player simply sees a position, an outcome, in advance of the game position arriving there (seeing ahead of the existing reality as it is on the board obviously). Where that understood outcome is not seen (which is most of the time in chess the way I play it), then one is groping in the dark, but using ‘rules of thumb’ and well tested axioms (kind of symbols I suppose) nevertheless.

When one does however, actually see a forced set of moves that can have only one outcome then one is playing the rest of that game kind of backwards - from the seen conclusion through to the moves which arrive at it happening on the board. Do you see. At this point, (that in knowing that this set of moves will achieve that outcome) one is then not so much planning those moves (for that has already been achieved in the seeing of it), but simply executing them in the required, necessary sequence to achieve that end result on the physical board. The implication is that there is something actually active within creation, not beyond it, that is instrumental in issuing forth effects ‘backwards’ so to speak, as in the last analogy. Even you and I can do that in some small measure, and even now. In fact it is very common.

Something that is somehow operating a sequence of moves from past knowledge, understanding, or instinct of the end of it: and not by virtue of actually planning it, for as I say, when the outcome is known (intuitively seen) there is no need of planning but only that of executing necessary moves. It is much like a backward moving cosmic intuition - both on the large scale and individually. How do we come to have visions of things yet to come... for they do not even exist yet? Yet my own, few though they have been, have never ever been wrong. They all worked. As did other psychic and mystical experiences.

I had a little problem to overcome regard this 'cosmic flow and feed-back' of the deeper kind; that is to say in understanding that something moving in one direction (linear time) and something moving in the opposite direction, yet while being in harmony and one accord and movement with it. So how come that two things which are both flowing in the opposite direction turn out to be flowing in the same direction in the deeper reality, or another dimension? The answer was oh so simple... and all you have to do to understand it is to put your two hands together. Let me explain this one.

Imagine something flowing around a circle in a clockwise direction; and something flowing around a circle next to it in the other direction; or anti-clockwise. How can they be said to be in harmony, and one accord and one direction of movement? Put your two hands up in front of your face, palms toward you. Your left hand represents a circle of causation in which something is moving anti-clockwise (in space-time) and your right hand represents 'something other' in which movement is in the opposite direction - or YOUR OWN ANTI-PART OF SELF. Your soul perhaps. One vortex within the double vortex. Now, simply imagine then that the point at which your two hands are now touching each other (the outside edge of the hands by your little finger) were a 'hinged book'... (the subconscious interface of the sum of part and anti-part): simply close your hands together (by bringing your thumbs together)... now the movement is in one direction and harmonious accord... part and anti-part are like two pages of a book; a mirror image. Close the book up (annihilation)... and they are united; and moving in one and the same direction. Clever isn't it !! And it works. And it can be lived and known.

When our temporal book closes - in the death of conscious existence - then is revealed eternal life, harmony and one movement of accord. It is a fact of experience. Moreover, in that reality a greater comprehension is axiomatic. But the fact also needs to be known during an incarnate lifetime for better effect. The dead do not need to know how to live on earth; we do. Unless human beings go into that paradise mode during a lifetime then these things can never ever be known: never deduced, never inferred, never guessed, never reasoned - never known. Does it happen by accident and for no reason then? Have a think about it for yourself. YOU decide, for your self. Is brain deterioration such a bad thing then - especially if they are suffering from analysis paralysis in the meantime?

Those who use what exists, both within themselves and out there in the world also, will be given more; those who do not use it will have even that which they have been given taken from them... for movement abhors entropy. If you do not use it you lose it. Observe your own physical muscles if you need proof of it. Observe the difference between those nurtured in love, caring, education, with those who have not been. What more living proof do they ever want or need for heaven sake. There are exceptions to some rules of course. A good education and background can still produce a cretin and monster, and a less good one can produce a person of dignity and deeper wealth.

But you and I, for the large part, cannot play the game from knowing the end in advance; we can only play it by the rules of thumb and axioms which past experience substantiate as being effective for the good more often than not. And it is here of course (when knowing of sods law also) that we have to trust in those axioms as they stand, and until such time that we do know better or wiser from experience.

I do not know what the life force is whilst independent of all that is brought forth. All I know is that it needs to be danced with, used, eaten, digested... and for our own growth and evolution of the soul and hence the incarnate form. That IS the message and effect of paradise. And what feed-back does it get from us I wonder? Tears maybe? That which so many seem to spend so much time looking for, reading about, praying for, (discussing the sex of) is looking for them more than they are looking for it. They ask as to what their god will do for them (like the Genie in the lamp) - but what do they ever do for IT? Moreover, that which they require has already been done, and will ever continue to be done. But what do they themselves give back to life? Aggression, wars, hostility, greed, selfishness, pain, tears. It is tragic. Both Bloody and Tragic!

All I know is that its process of movement and inspiration is for all that is ever brought forth from no created thing and the point of no duration... and all created things becoming their essential quality in formation. Everything and no created thing are but faces of the same thing... the divine implicate order of Being and Becoming. The seed of everything created is in no thing created; and the essence of no created thing is in everything created. These are not mere mystic or esoteric words with no meaning, they are the facts of life, existence and creation as it is revealed, lived and known to be. Watch a child growing in its mother's womb, and if you do not weep in awe of the miracle and profundity of it then you are already dead chum. Give murderers a course in midwifery not societies ridiculous and antiquated Neanderthal morals and creation myths!

Life and existence is an eternal and everlasting mystery. We will never fully understand it in absolute rational terms – but only in emotional, mystical and intuitive terms. Yet we can and do come to know it; even understand it a little. But that knowing is beyond knowing as we think of knowing things of space-time; and that understanding is beyond isolated incarnate rational understanding; and thus mystic, mysterious. Is this not a cosmological quest that is worth the sacrifice of just a little of our precious time and freedom on earth; (a mere three hours away from this world [time-line] to learn this and live it). Is not the reality worthy of our own existence? And how do they spend that time better anyway? Watching the same movie for the third time because they have forgotten it maybe; or they are bored. If it was that good then they would not have forgotten it. You cannot forget paradise: and you do not need it twice in one lifetime. Some claim that they work only for money. There is something better to work for than money – creation itself. If your own spirit in paradise could talk to you now, in your own language, then it would say this to you...

“ You, the hearer of these words, the observer of the events of time and space, the seeker in quest of the grail of life: you know many things in your wisdom and understanding, but still you seek, for they do not satisfy your inner hunger and thirst for the elusive missing understanding; the part of which you know not. Where then would you seek for that which you feel to be missing ? Would you seek in the distance beyond the stars?

Would you seek in the microcosm of the atom? Would you seek in the direction of the arrow of time: or would you seek in the direction of its past flight; that from which the arrow issued forth? Would you seek it in the words and writings of mankind, who is but the same as yourself - the seeker? Would you seek it in the volumes of past thought throughout the ages perhaps? But I tell you that you seek it in the wrong places little one; for you know not what you seek or whither to seek it: and yet you feel it is there, something, somewhere, somehow. And it is wise that you come to listen to the stirring's and turning's of your heart, for it does not lead you astray in these things. But neither, of its own accord, does it reveal to you that which you seek in your darkness. But it knows something does it not; for why else would it stimulate and motivate your soul into action for such grail in the first place? In your wisdom do not negate your heart and its inner persuasions. There are times when your reason must lead the way in its fields of activity; but there are times also when the rational mind must listen... and follow where the heart leads; for did not your heart beat in a cosmic rhyme and rhythm, the music of the spheres, before your thinking took you anywhere in the fields of time and space?

In your searching, and yet not finding, your rational mind may become alienated from its heart, and thus cast its twin into the realms of the living dead: and in which case you will walk the paths of time and space alone, cut off from its very foundation of being, drifting in a chaos which leads nowhere; and with nothing of eternal value and truth with which to walk these paths of time and space; and thence with nothing with which to share all these things and the cosmic dance therein. My love, you cannot dance alone: an instrument of music cannot play itself you see.

If that be the case of your present situation then do not fear, for it is never too late: do not fear: but simply start seeking again. And in seeking you will eventually find, I AM. In asking you will eventually receive. In desiring, you will eventually know. In aspiration you will reach out; and in emptying yourself of momentary trivia you will become full when that illusive hidden part is then revealed unto you once again. And in your becoming, then creation will be fulfilled: the seed and the flower as one: and the THREE will become ONE, as it was in the beginning and as it is in the end. As it is in the transcendent mystic union; then also is it in the reciprocal convergence on earth. For that which you seek is both in life and between life; in the beginning and the end; the music in the grooves. But Ah, the middle my flower... the middle! The middle can be the beginning and the end and the middle all in ONE; one dance, one song, one purpose, one function; one goal; one affirmation and one accord. And in so doing and so becoming then the forms of time and space will be known; and known to be the song of the singer in action and movement... in order TO BE.

And these whispering's which you hear now; are true. There will be times when your heart is light like a current dancing on the air: and there will be times when your heart is down. And in that inner darkness you will weep and bemoan your very existence. But these things are all as they must be. So do not fear, and do not give up the fight and the quest; for it is all necessary you see; and it is all necessary THAT you see. It is all in the nature of the way of being, and your own unfolding of that way, that cup of being which you learn and come to know again in due course. If you would ask as to who I am: this voice among the darkness which is strange and different: then do not worry for now, for you would not yet understand. But I AM the music in the grooves... the beginning and the end of all that is brought forth in creation.

Nought was there that was brought forth before me; and nought is there that comes after me; for I am the beginning and the end of the all that comes to be, from no thing created. I AM, what I am; and I am eternal and everlasting being. I AM the knowledge of the truth and the light which is beyond all extended light. I AM the gate to eternity and everlasting life. But if you assume that you understand me, then you do not understand me: not yet; but you will; you will again understand me. And when you do come to understand me then you will not believe that you understand me; for you will know. But first you must work; as all things must; for there is much to do, and forever in which to do it, do you see. We will communicate again in due course, and you will come to learn of I and Thou again. And when you learn of your self, then, and only then, will you know your self and I AM: and you will know of more.

You cannot understand what I AM until you understand the deepest nature of your self. But in that understanding of your self and I AM then you will instantly understand the nature of the depths of all things brought forth from no created thing; and as to why. In the meantime it is most unwise to assume knowledge of such things. Thus, for the time being, be as a child in the innocence of divine ignorance; and let your acts of free choice be the judgement of your deepest soul, and not guided by dictate of even greater ignorance. And when the time is at hand then seek within, and 'I' will change your view on things: for that is the intention and function; that I and Thou together will turn the water of life into wine and the lead into gold. In so doing then you will learn the inner secret teaching of that which no physical eye has seen and which no ear has heard; that which no hand has touched and which could never occur to the rational mind. And in learning these things you will transcend death, and fulfil life".

*

Oh man, if that part of our self could talk, then how much it could say indeed. But the only way that part of our self can talk is through our physical mouth – and in order to do that we have to know it and have met it and become it whilst on earth. That of course is pure synetic dialogue; nothing is going to talk to you like that; but it is exactly what our inner self would say if it could talk to the topside mind and personality in our kind of language. But the language of the spirit and soul is in symbols, archetypes, and even direct demonstrable experience beyond symbolism in the deepest root of being. Everything we ever feel inside; our sleeping dreams, psychic experiences, mystic and transcendent experience, our ideals and goals, are all this stuff in action. In this life we have freedom, and so profound and potentially dangerous that can be: and to say nothing of painful and hard work in the using of. But in the sum of all reality our little degree of freedom of choice and potentials on this earth as yet is almost zero: and that is wise. But then again, we even manage to muck up so much of that little as yet: what would we do with even more as yet? Look around you on this world – it is a planet of tears. Let us learn a little more first; of both the inner and the outer realities; for it is all a part of the dynamic whole, and a divine wonder and miracle. And then understand it.

What then does the divine implicate order need from us in absolute terms? Who knows, in absolute terms. But existence incarnate is one of them. All we can do is to give it our best shot as we understand it and feel it within our soul at any one point in our journey;

at least to the highest degree which even our imagination can attain. No human being could ever do more than that. And while in such freedom on earth then even the angels (our spirit in paradise) would weep in admiration and awe of the dignity of the temporal and finite human personality on earth. The spirit in paradise itself could never do that. We cannot exist on earth without taking action every day of our life; for life itself forces us to act, to do things; and it motivates one. But every act has causation's, effects and consequences, not only for the outer world but also within ourselves; and on other people: nothing is for nothing, every act, every event, causes effects somewhere and somehow – and far more goes on than the eyes can see, the ears hear and the hands touch. And this gnosis gained in the mystical reunion IS seeing the bigger picture.

It is well to remember that no event, no act, that ever comes into existence can ever be undone: for a thing done is a thing done for ever. We will forget them true enough; (Annihilation is indeed a form of 'divine grace'; but it is essential). But that does not alter the truth and the fact that such events did come to be, came into existence... and by our own volition. That is power: real power; and we all have it. And that is power that you and I did not ask for: and we cannot even run away from it. It is frightening power. But we have to live with it and use it. Imagine holding a new born baby in your arms. We have the power to tear it to pieces. That power is in YOUR hands and your freedom now. My god almighty we could do that thing! You have this power whether you want it or not; like it or not. And YOU must make a choice. Governments cannot do that for you. Life itself will not do that for you; for that is YOUR job, your decision: your choice, now, and every moment of your incarnate life on earth. That is not 'fun', that is divine mystical power; it is scary. And who would not have a moan about that occasionally? And need a pint of beer and fag to relax with occasionally.

Never will there come a time when the second world war did not exist: it has happened, done; and the past can never be touched or undone. But it is written upon the psyche. A thought to live with to be sure. Is that fact alone not sufficient justification for the need of annihilation and resurrection itself... in order to forget it? For even now, and toward the end of my life here, not only can I remember those times of war as though it were all yesterday, but I can still also smell it and taste it in my mouth. Would you want to live with that memory for ever? For without annihilation and forgetfulness we would spend eternity weeping. Oh yes we would. Well, I would anyway; and not for myself. I do not weep for me and never have done; that is kids stuff. Anyway, I did not even then. So, is all this the result of brain deterioration? Is it all a meaningless accident and coincidence? Is it all make believe? Am I inventing it all? Have others decided to invent the same thing and without each others knowledge? Think on it. Have an evening off from watching the TV, and think – for that is what you have the capability for. Ask yourself questions – for the answers will ONLY be found within you and at your root – not out there sitting on a branch of a tree or floating on a cloud. And in all truth the deeper answers will not even be found in time and changing events itself – but beyond it; at the root of all of it.

It is the way of being; learning, understanding, and becoming. If you cannot love yourself in the true way (as we do in the transcendent order), then you cannot love another in the true way (as we also do in the transcendent order). If you cannot forgive yourself then you cannot forgive another; for you cannot give what is not yours to give - and you cannot steal it or pretend to give it. Forgiveness is forgetfulness, and you and I do not have that power. But the nature of real reality (as seen through real mysticism)

DOES. FACT. It is called annihilation. So, the life force itself and the nature of reality has ways and means of getting a job done... and it plays with loaded dice in the process of so doing... and that loaded dice is FREEDOM, and causes and effects of our own actions and feed-back and motivations. Freedom from the ground of being. And how else could you ever come to say 'I love you' without that freedom ? Think on it.

You HAVE to be free to say 'I love you'. What would it mean if a computer said that - or bunch of genes in which it was programmed to do so said it? No, it is I that says it; I mind; I, a mere manifest cosmic cognition with individual freedom which says it. Do not wait for that paradise event before saying 'I love you'. Get that done first if possible. For that love is needed out here... it is what creation IS and what it is AT. We are not in the deepest part of the mine of creation on earth, but we truly are at the coal face and cutting edge of its function on this world. This is where it is all happening and changing from moment to moment to fulfil its incarnate destiny. And whatever that will be. But you and I help shape that destiny today and every day. And it is not a choice on our part to act and perform, it is the way things are - we are not just an observer; we are IT.

What punishment is there then for the atrocities that some commit on this world, and which maybe we could all come to commit under different circumstances and pressures? What Punishment is there for rape, murder, mass genocide, exploiting ones fellow souls; tormenting the hearts and minds of young children; scaring the life out of old ladies? What punishment is there for all these kind of things ? There IS a kind of self inflicted punishment, and how ! Do you know what it is?

The punishment is the worst punishment available in creation. The punishment is that there is NO punishment at all. None at all. And that IS the worst punishment of them all, believe you me. The worst punishment of them all. The worst punishment is the knowledge and fact of the reality of unconditional love itself. You hear this and you laugh maybe. If so then one day you will weep - with deep remorse! You heard it, and ignored it. The most vile thing in creation is remorse, (and that is not inflicted on you - you grow it) and one brings the other. Feed-back you see, and oh so clever isn't it. You and I would never have thought of it or worked it out in a whole universe of a lifetime... unless it was revealed unto us. And it IS... just that - by living it and knowing it. Observe the bigger picture !

These things you will come to know directly, and irrespective of whether you came to hear of them second hand before that time or not; I had never heard of them. Irrespective of believing it or not believing it. I had never heard of them; but you have. So give it thought whilst there is time for thinking and time for self action. The one and only bit of unsolicited advice which I would give to all young people is - try not to create remorse for yourself; for it is only you, and you alone, and whilst alone, that will have to digest it and synthesise it. And that I know. Would that we could learn by others mistakes eh. The thing is of course is that we all come to know these things anyway when the world is taken from us. But for all intent and purpose (and function and effect) that is too late; for it is the world here and now which needs it. That is why we are dragged home screaming during a lifetime. That is why mysticism exists. And that is what real gnosis is. Disregard it at your own cost. It is no good stuffing food and breath into a dead body. That body needs that food and breath whilst functional on earth NOW; paradise does not need paradise - the earth does, and the people on it do. Thus it is not mere good policy to let these forces work on you - it is imperative.

Do not believe the things I say herein; do not accept them and then think that you know; for you do not know; all you have is hearsay. I and all those like me could be spinning you a line and hence all fabrications – but you do not know it. Believing it all, or any of it, will get you nowhere fast. Simply look for what IS for yourself. Feel deeply for it, and you will eventually find what you will find in due course. And hopefully sooner rather than later - or too late even. This stuff is absolutely no good to you unless you know it by experience and are living its effects and motivations. My words, nobodies words, are food which you can eat for doing the job – they are only sign posts and food for thought; and that is it. The rest is between you and the nature of reality.

The problem is that second hand understanding is not as effective as knowledge of hindsight from past personal experience. How wonderful it would be if our children really could learn from our own mistakes without having to make them all for themselves in order to know. But life does not work like that does it. And that is because each and every being is as important as any other; and they must all learn what there is to be learned, and the only way it can be done is by living it ones self. You cannot achieve life second hand. You cannot attain to a degree of wisdom second hand. Life is mysteriously personal amid the multitude of all being - and even in the womb o eternity itself. Life cannot be lived by proxy; and you cannot switch love and motivation on for or by yourself, let alone by simply believing in it.

Religions will advise you to sing their song. But I would advise the young to sing their own song. But you do not know what that song is until it is axiomatic by being revealed unto you - do you. You cannot sing a song which you do not know. You cannot be in harmony with something which you do not know. You cannot love something which you do not know and have not even met. An instrument of music cannot play itself. But when that instrument is open ended - then something comes into it and through it - and the song is sung and the music is played; and the dance is danced. Never mind as to how long the song lasts, feel the quality not the width. To live for ten million years, yet to never be alive for one day, is walking death. To have known - is all that matters. And to have known also means that something other has achieved its function also. That is worth remembering and contemplating upon. If you get it right then the life force within you has got it right. Right!

*

Another thing which religions have completely misunderstood is that of imperfection; so let us look at this phenomena and reality now. Let us first look at an artist or musician. What then are they striving for and aiming to achieve in their art? They are chasing a willow-the-wisp. They are chasing perfection. Have you ever met a real artist who was ever really satisfied with their own work? No, you have not and you never will, for perfection is unattainable in this world. But that does not stop them from trying does it.

Now, on the face of it you would assume that only a fool or an idiot would chase after an unattainable dream, an impossible goal, quintessential perfection. Now, in some respects this is quite true, and a silly thing. I could never become a mathematician in this lifetime if my life depended on it. So I do not even try, and that is smart for there are things which I can do much better. However, chasing the willow-the-wisp of perfection in anything which you do perform is not silly - it is both practical and necessary. First and foremost what is perfection?

First and foremost it is that which cannot be attained; and no created thing. Good start ! Perfection is the ESSENCE of an essence. Perfection, if likened to numbers, is infinity. It is a number which is beyond the last possible number. It is a quality beyond the ultimate quality. It is a song which cannot be sung and a chord which cannot be played. It is a love story that cannot be told, and a jewel whose sparkle cannot be seen. So when you and I admit to our own imperfection we are very wise in so doing. But nothing we do could ever be perfect. Why then strive for perfection? The answer is oh so simple.... Because it CANNOT be attained – that is why! Do you see?

We chase it because we KNOW it cannot be got at; yet we can FEEL it. It is another face of motivation. If something could be attained then we would achieve it eventually. But what then? It is because perfection cannot be attained, that it is ever attractive. BUT, everything improves in the chasing it. The fact that you cannot get there means that you never stop trying to get there and improvement comes because of the movement toward it. Creation is clever isn't it ! Oh so clever.

Now, one certainly does not have to see and know paradise during this lifetime in order to know a little about essences and perfection (and imperfection) and the gut feeling of it, for it is written into the spirit and soul within you; and acting within you. It is a part of the program of creation. Let me use another analogy here. Let us imagine that numbers were people and their intrinsic quality on earth. Let us suppose that the number one hundred is the nicest person imaginable to us and that the number one is the most gross and diabolical individual imaginable. Now, as far as any one number was concerned then how would you go about judging them and their quality? Is number ninety nine a better person than the lowly number two? By what would you judge? You and I tend to judge on face value do we not, by what they seem to be NOW. Creation is not like that however. First and foremost how long has number ninety nine been around these parts and how long has number two been around these parts? Do you know for SURE? If so how do you claim to know?

Now, suppose that number two was sweating and toiling to become number three, of its own volition, and yet number ninety nine was content with what it was and whilst at the same time looking down on number ninety eight and all below it? How would you then judge between them? You have to know them a bit do you not. There is a good analogy in the proverb of the poor person giving away one penny to somebody in need and the rich man giving them one pound or a thousand pound, or a million pound even. But one gave everything which they had to live, and the other gave something which they would not even miss. One cared; but the other did not give a damn.

The soul does not judge by the criteria of... well, let us just say the criteria of so many people on earth. How much does a smile cost you to give away - and what effects does it have on others? Is it then cost and time affective? Do the advantages in the world outweigh the cost to yourself? You might not feel like smiling; but the smile which you give away when you do not feel like smiling is worth far more than the smile which you give when you do feel like smiling - the latter only requires instinct and knee-jerk reaction; but the former requires volition, forethought and understanding. Is not that number two aiming for what it sees as perfection, whilst number ninety nine has finished trying even; perhaps assuming that it is already there.

How many movies have you seen which contain the now well loved 'anti-hero' type individual? And can there be anybody in the world that does not warm to one good deed done by a villain? A saint is whatever a saint is, and can perhaps do no wrong. But the imperfect, such as we all are on earth, contain a quality which no saint could have... A GOAL - and the will to strive for it! Do you see; do you understand? Imperfection **IS** perfection ! Perfect feed-back; perfect motivation. Is creation perfect? It works!

There is also the type of perfection is there not when something works perfectly well without a flaw or a hiccup. Creation does just that. But what about the mountains that slide down on our towns and kill hundreds of people? Then move to somewhere where the mountains are more stable (or stop plate tectonics he says smiling); for the world has to move and change. What about the millions starving because their land is dry, barren and unfruitful? Then go where the trees and fertile valleys are. But that land belongs to someone else. Oh, who said so? If they are not wise enough to share then they are not wise enough to own; ask them to move over a bit. If they will not then give them a shove. The spirit is no pacifist or shrinking violet when circumstances require action: and neither are mystics by the way. What about those horrible monsters in space; everlasting hungry black holes that gobble up everything around them up ? Would not something in the near proximity to a black hole be as old as the black hole and thus past its shelf date ? Are they not cosmic vacuum cleaners that even clear its own mess up and make room for young stars and young planets to come forth; and which happens all the time ?

Creation is a wide canvas, so do not look at it with your nose pressed against it. You will not encounter a black hole whilst this world can still contain life. The only black hole you need to think about is the one which you will disappear down at the end of this lifetime... the one with the white light at the end of the tunnel ! The one, at the end of which, I saw a tear; a tear of joy. And it was not I that wept, for I did not understand then. I save my weeping for when I understand. And now: now I understand. Well, just a little anyway; but enough to make one weep when observing this world and the state of the art of humanity and society, and their never ending profit orientated political philosophy of man eat man and sod the rest of them.

This world will never come right unless human beings have both the collective imagination and the will to make it come right. No almighty god thing up in the sky, or anywhere else for that matter, is going to make it come right. We already have everything which we need within us and around us in the world itself. And we have that divine magic power of freedom of choice to aim and strive toward the highest conceivable goal of the incarnate mind, or to sink into an abyss of human nausea and chaos on earth. And what of those who, in the short term, hold it all back and obstruct? Move them over, out of harms way; let hem live on an island of their own, and reap what they collectively sow. They can eat of societies products even if they do not work; but not if they obstruct the goal of society trying to live in peace harmony and one accord. In a world where there is only a small amount of petty crime then one can afford the luxury of tolerance. But where such acts are not only endemic and violent then zero tolerance must be the name of the game for a while – until in calms down. In an ideal society it would be wonderful to have absolute tolerance – but we do not live in an ideal social set up. But that is a goal to aim for – and no matter how far it can go along those lines. Aim for it, and work for it.

One day, if we are smart and play our cards right there will be no separate and insular nations on earth, but just the one body of humanity, working together in harmony and accord toward a goal, a dream, an aspiration. Why? Why not ! The answer to why is.... Because it is possible, and because we know it to be the right thing to do and aim for. I do not know how we know it to be right, but we know it somehow; and we must aim for it, because we must be true to our self. Is life and existence worth the effort, or is it not? That is for you to decide, and to live your life accordingly. And whilst there is life on earth there is hope; and that hope springs eternal each morning. Better that it can come to be said that man died whilst aiming for a worthwhile goal, an ambition of the soul, a desire of the heart, for which it strove than to be said that they gave up trying because the task seemed too difficult to accomplish on earth; or that they were too busy stuffing food into their guts to even bother about it. Oh my oh my, how do we get rid of this hedonism, stagnation, triviality and apathy? It truly is an apocalypse waiting to happen if you let it.

And for whom or for what do we strive – ourselves? No. A particular nation? – No. Self survival? – No. The physical world itself? – No. But we do it for a duty, a duty to life itself; and not for what life can come to offer us; but rather for what it has already done, and through which we can do for IT. We do not strive for a future profit or reward, we strive to pay back what it has already done for us, and for everything. Tis a debt that can never be repaid in full even if we lived incarnate for ever. And they wonder why the mystics weep. But we can pay it back simply by giving everything of our self to the mysterious cosmological project. Maybe that is not enough, but it is everything we have; and we can do no more, and we cannot perform magic tricks. And in that knowledge one could die in peace. But in doing it, the goal is reached, and the end is as the beginning – and it writes the book of learning on its own energy.

And we do not need magic tricks, for we have mindful existence and volition. And above all that, we can care. Do you care? Don't tell me, nor anyone else; just ask yourself. And nobody else needs to know anyway – only you. If you do, then make it so. And if you don't: well, so be it. But you might change your attitude in due course. One hopes so. And all the time there is life, then that hope springs eternal. Anyway, what is the impossible to us, for we do it every day anyway. So too does the nature of reality. Well, until I can understand it all that is. That'll be the day. In the meantime dump all your beliefs in the nearest trash can and go find out as to what really exists in real reality to be known and got at and used wisely. You will find it waiting for you, for it does not sulk or hide. Well, it does not hide that deep and far away anyway. You will find it in due course, for it cannot go away you know. It is what it is what it IS; and the invisible becomes visible in due course. Fun is it not, all this rapid brain deterioration bit, et al. Talking of fun – and a good point to end this chapter on – many things have been said about mystics; and much of it is not true.

I have meet a few mystics in my time, not a lot but a few, and I have met many psychics. Now, what attracts me to these people more than anything? The answer is simple – they are nuts! That means they are nuts according to convention anyway. But what they really have, and irrespective of their wisdom, past experiences, knowledge, gnosis, understanding et al, is an incredible sense of fun and humour, as mentioned before; they are light, and they float through life like a feather on the breeze. Like snow falling upon snow.

One of the things which all mystics (and many psychics) have lost is their uptight inhibitions. And assuming that they ever had any in the first place. I think inhibitions were in short supply when I was born. I have found that to be with these people that life is a scream. This is the bit I suppose which addresses the old symbolic psychological thing which they call an ego (the dark side of the personality). Mystics have no pretence, no false masks to wear, no nagging care about what happens to them. They do what they do, and smile in the doing of it. If it works great; if it does not, then pick yourself up dust yourself off and try again. From my experience anyway, mystics are good company.

Would that there were more of them around. Mystics sure ain't perfect, and it is in the face of that normal, natural, simplistic, innocent humanity that one would say... to hell with perfection, for this is just great. I have never found a genuine mystic who did not have a genuine sense of humour and did not love life and live it to the full. Thus, I would recommend rapid brain deterioration to everyone. And the sooner the better. I often wonder what goes on in a modern day academics brain. Not a lot I guess; or much ado about nothing perhaps. Bit like today's politicians really. Oh, and don't they just adore their little selves too eh. It is in the case of such inflated ego's where even creation itself cannot seemingly get in. Now, there is a gargantuan fete of obstruction for you. It would be easier for a camel to crawl through the eye of a needle than for an ego to pass through the gates of paradise. And that is a fact. An absolute fact of real reality. Moreover, ego's do not come out of that place either – so where do they come from? Well, you work it out; it is not too difficult is it. You do not see too many young children with an ego or inhibitions do you. Well, not until society educates them that is. And that education, sad to say, for the large part seems to put them to sleep, and they snore through life until (and indeed even if it happens) something blows their mind awake.

I remember reading an account a few years ago in which this guy had had everything; money, wealth, business, hangers on, the lot. He was involved in car accident and was paralysed from the neck down for the rest of his life. People used to come to see him with all the old platitudes of so called commiseration, weeping and wailing and all that superficial crap. He asked them what was up, for he seemed to have no problems. And when they asked him about the accident and the effect, he laughed, and said it was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Why? Because he had found something that he had never seen or thought existed, and it was worth more to him than all the other stuff he had had put together. They asked him what it was, and his reply was that for the first time he had found unconditional love in other people. He had seen real people for the first time in his life. And his weeping had turned into laughter and something to live for. I guess that says it all, and far better than I could ever say it in a million words. When will they, the fit and well of this world, ever learn? What is fitness? What is well? What is wealth? What is good? Well, go find out – for it is there to find. And life and reality does strange things to make us find it eh – even rapid brain deterioration indeed. Emmm !

Oh, by the way, did you know that a mystic is never recognised in his or her own home? Did you know that? We are all idiots. Well, tis so my friend, tis so. If you are 'unfortunate' enough to encounter these things (unfortunate the way the world is at the moment anyway) they will tear you apart. They used to burn them you know, thousands of them. Well, they do not do that now; but they just laugh at them and ignore them. Kind of nuts, but just leave them alone and they will go away, kind of thing. Oh it is so

funny to be sure. So, in that sense they are indeed alone in this world. Ah, but what a loneliness eh; and little do they know. I wonder what the outcome will be in time yet to come. But, not to worry, for whatever will be will be. Tis funny is it not, but if you had some item of rusty junk and offer it for sale then some idiot will buy it off of you. But if you tried to give them something which was good and useful, for free – they suspect you of something untoward, and run a mile. How did they ever get like this one wonders? The nature of man made society unfortunately. For they were not made this way; or even born into this world that way. It takes an incomprehensible miracle to construct a mind and an incarnate human being – millions upon million of earth years, and time out of mind. And it only takes human beings a mere few years to mess it all up. Man, that is power.

Have you ever noticed that when the popular media decides to have a look at all the weird things about life and ourselves they look at what they like to call paranormal activity; psychic phenomena. And this is done as mere entertainment for the mob – like a vicarage tea party, or like a fart in a wilderness of pretence and stupidity. When was the last time (or first time for that matter) that you saw a media program on Mystical Experience (let alone a serious program)? They never do for they do not even seem to know that it exists. Their idea of strange or weird is in such things as seeing a ghost or making a spoon bend. Likewise do we all know well enough that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these so called psychics are con artists (and some of them are very clever indeed) they are in it for the cash or to become famous. Real psychics do not make themselves known to the public; they just get on with life, and do what they do in private. But keep in mind that mystics have little or no interest in psychic phenomena. As I have said psychic experience is simply a conscious experience of psychic phenomena; and it all works whether we are conscious of it or not. But psychic phenomena is about what a thing can do and how it works; but it does not address the what and why questions – and that is the preserve of mystic experience and gnosis; and essential phenomena; and that is what interests the mystics – what we are and why we are here, and what we can do about it. Spoon bending is irrelevant, but straightening out the soul and personality is imperative. And the only experience which reveals this is the knowledge of Self in its transcendent mode of being – Gnosis/Psychognosis – the redemption of the understanding as found on symmetry breaking; in the mystic death and resurrection event of the mind itself. A little more profound and important than spoon bending me thinks. Well, you think about it; for I did that many years ago.

More has been written about gnosis and mystical experience by academics and non mystics than has ever been written by them. Brows the world today under either of those headings for yourself – it is quite illuminating as to how much utter junk and diatribe, and perpetrated lies exist out there – both in books and cyberspace. And they all prattle off names and dates, and beliefs, and who is supposed to have said what and when etc. Read it all for yourself. And yet how many of these people are actually talking about the event of gnosis or mystical transcendence itself; and what it reveals and implies? I will leave you to work that one out for yourself – and you could probably count them on one hand. Good luck – and be patient. Patient, what is that ! Well, don't be then.

* * *

Chapter 14

The Symbolic and the Real

A really good symbolic analogy of our incarnate system is that of an amplitude modulated radio signal. Such a signal is made up of three parts (as are we); the actual carrier wave signal (the frequency at which it is being sent and thus operating at) and two sidebands; one slightly higher frequency, and one slightly lower: hence an upper side band and a lower side band. It is the side bands that carry the information and which have to be demodulated by a receiver to make the speakers work and relay the information thereon to our ears. The data is not on the carrier wave itself. Thus, the analogy is that the carrier wave is the life force and our essential being (the spirit of the thing) and which comes from the transmitter itself (Paradise, or home). The lower side band being that of the data storage which we call the soul or subconscious. And of course the upper side band being that of the incarnate personality. It is a really good analogy. But that of course is symbolic and the things itself is the real. However, unlike a radio wave we cannot eliminate the carrier wave and one of the side bands to send out a single side band transmission – although some do give us the feeling that they manage to do just that – operating in this world on a single side band. And that too is a good symbolic analogy.

When in, shall we say the deeper kind of meaningful conversations, one is often asked to initially state ones stance or perspective. It seems that many folk love to ascertain as to where one is coming from at the outset. For example are you a religionist or an atheist; a socialist or a capitalist, an idealist or a materialist; so on and so forth. They do seem to love this cut and dry, black and white, defining principle. Would that life and reality were so simple. However, we know well enough that there are and always have been those whom we call the esoteric brigade or clingers on thereof. What does this mean exactly? Well, it is a kind of elitism in that they like to assume that they are in possession of some kind of profound meaningful understanding of the facts of ‘the all’ and that such understanding is way too in advance for us mere common herd to understand or get our head around it all.

We know for example that much of the nature of reality is hidden from our everyday gaze (who has ever seen an electron for example) and hence this stuff is occulted, obscured from vision. But some folk join little sects of inner esoteric secret ‘wisdom’ brigades who like to think that they have this privileged and elect understanding of ‘the all’. Even science seeks their TOE (the Theory Of Everything). This is nothing new for it has been going on for thousands of years. Ancient Egypt was full of it four thousand years ago. True, they were certainly no dumb-dumbs when it came to astronomy, psychology, and a few other things.

Modern science was born in alchemy. However, when asked to ‘state my position’ then without any hesitation I tell them that I am a rank pragmatist, and always have been. What does this mean exactly? Well, an example is this. Mr Esotericism eventually states his big ultimate top secret most secret – ‘Everything is Motion and Vibration’! Wow!!! My answer to that, and being a pragmatist, is to say – ‘So what; I do not care if in the final analysis it is all a Marmite Sandwich’. The fact is that it works somehow and I am stuck with observing it and living in it. That, is rank pragmatism. That which we call creation is indeed organised energy however.

So, the big esoteric secret is that ‘the all’ is simply varying vibrating energy wave lengths. The next time a wasp stings me on the backside then I will tell it that – you are not really what you think you are chum, but just a collection of vibrations. Yet there is still a pain in the backside to contend with in the meantime. That is pragmatism. Thus, pragmatism is living with the vibration frequencies wherein one is at and getting on with it. No amount of so called Esotericism alters the fact that one is cold hungry and fed up. And no amount of knowing the secrets of the ALL eliminates the fact that ones kids have to be fed, educated and have their bums washed.

Now, could you look at your child in the light that he or she is just a collection of cosmological vibrations – even if they were? And it is here that so many people seem to miss the real truth and the whole point of it (and the mystical gnosis event). Life and existence is not simply a matter of what it is made out of in the final (or first) analysis but rather as to what gets constructed and as to how it works and why, and how we find living with it. Later I will write here a chapter on communication. But for now suffice for me to simply mention that the place I love and chose to live is called Exmoor. The Alps are twenty million years old. Exmoor is two hundred million years old; so it has been around a bit; and who cares what it is made of in the final analysis. It has vibes which resonate and effect the soul and the incarnate mind – and hence ones life here and now. And as far as I am concerned it is the best place to be in the whole cosmos of existence – including that transcendent paradise. That is also pragmatism – and the love of creation.

Is living, being a conscious entity, any the less what it is, irrespective as to what it is all made of on the bottom rung beyond our ever being able to be aware of it? The sun still shines, the birds still sing, I still get hungry and thirsty, I still laugh and cry, I am still me and you are still you; and it works. That is pragmatism. Let the ultimate stuff or ultimate frequency or ultimate vibration do its thing, it is not my job to perform its function, it is its problem and function, not mine, (and assuming that it might have a problem with it); it is also a gift to us. I have problems enough of my own which I have to live with and contend with here and now thanks. If I ever turn into a sun-beam then I will think about being a sun-beam then, and try to find the best way that being a sun-beam works. In the meantime I am not a sun-beam, I am me. So, Mr Esotericism can go jump in the lake – unless he or she can make human existence here a better life and existence for all those cosmic vibrations of this frequency spectrum which we call human beings. So far they have not; and they have been around for more than four thousand years. Just as priestcraft has.

Now, the fact that life and the nature of reality gives us (we vibrations) conscious experiences, and which helps to change us and our understanding, and our existential condition of being in this world, then fine; and they call us mystics. Fine, but that

does not turn one into a babbling neurotic or an eso-terrorist. Lots of folk have told me that I am the most practical down to earth person whom they have ever met – mystic or not. But I already knew that. Others used the term ‘well grounded’. And that is also fine by me, for it fits the bill and the facts. And my concern (whilst here anyway) is with here, and with now. I did not create creation, and my problem (if it is a problem – and I do not find it to be so personally) is to simply live it and get on with it, and try to make it as good and as effective a place to exist in. That is pragmatism.

If it were the case of the absolute nature of reality were saying to me... ‘Here, cop hold of this son’; (which it is in effect) then my reply would be, ‘Right, got it mate, now what do I do with it chum’! And that of course would be a rhetorical question on my part, for we find out what we HAVE to do with it as we go along; life reveals as to what we have to do and why we have to do it. For that is what living life actually is.

So all this esoteric ‘BIG’ secret stuff is not my ball game or interest. What is IS, and what can be found out, can be found out, and we can do with it what we can do with it. And I do not know the answers to all those questions yet so I will continue looking for my duration here – and for whatever good that might do. But to tell me that in the final analysis I am just a collection of vibrations of a certain frequency actually tells me nothing at all about living life and it does not help me one jot. Tell me how to make life taste better, and lived better, and then I will be all ears and agog; and I will put it into practice today. Thus far I can only try to practice what I have learned thus far; and that is it. So, as you can gather, I have no time for quasi psychics, shmystics, and eso-terrorists. Or, as I call the whole shebang load of them - charlatans and false guru’s. And you can perhaps see why I became known as Dick the Guru Buster, for they mess with peoples minds something rotten – just like priestcraft does. And it could well be your child whom they are messing up for life. Don’t let them do it. For extreme cases of this kind then simply observe the children caught up in new cults. But to a lesser degree many factions of society does the same kind of thing; it messes with their mind and prevents that natural living of their lives and the natural growth of the personality and their potentials – and not to even mention the inner harmony of their being. But there is a profit in it of course – money and power.

I met this guy once who was writing much stuff and becoming well known for it. He lived quite near me at the time and came to read some of my stuff. He thought that I would be a good touch to be on his side I guess. Now, this guy was heavily into Materialisation Mediums, and was a typical modern day self erected guru with a large following. His big thing was that there was a world wide conspiracy preventing his stuff from being known. This conspiracy included all science, all priestcraft, all politicians, all education, all business, most human beings in fact. In fact everybody but himself it seems and a few old lady so called mediums and believers in this so called phenomenon. So I asked him to tell me his story; and it went like this...

One day about ten years prior to our chat, he was sitting on the settee when his dad came in and sat down beside him. They chatted and cuddled (he was very fond of his dad) for about an hour or so. Nothing strange about all that, except that his dad had been dead for ten years. Oops, hear we go again. So, his dad was as solid as you and I; and they sat chatting for about an hour or so. His dad told him that in the next world he was a scientist and they were working on a project to be able to materialise back here on earth.

It had not yet been completed but they were close to it – seems that this guy must have been in advance of the mob given that they had not completed it yet. However, governments on earth had come to know about this project and were dead opposed to it, and hence tried to stop them, and that they also all conspired to suppress this knowledge from us normal mob (you and me). So, I sat listening to all this with my tongue hard bitten between my teeth obviously. I eventually asked him (as any normal human being would) as to what he said it was like there? Did he tell you anything about it Pete? Oh yes, he replied, he told me all about it. So, fill me in then Pete. He said that they lived just like we do here. They did all the things that we do, and just like this world. Oh, sound's a bit unimaginative eh Pete? Oh, no, for that is just how it is; just like this world! So what do they do there apart from trying to get back here then Pete?

Well, the same things that we do, they work and play, go for picnics in the woods, just like we do here. Oh, I see; do they die there Pete? Oh yes, just as we do! Do they leave a body behind when they die Pete? Oh no, that does not happen as it does here. So, OK, Pete, they are playing hide and seek in the woods when one of the poor sods has a heart attack (or equivalent) and dies; but he does not leave a body behind. They are all looking for him in the woods Pete whilst playing hide and seek; so how do they know when to stop looking then, given that they will not find a body? Oh, buggered if I know Dick! And so it goes. Why do they not ever learn anything interesting and useful from these so called beings living on another plain of manifestation? When did any so called medium ever tell us anything interesting about the nature of reality which we did not already know? Never!

Now, the pity is that these people get called psychics. And they are not. It is not my place to reveal confidences and tell stories. But here is one typical one. A very well known guy (died a few years ago alas) was a psychic all his life. One typical case. He was on a train journey and a young Lady whom he did not know and had never seen before was sitting right opposite him. They had had no conversation or even eye contact. When they were alone in the carriage he looked at her and said, do not do it young lady. She was astonished, and burst out crying. He simply said do not kill yourself. She was in fact on her way to commit suicide. This was nothing new to him for it had been happening all his life. He was not a mystic, he was a genuine psychic however. He no more understood or knew what was going on than the girl opposite him did. But he knew it was so; no question of doubt. And it was so. I have known similar things myself; but not regularly. Just enough over an eighteen year period to reveal to me that such things do in fact happen. There are genuine psychics, and some who can heal to a degree; all kinds of things in fact. Including some form of telepathic communication – had a few of them myself as well. But as I have said, and although these things do happen, I am not really interested in psychic phenomena; and I do not play or mess with it.

Now, was the guy in that first story a rank outright liar and deceiver? No, of course he was not, in fact he was quite a nice chap and an otherwise reasonable human being. But what had he really experienced and what was going on? A psychic experience indeed. But he took it literally, and thence added parts which he would have liked to have been true for some reason. Look at it this way. Joe Smith is hit by a truck and his vital system stops for a while (flat liner for a few seconds). During that time he finds himself in a beautiful sun lit garden; full of flowers and trees. He thinks he is

dead and in heaven. ‘Oh, now I know what heaven is like’, he shouts when he comes back. But, just before he came back he saw this figure standing on the other side of a stream; and this figure informed him that it was not his time, and that he has to return. Oh shit! Exclaims Joe, and wakes up in the hospital bed with a raging pain. But anyway, Joe now ‘knows’ what will happen when he dies and as to what heaven is like. Well, Joe is not dead, but he is dead wrong. For he knows nothing of the sort. For what he experienced was a very common Image Emanation generated by his psyche, the inner system of his dynamics. It was a real experience right enough, and it was good; but it was a real symbolic emanation – not the reality which it was symbolising. The point being is that Joe really was dying, and this experience was something which Joe could understand and make him feel at ease. It is common.

A young Lady is on a television chat show on near death experiences (not a wise thing to do my dear) and she told them that when she died she went down a slide and landed in a basement room where there were three people, whom she did not know. But she felt very safe and secure, and with no fear. But suddenly she found herself back here again. When she told this story the shows front man bust out laughing (and incited the gormless chosen mob to do the same) and took the piss out of her something rotten, and she burst into tears. I could have strangled the git had I been there. The young lady had had a very profound and meaningful symbolic experience. But this guy ranted on... “Are you trying to tell us that when we die we go to heaven on a kiddies slid; HO HO bloody HO” ! And that of course was not what she had even said. People must be really crazy or hard up to go on these kind of shows. Don’t do it.

Well the young lady had indeed had a very realistic and meaningful symbolic experience of what happens down there. The slide was simply symbolic of the vortex and the inner gravitation to the ground of being; the three people were symbolic of the trinity of her psyche. The mind is a trimorphic phenomenon. But the point is that she felt happy, safe, and secure. And it worked. Where people do come unstuck, and become intransigent, is in taking the symbolic experience as the reality itself. It is a real experience (and one exists within it) but it is a real symbolic message, in pictures. It is not the thing which it is symbolising. They are psychic archetypes. But they are cut and tailored for the individuals understanding – for the effect. No two near death experiences are ever the same; they are all different; but all meaningful and all symbolic. And this is exactly why mystics have no real interest in psychic phenomena of that kind, for it is not real in the sense of ‘the real reality itself’; albeit a real enough symbolic conscious experience; and for its effect.

Stick two fingers up to the person next you, and depending on which way your palm is facing when you do it then it will have a meaning. It is a symbolic gesture; it has a meaning. You and I use symbolism all the time. Words are symbolic; the word tree is not the thing growing in the yard; but it points the mind to it. So, symbols are a sign post to something else. The word tree has a meaning and a function. The meaning is the tree itself and the function is to point to it. But the tree itself has no meaning, for it points to nothing, but it does have a cosmological function – to do what trees do. Life has no meaning; but it has a purpose for existing; and the purpose is the function which it performs in existence. Creation has no meaning; but it has a function; it does.... well, what it does. What is your left foot symbolic of? Nothing. What is its meaning? I does not have one – it exists to do its job, and it points to nothing.

Thus we have both the real and the symbolic. True, it is indeed amazing that our own inner system can produce archetypal symbolic images; and they are for us, to encourage us and make one feel secure whilst we do not know more at that time. Take the most commonly known form of visions – dreams. We have them most every night. Mine have always been in colour and the ‘reality’ is extraordinary. True, it is nothing like waking reality and it is nothing like the mystical transcendent event. But nevertheless it is clever is it not – pictures in your mind whilst the body rests and recuperates. But once again, we know that there are mumbo-jumbo meaningless dreams most of the time, and just sometimes there are really meaningful dreams that actually reveal something. So all this is psychic activity also. Everybody is a psychic in the strict sense of the word. Our system of dynamics is our psyche.

Now, there exists many thousands of well documented near death experiences at this point in time, and I have read hundreds of them myself and find them very interesting. However, there are never two alike. But there are of course similarities and modes which directly correlate. Maybe one can actually see them better from hindsight of transcendence, but I would have thought anybody can see them anyway. Thus, why is it that some recipients of near death experience assume theirs to be the one which reveal ‘real’ reality? For they are all symbolic; and all different. They only have to read others to find that out, and work it out for themselves.

Some folk have had more than one near death experience; and they have been different too. But they do come to learn that this is symbolic stuff which has a meaning, and the meaning is to point to something else beyond that of the image emanation itself. And it indeed is pointing to something else; and the gnostics (not all mystics) know well enough from hindsight as to what it is in fact symbolic of and pointing to – home; the beginning and the end of our BEING. I do not wish to dwell on this business of the symbolic and the real, for everybody really seems to know well enough that it is so anyway; and there is not much point telling people that they breath, for they know it; or that the word breath points to that function.

To define a symbolic experience is of course easy; and we know exactly what they do and how they work for an effect. But, what then of defining the real? What is real and beyond all symbolic pointing? Which bits are real? A painting of a meadow in spring is a symbol, an artistic representation of the meadow in the spring. But what of the real thing? How real is that? What do we mean by ‘real’? An hallucination is a real hallucination. A painting is a real painting. A meadow in the spring is a real meadow in the spring, a headache (I am told) is a real headache. A transient event is a real transient event. The smile which you give to somebody whom you pass on the street is a real smile. That particular smile will never happen again; but it did happen and it was real. The crux of the matter is rather in as to what is enduring and what is not. But, irrespective as to endurance, everything which exists is REAL.

On my transcendent journey I saw visions along the way, and they really happened. But I did not, even then, take them to be things existing in their own right and enduring. I knew they were being constructed for an effect; and wonderful they indeed were (especially being in that music made of light). But I did not take it to be heaven or the end of life. Indeed, quite the opposite, I took it to be, felt it to be, lived it to be – the best way of existing that I had ever known up to that point – it was really being alive; really being alive.

However, there were indeed things along that journey which were not understood to be merely symbolic. Being alone in the dark (Limbo) is not taken to be symbolic, for it just is what it is, and one is there and one cannot argue with that. It requires no interpretation. You are there so cop hold of that, kind of thing. If it was supposed to be symbolic of being alone, then why bother to issue forth the symbol for the effect was the same as the reality anyway. A picture of a glass of ale cannot be drunk; but the glass of ale can.

Now, if you and I are sitting in the garden having a glass of ale and a chat then could that be said to be symbolic of something else? If somebody took a movie or a photograph of it then of course they are a real likeness of the event itself. But can the actual event be called symbolic of something – and even if it is true that in absolute reality we are just two bundles of vibrations which is taking in another bundle of cosmic vibrations? And which is it better to experience; the event as it is consciously lived, or to see it and live it as some nebulous foggy frequency oscillations that look like a tangled ball of string? And this is why I maintain that life is as real as experience makes it; and accept it that way. We are conscious of these things, and it all works – we live it. And without that conscious perception of things and existing then we would not be aware of existing at all. And that is why I am a pragmatist.

True, one could argue that anything which exists in time and movement is not the ultimate reality – and I agree with that; and we all know that anyway; but it alters nothing. But so what, for it IS the existing reality. We know well enough that this lifetime is not going to last for ever; and who cares. But whilst it does exist then we are living it; and that is our existential life here. But I do not think that any human being has ever said that our life here on earth is the ultimate reality of all things extant. I certainly never have, and I have never heard it said by anyone else either. Not even by those who claim that this is all that you and I ever have. But none of this makes the actual tree which is growing in the garden a symbolic emanation of something else. True, the tree may well not be quite what we see it to be. But so what, for that is how we are seeing it, and it works. I do not wish to see all the individual atoms of the tree – I like it as it is; the observed finished product. I would rather sit under the tree than merely a foggy nebulous jumble of oscillating energy packets of whatever it is beyond that.

Moreover, I would rather be sat under that tree with a magnificent vista around me, and being actually in that picture, than hanging around in the blackness and nothingness of Limbo. Been there, done that, and made the comparison thanks! I wonder if anyone can really envisage what that reality is like simply by reading an account of it? This is why the analogy of being buried alive is a good and effective one; for they can at least imagine that. But if you were buried alive you could even try digging yourself out of it. But you sure cannot in Limbo; for one is stuck with it whilst it lasts. It is worth remembering that. I have often wondered what it would be like if one got stuck there for a thousand years. Well, it would be the same but longer. What an horrible thought eh. Half an hour or so was more than enough for me thanks. But if it can happen to me – then it can happen to anyone. The near death recipients do not mention this do they. Nor do they mention annihilation and resurrection, and the beginning and the end; and yet so often they claim to know the ultimate reality. A little learning can be a dangerous thing if one lets it be.

Some have asked me as to if the paradise event itself could perhaps be seen as symbolic. My answer to that question is that it is no more symbolic than sitting in the garden and drinking a glass of ale is. It is the same as the latter except a different living experience; and in a different place in a different reality. One is no more real, or no less real, than the other. With the exception of course being that the glass of ale comes to an end, but that other place is always the same. One is enduring and the other is not. Ah, but they say, it did come to an end. Of course it did, or I would not be here talking of it. But that is not what I mean; I mean that it is unchanging whilst there. But in the garden things are changing all the time – and when you drink the ale there is less and less of it left to drink. But the ground of being is not like that – we drink it all the time, and the taste never diminishes, so to speak.

When the neurologists tell me that it was just a fleeting meaningless hallucination then I say wow; could you switch it on again for me please; and keep me there – and if it were just a momentary (three hour) hallucination then there would be no price to pay. But they are wrong, for there is a price to pay during a lifetime. It is called eternal love and commitment to BEING and BECOMING. But they think that is an hallucination too. I wonder what neurologists enjoy doing when they go home in the evening. I wonder what is important to them. I wonder if they love and are inspired (another hallucination maybe). I will have to ask them one day. I wonder what it is like being a neurologist, and not suffering from rapid brain deterioration? I wonder if they are secret closet Christians maybe? Ah, now there is a thought to ponder eh. Nothing other than their package of beliefs could ever be true could it !!!

Now, unfortunately or otherwise I have never had an hallucination (but I am not complaining) but we know that people do have them. The perpetual drunk for example who is suffering from the DT's. They claim to see such things as snakes crawling all over their body (how profound, illuminating and life changing indeed). But we know that there are not really any snakes crawling over them. It is a psychic experience. Why are they having them? They are messing their system up with this stuff (just like drugs) and their system is retaliating and trying to make them pack it in and to get real. They do not like snakes and that is exactly why they see them – to try and frighten them out of the activity. Their inner system is not as stupid as they are. Now, if the transcendent mystical event were a phenomenon of this kind then what is its message? End life maybe – for it is not real? On the contrary it is all about life and the love of being. And one would have to ask as to what drug I took to cause it to happen. I have never ever taken any drugs in my life – nor would I, for I have too much respect for our system and the mind. True, if ever I get a raging tooth ache then I might then take a couple of aspirins. But I could count all of them in the last sixty five years on a few fingers. And I have never been ill anyway in the last sixty years.

Indeed, I have often been asked as to what I ate or drunk that day. They do think in fixed narrow little channels do they not. But the answer is I cannot remember and it was certainly nothing special. My diet is dead boring and mundane. I eat a little in order to exist here, but I do not live to eat. Eating is a necessity not an enjoyable experience for me as such. I often moan that it wastes so much time. Some days I hardly eat much at all; just enough to stay alive and healthy. Well, it has worked fine so far anyway. Or perhaps that is an hallucination too. It seems that anything which people do not want to accept is either an hallucination (from science) or being got at by Beelzebub (priestcraft).

I wonder why it is then that so many scientists (and psychologists) and religionists (and vicars and bishops) have come to me asking questions and wanting to know what it was all like and what happened and what one learned there. What was nagging at them? They do not run to the drunks and ask them questions like that about their hallucinations do they. So who is kidding whom here then? I tell you in all truth, that there have been clergy who have come to me admitting that they do not believe a word of what they are telling their flock. And when I called them a hypocrite to their face they replied, no, they are just giving people what they want to hear. And that is the absolute truth of what they told me directly, and in private. But, no names and no dates. I could, but I will not. And they know who they are well enough.

It is exactly the same with top scientists. They openly admit to me that they cannot mention these things whilst working within the establishment system itself. For they would be excommunicated. Now here is a real conspiracy for you, if a human being cannot speak his or her mind and his or her direct experience of life - Tut tut. And the double irony is that they tell me to tell it and write about it. How about that then! I am just a pig ignorant nobody with nothing to lose I guess. Ah, what it is to be a nobody eh. But if they are what being a somebody really is then I will remain a nobody for the sum duration of my existence. I am me, and I will say whatever I want to say, and whenever I want to say it, and to whom ever I decide to say it. And there is only one way to stop me. And they have not done it just yet. Although I have had a few death threats. Funny, but I am still here and they are not. Perhaps Beelzebub looks after his own kind eh. Ah well, if it were not all pathetic then it would be funny. One perhaps should call it all the shambolic and the real. But anyway, when it comes to the crunch I simply tell the neurologists that they do not know what they have missed by being 'sane'; and whilst telling the religionists that Beelzebub seems to be a lot more fun and profound than their thing; and hence they do not know what they have missed either.

Mystics truly do have a lot of fun and adventure in this life, what with one thing and another. I hope the neurologists and religionists do too; for it would be sad to miss out on it all would it not – and life being so short and all that. Nothing quite like a good pint of ale and a fag whilst contemplating on and remembering paradise. Ah, but they would not know that would they; for there is no such thing that can be known during life. Tell you a funny story....

A Conversation with Two JW's

About ten years ago two JW's came-a-banging on my door, as they are inclined to do at inopportune times, like when one is just about to step into the bath or go for a you know what in great urgency; or perhaps they just induce the feeling that one wants to eh. So one keeps it short and sweet without being too rude of course. Anyway, the old system; one experienced salesperson and one novice learning the trade full of enthusiasm for saving souls and with the born again syndrome et all, and brandishing books and flyers of all stuff holy. Cant remember the exact discussion in detail (pity because it was so funny, in fact hilarious) but the gist of it was this. The question I was confronted with was to would I like salvation and eternal life. Well the truth is I do not need to be saved from anything and I do not want to live for ever (even though

the implication of Transcendent Experience is that we will in one way or another). However, I put on my best JW's ceremony voice and said "Gor yeah, that would be good, not half, what do I have to do mate" ? This shook em a bit for starters, for they were expecting hostility and confusion. So they gave me some waffle and asked some other question. Cant remember exactly what now but it lead to the question of Paradise. So I said, in my best Cockney drift... "So what is this Paradise of yours like then mate, and what do we do there" ?

To which they both grinned, open up one of the flyer pamphlets like a clockwork orange and turned immediately to the correct page and showed me a picture. I said... "Wow, that looks like the bloody Lake District – but what about all those sodding lions and wild beasts, what are they doing there – and that gormless looking mob on the grass having a picnic is sure in for a shock eh". Oh, no, no, no, they are tame animals not wild; everything lives in peace and harmony there – came the reply. "But paradise did not look like that when I saw it; they must have renovated the joint over the last thirty years"! Beg your pardon, what do you mean? Well, what I said, it did not look like that when I saw it! But you cannot see paradise until you are dead and saved !!! Then where the hell did you get your picture from then mate? Long silence.

But Jesus knew what paradise was like !! (He must have went to the lake district then – well it is very pretty anyway). So I said... Oh yeah, and what did he say it looked like then"? Long confused silence followed again. So I jumped back in before an answer was forthcoming – Anyway, if that guy could see it during a lifetime then why can't we? There then followed a lot of stuff on a completely different topic (they were going nuts), which eventually returned to my degree of interest in salvation. Well, sod it mate, if it is like that, with those gormless looking pratts there, and bleeding lions and tigers roaming around on the loose pinching the sandwiches and beer, then stuff it, I will go to the other place instead and play poker around the fire in peace and quiet with a few beers mate! A conversation followed in which the older guy was asking me questions about what I had seen; and began to get interested – But I did not say much.

About two or three years later two Ladies from the JW's banged on the front door where I now live – never seen these girls before in my life, and they sure ain't from around here. I was very polite and in a far different mood that day. I had hardly said a thing when the elder of the two said... "Are you not the gentleman that used to live in Wall Cottage in Bishops Lydeard some time ago" ! Well, slap me vitals, they must do their home work eh !!! Good grief, talk about the Mafia or the KGB. I feel so sorry for those young kids they cart around with them. Is it any wonder then that normal folk in this day and age run a mile when they hear words appertaining to spirituality and mysticism. And do not the structured state religions of priestcraft contain within them their own seed of destruction by virtue of their representatives and salespeople therein and thereof. Do they not realise that human beings are reasonably intelligent and can think now?

The world of humanity truly is unbelievable at times is it not, truly incredulous. And all this stuff has been pumped into them from childhood. Depending where they are born and the nurture in which they are raised they pick up the social diatribe of myths and swallow the lot of it unquestioning. If they happen to get a wee bit smart they drop that package – and what do most of them do then?

They pick up another package from the other side of the street or the world. They cannot seem to live without the stuff can they - and they say it is not a drug ! And yet others manage it just fine without it all. I have come across many who at different times have belonged to three or four different religions. They hop from one to another like a demented dung beetle. What are they looking for? Do they ever find it? Do they die any the smarter? Do they live any the smarter? What do they offer the world in return for their efforts of 'learning' and becoming whilst here? A road sweeper does a far more important job in life than pedalling lies and corruption, let alone banging on ones door and stopping one working to do it. Does this earn their ticket to paradise do they believe? Well it seems that they truly do believe it. Poor souls. Tis a bit like the walking dead. Oh, yeah, they will not accept other peoples blood either will they – tis a wonder that they ever have kids in which case.

Is there really any hope for the human race one wonders at times. Do they not realise that their story is at best a half baked mythological symbolism for something and at worst a pack of meaningless gibberish, and depending on what fantastic package they have been swallowed up into. Will they still be around in a thousand years time? Will any of toady's spiritual belief packages be around then? If there are indeed people around here in a thousand years time who feel the need to hold some kind of specific beliefs about the things which they do not yet know then what kind of things will they be believing in? Probably as to whether Donald Duck was real. And will they be threatened by hell and damnation if they do not believe it? I very much doubt it. And they are doing this now to their own children and young generations of human beings who tomorrow will rule the world. Something out here is in need; and urgently. I never fail to be amazed by human beings. But the novelty does ware a little thin after knowing so many of them who are existing in this psychological prison which they make for themselves, or brainwashed into.

And what about the other kind who make a speciality of rape murder and violence. And a lot of this is done in the name of a belief system too; or inner voices. Sure one can indeed understand some folk feeling that this place is some kind of hell on earth at times; but that is simply what people make it, not what it is independent of them. What does it take to have a society worthy of life forms coming in to it? And how is it done? That is the question. Yet even you and I have sufficient imagination (for whatever that is worth in this world) to envisage one. But I guess they would never agree would they. Does one ever wonder why incarnate minds are put together in worlds such as this and have to live and work together. How much simpler it would be either if nothing existed or only that transcendent one-ness of being existed. No problems. And yet what would be the point? None at all. What would they learn?

Now, supposing you got promoted to being a creative force (there is a thought to make one shudder) then how would you go about it? Nobody has ever asked me that question yet (about the only one which they have not I guess). But I know what I would do. I would do it all exactly as it is now. Mind you, I would first have to find out how it is done exactly. But, no, I think given that freedom of choice and volition has to exist, then I would leave it all as it is – and we would each learn for ourselves as we travel along the mystic path unfolding. And I would just make sure there was a good abundance of trees for making tissues for them to weep into when they see what they do with it all. Anyway, learn well just in case a vacancy arises.

Talking of trees and reality, what happened on Easter Island when they hacked them all down to erect ridiculous statues to their gods and ancestors? Life and reality dealt them a real dose of real life and real reality did it not – a barren land and sudden mass death and social chaos. I would have thought that to be a good one off lesson of what not to do – but no, they never seem to learn do they. Maybe one day they will live on a concrete and plastic world, and full of erected idols to their – or whatever it is they are hoping is there. Certainly glad I will not be here at the time; for tis bad enough now. But it could be different. Will it? Well, you could always will it I guess. But more pragmatic then to do something about it – like now.

The existential life experience of human beings on earth and in society (and in space too) will probably get a lot better in time to come. But it is plainly obvious that it is going to get a lot worse here before it does that. All the time that there exists top dogs, and top nations (and the love of that kind of thing) then it will not work here. Or that is to say it will work here, for anything can be made to work; but will they enjoy it here? Will it be a divine and wondrous experience of existing? No, it will not. I look forward to the day when that wondrous ground of being is neither wanted or needed on this earth; for the earth and life on it would have become its incarnate form by then; and one would not even have to mention it.

However, and irrespective of existing scientific ‘teaching’, and irrespective of all the thousands of religions that have ever existed; and irrespective of what neurologists like to believe; and irrespective of all the self erected gurus and priestcraft; and all the man made philosophies et al, it is plain enough to see that all the worlds genuine mystics/gnostics, have been giving the same message, saying the same things, for thousands of years – since time out of mind. What a coincidence indeed. And yet, many folk still prefer to cling to their idols and symbols and entrenched sociological brainwashing, or invent their own ‘realities’, than to simply observe life closely and see what it comes up with to offer us and do to us, and reveal; to us. And which is the most effective in life (to say nothing of the truth of it all) the Symbolic or the Real?

Would you prefer to get in bed with a blow-up dolly of your spouse or lover; or the real thing. Tis the same. Would you prefer a good hot meal on your table when cold and hungry or a photograph of one? Tis the same thing. But I guess that having a mere photograph or a blow up dolly does eliminate having to live real life with real life – just as man made religions do for so many people. But real life makes us both weep and dance with joy a various times; so I guess a mere belief system prevents that problem too.

* * *

REASON AND EMOTION

Reason is a troubled thing
which has nowhere to lie its head;
it worries while it's still alive
about the time it will be dead.
It splits all things to kingdom come
in search of what they are;
like taking all the inside out
to see what makes a car.

But when the bits alone do stand,
there's nothing there to see,
for the world is made of structured things,
including you and me.
And what then is so charming
with a lump of energy
that does not make a cup of soup,
a mountain, or a tree ?

Poor reason's never satisfied
to sit and stare in awe;
it gallops in obsession
and ever wanting more.
But like all other faculties
it is a tool to use;
providing, like so many things,
we learn not to abuse.

Things are made for using,
each in a certain way;
we would not turn the bread we eat
into a bale of hay.
But that is just what reason does
unless we hold the reins
and give a tug to steer the thing
from mangling up our brains.

part two

When reason tries to dig out truth
and the nature of all things,
then let it keep one wary eye
on the tune emotion sings.
For emotion is the first to come
and never fades away;
no reason exists in paradise
where emotion has its day.

And what is this 'E' motion
which drives the inner 'me'?
On its own it is the square
of M times that of C.
But what does all that tell you
of what it's like in hell ?
And it is not reason after all
which in paradise sings so well !

For reason is a mode of thought
which joins things in a row;
but thinking is an act in time,
where only time can flow.
But deeper yet, in structure,
the Cosmic way will show,
that there is no time for thinking
in the realm where we must go.

part three

**No time it takes however,
for E motion thus to flow,
for the direction of its travel
is 'up' from down below,
and not along the linear line
which time thus has to go;
nor beamed down from the sky above,
like idiots claim it's so.**

**Time and space are two things,
not one as some lay claim;
both reason and emotion
are facets of the game;
each with a purpose to its own
and harmony in the whole,
but isolate just one thing made,
and you have not got the whole.**

**Paradise would have no purpose
if there were no world in time;
and all the worlds that ever exist
need their roots divine.
You cannot have a left hand
if there is no right,
for a hand alone claps silence,
and no thing could then shine bright.**

* * *

THE VOID

* * * * *

The Dimension Between Death and Resurrection

(Oblivion)

Betwixt the final Arkon,
in the dome of melting light
and the resurrection to from whence we came,
there comes the greatest fright
the soul knows in its journey
of exodus into form,
'THE VOID OF NO DURATION',
which separates the dawn
from all the things that move in time,
all things that come to be
ripples in the vortex, of temporality.

Thus, between Annihilation
and returning to that womb
there comes a point of 'nothing';
the one and only tomb.

What can one say of 'nothing' ?
There is nothing one can say !
of the point of no duration,
through which we go that day.

But if you know it in advance,
as you who read these lines,
then you will not know death, but how,
the Essence and Form, entwines.

And you will not know fear that day
for you will still recall
that you are passing through the void,
and soon will know, the all.

part two

**The mind cannot but boggle
as to what is taking place
while consciousness is dormant
before entry to that place.**

**The gap of no duration
could be ten million years,
or a fraction of a moment,
till Paradise appears.**

**But as it takes no time at all
insofar as we can know,
then all that really matters
is knowing where we go.**

**But in that final moment
of melting in the white
annihilation of the self,
indeed life's greatest fright.
Yet knowing it from hindsight
no more could it bring fear;
and I never really did know who
wept that final tear
in the trimorphic reunion
amid the dome of white
which lies before the mystic void
before Eternal light.**

*** * ***

RESURRECTION

(Annihilation of Annihilation)

The Resurrection defies all words
that you and I can say;
of what is seen, and what is known
in the place we go that day.
Never could a Human mind,
while in ignorance doth dwell,
construe, think, or imagine,
anything done so well.

'Tis simpler to say nothing,
and keep the mystery,
but what a waste of precious truth
of things invested thus in we.
A picture would tell nothing
of what it's like in there,
the vision is just perfect
but of quality nought can compare.

Imagination only works
on things already known;
thus, never try to ponder
on the quality of Home.
But when the TWO become as ONE
amid the final gate
such little time will pass before
you rest in your orbit of state.

The void of no duration
through which we then must go,
(the real, and only, act of death)
before you come to know.

part two

**There is, in resurrection,
an irony it's true,
for you'll know just what you really are;
for the first time.... you'll know YOU.**

**But what is more important
you'll know of something more,
of something else which is not you,
of something.... so much more !**

**The vision is a bonus,
though the best thing ever seen,
but there's more to that Womb than vision,
far more than you could dream.
And when you arise in Paradise...
... you never did arrive;
for that is where you've always been,
since first you were alive.**

**'Tis magic of the Nth degree;
and God knows how it's done !
and the answer to that question,
alas will never come.
But then again, who wants to know;
such things you will not care,
while you are in such Wisdom
of the child you are... in there.**

**There is another aspect
so strange to come to see;
that ultimate divine knowledge,
is unquestionable mystery.
Though it is a kind of mystery,
in which there is NO DOUBT;
and thus a total knowledge
of what it's all about.**

part three

**And in the midst of Paradise,
as far as one can see,
it goes on and on for ever;
and it's made, for you, and me.
The lights amid the darkness,
like Jewels in purple hung;
through which you orbit slowly
while the final song is sung.**

**But time is of an order
unknown by you and I:
imagine it you cannot,
no matter how you try.
Ten thousand million years go by
beyond the gates of dawn
but while in there, ten thousand years,
is but a divine dawn.**

**Think not of Trees or Angels,
or wise men with long hair;
think not of men and women,
or cherubim's in there.
But try to just imagine,
to be alone that day,
with a total love n'er ending,
in a passion none can say.**

**And when the time does come to go
and leave that divine realm;
'tis known so clear, that 'otherness'
is the driver at the helm.
"Oh my love, it's time to go,
for something is in need;
and now you must be with it !"
And thus IT IS... indeed !**

part four

Once back on Earth in mortal form
the mind lives in a dream,
of what it IS, and whence it came,
and all the things it's seen.

But 'tis not for the feint hearted,
for there's fear along the way;
although the Arkons smooth the path
to the place we go that day.

If all the Stars up in the sky
were money, gold, or wine;
I would not change them for my love
if presented thus as mine.
For in truth I have them also,
a Universe so wide;
the grass, the trees, the flowers,
which Paradise will hide.

If all the stars were paper,
and all the space was ink;
and if I had forever,
the time for which to think:
then never would the stars suffice,
and n'er would spread the ink,
to tell the story of my love,
and what I came to drink.

No matter then, of where I am,
and what I come to see,
for all the things that come our way
remain in memory.
But when the memory has to go
upon that divine day,
then I am just as happy,
for things to be, the other way.

* * *

SERENDIPITY

When the insubstantial pageant fades
and leaves not a rack behind
of things that come and go in time,
other than my mind;
then maybe it can come to pass
that I'll return to see
such quintessential essence in form
as the river Badgworthy.

And like the slopes that rise and fall
along the Quantock ridge;
the mists that ring the Exmoor combes
and the Barle at Landacre bridge.
The misty paths that garland the feet
of Dunkery at dawn,
the solitude of Anstey plain,
like Paradise redrawn.

Where best to be, I think at times,
in Paradise or here,
among the finished products fields
where purpose is made clear ?
Such choice is one so hard to make;
and glad that it's not mine;
but would be nice, me thinks, again
to come here one more time.

Be then in no hurry
to return from whence you came!
so much there is to do on Earth
which sets the heart aflame.
The mystic path of life entails
such wonders thus to see;
and all the things that come our way!
such... Serendipity !!!

* * *

THE WIND DOES NOT BLOW

The wind does not blow
for the blowing is the wind;
and no water exists in the sea;
there is no space where there are no things
and no paradise exists without me.
There is no time with but one event,
an event which does not alter;
the wind does not blow
for the blowing is the wind
and the sea contains no water.
The light does not shine,
for the shining is the light,
and the knowing is the mind;
and nought is made ahead of me,
and nought is made behind.

The wind does not blow
for the wind is but the blowing,
and the sea contains no water,
there is no time without events;
and no mind without the knowing.
The flow contains no river,
the river contains no flow;
for the flowing is the river,
and the mind can do nought but know.
Without a lover nought could be loved,
and yet love is never abated;
for the love that exists in paradise
is the love for no thing created.
And when you know the truth of this
then you will come to see
that everything and no thing
are the same great mystery.

* * *

THE JOURNEY HOME

(for Bryony)

Once, upon a miracle,
the ferryman called on me,
and took me on a journey
beyond the temporal sea.
Never would a one believe
the things that passed that day,
and of the many splendours
I saw along the way.

In music made of light I swam,
then drifted like a Dove,
beyond the world we all know well,
in music made of love.
The Arkons of the depths I saw
in glory all around,
then carried me through Limbo,
then to my resting ground;

Wherein I spent... forever!
midst time beyond our form;
in truth, and love, and wisdom;
the very first great dawn.
The Virgin Womb of Eternity
opened up to show
its wondrous jewels to me that day;
and why ?... I'll never know !

So furthermore dear Omar,
it is not quite true to say,
that none come back to speak of
those things along the way.

* * *

GNOSIS

A Gnostic is a one who knows
their restitution of repose,
and having seen that wondrous sight
before the moving, and the white.
The knowledge of the depth of things;
the root from which all time begins
to issue forth its Cosmic load,
and ever conscious of its road.

The wisdom of creations love
returns to seed like winged Dove
when its temporal course is through,
washed of care becomes as new.

The Cosmic mind is bound to roam
many orbits from its home,
and into Somnus it must dive,
in darkness, fear, it must yet strive
to liberate its inner form
as it was before the dawn
when the mind dwelt in the light
of that virgin realm so bright.

In mortal life its memory knows
from whence it came, and whither it goes;
and thus it never walks alone,
however far it is from home.
One day, for sure, they all will know
the greatest truth that mind can show;
that 'Love of Wisdom' is second best
to the 'Wisdom of Love', in its home of rest.
And I AM (mind), amid the throng,
have seen the singer, and the song;
and nought can reach Eternity,
other than by way of me.

* * *

THE PAIN AND THE LESSON

Daily I listen to prattling mob;
who next to pillage, plunder, rob ?
Oh what rustic glee is theirs,
in sterling, yen, stocks and shares.

Oh my love, how little they know,
of from whence they come, and to whither they go.
From which chaos do they stem ?
Did thee who made the light - - make them !?

Why boil me again in time ?
Pathetic word ! Pathetic rhyme !
Who, in truth, doth suffer most,
the sleeping ? Or the risen host ?

Why, Oh why, must it be,
that they love they,
and I love thee ?

That all must pass this way I guess,
to know that more, is more than less.
Thus, before I say "It's so !"
Truly do I have to know -

Does pain endure
in length of time
equal to that
where fault was mine ?.....

part two

List my son, I tell you true,
'tis not in me, 'tis all in you.
Fly not against the swinging gate;
but ride the winds, whatever state.
Let out all that burns within,
that your heart may truly brim.
Only then, can you alight,
on wondrous music made of light.

I tell you that you profit not
from that which time was sent to rot.
But time unfolds its inner prize
when spirit lifts its sleeping eyes.

Creation is a gift so true,
That which I bestow on you.
The weeping is all mine you see,
if you negate the love that's free.

Knowing this now let it flow;
let your self redeem its glow;
give away the love within;
and you and I will ever sing.

Thus, you have now seen the prize.
Go forth my son, and do likewise.
When next the gate swings in the breeze,
enjoy your time among my trees.
'Tis not in me; 'tis all in you,
the ink, the pen, for what is new.

* * *

THE BARREN TREE

(For Jon)

Close by the gates of Brendon
a vision came to me,
a vision of such ugliness;
a barren runt of a Tree.

Ne'r was a thing so useless;
what could its purpose be
amid such rampant beauty
as this stunted excuse for a Tree ?

Yet while amid the dancing day
in the vital push of spring,
I could not take my eyes away
from the goddamned ugly thing.

I questioned it for hours,
until the Sun was low;
and so sorry for that Tree I felt,
but why... I did not know.

But when I questioned of the Tree
I had to search myself
for whose was then the poverty
and whose was then the wealth.

The Tree (it was a mocking tree),
and I did give a sigh;
the goddamned thing had beaten me,
and I did not know why !

part two

Hard by the gates at Brendon
a boy sat down to drink,
and there a useless ugly Tree
did teach a boy to think.

Of which then is more useless,
a moorland Rowan Tree,
or a mind thus not engaged in thought
where thoughts are supposed to be ?

I laughed and laughed as Sun went down
behind the Rowan Tree,
for I learned the greatest lesson;
the useless runt... was me.

And before that day was over
(a coincidence no doubt)
from this world I was thus taken,
to where Paradise is laid out.

But hark, a word of warning,
for where learning thus begins
there follows many a dark night
before reason also sings.

* * *

CIRCUMINCESSION



The Trimorphic Protennoia;
(three aspects of the Mind),
two which serve a temporal need
and one which remains behind.

A Rose by any other name,
as spirit, soul, and mind,
but the Trimorphic Protennoia
is Consciousness you'll find.

FORMATIVE cognition,
the norm of temporal mode;
TRANSITIVE cognition,
which takes that lonely road;
ESSENTIAL cognition,
which in Paradise doth dwell;
and in the final Arkon field
you'll know them Oh so well.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
as some would have it known;
but they attribute to something else
that which is your own.

For Mind in Paradise is not that
which brings all things to be;
for that is something deeper yet
than the emergent parts of you and me.

Cast your net a little deeper
than the mystic Trinity
when talking of the first cause
of Time and Eternity.



COSMIC BLACKMAIL

“The Power that be does not play dice”,
quote Einstein in a rage;
but despite the fact that he thought so much
he had barely seen one page.
For you and I, the thing called mind,
can think and plan in time;
a faculty called freedom,
which makes decision mine.

The giving of such freedom
for our acts in temporal form
is how we learn our lessons,
and where dice becomes the norm.
The dice however, are loaded
by the powers velvet glove;
it cheats - by loading freedoms dice
with an essence we call love.
Thus love is Cosmic blackmail,
though nice as nice can be !
and I could not think of a better way
for the likes of you and me.
For who would go where love does push,
through darkness, fear, and pain
if choice we had to meditate
and reason found no gain ?

And how could things be smarter
where freedom has to choose,
than making us an offer
which none can thus refuse !?
Such humour in creation
runs deep in space and time
and is itself an essence
from the Virgin Womb sublime.
And Love is but one method
to teach things we must know
and bring forth acts we would not choose
by setting our hearts aglow.
But sometimes, when it's lacking,
the spirit glows quite dim;
and at such times then reason knows,
what really makes it sing.

* * *

THE VIRUS

Those that preach you're born in sin
and live and die the same,
are the virus of the human mind;
they play the power game
of discord and disruption,
and unripe to be called MAN;
no greater stagnant pool of mire
was ever seen upon the land.

Avoid them like the plague of death;
their time on Earth is nigh
to go the way of Dodo's;
and no tear for them we'll cry.

Look not for the living among such dead;
nor sin within a child,
for their birth is of a truth so pure;
of a wisdom oh so mild.

On Earth we come in ignorance;
but cannot stay that way;
and you cannot learn the facts of life
without travelling through each day.

Seek no Earthly Establishment
to guide you through each day;
but seek the truth within your heart;
and you'll not be led astray.

* * *

THE TIGER MOTH

Dedication to William Blake

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning dim
wrought of pain, racked in sin;
what primordial hand or eye
beguiles thee to rise and fly.
In what depths beyond the skies
lights the flame, attracts thine eyes.
On what wings do thou take flight
from rushing dawn, to silent night.

What the power, what the love,
that lifts thee like a wingéd Dove.
What the sight that halts thy breath
and guides thee through a temporal death.
What the singer, what the song,
that guides thy feet from stepping wrong;
and what rhythm thy heart dost pound-
what the nature of its ground.

That silent love beyond the white,
beyond the pain, beyond the fight,
which strains thy sinews in its rise,
like Phoenix to eternal skies.
Tiger ! Tiger ! thee I know;
in darkness, cold, and winters snow;
the die is cast, your path is right;
Tiger ! Tiger ! you'll burn bright.

* * *

Chapter 15

The Spiritual Quest.

In the previous chapter I made the very good (and fitting) analogy that some seem to live their life here by way of eliminating both their carrier wave (the spirit of being) and their lower side band data (the soul). Hence the spiritual quest for them would be to put them back in again, and use them. One facet of our being here on earth is simply the journey through life and mystery itself, and which involves direct experience of many things and our self observing them; the observer and the observed. We apparently start out in life here on earth as the unknown and unknowing observing the unknown; and we know not why or how. No better way to start a story I would have thought - Once upon a time there was a time... when there was no time.

And indeed that is experienced to be true in more ways than one. There must be many millions of people on earth who, although they have no experiential justification for it, fully accept that we are on a spiritual journey of some kind or other; or that there is something missing in life which they must find. Maybe they feel it intuitively. Maybe they simply accept things they have heard and or read. Or maybe they have had some synchronous event or experience in their lives that, unknowingly at least, has motivated them in this direction. The direction of consciously seeking this deeper reality or at least a meaning and purpose to their existence. Hence a spiritual quest of some kind, and by some method. And by virtue of that they are open to exploitation. Those who want something are vulnerable by virtue of it. But, not to worry, for that is a good start – being aware that something is missing.

We learn things as we go through life whilst at the same time learning, because of it, that there exists much that we do not yet know. We are therefore aware of our own ignorance also, as mentioned earlier. I often wonder if any other life forms on earth are actually aware of their ignorance. Yet I doubt that we can ever know the answer to that one. Maybe mankind is the only life on earth that is aware that there exists things of which it is not aware. Kind of magic is that - and maybe a privileged position; for it also motivates us to look at things and question them, for we assume and expect that their should be answers owing to knowing that we are ignorant. Genuine sensible questions which directly relate to reality as we find it MUST have an answer somewhere. And they do: it does.

An irony being therein is that the less ignorant we become then the more we become confronted with the certitude of our still existing ignorance also: those who know so little often seem to assume that there is little more to know anyway, to say nothing of there being more to experience in life. Or they often give the impression of so

assuming: and in which case ignorance is a kind of bliss... but short lived. It is fun and rewarding watching kids grow up – irrespective of how old they may be. The more we learn about the nature of reality and all things which exist then the more the mind becomes engrossed in the less material aspect of existence itself, by dwelling more in thought of the *‘Essential Qualities’* of being. They presumably (and rightly) see this as the spiritual side of our being. It is judged to be good for it is better to be with than without, and it is also judged to be good simply because we feel a depth inner harmony, empathy, and we are in one accord with it - and we would for it is both our depth nature and what we are indeed made of. And keeping in mind that our inner system of dynamics is working all the time irrespective of us being aware of it or not. But we do not really know this when we are young, it is one of the things which we learn and feel by the very act of being here and observing... and a little learning and thinking. We may well feel it instinctively, for instinct is doing its job and performing its function. But instinct is not consciously knowing something in the top-side rational discursive mind. Not really knowing it; albeit feeling it.

This essential quality of being does not mean that one eventually comes to negate the physical aspect of life as some religious sects and hermits do; or in negating the physical world itself. I would not personally want a life without solid trees, rivers, skies, sunsets, skin to touch, and all the rest of it. Thus, the real spiritual side of our nature does not find a dichotomy between essence and form or spirit and substance as some seem to claim, (but more so in the past it seems). All it means is that the mind of the person is not constantly dwelling on the materialistic aspects of being and developing a grabbing philosophy. Their essential life style is on a higher plain of existential reality. One still has to eat, breath, wash and do all the chores and use and enjoy material things.

The integration into this essential nature of being by way of deliberate seeking is referred to as the *‘spiritual quest’*. We become aware also that there is more of this quality of being to be attained to, and because it is good then we strive to become more of that living reality, and more and more of it; and the whole thing kind of snowballs of its own accord. We are attracted toward it because it is judged and felt to be good; and far better than being without it; we are not silly after all are we; and what else is personal choice for anyway. But at that stage much if it is purely gut feeling and instinct on our part, and with no conscious awareness of these inner realities and hidden levels of being.

On occasions however, there seems to exist an overwhelming general social outflow of this need and affirmation within many people in a society all at the same moment in time; and hence a new *‘wave’* of spirituality washes over that society. It ebbs and flows, time and time again. It is as though the essential nature of our unfolding being (or spiritual aspect) in evolution on a planet takes four steps forward and then slowly ebbs back three steps – to settle down possibly. Nevertheless the movement is ever forward, a long slow becoming in the unfolding resolution of the harmony in the all. It is a somewhat faster occurrence in individuals however. Well, we need to for we are not here for a very long time: but society goes on for a long time.

A typical recent social out-gushing of this spiritual quest and affirmation was that of what was called the *‘Hippie culture’*. I was so busy working and bringing up a young family at that time that I hardly noticed its existence until it was all over... yet alone

having taken any part in it; and neither would I have done given the time and choice. (too long in the tooth by that time anyway). Though it must have been an exciting new dawn for the youth in its beginning. Probably the best time youth has ever had on this planet ever, or as yet anyway. There was something very good and meaningful at the heart of it too: a youthful revolution of common decency and general harmony of being with an ideal, a dream, an aspiration of the soul, and a wanting to be really alive and to be. But like so much else it had its debris in orbit of its true deeper reality and goal. In due course, and also as it is with so much else, (even the so called spiritual church) the movement or organisation was taken over by the orbital debris itself, and thence rightly fizzled itself out by virtue of mob control – aided and abetted by a moronic media. For those who were merely preaching it did not KNOW it.

It became a philosophy and alas practice of *'Turn on, tune in, and drop out'*: and the dropping out was effected by use of drugs in this case. At its heart however, it was a love culture; but many of the young and innocent took that to mean a sex culture; for what do the young know about love anyway; they only think that they know; but thinking that you know ain't knowing. Love and sex are very different things and very different realities. You sure cannot have sex in the transcendent realm – although it is much like the ultimate mental cosmic orgasm in a way, he says smiling. One can have sex without love anywhere on the scene, and love does not need sex at all; they are two very different things. Nor is love restricted to human relationships. Love can be found relating to anything in existence. You can love a tree; a cat; a bottle of wine or your left foot. One of course can also have sex within a loving relationship and which becomes something a little more than mere sex when so done. The credo of the Hippie doctrine however, became *'All you need is love'*. But love is not all we need. We need somewhere to live; something in our guts: cloths to ware; a means of earning an honest living; the potential to move around and socialise, education, interaction, and a whole lot more besides. And not to mention inspiration and encouragement.

The essential quality of life on earth cannot be enjoyed whilst one is starving, in the cold, with no prospects or hope for tomorrow. It is not mental or physical security which people need it is the lack of deprivation and mental turmoil. You cannot enjoy a book, music, the arts, the scenery, while the guts are demanding sustenance and the mind is demanding peace and quite from the physical struggle itself. In paradise you need nothing of these things, so there is nothing to get in the way of love, beauty, the essences, anyway. However, out here we are not in paradise and we need more mundane things than love and beauty before love and beauty can even come on the scene at all. You cannot have a divine essential life-style on earth whilst starving, cold and fed up and alienated from the people and nations around you. It just cannot and does not work that way. Hence drugs merely obliterated real reality for a while.

It is all very well for few way-out hippies (living off the state to boot in many cases when they need not be) to disseminate a half-baked philosophy of so called wisdom while the rest of us have to get on with living and making this world work. My message to those people would be a simple one... A little learning is a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not the divine eternal spring; and know what you are talking about before making such assertions. Such cults will come and go like leaves on the wind; in the meantime the world goes on going on in its own sweet time and order of unfolding. When next you see a real beggar on the streets then ask him or her if they want a kiss or a good meal first.

However, this uprising or new wave was nothing new in human existence; it is all as old as human existence on earth itself, it comes and goes in waves or cycles. But each time it seems to leave just a little of something more permanent and enduring within society awareness than was perhaps not there or manifest previously. Perhaps, in hindsight, all that is left of that particular uprising of the youth which is of any worth is that of its music, a popular music: and some of which is most beautiful and meaningful. Unfortunately in its wake however it has still to this day left the debris of the drug scene and the opting out of existing society as it is; and which is even more prevalent now than it was then. And the more frustrated and alienated people become with society then the more they will turn to petty crime, violence, alcohol, drugs, and even suicide – and it is all happening right now in abundance in the year 2005. Look around you. The acts and effects of alienation, depression and dejection; and rejection by society itself.

To opt out however, is not to change anything but simply to run away from that which is so. Opting out of extant reality is the cowards and defeatists way; it is also dangerous personally and sociologically. They should stay and fight their corner and ideals. There is a time for throwing the towel in - when there is no breath left in the body and the blood stops pumping. However, the point I make here is simply this. Every uprising of a new idea, a new wave of thought or understanding, contains an inner core of people: and this applies regardless of the type of new thinking which is involved. It happens in physics, astronomy, literature, art, politics, religions, philosophy, technology, education, music, medicine: anything and everything. Moreover, there is usually something which remains of that new wave of thinking which did not exist within consensus society awareness prior to it. This is manifest in all aspects of human activity and evolution on earth itself; and it will continue to be so as long as mankind exists on earth. With regard to the spiritual nature of human beings this evergreen but ‘ever new finding’ has been known as the ‘Spiritual Quest for the Sacred Grail’. It has been talked about, written about, myths have been made of it throughout millennia and all cultures and nations on earth more than any other topic: and before the dawn of civilisation it was the same unto each tribe of wandering nomads. And is this not why state religions dwell on the past so much?

How then would they ever come to know that there existed a chalice to be found and a quest to be undergone if those who had not stumbled upon this reality themselves had not known it directly and made mention of it? For even ancient men and women on earth were not asinine enough to go looking for something which ain’t there. Two very well known myths to the Western mind are those of the Argonauts (sailors of the mystic sea); and that of the Arthurian Legend. These of course are just symbolic stories, they are not real events; but they are stories which have a deeper meaning and truth within them, and the very reason why they ever came to be written in the first place. So too with such things as ‘Lord of the Rings’ and many other of such fiction; it is a modern day myth. Yet that to which it points is the ‘central core’ of that myth. And those who realise that there *is* a deep hidden meaning are the central core or real esoteric nucleus of that religion, philosophy, or whatever else it involves. And for whatever reasons they do in fact come to inspire many others to enter upon this search for the things they have simply heard about. I guess they simply feel it within them. And it is not difficult to see why – for the inner system works.

Those however, who simply take on the symbolic myth itself as the truth, or indeed miss the point entirely, are the debris or orbital periphery of that movement, religion, philosophy, myth, or whatever if they jump on the band wagon and become an active part of it. This is not meant to be a derogatory statement; it is a simple and self evident truth of human reality as it is. Hence the orbital debris of any new movement or understanding – for they just have not got a clue what it is really all about; they simply have their own beliefs about it, and they all differ. But just like happened in the hippie movement itself it is the periphery mob which eventually (by sheer numbers and common belief) take control of the movement, religion, philosophy, or whatever movement it is. Even in politics it is the same, for Marx did not invent Soviet Communism as it came to be. The masses become the ‘*truth*’, the orthodox: or the common understanding; whilst its founders and esoteric central core or group become the heretics of that which they themselves have affirmed and put forth for the contemplation of others in the first place. There is nothing new in this at all. Look as to what is happening with quantum physics today: is it not a new band-wagon for many cults and new age beliefs to jump on to and make use of ? It is pathetic at best and dangerous at worst.

When it comes to the grail of the spiritual quest itself however, then most religions contained an inner esoteric mystic core of individuals originally (the gnostics). Naturally they are an anathema to the later structured organised state owned religion itself. Yet on the other hand such religions, even as they have become today, would never have existed if it were not for these inner core of esoteric mystics within this or that movement. State religions and their priesthood however, talk about what they do not know: whereas the founders (unwitting founders at that) talked of that which they did know and had known for a long time. Moreover, and as I said elsewhere, there are many today through which this spiritual reality is known and affirmed which is outside of any doctrinal state religion at all: and it could be no other way. It is perhaps seen as pure hypothetical philosophy by many perhaps. Even gnosticism is irrelevant junk to a gnostic.

But it is also the case that consensus familiarity in anything eventually becomes a kind of religion when accepted in large numbers. Look at football over the last hundred years for example. Football *is* a religion and a way of life for so many. Do they not even have their idols and saints? Moreover, and what is even more strange and dangerous, is that religion itself can become a drug for some: a crutch for many in fact. And this is but a part of the problem. Kick the bloody crutch away ! What they cannot seem to see and understand is that they will never find the truth of any religion if they cling to the symbolic structure and myth of that religion; or even stay within that religion for that matter. It is like looking for sunlight with your eyes shut. It is somewhat like staring at words on a written page and then making the words or the page itself ‘*the*’ religion itself instead of *reading them* and arriving at the meaning of what the words and symbols are pointing to beyond themselves. It is like trying to catch a flowing river in a bucket or wind in a paper bag – except that it is more dangerous, both for the individual and the society.

Originally such spiritual conversation was intended to encourage and inspire the seeker to find the reality which was being spoken about (as all genuine mystics do even unto this day). Today however, they simply believe or have faith: but they *do* nothing. They will never find it that way.

Also, if you *'have'* something then you are *not it*. The sea contains no water, for the water *is* the sea; and without the water there would be no sea. The River contains no flow; for without the flow it would be a pond not a river. The wind does not blow for the blowing *is* the wind. And paradise would not be paradise without us being in it. Then again if one assumes that you have the truth then you do not go looking for it anyway, for only an idiot goes looking for something which is not lost. Religions are more dangerous than they are worth - even in that sense; to say nothing of fighting and killing over. Neither is love and the spiritual reality something which is thought about and then becomes true by virtue of thinking or hearing about it. It is something which you do before even knowing what it does; it is its own manifest thing, truth, and movement. That which motivates human religions existed long before the incarnate mind on earth could even think in rational terms. It is both within and beyond thinking.

A modern religion *is* what it is however: but I have also pointed out somewhere that the original meaning (Re-Legio) meant the mystical *Re-Union*, a return of consciousness to that sacred ground of being; not a belief system of doctrinal assertions. It meant a direct gnosis, knowledge of experience, the spiritual realm itself; and a known mysterious fact of life and reality itself. One does not want or need to *have 'a religion'* one should want to be the thing itself – that which religion points to and which Re-Legio *is in fact*, and that which gnosis supplies; and its ensuing effects upon the observer and objective experience also. And when they are told that the divine reality is all around them now, and on this world now, they reply – Derr ! Tis like feeding fresh air to somebody who is starving for food and water.

To be in that reality, that event itself; to know it and live its effects of knowing it whilst on earth... *here and now*, not believing; not thinking about it, but *doing* it. It is this affirmation of its reality by anyone who knows it which have sent others on the personal quest of trying to seek it out; and by one method or another throughout all human history. There is however no known absolute perfect formula, or secret method with which to attain this goal or event; and keeping in mind that on the surface we are all different anyway; and with different needs. And moreover it happens on its own anyway does it not. Nevertheless, this does not mean that one should not try to find ways to put oneself in the way of it happening - and to whatever degree which that may help or be done. It is not wrong, silly or foolish, to desire such a thing; indeed it is the opposite which is foolish and ignorant.

There were those within the core of the origins of the hippie culture who were genuinely looking for that enlightenment, that gnosis, that revelation. (and not for mere kicks or way out trips). The dilemma being that they were doing so by way of using drugs in this instant. That is the big tragedy of that movement. They obviously did not personally know it, for they would not have been using drugs to find it if they had. And if they did already know it then they would not have been looking for it anyway. The psyche is not designed to be constantly bombarded with extraneous drugs, especially that kind; it can produce its own well enough when needed. However, the debris of course did not know that there was anything to look for except the kicks and trips of the distortions of the human mind itself by way of those drugs. They were missing the whole point.

Even two hundred years ago there existed well documented accounts which warned of the dangers of drugs by those who sought paradise and sensory enhancement by that method. (such as the opium eaters). Were not the central core of the Lake District Poets well familiar with the long term effects. Most of that inner core of the hippie movement died in the process of seeking it that way; they did *not* find what they were looking for; nor will they: and that is also a fact (not whilst alive that is). And little do most people know that the writing and literature which so many of them admired so much from these people was a sham, a hoax, a fraud (and mere hearsay as far as those writers were concerned anyway). And little do most know that these people did die of drugs in the quest of this spiritual grail. Indeed the real esoteric core of the hippie movement are little known even by the hippie movement itself. We are not here to name names and dates. However, spiritual experience, especially transcendent experience, is not for the invading or the stealing of; it is for the being given and the receiving of. And that in itself creates enough problems for the new finder when it does come. For everything they have hitherto heard about it has either been distorted out of all recognition or made into pure mythology and symbolic likeness by the past and existing periphery mob itself; the orbital debris; and the Preistcrafty of medieval religions and politics in this particular case.

Stealing it however does not equate with trying to put oneself in the path of it, for that is something else; and we know it happens naturally and spontaneously anyway – no gimmicks or rituals are needed at all – and NO TEACHERS either. It is a fact that throughout all human history people have gone in search of this holy grail of the transcendent spiritual realm (Stonehenge is an example – the first constructed sound amplifier for sensory enhancement being its real hidden function by the inner sanctum of esoterics {the power of sound}). There are those, like myself, however, who just stumbled across it - by accident so to speak - for they were not only not looking for anything but they had never even heard of it anyway. You cannot go looking for something which you do not even know exists. However, even though something is an accident from our point of view (not intended by us) somewhere along the line such people must have done or being doing something which acted as a catalyst for these things to potentially happen. The question is... What was it. Who knows.

Who is to say however, that one's inner depths (the soul itself - or sub-conscious if you prefer) is not on this quest sub-consciously all the time anyway; and far below the level of top-side awareness? (the lower side band trying to help modulate the upper side band). It seems obvious to me from hindsight that this is indeed the way it really is. Further, it does not have to remain purely sub-conscious; for the topside mind can join in the quest also. The big problem of course is *how*. In my own particular case, and in all those I have been in communication with, then this finding, this revelatory change of consciousness (and the journey to it), did not come due to conscious efforts; and certainly not by way of drugs or any kind of mysterious practices or rituals. It just happened, right out of the proverbial blue: and as it has done with so many in the past; if not all those who have integrated into such depths of being. But does this '*being given*' preclude the usefulness of a deliberate and self chosen quest for the searching of it? Certainly and absolutely not. Indeed, why not give it a hand by our own volition. What is freedom of choice for if not for the using of it? I am not saying that one can steal this event by any practices or rituals whatsoever. But it can obviously be got at.

What I *am* saying is that one can put oneself in the ready and waiting made for it to be received during a lifetime; and it can of course also be desired. Not to desire a better world and life for your self and others would be foolish anyway. Would one not want to move up a rung on the existential ladder of being in this world? Personally I would like to rapidly, and permanently, move up about ten rungs in one go – but I cannot.

One key to this quest is seen to be in using up all the passion (E motion) that exists within oneself... getting it out of your system into the world... giving it away: using it. That IS what it is for. And which is interesting is it not. When we get rid of it then it not only works out there in the world but more and more of it comes into one; both from the outside world itself (local effects) and from deep down inside your own system of dynamics. The using of it and giving it away opens the very channel from whence it comes from in the first place; like turning a tap on and letting the water of life flow through you – up the well. If you shut the tap off then there is no more movement of the stuff. One way to stop your pipes from freezing up is to let the tap run. This is miraculous in that it is a fact of life and reality. If you want more of the same then use it all (let it run out of you) and get rid of it. When this ‘refill’ of love and passion comes in a large enough dose... then zap... the passion can and does carry you home to your root and ground of being... to the reservoir itself. (as in the well analogy, which I give somewhere). I know for a personal fact that this is true.

That then is how it is seen and known to work. It is not an intervention from an objective force out there in space or some higher reality, it is the system of the inner structure working as its dynamics determine. We only have to use the stuff that is already there. It is all already done and there now: use it and live; eat that which is here now, and digest it and get more. We do not have to go in search of the substance for it is not only already within us, but we are made of the stuff itself. Have you ever turned on a water tap when the pressure had built up for some reason? The stuff gushes out like crazy and goes all over the shop. It is much like that when the big one comes - blasted into another reality by love and passion, or so it is experienced to be anyway. Where, when and how, did that pressure build up then? And what let it rip?

Inspiration is another key to this tap or trigger it seems. So too is beauty. As for myself, I knew none of this. It was all instinctive inner reaction as far as I was concerned at that age; not a conscious decision as such. Yet if one comes to hear that there exists a hidden treasure (of this nature) then one would be a fool not to search within themselves for it to whatever degree that it can be a conscious choice whilst on earth – and whilst keeping ones feet on the ground, not becoming a hermit, and not injecting chemicals to assist it. But for heaven sake look in the right place – inwards, and initially within yourself. Not in books, not in religions, not in mystical circles; look within your heart, your soul and your mind; for they are made of it.

It is certainly not compulsory to seek it however; our freedom is... let us just say very profound and important for now. We do not need rituals for this quest; just a deep inner feeling and desire for touching the sacred, the essence itself; and above all feeling the passions and essences of life flowing through you to whatever degree they are already operative in you now; and use them. Forget knowledge for some of the time and concentrate on feeling life to the full, the good and the bad. Those who already have this, and use it, will receive more of it: those who do not use what they have will have even that which they have taken from them... for the pipe will clog up

and the tap will run dry. It works just like a muscle in the body – or your brain for that matter; if you do not use it you lose it; exercise it and it grows. Thus, these things are not only there, we are made of them; so the sensitivity to hit such subtle movements are the real key. And that of course means some time off from the hustle and bustle of daily life. Love on the outside (being used) attracts love (from the inside) just as hate attracts hate; and love is effective in starting and inspiring that inner journey itself; the journey to its ultimate essence and transcendent mystic root, the so called peak experience; that gnosis which is beyond the gold and the white. What is the colour of your own soul at this point in your time then ? Does it glow or is it a bucket of black ice?

Colour of course is simply a matter of frequency vibrations as seen; or heard by way of sound; but those vibrations can even be seen as colour by the spirit and soul itself. And only in the dimension of the trinity (the three in one place) will you see it, know it, and understand this truth. And one will be taken (the personality; or ego as some like to call it) and one will remain (the essential spirit of the person). One can certainly mystify if one wants to, and whilst still talking the absolute truth as is known. But human type mystification does not enlighten. Tis the real thing that enlightens. Moreover, if we all spent the rest of our lives saying only the word ‘*tree*’ then those words would never ever turn into a tree. Nor would they reveal its truth. Saying the word love, is not love. And love is not a word. Some say that in the beginning there was the word. Little do they know. In the beginning there was the reality itself, and the first movement of energy. But there never was a beginning, for it is beyond time and thought, to say nothing of human words. There is more to the mind than merely its recognition of mere changing events.

Transcendent integration should happen to every being whilst they live an incarnate lifetime on earth as far as I am concerned; and no doubt that one day, somewhere, sometime, it will do. (Not all on the same night or year however for no work would get done). It is what it is for after all; to know it and live the effects of it on earth; the fullness of our self, and in harmony and resonance with the fullness of everything that exists, in an inner but unfolding process of becoming. To use it, eat of it, and then get rid of it to the world; the singer and the song in union incarnate; and even whilst young in fact. What a way to die - what a way to live!

When people know their self then they will not need religions, beliefs, doctrinal philosophies, gurus, or state indoctrinated morals from people who do not know what they are talking about (let alone drugs). However, creation does not work and unfold according to my own preferences. It does what it does what it does. This event during a lifetime is not a reward for being good or doing all the things we have to do right; it is a case of having eaten and digested of what exists to be eaten and digested of the essences and spirit of being. Neither is it a case of being ‘*chosen*’ as some would have you believe; that is dangerous lies and a prostitution of truth. It is a case of being there and going along with it when the spirit moves within you. And it will then reveal to you whatever it does reveal to you; albeit a little or much: albeit shallow or deep; albeit spiritual or psychic fields. It seems to me that the mere contemplation on, and feeling for, these essences of life are the most active method of putting oneself in the ready and waiting mode; that is to say using ones sensitivities to their full extent. Hence work, don’t wait. And do not wait for something else to do it to you.

Contemplate on things occasionally for an hour or so also (this does not mean emptying your mind; the opposite if fact – think about things deeply). Contemplate the nature of beauty, ask yourself what it really is. Contemplate upon truth, love, wisdom, unity. Do you value them? If so why; if not why not. And feeling these things to the utmost inner depths that one can attain to makes one resonate with it. And then is the time for giving it all a rest and relaxing – forget the lot of it for a while and just BE. For all this IS using your mind – using your self.

Hiding from life's passions will most certainly not activate them - simple cause and effect you see; or the lack of it in that case. At very best even the genuine affirmations of these events from people who have undergone such things can but hopefully help to inspire a reader or hearer of them just a bit. People who have known it have no vested motives, no reason (they need nothing from humanity) other than that of them wanting all others to know and share this reality whilst alive on earth themselves... here is a fruit my friend, eat it for your self and live a different life. Ask yourself this, do doctrinal state religions and their priestcraft inspire young minds; yet alone inspire them to go in search of this divine truth within themselves? Maybe one day they will sing the song a little nearer to the truth. Maybe. Maybe not. But if they do not then they will no longer exist. And what a waste of lovely buildings that would be. Right now they could better be used for housing the homeless rather than putting people into an hypnotic sleep of Somnus.

So, it is somewhat ironic that early Western religion (a mystical heresy of Judaism by small esoteric mystical sects in that particular area it seems) was probably the most advanced understanding of transcendence and spirituality up to that time in human history in those parts; far more so than Buddhism in fact; for Buddhism is a pure invention of the rational mind – albeit originally a psychological endeavour to try and knock the coffin nail into all the tribal religions which existed in that part of the world at that time. Western mystic spirituality took two major steps forward. One: it went deeper than mere annihilation and talked of the resurrection beyond annihilation itself (the real one that is, not a mythical bodily resurrection).

Secondly it strove, for the first time, to bring all this transcendent spirituality back to earth again... the round trip so to speak; to make it whole: to unite the world and paradise itself in one comprehension and accord – and those that did not find it seem to be the root of Gnosticism by inventing some kind of force which prevented this transcendent occurrence (hence this world being a prison for the soul; as they thought of it). Like Gnosticism, Buddhism also wants off the incarnate roundabout too. Hence they are much like fundamentalist Christians – they do not what incarnate existence – only whatever it is they imagine to be paradise; or Nirvana in their case. Only the greedy want to keep the sacred: but the wise and true lovers want *it* to live out here in the world itself; and it cannot if we are not here, for we are the channels of it. We are the instrument upon which the music of life is played. So let us not block our pipes up by freezing up, or being selfish – or by simply pure cold materialistic rationalism.

The distortions of the truth of transcendence then is the most dangerous and destructive force of religions, simply because there *is* a very deep and real truth within them at root; if there were not then it would not matter, except for being untrue. And yet that truth has been so distorted by symbolism, so adapted and corrupted by political priestcraft, so much put in and so much left out, that it makes the whole

edifice more dangerous to the human mind than any worth it may contain. It is because of this; and because it has been known and realised by so many throughout the last fifteen hundred years, that so many other types of affirmation and groups have sprung up and existed; and some not even claiming to be connected with a religion at all... and no wonder at it obviously. The renaissance itself was a spiritual movement; such things as the Knights Templars; the Order of the Rosicrucians, and so many others, even unto the real central core of the Hippie movement itself.

And what do we have now in the West? New age thinking: the Quantum brigade; the UFO brigade; and so on. They dare not even mention the spirit and the soul, paradise and transcendence, for fear of being thought mad. That, however, is not the way to go; for you cannot hide truth, and truth will not be hidden: it reveals itself directly and demonstrably... and how. When a spiritual doctrine is past its sell by date (even if it were ever useful in the first place that is), then some of its adherents often fall back into a vacuum and re-adopt even older myths, old superstitions, anything and anywhere; for their quest is simply to fill the gap, the vacuum of their unknown and the fear of it. Ultimately they fear living what they believe to be a meaningless existence. And some of course overcome this by inventing their own meaning – that might even work for a while; but not long. Existence contains within it all the meaning and purpose one could wish for – find it and use it.

Some invent new cults; they are ten a penny in some parts of the world. If we are not in that condition in the West right now then I do not know what is. Just look for example at all the so called ‘mystic’ and esoteric books that have come into print over the last thirty years: all the clubs, all the cults; all the old superstitions; all the new ‘how to live’ books. It is self evident that the state religion has let them all down with a big bang. People innately feel that something is missing in their lives. Psychoanalysts have never had it so good. It is inevitable however, because their story is not true; and people intuitively feel lost and isolated from their root of being by virtue of it. A genuine religion administered by those knowing what they are talking about however *would* work - to the degree that it knew and understood it; but it would still work for those who needed that kind of thing. But even that is not really needed. (more of which later).

Others however, and even those with no vested interests, argue that to let go of a structured religion does away with spirituality and morality. That is not only wrong but proved to be wrong by the collapse of the Soviet dictatorship, and which even they should be aware of. That was also the major Achilles heal in so called Communism - getting rid of spirituality and mystery. Also, the collapse of state doctrinal religion will bring spirituality even more to the forefront; for people will then look for it. They should demand not a religion but rather to know where they came from and why.... and when they know that then they will not need a religion or indoctrinated philosophy; and to say nothing of priestcraft and idiot fortune tellers or the band wagon of so called gurus – no drugs or life substitutes..

I feel that scientific knowledge alone today is making some people feel that deep mystery within themselves again, and making them ask their own inner questions. Unlike priestcraft however, the goal of a genuine spiritual teacher (if there truly are such people) is to put him or her self out of a job. And they would seek no payment or reward for what they may do – let alone fame or being loved by the mob.

We have so much potential, both within ourselves and the physical world, for an incarnate world unimaginable to us at this moment - yet what do we do? We sleep walk through life in the grip of Somnus and entropy. The mind dwells on more and more of the same trivia; year in year out. It tires of that trivia eventually, and then becomes unmotivated and unseeing; kind of a living death at worst or psychological and social problems at best. The spiritual quest, and just as it has been sought from time out of mind in all cultures, is just as active today as in any other time - if not more so amid what is perhaps the darkest century in human history. It will be a good day for mankind when books on real spirituality and real mysticism are not needed, and books on state religions and comparative religions are seen for what they are; all talk and no substance, no knowledge – other than academic of course.

Whether one consciously goes in search for this sacred encounter within them or not is partly irrelevant however. What is relevant is that it does exist to be known, and in the final analysis we will know of it when other forces deem that we will know of it. That which is true does not go away; and neither does it stop working the way it works. And it is quite possible that in attempting to invoke such things that one may indeed invoke something from within – a negative feed-back reaction; for there is much within the psyche that should remain there; and remain very subconscious. Whereas some have a psychic gift or potential which is useful, then that is something very different; and such people whom I have personally encountered with such abilities treat it with much respect. This however is something a little different from the occasional psychic experience which we all encounter at times, and events which are very common, the most common form of exceptional human experience in fact. But it is also wise to put those into perspective of what most of them are, for psychic events are not always what they seem to be on face value. And once again the model comes in useful regards categorising them and understanding them just a little better.

However, and all these things being as they are, ultimately you and I are a part of the all, our own inner self is seeking us infinitely more than we are seeking it. It ‘knows’ of our existence, yet for a while we know not of its existence. The onus is on IT to find us. We did not ask to be born, we are not knowingly on a journey/quest when we are young and oh so innocent of such things. Hence, and in all truth, the best way of all to go about finding it – is to forget it; and simply be your true self whilst feeling for that which is missing. Live your life to the full and simply feel everything there is to feel. Enjoy it where you can and share that enjoyment with others. Make the most of your potentials, and use them wisely. Create more laughter than tears. Look for the good in all things whilst not closing your eyes to anything. And in doing this one is already living it, and being it – even if one is not consciously aware of it.

Do your own looking in sincerity; live your life as you are and without false pretences, be yourself. You may fool others but you cannot fool your self. But, every now and again take time off from work and worry; chill out; be alone for a while, and simply relax, and simply feel for the vibes that are resonance within one. These are the real things that put you in the path of attaining more of what exists to be known and lived. There is indeed something sacred to be found. But if you do not find it today, or next year, or until the day you leave here, then do not worry, for it is still there, always. And it will surely find you when the time and need is right. Of that I can guarantee.

Moreover, ignorance of these things has its perks for whilst that time lasts. And I often wonder as to what could happen if a person really was not ready to deal with these things and they came prematurely. But I cannot really envisage that happening; for the system works too well. It has been around for a while.

With objectivity as we know it in this world by way of the senses, it is plain enough that we are never the thing which we are observing, and naturally we do not observe our self in quite the same way as we would a tree, a river or a mountain; for self observation is introspective. Thus, the world, the universe, or anything within it is seen as something other than self. In some respects the environment of our transcendent consciousness (in paradise) is a little like that also in so far as the vision is concerned, for we are not that which we can see - the realm itself. But that aside, it is the nearest one can say, and by virtue of other things such as the feeling and the understanding that "I am THAT", if you follow me. We are not that realm, we are the gnosis which exists there. And we certainly are the thing that is doing this knowing, feeling and observing – a small but essential part of the primordial cosmic life force itself – the cognitive part – a living spark of the all.

The mysterious thing I suppose is that life on earth itself becomes that kind of reality after the event also - and after one is over the initial shock of course. The Consummatum Incarnate event of which I speak is this same thing, the same feeling, the same knowing and understanding, but taken to its ultimate limit here on earth... as it was in paradise itself. And who knows - in time to come - who knows? Once a week would be nice. However, that feeling remains, in a diluted form of course, for the rest of one's life on earth, and whilst doing anything of the normal tasks and chores of daily life. And it is this way of life which really makes the so called mystics different from the non mystics. They are not mystics simply because of the experiences which they had, but rather because of what they have become because of them; hence the long term effect - it does not happen over night.

It is this passion and knowing which is the food of which the ancient mystics also talked when saying that man needs more than bread in the stomach in order to live: really live that is. Its strongest feeling however, is when you are alone with natural things of the world for a while; or perhaps simply sitting alone around the fire in peace and quiet without the bombardment of trivial stimulus like the radio or television distorting the inner waves of resonance with the incarnate divine order. It is predominantly at such times when the full essence of things permeate up into the temporal conscious mind, and reach the other parts of the system that need them also. One can see and feel this 'eternity' in a candle flame; in the flicker of the firelight glow; in the cobweb in the corner of the room; in the hole in your slipper; the smell of the burning wood. It all fits together; everything is in place and all in one resonance, one harmony and accord - the soul, the spirit, the world, the universe and paradise itself. These things somehow seem to shout back at you also. They shout that 'They also know'. Look deep into somebody's (or an animals) eyes, and the mystics can see their soul. Mystics can read people like an open book; and you cannot fool them.

How strange and mysterious it all is then. And what human being could ever want more than this whilst alive on earth (along with the food we need to eat of course)? What else is there to compare with it? It is in that sense then, that although these things are still objective they are somehow 'known', and they are a mysterious part of

you, and you are a part of them – and this pounding inner love is with one always. It is at such times when on occasions the inner depths of the soul sends up a song or a poem into the conscious mind itself, without thought or effort; flowing soft and at ease, naturally like a river through its course, or snow falling upon snow. It is the time when the conscious mind goes the way of the heart and all the food, energy and inspiration for the next day is given in advance. But extraordinarily it is also the time when objectivity is at its ultimate height and potential as well. Sometimes it is like one is never really out of paradise at all in some peculiar way but simply that the vision of paradise has been switched off in order to allow us to see other things also; other wonders, other sensations. To wake up every morning with the unity and passion for life is.... Well, I do not know what it really is other than that which is indispensable for, and needed in, life for it to flower into form as to what it is in its raw primordial essence and passion for to be.

Alas, words will never touch these depth mystic truths, these realities, and this feeling and knowing the deepest depths of all things. At such times one does not laugh, for in truth it is more conducive to weeping, or the soul at least, not the temporal mind as such, for its beauty is beyond that which can really be affirmed and stated by the observing incarnate mind and our words... and there is nothing that one can give back in return - perhaps other than a tear from the soul, for I guess that says it all; and gives it all back again to from whence it came. Oh yes, there are times when a tear can say everything there is to be said. And which, in the writing of that last sentence, reminds me of a tear I once saw; and one which I did not shed. For near on forty years I wondered about that tear. Yet whilst writing that last sentence... I now know why. And maybe that part was symbolic of what was to come. Who knows.

But in that super active stillness of the mind and soul, and which is so easy to induce oneself, then one knows yet again that Love is resonance within a system which is devoid of harmonics, in which all movement and understanding is of one frequency and accord with the fundamental foundation of all movement and being; and that Wisdom, is knowing it, and living it. But these things can only be known, felt, and remembered; they cannot be said, or taught, or alas given away to another. It is a one to one relationship with the all. The one in the all, and the all in the one – time and again my love; time and again. It is like when the side bands (in the analogy) Are gushing forth the ‘message’ of the carrier wave itself, and paying no heed to their own modulation bits. It is like giving up your self - for your SELF and the ALL.

So when they say to you that there is no such thing as paradise, transcendence, a divine order, a transcendent gnosis; then simply smile, and say nothing; for you cannot give it to them to prove it. If one were to drop dead at any moment, then what does it matter, it is of no account. And if one does not then the objective magic goes on from one day to another; and it is always there; in sunshine and in rain, in health and when the body is unwell, in darkness and in light; it is always there. And if one were to drop dead that minute then so what, for we have seen and known life incarnate, and life at its root; life at its highest and life at its saddest, and the passions all become as one song. And when they ask me as to what I fear, then I have to ask them as to what fear is, for I do not know; how can one fear life. It is not for the fearing of, it is for the knowing, the loving, the living, and the song; and to be the singer of that song yourself. It is to be the observer of all that there is to be observed and the knower of the known.

How divine then is objectivity indeed: and how eternally mysterious. Has creation got it right... or has creation got it right? But then of course one observes it being wasted: and ones passions are aroused in a different way, a very different way indeed, and even though the passion is as great.

But alas anger also walks in the heart, soul and mind, the anger of waste and entropy. It is like seeing people weeping because they are hungry when they refuse to open their eyes and see the meal which is set there on the table before them. And one is angry because they are starving of their own accord by refusing to eat. I cannot really understand this anger, but it is there nonetheless at times, and not nice. But you cannot deny that something exists simply because it is not a nice experience. Thus it is also that when one is alone (far from the maddening crowd) that the anger also dissolves and allows the soul to be at ease within its self, back in the resonance of the centre of its own stillness and unity for a while... for in a while the world will rumble on again, and the work is never completed on earth.

And does not such time also give back that energy that one requires for the next days work... the spiritual impetus to go on despite all set-backs or annoyances? So give us this day the bread of the spirit for the soul to draw on for its need and nourishment for the task ahead of it ! And so it goes. Man cannot live by bread alone. And they do not sell this kind of food in the supermarket my friend... and what price paradise then? It is free. When they say that there is no paradise, no transcendence and divine order, then one could ask them as to what then turns the water of life into wine and the lead of life into gold, the mundane into the profound. Tis easy to deny something that you have not known is it not. A disbelief is only another form of belief.

Ask them as to how can one be affected by something that does not exist: how can one exist in a realm that does not exist to be existed in; and how does the world itself come to glow from the inside by a light that does not exist there: and how can we love something that does not exist; and how could one talk for ever about something that does not exist. I envy their future surprise and joy; for I will never know that surprise again in this lifetime. What is more is that nobody can take that love from you, nor knowledge, nor inner understanding, for they are untouchable by man. But what is yours is also theirs. One is perhaps more angry that they do not see it for themselves than they are... for how can they miss that which they do not know? But their spirit and soul knows well enough. They must feel for that part; and liberate it. And it seems that the more sensitive among them do indeed innately feel that something is missing which requires redeeming, but they know not how or where. It will not hide for ever however, for that which is within the implicate order of all things will out; and be it the hard way or the easy way. Be it with the assistance of our will, or otherwise in due course. These things are for this world, this life. This life is not a trial run, it is the real thing (albeit a part of something wider - and as yet unknown by us). And what happens to he or she who is totally devoid of these *essential* things during this lifetime? Can their mind settle upon anything whatsoever? Is their life not all haste and turmoil in ever constant search for that which they know not what; where or why? They seek things to fill their life, all over the world, when the real thing is inward to them anyway. It would be funny if it were not sad.

They come into this world knowing not why. They live their lives knowing not how. They leave this world and go to they know not where. But the divine mystery being that all these things can only be learned by the sacrifice of a little time itself, to go beyond the event horizon of time itself. In order to know this world they must first leave it behind for a while - a mystic assertion which in reality is but a simple affirmation of a known profound truth. And neither is it symbolic but literal. And neither does it mean anything other than what it says. In order to know themselves they must first lose their self for a while; let it go. And in losing of ones self (annihilation) then one finds one's SELF (in paradise), and far more besides - everything which they are not. And it is the union of the duality of existence (not just our SELF) which makes the cosmic dance what it is. We need it and it needs us.

But these things sound 'mystical' and far fetched. They are mysterious; but true nonetheless. It is seen then that the absolute attainment of joy whilst alive on this world is a reality which comes only by way of our own unconditional love for a 'something' which is not itself found in the physical universe of the senses encompass. This does not mean a negation of materiality or the world itself as so many seem to believe, but rather as a supplement to it. Not only that but when these forces are at a great flow within one then even the physical senses are enhanced to capture even more of the wonder of the physical reality itself. The only thing I shall be a little sad about when leaving here is the loss of this divine spectacle called the world: and the friends and lovers known thereupon; for you will NOT see them in paradise. Make the most of these things then whilst here now: not tomorrow but today; every moment of today. Tomorrow may not even come, so do not waste today. Nor take them for granted.

As mentioned elsewhere however, neither can we live on earth by way of the essences or spiritual food alone. Neither can any man or woman walk through life on earth alone, for we are all dependent on each other and so much more besides. Science will bring forth virtual reality, and no doubt fun that will be, as are many toys. But virtual reality will not be real reality; and the food of the spirit and soul will not be found in such things. It is not a case then of doing away with one or the other but rather in attaining to all that exists in both. A computer is not spiritual food, but they are useful as a tool nevertheless. But the trees are real, the mountains are real, the stars are real; and there exists much spiritual food in these things. We simply have to learn how to let them work their magic on us. And that magic is unconditional of anything else other than the love of being there and using the sum of the divine order itself - they shout it... they ARE it in action.

I was actually with a person once, and who knew nothing of these things, when they happened to be doing some trivial chore like cleaning their shoes, when suddenly they had a minor mystic experience. The person did not know what it was, or why or how, and they put no name to it. It lasted only for about two or three seconds. They were suddenly washed, overcome, by a happiness that defied words or reason, or that they had ever known before... and the person was gob-smacked and dumbfounded. It made them wonder and think. There was no doubt in their mind that they had known it and felt it - and that it was good. Our daily bread. I smiled, and said nothing. And little did they know that I knew what they were talking about.

And the slow unfolding of their own implicate order is active within them irrespective of a conscious quest to go in search of it. And mysticism is the path unfolding; and which eventually leads to the mystical transcendent gnosis, and its later effects here on earth now. During the course of an incarnate lifetime we each have our own spiritual agenda depending on where we are at and what we have to learn therein. The rational incarnate personality does not know this, yet from hindsight it is simple enough to observe an unfolding of key events in our life; indeed our own transcendent project for this lifetime as such. The terms ‘anomalous experience’ and ‘synchronicities’ are now coming into a wider use as experiences which are key events in a human life and which cannot be explained by the existing paradigm, yet self evidently are a connected series of events which are leading us somewhere and hence have a purpose. Initially one may well call them incredible coincidences, but after so many of them over many years, one can detect both the path and the meaning, the connection and the effect. This is in fact the real spiritual journey/quest – a cosmological quest not just a personal one.

The quest is alive and working even if one is unaware of it. The whole of creation is the outflow and ongoing process of a seed; the unfolding of an implicate order which organises energy. Cognition is at the hub of that seed and movement. Understanding is a faculty of cognition. Where does it come from, how does it work, why does it exist, where is it all going. I do not know the answer to any of these questions. But I know that the questions are well justified by direct demonstrable experience. And I also know that we cannot help but to ask those questions and seek, for ever if need be, the answers – for we are made of the stuff. Mysticism is called mysticism because it is mysticism – it always has been, it is now, and it always will be. There are some things which we will never know; and that I know. But what we do come to learn through real mysticism is all about real life, and it has a real effect in real reality. And no man or woman can prove it to another. Strange eh. But there you go, such is life, existence, and the nature of reality.

And the great tragedy of course is that whilst all this is naturally going on in our system so many folk are fighting an inner battle in their rational discursive mind owing to what their religion has pumped into them at birth. Such things as original sin, the need for forgiveness and so much other nonsense which actually restricts and prevents these things from taking their natural effect within them. They try seeking answers to things which do not exist. They have heard of evil and wicked, and such other things which are not so, and even the most intelligent among them are discussing these things every day trying to find answers – to things which do not exist and do not correlate with the nature of reality. And they wonder why they have unnecessary stress, and illnesses which are brought about by their own state of mind. This is the price and inheritance of lies and distortions of the truth long before they existed here. The negative side of the power of the word. If this particular world of human beings never comes right, then it will be due to the religions which they have invented and sold as the truth, and which have completely messed up their minds.

It does not surprise me that the combination of priestcraft and the commercial human rat race which grew out of it in this world comes to mess up peoples minds and lives; no, what really surprises me is that in some cases people actually survive it all and come out the other side shining like a diamond anyway. How come?

Well, answer that for yourself, for it is all too obvious. But one could simply say that they have not let the ignorant mob drag them down or brainwash them. Priestcraft told people not to make judgement about things, but simply accept everything they said and taught as the absolute truth. They stopped people from thinking and asking questions – and there was a thousand years darkness and stagnation because of it. When religions started to fade away about a hundred and fifty years ago then people started asking questions again, and looking at things; asking as to what this and that is, and how does it work and why. And in that one hundred and fifty years human comprehension and understanding (and potential) has grown more than in the whole of human existence prior to that time. If you do not look at reality and ask questions about it; then you do not see it and you do not get answers; and you do not become the more that you are. Without Rome we would have probably been on the moon a thousand years sooner. And without the entropy which comes from closing down the ends of your own mind – then something can flow through you; and that something really is an extant something – life itself.

The products of science and technology are not a bad thing; they are a wonderful thing in fact. The psychological problem only comes from assuming that this is all life is about and giving such things more worth than they really are. And added to which of course is that those who take scientists (ordinary human beings) to be the disseminator of the truth of all things, then that is the problem; and once again it is merely people – not science itself. It is funny really, although also sad and tragic, that for thousands of years much of humanity has been plagued by and dictated to by priestcraft (and which still happens to about one third of humanity it seems) but so many now have simply swung on to the bandwagon of science being the ultimate judge and jury of life and existence – for there is nothing else as they see it. But there IS. Well, the irony is that neither of these groups are the judge of creation; for the irony and wonder is that YOU are. Look at the world around you, and then judge it – and then do something positive about it. It is your gift to judge.

I knew that judgment in paradise, and many years later I came to know it on earth also – and the former (the first) was fulfilled in the latter (the last) – here on earth. As it was in paradise then so too did it become on earth. Do not believe this, and do not disbelieve it – but if it interests you, then go find it. If it does not interest you, then fine, forget it and carry on as you are – until it does interest you. It will interest you one day. And that is for sure.

In the meantime neither negate your emotional feelings, nor the prodding's of your conscience, nor the reasoning rational aspect of the mind; for they are all a part of the whole on earth; and we need them all and we need to use them all. When you no longer need to think and work things out then you will not have the equipment to do it anyway; but whilst you do have them, then for heavens sake use them; for that is what they are for and why you have them. Everything you need is there for you; as it was in the beginning and is also in the end. And that is a fact.

* * *

UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

(For Cassie from Dad)

Though times often come
when the heart does not glow;
so laden with worry
that no song will flow.
But just as the seasons
must pass in their turn
there comes a great mystery
which makes the heart burn
with a freshness of vigour
in passion so rare
in a pounding of love and beauty so fair.

What reason, they ask,
is such thing as it is ?
For no reason, I say,
for that's how it is !

And when all your burdens
and chores, like a chain,
shackle the spirit
in gloom's dark domain
there comes, like a whisper,
a fragrance so fair
which lifts all such anchors
which shackled you there -

part two

**- and raises the spirit
on wings like a Dove,
to once again dwell
in its domain of love.**

**What reason, they ask,
is such things as it is ?
But no reason, I say,
is the best reason there is.**

**Search not for reasons
why things should be good,
but accept what they are,
for they are as they should.**

**Search why they are not so
in times that are less;
and strive that they must be,
with love and with zest.**

*** * ***

A BREATH OF VISION

A life with just the senses five
slumbers; for it's half alive.
Like periscopes above the waves,
by themselves are living graves.
But deeper than the eye can go,
where nought but insight there can flow,
beyond the form the Essence hides;
unspoken words, like Virgin Brides.

Such pearls that do not rust in time;
like virtues that evoke a rhyme;
the melting pot of all that moves,
beyond the browns, the greys, the blues.
The linear line of visual sight
knows well the day; and of the night.
But inner flight can only know
how to make the daylight glow.

The terminus where centres meet;
where one must fly on wingéd feet,
where the deeper eye is born
which turns a morning into dawn.
Each child invents the world anew,
and thinks himself among the few;
wax like youthful Cocks-a-crow;
I know ! Oh yes, I know, I know.

Oh my love, do not you see ?
tis there for all; to use for free.
And what is yours is none the less;
tis equal... to the very best !
Tis irrespective of our thought,
for beyond time that mould was wrought.
We did not choose to walk this road;
the labour.... is a Cosmic load !

* * *

Chapter 16

Communication and Potentiation and Depotentiation of Experience.

For about the fifty thousandth time I was listening in to a conversation among three or four academics a while back. They were discussing the human condition and original sin. These people were not morons, they were very bright indeed. But that did not stop them from being foolish and blind. They had been brainwashed to the hilt, and an effective job had been accomplished on them. In this day and age alas we all know exactly what brainwashing is and how it is done, and the effects of it. These people were all Christians. And they were of course attempting to rationalise and understand concepts which had been pumped into them from birth by that mob; including original sin. One said what is the point of not committing an act in the world which one had an inner impulse to do anyway. For if the impulse is there within one then that is a sin and one is already condemned and thus imperfect; so one might as well perpetrate that act and be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. How stupid and blind can people become? And this is academia. Leastwise when Christians use it.

Now, what would have happened if we had been living on a world in which this religion had never existed? Indeed, let us say that no religion had ever existed. Would they then be mentally and psychologically grappling with a concept of original sin? Of course they would not. It is simply something which they have heard or read and accepted to be true in the nature of reality and within themselves. They truly are brain dead. And this concept has been adopted by so many people and they all spread the word. And when they hear others talking of the same concept then that helps to reinforce the 'truth' if it. Well, they cannot all be wrong can they, and they are all talking about it; kind of thing. Well, yes indeed, they can all be wrong; and they damned well are all wrong. Simple as that. This arises from inventing names for things which do not exist – and to say nothing of outright lies.

Yes true enough, a situation can arise (and often does) that one feels like smashing the other guy in the face; a natural enough impulse and idea. But think about it for heaven sake. It is almost like a test, a challenge is it not. Is there a person that never has such an impulse and thence has to grapple with such things? But how much smarter, and eventually wiser, is he or she that has this confrontation within themselves and decides not to let that aggression out into the world – a simple choice and decision which one has to make every day of our lives. To smash him in the face or not to smash him in the face, that is the question. What would happen if we decided to do it? Well, it would probably break his teeth and his jaw. He would have time off work and his family would suffer.

Not only that but when he is out of hospital he would want to get his own back. So he comes and smashes your face in; and you have time off work and your family suffers. And so it goes on in a giddy spiral of downward activity. Just because you followed a momentary impulse, to which you could have said, no; I will not do it. What if you had not done it? The guy would have walked away thinking that he had won the day and the argument, and his little ego would be even that much bigger. But so what? No harm came to anybody else and the situation ended there and then. The moving finger having writ moves on. One can never go back and undo something which was done. Nor all your piety nor wit can bring it back to undo a jot of it; nor all your tears wash away the memory and the effects which it caused.

There is only one moral there – Think and judge before you act. For you will never ever undo that moment in creation. Once done it is done for all time; and nothing can undo it. Not even the Christians... whatever it is they think it is up there. But they are also told not to make judgements are they not. And this of course implies following every damned impulse which ever pops into our mind at all. How can one have a choice of actions (which is axiomatic to everybody) whilst not making a judgement as to what best to do? Both wars and peace start and end in the human mind. We have to make that choice and judgement. And that is life on earth – as it IS, in reality.

Now, is he or she who never had a momentary impulse an evil git with original sin? He or she who has never known an impulse to do something has never existed; and never will. Moreover, how could he or she who never even had to grapple with such an impulse be wiser and smarter than he or she who did and came to terms with it? Use your own brain, it is simple and plain enough for all to see and understand. Well, I am no angel yet I got into paradise well enough, and soon enough. Yet I get such impulses much of the time. One just laughs at them and gets on with real life. What the hell is volition for for heaven sake if you do not use it to good effect? Without choice in our actions there would be no volition and decision making; we would be robots. Shall I kick him in the teeth or shall I smile at him and buy him a pint? Damned obvious is it not. Anyone can be an impulsive moronic idiot. Alas many are.

Life on earth is one long series of choices, judgements and decisions – for all of us; every day of our life here (deny it if you can). And of course, yes indeed, there does come occasions when one has to smash his teeth in. But not often. What sane world would have let Mr Hitler have his way? Well this world did not I am glad to say. Getting rid of them had to be done; and it was done. And it will be done again if need be. But anyway, what would these guys have been talking about and thinking about if they had not been brainwashed by Christianity or any other religion? They would have been doing what most of the world is doing – looking at life and themselves and the nature of reality and trying to work out what was going on, why, and as to how best we could cope with it all – and all quite naturally. But, unfortunately it is easier to brainwash people than it is to un-brainwash them. It is often the case that once it is done then it is there for life. And that is tragic. Just try to imagine what a world would be like that never had priestcraft? But just human beings doing their best, working together, talking about life experience and the things which they had learned which are effective for all people. That, is the simple and honest life; and all that is needed, anywhere any time. And it pays rich dividends to live ones life that way. I know. Try it, starting tomorrow – it works. And you will probably sleep better and need less pills anyway.

I wonder if there is such an innocent world out there anywhere with little beings like that on it. I hope so, for life's sake. I wonder who originally told people that they had to believe things? 'Tis incredible. Perhaps it was the same guy that invented money and exploitation. But of course all these things come from the human mind, they do not grow on trees. But volition can over-ride any momentary impulse if it so wishes to. No problem at all. Just walk the other way – if your little ego will let you of course. But are you not bigger than your little ego? The ego is the negative and totally selfish aspect of a personality – the bit that is the grabbing, me, me, me, bit.

However, human beings have far more profound things going for them than simply silly little momentary impulses. They experience all manner of things; and these things also need thinking about. If you are sitting in a room reading this then look around you. Where does the stuff which you see come from, and what really is it? No, do not tell me that it is bricks, curtains, tables and chairs, flooring, and that it comes from the local DIY store; for we all know that. But tell me what it really is, and where it really comes from. No human being knows the answer to that. But what each human being does know is to how it effects them and as to how they live with it. For all this stuff, both animate and inanimate, communicates with you. This communication happens with any kind of experience, and no matter where that experience takes place – in normal daily consciousness or transcendent of all things known here. All this stuff of communication is our life food; and we have to digest it sooner or later. Sooner is more preferable than later. And this is why I keep reiterating that experience is the food of life. Starve yourself of conscious experience and what do you then have to grow by? It is the same with mental food as it is with physical food. One is for the body the other is for the mind.

Although it is not my field I assume that when you and I eat a meal that it takes quite a while for the food to be turned into the necessary chemicals and energies which the body and brain require for daily sustenance. What I do know for a fact is the analogy when applied to experience. We grow and learn by way of experience. If you allow it to, then life and the nature of reality will communicate with you in a big way. And the more it communicates with us then the more we can communicate with it. And in so doing one moves into a different and better existential life on earth; and one also wises up a little.

However, for the large part that is predominately the earthly kind of wisdom that everybody gets from living on earth for, shall we say, somewhere between forty to eighty years. That is to say worldly wisdom, and also shall we say becoming street-wise, and getting to know what people are like and what to expect from them; and which of course is important. But the term wisdom when applied to, shall we say, esoteric literature (and reality itself) is a very different kind of understanding and experience of hindsight. However, this kind of wisdom or understanding is equally applicable to being of practical use in daily affairs; and especially with regard to a persons dealings with other people and some events where the hard kind of decisions have to be made. But I do not wish to dwell on that here, other than pointing it out; for it does become a major facet of a new way of being in this world; a new experiential existential existence. Indeed, much has been written about this now.

The point being, and as indeed every mature adult knows well enough, is that experience changes people. This change is not a decision of the rational discursive mind (and or by choice) any more so than we have any choice in as to what happens to the physical food which we eat once it is inside the system of the body. It does what it does. However, an interesting and most important point arises; and this was something that I personally had not given a great deal of thought to until I read the work of a lady in America: Rhea A White, of the Exceptional Human Experience Network. She herself was very much initially changed by a near death experience whilst quite young and which then lead on, as they generally do, to a whole series of occasional anomalous experiences henceforth. Her work, and which when thinking about it I already knew that it was correct but I had not dwelled upon it (too much else to do and think about) was with regard to the becoming process due to various types of anomalous experiences, and covering a whole range of them: from the short sharp and simple to the long deep and most profound.

Now, the real interesting issue here (or just one of them really, for there are plenty, for she is a very smart and well experienced lady) is that of the phenomenon of potentiation of an experience. I knew this was correct even though it was not something I had ever contemplated upon to any extent. But what I had not given any thought to was the complete opposite of the process of potentiation of an experience; and which was also spot on true in the nature of our reality. And that is to say the rejection of an experience; or depotentiation of it (failing to digest it). I do not wish to write about all this process in any detail, (a) because it is not really my field of interest (b) because she has devoted here life to this aspect of reality and said just about everything which could be said about it; and said it all better than the rest of us could say it, and (c) I do not think she has left anything else to be said on this point. So I must recommend that people read it; and including the work and major article on a map and outline of this process by her colleague (and good friend of mine) Dr Suzanne V Brown (and which is on my website). Both these people are not only exceptional in the fields of experience but also very coherent academics. So I highly recommend reading their literature.

Anyway, the opposite to the potentiation of an unusual or new experience is that of depotentiating it. And this is profoundly important. Being of an inquisitive mind I naturally gave much thought to all the experiences which I underwent anyway, and including normal daily experiences even. So I naturally, without even thinking about it, potentiated them; and indeed as many people do. But, it became clear to me when it had been pointed out, that some, indeed many people, actively and consciously depotentiate an experience; and this is dangerous, and an obstacle to further growth and integration, and hence an obstacle to becoming the more that they can become. It would also seem that it can be both psychologically and physical dangerous; for they are all connected. And many of such people openly claim to suffer all kinds of negative effects; yet not knowing what to put it down to. So, this stuff is very much worth reading in full – elsewhere.

I will make the analogy with food, although it is not a particularly good analogy really for there is not a lot of choice in it when it comes to food. Normally when we eat food it does what it is supposed to do; or perhaps better to say that it does what it does, and we move on with sustenance for that day; so food simply supplies the energy and oil for the body and brain to work as it should work.

However, if something is wrong either with the food or the system of the guts – zap, it all comes back up again and the food was wasted; and the body has not received new nourishment from that meal. It is exactly the same with the mind and the psyche, and their inner dynamics when it comes to life experience. ALL experience is for learning something from – and that means all of it. There is no such thing as some experience to be worthwhile and require thinking about and some irrelevant junk not worth thinking about - one must eat and digest it ALL.

Now, the depotentiation of an experience, to put it in simple terms (I love being simple because I am simple) is the conscious rejection of it. An example would be this. A person has some kind of odd experience, let us say for example a very brief out of the body experience maybe (could be anything). The reaction being... ‘Oh shit, I am cracking up; losing my marbles, and this is all wrong. I must forget about it, put it out of my mind and make believe that it never happened’! And they do just that, and never think about it. That is the classic case of depotentiation of an experience; and the result of negative feed-back; for society has told them what to assume is right and wrong experience. The fact is that in reality they had indeed undergone an anomalous experience. Anomalous here simply meaning any experience which academia cannot address as yet.

The positive attitude to be taken here would go like this... ‘What the hell was that? What is going on? Why did that happen; and what happened exactly? That is the start of potentiating an experience. One has accepted that it happened and is letting the experience work on them. One has accepted it as truly having happened, and one is open to coming to try at least to understand it, and to see what it does and why; and to say nothing of what it teaches one. I think that I have put this in simply enough and brief enough terms to make the point. Potentiation is to live with an experience and accept it as really happening, and give it some thought; and depotentiation is to reject it and forget about it. And these points are highly important; for every action has an effect. Depotentiation of an experience is the same as not digesting ones food and therefore not allowing it work on ones system – and equally as dangerous; or maybe even more dangerous. It is also a kick in the teeth to life and existence itself.

The point which I would also like to make here however, is the same process in normal daily average experiences; and one which I had indeed given conscious intention to even as a kid. We often hear somebody say that this or that person is not thinking about what they are doing, and it is often true of course. But I would add that they often seem to not give thought to what they have done, and why. Normal everyday experience should be thought about and digested, contemplated up, as a normal part of our daily life. And I would imagine that most people do just that. But it is important I feel for young people to think about this and to do the same; and this book is being written for young people. This simply means sitting alone quietly for an hour or so a month (or each day) and just contemplating upon the experiences of the past days, or the past week, whatever, and thinking, asking yourself as what affect did this or that experience have on you, and as to what you learned from it? Was it really a good idea to moan at Fred like that for doing something that he felt he had to do anyway? What did that day in the country do for me and teach me? Why did Joe react like that when I made that comment? So on and so forth. Think about your life and have inner dialogue with yourself on it. And do not underestimate the miracle of conscious experience – any of it.

In fact, do not expect any kind of answer or feed-back at all. For there probably will be none that you are consciously aware of; and as it usually should be. Do not do it specifically for an answer, but do it for the inner effects of doing it. But what I am emphasising here is that all life experience is a form of communication and interaction with existence itself. And it is your food. We eat it and digest it just as it is with physical food; and we become what we become largely by virtue of it. Moreover, by thinking things out (or talking to yourself inwardly) you are in communication with your self too. That is to say that the topside mind is giving feedback to the deeper aspects of your mind and psyche. There is a lot of creation in front of you and out there in objectivity; but there is also one hell of a lot of creation behind you, inwards and downwards through your mind and psyche. And that is a fact. Use everything which exists to be used; not just half of it. That is of major importance.

Let your inner self do what it naturally does. If you let only the top-side discursive rational mind do all the work, and block off all the other stuff; then not only are you only half alive but in due course it can and often does result in severe mental and physical problems, and no doubt beginning with stress and tiredness, headaches and neurosis. Let the tools do the job which they are designed for, do not try to do it all and be in charge of all things yourself – meaning the discursive rational mind. Any pragmatists would use all the tools available to them to accomplish a task – and life, among other things, is a task. Use everything in your system which exists to be used; for that is what they are for.

Did you know that some, in fact many, of the worlds greatest finds and discoveries, in all fields: science, the arts, psychology (and mysticism), come when the discursive rational mind is not even active at all? Zap – Eureka !!! Your mind and psyche is the greatest wonder, miracle, and phenomenon in the known universe. And it is all YOU, and most of which does not permeate into consciousness. And that is a fact. Use your self. Do not abuse your self; nor neglect it. Use all your mind, not just the outer rim of it. A good craftsman does not attempt fine jobs with blunt instruments; they use what they have to use for each job; that is what they are designed for; to help.

When we come into this world we come with everything which we need for the job of living life here. Nothing is missing. So, OK, on the face of it some seem to be born with some dreaded handicap. But are they really what they seem to be on face value? And what in fact do we learn from them? Much. Now, the rational discursive mind might decide that it would be a good idea to be able to walk upside down on the ceiling; but in reality it just ain't necessary, so we are not made that way. Maybe if the floor disappeared then we would have to adapt and walk on the ceiling; but heaven only knows as to what would be holding the ceiling up. The nature of reality is a damned sight more practical, pragmatic, and cost and energy efficient than human beings are.

People who are said to be born highly sensitive (and which they indeed are – and which certainly seems to be a prerequisite for being a mystic and or psychic) are simply doing just this. They are, from birth, simply using more of the stuff of themselves and all of their in-built antenna. To put it in the language of ancient mythologies they would be more in contact with their soul and the nature of objectivity itself.

All this means in reality (in fact) is that there are deeper parts of ourselves within the vortex of our emanation (I call it the Arkon Realm – the place of Archetypal experiences and psychic dynamics of the mind) and these people are tapping into it even without giving any conscious thought to it; probably not even aware that they are doing it even. Are you constantly aware of breathing? Same thing. This of course also begs the question regarding the kind of people who either meditate (I have never done it or been interested in doing it – and the time to do it would be a good thing) or deliberately decide to try and seek out either psychic or mystical experiences. They are trying to do by conscious choice what the sensitives, the mystics and psychics, do naturally and without thinking about it. I am not an advocate of messing with the mind and psyche; it is a dangerous game to play and one played by many fools. Never try to mend something that is not broken; or improve upon something which is already working perfectly well. I am a pragmatist to the core.

But quiet reflection, thinking, questioning your self are not only safe but also necessary. Reflection and contemplation are not the same thing as switching your mind off in meditation. They are the opposite in fact. Minds are made for using, not abusing or emptying. But the trick, as I found it to be, is that after periods of deep thought, reflection and contemplating – then forget it; put it aside; sleep on it, and do not give it another thought for a while; get on with your daily life. The thing is that you have sent stuff back down into your mind; you have communicated with it; feedback. It is then the job of the deeper regions to do with it what they do with it. That is not the same thing as emptying your mind as in meditation. Minds are made for using, and using well. Invocation is playing games; life and reality is not. It is for real. I would also mention that I have never yet come across a person who, by way of meditation and or invocation, have brought forth the deep profound mystical transcendent experience - psychognosis. Indeed, many of them (including so called advanced Buddhists) have come to me (in private again) asking questions about it all.

Without communication our conscious top-side daily mind exists in isolation, Limbo (but without knowing it and being in it). Its contacts with the nature of reality and existence (creation) come to it. Some, and for the large part most of it, comes from the outside, objectivity; and some comes from the inside; both the deeper mind itself and the psyche. The mind and the physical psyche are best thought of as two distinct parts of our inner system of dynamics – a double vortex of emanation; one vortex within another vortex as mentioned elsewhere. However, when it comes to communication, there is all sorts of the stuff. We tend to think of communication (by way of negative brainwashing yet again) as simply talking or writing to somebody, or reading a book or a paper. But when you sit on your bum under the tree and open your eyes and your ears, and your nose to the world and the outer universe, then IT (objectivity) is communicating with you. THAT IS communication.

It is all stuff for the mind by way of experience. Cosmic experience; objective reality conversing with you; personally and first hand, and alone. Now, keep in mind that objectivity is everything which is not you; and never forget that one either. But suffice for now simply to point out that the outer sense detectors detect communication. Just as the senses which face inwards do. Sitting under a tree in the sunshine by a stream, on a glorious day, with no problems on your mind, is perhaps the greatest experience in the whole of creation; and I do mean the whole of it. You laugh no doubt eh?

Oh but it is so common and just an ordinary everyday occurrence, they say. It is indeed, and that is why you take it for granted. My advice is do not take it for granted – for it will not always be there; believe you me. And that is a fact. Neither will your kids, your friends, anything of the things which you like always be there. They will emphatically not always be there; Ipso Facto. So, not only cherish every moment of life on earth whilst it lasts, but learn from it all – even the so called mundane. No better advice could ever be given to anyone by anyone; and that is for sure. Do not wait until things are not there before you appreciate them; love them, use them, eat and digest the experience of them NOW. They will most certainly not always be there. Hence, yet more advice from the hard earned benefit of experience and hindsight is – grab the day; and each moment of that day. And remember, it only lasts for one day. Tomorrow, today will be gone, and it will never, ever, exist again in the whole annals of creation and existence. Today, will never come back again. Other than in memory and whilst memory lasts.

Now, this business of communication with the nature of reality (and of course the inner realms and depths of oneself also) raises the important issue of sensitivity. All sensitivity means is that one is using a wider spectrum of ones receiving equipment or antenna than some folk do. In the final analysis life and existence, creation itself, is not about seeing it, hearing it, smelling it, touching and tasting it – no, it is about feeling it. Feeling is not an outer sense detector; it is an inner one. And yet it is by far and away the most important sense detector in the whole of our tool-kit of works. And that is a fact. It is infinitely more important than any of the outer sense detectors and it is even more important than the rational discursive mind itself. Moreover, and albeit an accepted norm of activity which is probably done without thinking about it, do not all people say – how are you feeling? Or how do you feel about this or that? And rightly so. Are some of them then not asking you just that on the one hand whilst writing feeling off as a mere subjective irrelevant aspect of life and existence? For only that detected by the outer senses is real according to many of them. Does that make them some kind of hypocrite? If they do not really care as to how somebody is feeling then why ask. At least that would honest and open.

A person might be born blind, or deaf, or mentally sub-normal; and all these things we judge to be tragic, and try to repair them if we can (and rightly so); however, if that person has felt life, truly lived it fully on the inside; (and if only for a few years in fact) then they are wealthy indeed. One must not be too hasty in our judgements of other people and their gifts or their handicaps. Better off is he or she that is born blind or deaf, or a bit simple, or with an arm or leg missing, but who has drawn out every essence and fibre of life experience, and lived it to the full, than he or she who has all their equipment working well, and all the gold in the universe, and all the dolly birds, and all the large mansions, and all the dosh, and yet does not feel life. Which would you rather be – alive and truly living the stuff, or a walking talking empty shell, or zombie? Ask yourself.

True enough if you could have the best of both, then you are wealthy in more ways than one. But most of us ain't eh; so tough luck to us. But, and there is a big but. In the final analysis it does not matter as to what transient trinkets you had; it matters as to what you really got out of life in your living it and what you gave back to it. What you actually did with it all. For it is that stuff, and that stuff alone, by which one will grow and become the more that we are in essence, and indeed whilst alive on earth

even. And it is that stuff which is the only important stuff on the return trip. And it truly is the only real way to know life and existence – feel it, be it. Over the course of the years (and even when I was a kid in fact) and for reasons which I never understood, I have been confronted by people who had problems of one kind or another. And as to why they came to air them out on to me I never did know; for I certainly never solicited it or even wanted it. It just damn well happens to me for some unknown reason. When my poems escaped and I was asked to start writing, it happened even more and more. I am not an agony aunt, and I have no intentions of ever becoming one thank you very much.

However, if somebody does come to you asking something, then how the hell can one tell them to bugger off? I cannot; and I always try to help if I can, and assuming that I have any idea as to what the problem is. I have had all sorts. Those simply looking for information on these things: those who wanted my feelings or understanding of this that or the other; and those with psychological problems asking if I had any idea what was going on or what best to do. I have had many who had previously tried to kill themselves – and sometimes because of their religion they told me. However, I am not here to go into all that. What I want to mention is with regard to those who have come asking about the problem with their sensitivity. I do not tell stories about people or name names, in fact I never ever repeat a thing which they tell me to anyone, and it ain't for sale. But I wanted to make this point whilst briefly on this topic of communication and sensitivity.

I have met quite a few people (and some well known) who had so called IQ's that went through the roof on the upward scale. They could have chosen to do anything which they wanted to do in life (and unlike most of us average bods). But as well as all this intellectual capacity, the ones which I met (or rather they came to me) were also highly sensitive people; extremely and deeply sensitive people; and they were wonderful human beings. And yet they had all tried to kill themselves and had psychological and existential problems up to their eyeballs. Tis odd, but many of the highly intelligent folk do not adapt to society too well, and it takes little understanding to see as to why; and which can and does at times cause them psychological problems. Highly intelligent and sensitive children are far more difficult to raise than the average kid; for people try to raise them according to the average code of conduct; and it does not work.

One of the first things they said was that they were over sensitive, and they did not like it one jot. When asking them as to how they knew that they were OVER sensitive they replied that their friends, families and acquaintances had told them so. And moreover, they were being highly exploited by virtue of it. So I would then say to them... 'So what is your problem then – for you are a lucky sod'! That was not the reaction which they were expecting; and I knew damn well that it would not be. So I went on to explain that they were not OVER sensitive at all, and that nobody could ever be OVER sensitive. I simply told them that they were sensitive and that the other silly buggers were insensitive clods, or zombies even. And which pricked their ears up and made them listen with new ears. For they thought it was wrong to be highly sensitive; and also painful. I told them that they had an amazing gift – two in fact, because they were highly intelligent gits as well; and hence chum, you have got to learn to live with it and cope with it. They were all ears at that point.

I went on to explain a few things about the amazing joys of sensitivity, and the potentials therein; and they listened carefully – probably for the first time to anyone in their lives. I also went on to explain to them about a mystics armour from the daily world of zombies and the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Some of these people were psychics and one was a budding mystic even, except that they did not know it. All they knew is that it did not equate with anything they had ever heard or read – well, it would not would it! For it is not found in religions, nor in science, nor in existing psychology. Yet it is obviously known by all who are suffering from rapid brain deterioration – the mystics/gnostics.

I went on to explain to them to feel everything to the very highest heights of joy, wonder and beauty, and also to feel other things to the deepest depths of inner pain, nausea, disgust and abhorrence. For heavens sake feel everything that is supplied to be felt and known; and to the deepest depths and the very core of your being – for that is what being alive is about; one should not hide from any of this, or from oneself; (depotentialisation). I also told them that as the world is at this point in time that they must do all this whilst developing a suit of armour from the world; so that the nauseating crap and trivia of stupidity could wash off them like water off a ducks back. I had to learn all that as a mere kid in the streets of London during the war; the hard way, and alone. And it worked. I could be the hardest, most cantankerous, stubborn, argumentative, dogmatic git on the face of the earth. I learned those tricks young, and I learned them well. Nobody ever messed with me twice; once was more than enough for them. Without this armour mystics and sensitives cannot survive on this world as it is at the moment. They had to learn to be tough and firm; whilst still being sensitive and strong. We are not perfectly suited to our environment, and we would not feel the need to change things if we were.

Over the course of the years I received many little gifts; bottles of wine, cigars, cabbages, spuds, and bars of chocolate; even a pair of wellies. And this was just great. It was no big deal to give them words from the hindsight of experience; it came free and it goes free. But it was a big deal for them; for it changed their lives, and they came alive again. Moreover, it was no big deal for them to give me a gift of a bar of chocolate or a bottle of wine, they could afford it. But it was a big deal for me, for I could not more often than not. On many occasions I was also offered money; but money I would never accept. It came free and it goes free, and nobody can buy it from me; nobody. And that is how it should be. Show me a guru and I will show you a charlatan. Plus the fact that I choose to whom I talk to, nobody else choose for me.

When integrity and self respect is lost you cannot buy it back with all the cash in the universe, nor all your tears of sorrow and regret, from here to the grave. Irrespective as to what may or may not be at a latter point it is always best to live one's life as if it were the only one, and use all of it to the full. This, and grabbing the day, does not mean a hedonistic life style, far from it, it simply means being there when life is happening, and living it to the full with all your inner and outer taps and communication valves running at full volume. Live a coloured life, not a black and white one; a deep one not a shallow one, and learn from it, for there is nothing else to learn from anyway; and indeed nothing else to do even. And when something is learned, and even if only one thing, use it well. To nearly know a million things is irrelevant, but to know just one thing is what communication with life is all about. Moreover, to know a million things is irrelevant if you do not understand them.

Such things as these kinds of human communications are also interesting in the fields of cause and effect, and the power of the word, psychological help, so on and so forth. How the hell do a few mere words change a persons life? I discovered, was indeed told, that the poems which I wrote were having the same effect on many people; I was gobsmacked. And indeed even bring them alive again so to speak. Words are only noises in the air are they not, or so we are taught. But there is more to it than that is there not; for words carry information, data, and meaning. And it is the meaning which sinks deep into their psyche and thence starts to cause later effects. Same as music is it not. Music is not just a noise in the air. In fact music is one of the most important forms of communication for human beings in creation itself. Music has the power to stimulate the mind, elevate the soul, and to expand and transform consciousness into other realms of being. Music is truly magic stuff – the power of sound. And that is a fact.

But once again it is communication with the mind. But keep in mind that the mind is a very deep and far reaching phenomenon, and not a mere surface flat epiphenomenon. Some food is for the topside mind; some food is for the middle sections; and some food is for the essence or spirit of our being. Nothing exist in creation for which the food does not exist to feed it. It is only human beings that have that problem when they want to start owning things and excluding others from that resource. And human beings must change. And because they must change then they will change. No argument. If they do not bring forth and use that which is within them then not bringing it forth will kill them - and they will even be dead whilst alive. You will still die from this world even when you do use it all, but during that time one will be living it to the full – and learn much in the process.

Life and reality is the ultimate in dogmatic. You cannot argue with it. Well, you could but it will sure get you nowhere fast. However, let us get to us. Some things in life are mere matters of opinion and personal tastes, likes and dislikes. There is no right and wrong in this; it is just a matter of what you like and what you do not like, and it is as simple and relative as that. I like chess and music some like golf and lap dancing – or so they tell me anyway. And good luck to them. However, if I were to say that the moon was made of white wine and that you were to tell me what it was really made of, then I would expect you to be dogmatic and stubborn, for you know for a fact of reality what it is made of. You would be doing me no favours by saying... ‘Oh, have it your way then.’ I have argued some people to sleep, or nearly passing out with fatigue. Well, they did have the choice of sticking around or bugging off did they not. But I am dogmatic about anything which I know is so. And I admire that in others. So, there is nothing wrong with dogmatism. And one does not have to listen to it if one does not want to.

Actually this is something which has always annoyed me. Two people are having a conversation, and an argument in the true and positive sense of that word (argument is useful and sometimes affective). However, one of them states a matter of fact. The other person who does not know this to be a factual statement of truth simply retorts – ‘Ah well, we are all free to believe what we like and have our own opinion’ !!! The implication being is that opinion is the only thing that matters; truth is irrelevant; the facts are irrelevant; only opinions matter. And, my word, so many of that type of people exist in this world today.

True, we all are entitled to our opinions of things but opinions and likes and dislikes do not apply to matters of fact. The moon truly is made of something; it is not a matter of opinion or likes or wishes; it is what it is what it is; and it is not relative to the opinions or likes or wishes of every person.

Funny really, for we all have our little obsessions and touchy points; and this is mine. When somebody asks a serious question my reply is either that I do not know the answer to it (which applies to most questions) or that I do know the answer to it. If it is the case that I do know the answer to it and thence they ask me to explain, one can spend ages answering a complex question – and then they turn around and say – ‘Oh, that is just your opinion – mine is different’ ! Well, if they knew then what the hell are they asking the question for. And if it turned out to be different (and I happen to know it to be a fact) then they are damn well wrong, and opinions have got nothing to do with it. Tis a bit like a waving rag at a bull to me. But I soon laugh, so no problem. Human beings can be very annoying and frustrating at times can they not. But they are what they are what they are; and they are each at where they are at. So we have to smile and walk on. But, and I reiterate, life and the nature of reality is not a matter of opinion; it is something that exists; and it is what it is what it is. And it is dogmatic.

Most of these sort of problems arise however when chatting with the type of person that has never ever sat down and thought about anything at all invariably, let alone experienced much in their life as yet. I walked into a pub a few weeks ago where some guys were playing dominoes. I got my pint of ale and stood behind watching for a while. I eventually said that when I play this with my youngest kid she always manages to get the double six in her hand; and which of course allows her the first discard of a tile and hence an advantage. Unanimously they all shouted out the obvious and true answer – ‘She cheats’ ! And they were of course correct, she watches out for where it is in the pile and makes sure she picks it up. I just smile; and sometimes tell her not to cheat, and she replies, what me dad? And I have to smile yet again (for it is funny) and reply – Yeah, you mate ! Oh my, they do love winning eh.

Anyway, I just happen to mention to these guys that is why I like chess, for you can see it all in the open and one cannot cheat. With that the young lady behind the bar chips in – oh yes you can cheat at chess. To which I replied, no love, you cannot. But she was most insistent that one can cheat in a chess game. So I asked her to explain to me as to how one can cheat at chess. She said in many ways; but one of them is that you can slide a bishop from a white diagonal to a black one, or the other way around. I asked her as to how long she had been playing chess; and she said a few years. I asked her as to what kind of people she played with, and she said her friends. Well, maybe they were blind, who knows. One of course could also blow smoke in your opponents face to put them off, or to keep fidgeting, whatever. But that is not cheating at chess, it is merely being downright rude and trying to get a psychological advantage; and is as old as chess. But the game has rules, and without them then it is not the game – and all real chess players stick to the rules.

So be it. It is not worth arguing with that is it. And neither is there any point in even being dogmatic in such silly and trivial cases. The less some people know about something then the more they seem to think that they know all that there is to know about it. Ignorance is bliss. Life is dead simple to the simple or the very young; and they have all the answers, for there are not even many questions. And many of their

answers come from a book naturally enough. Usually comic books. I could give many hundreds of good chess examples just for fun, for chess has much in common with life itself and one feels all the pains and passions in chess (dunno why, but it is so). One day many years ago I was teaching a young bloke to drive (I had my own driving school for many years; and loved every moment of it) and he asked me if I played chess. This was long after I had finished playing chess. I had taught all his family to drive, and his parents, and knew them all well – nice crowd of people.

Anyway I simply said yes I used to play a bit of chess back along. He informed me that he had never been beaten (been down that road a few times as well) and asked if I would give him a few games. He was a nice kid but getting a little bit cocky as do many of them for a while. I did not really want to one jot; but he insisted. So I said OK I will pop around one evening and give him a few games. Which I did; and the poor lad did not know what had hit him. So I simply said, hey ho, there goes another bloody record eh mate; such is life eh ! Emmmm !!! He replied. Ignorance is bliss.

One more story of simple psychology in action here, and once again in chess. I worked for a while in an electronics factory where I seem to have been put in charge of load of young women, and also in charge of the machine shop. One thing about factories is that they are so boring that you have to make your own fun; and we did. One day a guy came up to me and said they were starting a little chess competition and the winner would get a little cup; did I know how to play and if so would I take part. I had about as much interest as in fly swatting or watching paint dry. I asked him as to who was taking part in it. He reeled off some names. One guy was the most unpopular bloke in the factory; they used to call him flash. He thought it was because he was in charge of the electronics section (clever bloke in his field) but they called him flash because he had the biggest head and self opinionated son of bitch in the factory. He was quite a nasty and bumptious piece of work. And I thought, Ker-Riced, what an opportunity to have a bit of fun and bring him down to earth a peg or two. So I said yeah mate, I will have a go, but I ain't much good you know.

Anyway, to cut a long story short I made a point of losing all my games to these guys – non of the buggers could play anyway. And when it came to old flash I was invited around to dinner. His housekeeper (come whatever) laid on a big meal, and the wine came out, and all the trimmings. And then he said well, it is about time we had our game. He added that we would probably be able to fit in both our games this evening, and I said fine. He had already told everybody that he had been a big noise in chess in London. And I thought Oh yeah, and how eh; (one simply knows from the way they talk and act). Anyway he had seen my impressive score of zero wins and assumed what such people assume. The first game lasted no more than about three minutes. He sat in a daze. Utterly shocked and lost for words. He thought a miracle had happened. We played the second game and which went on for about fifteen minutes. None of the guys in the factory from that day to this knew what was going on; and it did not matter eh. It was fun, and old flash was never the same again. Assumption is not a good companion – especially in the hands of an egocentric moron.

So, I guess there are different ways even within human communications eh. Life can be so funny at times can it not. One more little story in this vein. One of the nicest guys I ever met was a bloke who used to deliver our eggs for the few years that we lived in Bristol. One week we did not want any eggs for we were going away for a

while, so I left a note on the step, it was a poem in rhyming verse. When I came back there was a gorgeous reply, also in rhyming verse. I thought, I like this bloke. Over the course of the weeks we used to chat about all sorts of things. It got to the point where he started coming around to visit on occasional evenings. He saw a chess set stashed away somewhere and asked if I played. I said yeah, I used to play quite a bit.

He said, although not in a bumptious manner, that he was once the schoolboys county champion in Surrey, or Sussex maybe, I forget which now. And asked for a game. So we played three games. He was quite ok really. He eventually sat back and said, well, I have never ever been beaten three times in a row before. To which I replied, ah well, I was lucky, and there is a first time for everything eh mate. And he laughed. And nicer people one could not wish to meet. The thing about chess also, is that people can not only not cheat, but they cannot hide their true personality. Tis most illuminating to be sure. And I quote... "Chess, like love and like music, has the power to make man happy". And that is quote from one of the best chess players in the world at his time. I guess he forgot to mention that it can make them feel bloody miserable as well. Tis a truly torturous game, and which rips the mind and guts around something rotten.

The personality is a very complex and mysterious issue is it not. And we can each present a different personality according to the type of person whom we think we are dealing with. Personalities can be faked, as every con artist or their prey will confirm. But under all that there is what is generally the real personality. I always found it best, even as a kid, to present your true self to everybody; the same personality. If they liked it then fine; and if not then fine also; and you knew who your friends were. No matter whether it is royalty, the greatest brain in the world, or the biggest crook or wheeler-dealer in existence, the works manager or the yard man, always try to be yourself. I have found it the best way to be. Sod the lot of them; either they like you for what you are, or they don't; and either way is just fine; and no masks or pretence is needed anywhere. Moreover, you never have the problem of trying to remember who you have to be for this or that person – and if you meet two or three at the same time then you do not have to flip between personalities – just the same one for all; the boss, the toilet cleaner, and the forces which shape our being. Be your self always.

There is one problem that I have not solved yet with regard to chess however, so perhaps you could tell me if you happen to know. Why is it that the best and most interesting games are always ones which we lose? I guess it is because we are pushed to our limit, tried like hell, but was not good enough; the other guy or woman was the better player and knew their stuff. I guess the real enjoyment is in the trying eh. But as I always told my own kids... the real winner at chess, or any other game or sport, is the one that enjoyed it most. When I asked my kids as to who won their chess games then they used to both shout out in unison... 'I did dad'! And who can argue with that eh. Ah, communication is a jewel is it not. Oh by the way, people never win a game of chess – but the other guy (or yourself) loses it. Games are lost, not won. And the one that did not lose is the one that made the least vile mistake.

But above and beyond all this human communication, the serious and the fun and games, there is nothing on a par with the communication which we get, in private, with life itself and the existence of things. A blade of grass, a tree, a mountain, the rivers and streams which dance over the moors. The skylarks singing and dancing on

the air. Electrical storms; and the music of thunder and the dance of lightening. And not forgetting the most amazing show which I have ever seen... Music made of light. Oh my, oh my, nothing can communicate like life and all the 'dead' things and living things of the natural world. And I think that of all the critters that exist in the known universe then cats must truly be my great favourites; for they are smart, and aloof, and also so warm and friendly. And what communication one can have with them eh. Who needs words to communicate with life. Rhetorical question. Does life know if we love it and communicate with it? Well, consequences can sure depend on what we do. And as for pets – wow; what a responsibility they are (just like children) – another life in YOUR hands. A pet will spend its whole life experience – in YOUR hands. Tis frightening really is it not. I guess, in whatever way they think or understand, that we must be their 'god'. Tis a good job that we are a better one to them than the Christians one is to them eh. For if they crap in your slipper then we would probably smite them with the sword and blow them away. But real human being do not do that – they just clean up the mess and give the animal a hug.

Is there any point in living if one did not come to know life and love it at all its levels? I think not, I think not indeed. Live it to the fullness of your capacity; and communicate with it; and feel it to the highest heights of joy and the deepest depths of pain and sorrow; and then you are living with the very essence of things, and truly being there – and you can judge it better. The whole of life, no matter whether it is transcendent or imminent, here or there, this way or that way, is all about communication. Communication is the be all and end all of everything which exists. And every scrap of it, every note and bar of it, the whole shebang cosmological symphony is just for you – and you get in to the show FREE. Are the worlds mystics really the stupid and blind ones, and suffering from rapid brain deterioration? Well, you be the judge of that too.

Suffice to say that the mystics and sensitives are communicating with the whole of existence in a big way, and in a deep way; and living it to the fullness of their being. There is no room for an isolated and alienated observer in the machine when all this is going on, for both the personality and person simply melt into the stuff of objectivity and forget that they are even observing whilst they are taking part in the dance of creation. It is as though there is only the moment and the dance, not an observer and the observed; just a one thing; an event which is going on in a kind of union on earth. And that, is the communication to end all communication. When you forget that you exist and only the event itself exists, then it is achieved; and this is what the dance of creation and the music of the spheres is all about. And it cannot do it without you, do you see; for it needs somebody to dance with – the grand duality of being. Think about it eh. And that is the greatest lesson to be learned in the transcendent mode of being. And it is called gnosis – or psychognosis by me.

So many people seem to be past masters at underestimating others do they not. A saying has become so popular in this country over the last few years that it has become totally nauseating. They make a statement and then add... "Do you know what I mean"? In fact they seem to end every sentence with it – do you know what I mean? Talk about copying the mob. Now, this is probably done as a gap filler to prevent the Ah's and Umm's. But at the same token it is an affront to the intelligence of the listener. And just how profound and complex was their statement anyway? I went to the fish and chip shop last night, do you know what I mean? No mate, I ain't

got a bloody clue what you mean! However, if one truly were trying to get over a complex issue, or at least one that they did not know, then asking the question as to whether they have satisfactorily understood the communication would be a reasonable request – do you understand what I mean? But, that apart, we do find those kind of people who really do look down on folk and take things for granted and assume much. 'Tis a pity that schooling cannot even teach them some respect for communication and other folk; do you know what I mean? Communication is a very important thing is it not. True, in some cases it can be wiser not to communicate, but just let it ride. Sometimes the least said the better. But on other occasions we cannot let it ride, and something has to be done. How do we know when something has to be done? Kind of magic is that – do you know what I mean !

But, unfortunately, in this world at this point in time, communication is no great shakes is it; and it certainly does not seem to achieve much in a hurry. And as they say, money talks louder than words. Maybe this is why so many folk spend so much time reading and watching fiction; and they do not have to communicate with it do they; for it is not real. True, some fiction can be inspirational, and some fiction can be truth disguised as fiction or symbolism. But by and large so much human time and effort is spent on, well, what should one say? Irrelevant stuff. Guess there is nothing like a good novel to make one forget that millions of people are starving and leading miserable and short lives. But anyway, they are a few miles away, and don't even speak our language so best forget about them for they must be thick, do you know what I mean? Ker-Riced, if this is normality and sanity then give me the insanity and brain deterioration of the mystics any day, and every day.

Yup, there is a case for not turning the other cheek some of the time; or for burying ones head in the sand of fiction all the time. Well, anyway, I know what I mean, and I say it. Do you know what I mean? Well, if you do not then rest assured that you will one day. Rome was not built in a day and neither is a lifetimes experience. And the affects of it. Mystics of course, unfortunately, always have the last laugh, as I have mentioned elsewhere. For when the non mystic suddenly becomes a new mystic – wow! They invariably make such a noise about it (still yet having known so little in life) and run around shouting to the world. There is one quick way to deflate a new little budding mystic who is going off the rails, and it is dead easy. Just say this... Piss orf and come back when you have digested your last meal son. Poor little souls.

But yes, it is true; a little learning can be a dangerous thing if one assumes that there is no more learning to do. We are all the students of life, not the teacher of it. Some people know this bit and some people know that bit. But no man is an island, and we have to put all those little bits together, and put them to work, for the greater good of the whole. Life, reality and existence can do without me and you, even though it cannot do without an observer and dancing partner. But you and I are mere one-off human beings on this little world, well, I guess that puts it into perspective does it not. One hefty lump of rock from space and... Zap!... this whole shebang world will be gone; you and me and the lot of them, all in one fell swoop of a mere lump of rock from space. We have to keep this in mind and in perspective at all times. So, how big are your little problems of today? Whilst your child exists here – make it worthwhile for them. And remember that every human being is somebody's child – just like yours eh. If you know how you feel then you also know how they feel. Why hurt those feelings? Does it give one a cheap thrill to do so?

But your reward will be greater for doing the opposite; so too will be the reward to the world itself, and the phenomenon of life and being. When people can see what is better then they will work for that betterment; but they cannot work for what they do not know. There are oh so many things that none of us know – let alone as to what is going to happen in the next ten seconds – or a million years time. We know and understand oh so little of even the multitude of things which we find around us today here and now. And that includes the mystics too. We know that, we accept it, and we live with it and laugh about it. But in the final analysis there is one thing which it is important to know a little bit about – and that is yourself. And when achieved we still have to keep it all in perspective and keep our feet well on truly on the ground and – and fully open to learn even more as we go along this mysterious road of consciously existing. And keeping in mind of course that we are only going to learn more by communicating with it – and each other - for nothing happens within you without a catalyst to cause that change and becoming; and all that is data which comes to you; communication. Alone on earth, we are not worth anything writing about; let alone singing about. You are made to be what you are and what you become by that which comes to you – and not by yourself in a void. And it will not come and get in if we close down the equipment for receiving the signals and thence making good use of them.

We can and do learn as to from whence we come and what we are when all the things which are not us are gone, hence the beginning of being; and the level of being which we can and do return to at times to empty away the amnesia, the forgetfulness. We also regain that inner cosmic wisdom of what existence is and what it is for; the gnosis. And I have mentioned these things in some detail (not many do or have done as yet). The implication is that we also return there in the sense that it is the end also. However, it is not the end of incarnation and time. So, the question is as to how long does time itself last and what can we become incarnate? Naturally enough I have no idea as to the answers to those two questions; and guessing has no value. Neither does anybody else alive on this planet right now know. As mentioned, we can only know something from the now and from hindsight of past events.

One of course can think about what perhaps could be in time yet to come, and the mind truly boggles – even about speculating on the relatively close time to come, to say nothing of thousands of years hence. But fun though that is to think on at times, and even thinking of what best we can do for tomorrow, which indeed we have to; one should never forget to grab the day and the moment of the existing now, not only because of what it is, but also for that communication which we have with life and existence here and now – for tomorrow will indeed be built on what we become today and what we do with it tomorrow. And if we do not grow a little new understanding today, then we start tomorrow from the same place. And too much of that gets us nowhere fast. At this moment I am communicating with you, the reader; and even if I am long gone from here (that is clever eh). As to whether this communication has any effect on you one way or the other, then only you can know. But it does not really matter much in the final analysis whether it does or it does not – providing you do the type of communicating that I have mentioned above.

* * *

Chapter 17

Why Mystics

(And Rapid Brain Deterioration)

The claim of Neurology is that not only that the psychic and mystical experiences which have illuminated and inspired humanity since the beginning of our time here are mere malfunctions of the brain, but also that they can now produce them with a helmet which connects their brain up to the National Electrical Grid – that is to say bombarding their brain with electrical impulses. I first heard about this machine somewhere between fifteen and twenty years ago from the time of writing; and then again about ten years ago. Do not quote me but I think it was originally constructed in Canada – but much of the noise (which I hear anyway) is coming from British Neurology too.

My first point regard to this is that if they consider mystical transcendent experience to be meaningless and a form of rapid brain deterioration (their words not mine) then are they legally qualified to use this machine on people – would that not be construed as unnecessary cruelty to animals? The next point is why do they not allow natural mystics to try this machine out for comparison with the real spontaneous thing? The next point is that given that this machine has been around for twenty years, or thereabouts, and they claim to be using it, then why are there not millions of mystics around by now. The next point is that why is it reported by those folk who have tried the machine on and had their brains boiled that they only had some very minor and unmemorable nebulous change of perception. Their claim is utter lies and nonsense.

Added to this my own exegesis of these things has been around for fifteen years or more by now, and many thousands have read it – and the same too with other peoples detailed documented accounts. Now, does Neurology read these accounts in detail and claim to produce the same experiences? They never answer that one either. I and others whom I know have also volunteered to undergo this process for analysis – but no way; not even a reply – the offer still stands by the way. Then again there are millions of people on earth (and always have been) who openly claim to be seeking these experiences by way of rituals, drugs, meditation, sensory deprivation, or whatever other method – so why are these people not all flocking to Neurology for a ride on their machine? Probably because nobody on earth (other than themselves) takes them seriously. So, come on lads, let us hear it all again !

If a person could acquire both the experience itself and effects of forty years experiences of living with this at the throw of a switch with a helmet on – then go for it. They would be queuing up at all Neurological Centres with long waiting lists. The claim is utter bunkum. Truly could they make a fortune out of it otherwise.

Imagine a machine that could not only connect one to their ground of being but also make the world to be seen as it so becomes by further activity of all this inner change. In a way, this joke which I keep making about rapid brain deterioration (as decided by the academics of neurology in their eternal wisdom) may have just a tiny element of truth within it however, and depending of course on as to ones definition of deterioration.

Deterioration, by another word, can be seen in the light of something different going on as opposed to meaning a fault developing. Imagine this. Imagine that we could really see what was going on in the brain, and that under 'normal' daily circumstances there was just a little electro-magnetic/chemical activity going on in there in parts of it, and which causes one to see the nature of objective reality the way we do see it on a 'normal' daily basis. Imagine then that a catalyst, such as love or beauty, (or a helmet) were to not only re-rout the process but also come to use all the faculties of the brains potential to commune with the nature of reality in such that we saw the nature of reality differently; and in all directions; inwards and outwards (all the taps/valves turned on at full volume). Imagine this whole brain being switched on and all its valves and doors open – and then – pow; an explosion which united the stuff of the brains activity (the observer) with all reality. Some deterioration indeed, some explosion, some reality. And some claim for a helmet.

The genuine mystics have never denied that the physical brain is the means of connecting consciousness and BEING to a physical world – it should be plain enough to anyone that it is in fact so. Pump your head full of bullets and see if you can remain in this reality is a simple enough test, and proof. However, unlike science and all materialists, mystics do claim that the brain does not create consciousness and life. And therein is the difference. From my own personal point of view it would not matter a damn to me personally even if it did – for it does not alter anything with regard to the effects of these events on earth.

But what it would do is to completely contradict the gnosis experience that we are all sparks of a sacred, transcendent, and eternal mode of cognitive being. That would mean that the experience of gnosis is a packet of lies created by the brain for the brain. I wonder why it would do that. Gnosis reveals that we, in essence (not form) are never terminated. But of course if the brain constructed consciousness and life existence then it would end at death, when the brain rotted in the ground or went up in flames. I have always said to those with an interest in that particular issue and seem to worry about death – then wait and see. If you still exist when you are not here then that is all the proof you will need is it not. And if you do not exist then you will never know anything about it anyway; so no problem. But, gnosis does reveal that we are never terminated. And one must keep in mind that this gnosis DOES work, and with many other effects here on earth NOW. (And which is all that really concerns me)

So, one would then be arguing the following... So, OK, this gnosis event DOES exist to be known and it DOES change a being in what is seen to be an evolutionary leap in living life on earth here and now (and alters other perceptions and feelings also) and yet at the same time it is revealing a lot of irrelevant junk. Now, an argument cannot have its cake and eat it. Is this gnosis event a lot of irrelevant mind crap or is it not? You decide for yourself in the meantime; and life will prove to you one way or the other later (and which is soon enough).

In the meantime, and being a pragmatist and a lover of THIS world, I know for a fact that it works – but the further implications are not important to me. As I have said, to have lived, and to have loved, and to have know this ground of being ONCE, and its effects on earth, is enough for me. I live with what I have, and what I have known; I do not live with implications. It is said, and by nearly everyone on earth in this day and age, that if you do not know something for sure then you can only holds beliefs one way or the other about it; or have some kind of a blind faith that this or that is so or not so. But this just is not true. I know many others the same as myself on this score. However, supposing I was indeed the only living person on earth that felt no need for holding beliefs about things which I do not know (and which is most things by the way) then even that would prove the assertion wrong – for I am a human being. If only one person on earth had never had a headache (and I have known a few others also who have not) then it would prove wrong the assertion that ‘we all get headaches’. And so it goes.

However, the world has known very many mystics (albeit a small percentage of people per capita of population per generation). And why is it that not only life produced them spontaneously but also that they agree on the essential nature of these things? Why does life bring forth people like the Mozart’s, the Einstein’s, The Shakespeare’s, to mention but a few types of very useful people on this world? Why does it bring forth mystics? Why does it bring forth Psychics? Why does it bring forth poets? Why does it bring forth great men and woman in medicine, and on rare occasions in politics too? Why? Indeed, why does it bring forth conscious entities and knowledge at all? Oh yes, I forgot, they told me – it is all an accidental meaningless cock-up. Silly me, I must have forgot !

Anyway, if I have but one virtue (yet another cock-up or illusion I suppose) then it is the love of truth and life itself. And from what I have said herein I would ask you the reader to judge as to whether all this is due to a problem with the brain going wrong. The world has known a lot of mystics; and albeit a very small percentage of people that ever was or is now. And they have all been along that same road, and some to the end of it; and they have seen the same things, and with the same effects. So their brains must have been constructed identically and all underwent the same problem, and as I said with all with the same resulting effects – the love of life and being to the point where it makes them weep. And to say nothing of living life differently by virtue of it whilst here now.

I have said that mystics are the most humorous and easy going people I have ever met; and yet to say that the mystics weep sounds like an utter paradox and contradiction does it not. But no, it is not. For their weeping is somewhat different to normal weeping, and they do it when alone and just remembering the beauty and profundity which they have known, and when looking around at what this world of humanity is like, and made by them to be. Tis that which makes them weep – the waste and the tears and the hostility. Some brain damage and deterioration indeed. Would that there were more of it about in this so called ‘sane’ world. So, the mystics are as much of an anathema today as ever they were – the trouble makers that rock the fragile boat of conventions, lies and distortions. So, there is obviously something ‘wrong’ (different) with the mystics/sensitives – so they must be mad. They ain’t normal. But given that so many mystics have existed, and from the beginning of humanity, and to this day, and all days yet to come, then why?

Why do they exist at all? Why does it happen to them? Why does the world have to have mystics? Well, I do not know about 'has to' but it certainly does have them; and regularly, in every generation. What is the connection between these people and the correlations which exist among them? It is difficult to say for sure until hundreds of them have come to write their own stories and thence we could search for correlations therein. But from the little I have both seen and read, then the degree of their innate sensitivity is the big factor. Plus the fact that they all seemed to be people who seriously questioned things with a real passion, not just idle curiosity, but with a passion to know and understand not only their own existence, but all existence, and our place within the vast scheme of things. No, these people, whether educated or not, were not dumb-dumbs. And their passion for understanding was not the academic kind which could then be neatly written down or passed on to others. No, it is a pure unconditional desire to know and understand – not for a profit, but for... for the love of it I guess; and simply because it IS, it exists. So, maybe their brain is connected up well enough already to reveal all that is needed to reveal on these things.

For some years now many organisations have been seeking triggers to these events. But in all honesty the trigger is not really the important thing at all, for it is the people which it is happening to in which this or that trigger was effective for the transition. The same events either on another person, or even that same mystic, do not bring it about again. I have known exquisite beauty and deep inner passion being felt many thousands of times, indeed on a daily basis, and yet never again did that occur. And indeed why should it happen again; I do not need it again; once was enough for one lifetime. It is not addicting you know, it is not a drug. I do not want it or need it again. I had it, and it did its job; it worked: as it did on all of them in the past. And I challenge neurology here and now to reproduce all that by plugging their brain into the national grid. If it worked I would plug them all in I guess just for the effects of it on them. But it is for them to prove that it works, for it is their comment, their statement, their assertion – so prove it to me lads. If I knew a way of inducing it then I would bury that information, as I said elsewhere. But if I were the sort to sell it and stated that I could cause it; then it would be for me to prove it. So let them prove it. I tell you now – they will not. So prove me wrong.

But I often wonder what a world would have been like if no mystics ever existed at all. Naturally we only ever come to hear of a few, and not from their selves in fact – well not until recently modern times that is. But given that literally millions of people on earth read all this kind of stuff (and not knowing whether they are real genuine mystics or not) then there seems to be a great demand for this kind of communication; and perhaps even more so these days; for most people can read and think for themselves these days. Education is a good thing; and depending on what they are pumping into one of course. But in principle it is good anyway; and indispensable.

So, what would all these people be reading and doing if they were not reading... whatever you want to call it, esoteric stuff, metaphysical, spiritual, whatever word suits you best (including the effects of brain damage if one wishes to define it as that). I guess instead of reading they would simply be doing their own thinking and observing – and it is doing just that which seems to make the mystics become mystics anyway – hence a DIY job. Ask, and you might just receive. Look and you might just find. Then again you might not; but one is certainly active in putting oneself in the path of it by so doing.

Mind you, it is also funny is it not; for the millions of people who have read all these kind of books and found nothing were somehow expecting to find this and that in advance. But the poor old mystics just asked questions in utter ignorance of anything, and they were not really expecting to find anything at all; they were just doing what came natural whilst expecting nothing at all. None of the mystics whom I have ever met became that way by virtue of reading books first and expecting to find this or that later. Indeed, some of the early events, just as in my own life, started before they could even read at all – as with myself. So, are mystics born to be mystics or are they made during a lifetime? True, they become mystics during this life; but was the scene somehow set for them to become one? I think that is possibly so; and much evidence suggests it to me that it is probably the case. But I do not actually know it to be true. I recently met one (a young Lady) who seems to have been one since the age of two – the only case I have ever found of that happening. Naturally she could not have read books and aimed to become a mystic at two years of age. So, what is really going on, how and why?

But I do know that no matter how hard I tried, studied and practised in this life, I could never become a Mozart. Such people come into this life at least with the propensity for this or that. So there is something else which future academics can search for – correlations in the mystics and their writings, and in the possible triggers and personalities involved since childhood. And this indeed would be a good and worthwhile academic study – and I challenge future academics (honest ones that is) to pursue this course, for it is indeed important research. Advertise for mystics and analyse them for correlations – especially in childhood. That is why I was asked to write my own recollections of childhood which preceded the exegesis in this volume – simply for correlations – which I called herein ‘The Open Road’ at the beginning of the book. Others having read it have indeed found correlations – and they were not all mystics or psychics even; although some were. I do not really think it is the case and question as to whether we can assist ourselves in obtaining these experiences and the ensuing effects but rather the case as to if we can prevent them from occurring. And this of course would be tied up with what I mentioned earlier about depotentialisation and negation of ones experiences thus far. As I say, it seems evident that all human beings and all life forms are potential mystics – for it IS about US and our place in the scheme of things. It is not about being chosen by the god of this or that man made religion – it is about the cosmos of existence and life.

I also predict that there are more mystics around now than in any previous generation on earth; and that there will be more and more (in percentage of population terms) as time goes by. But I would venture that there would be many more even now if the life style and mind-set of society were different than it is now. Well, they have all the time in the world to wait and see if I was right in that assertion. If the expansion of consciousness is not a direct correlation with the expansion of the physical universe and the unfolding of the implicate order itself, then I will be very surprised. The human mind is still unfolding and opening up to reality. And it seems to me that it has one hell of a long way to go as yet. In fact I would hazard the guess that we are still right near the beginning of it all, and not a mere fraction of the way along the incarnate road as yet. What could an incarnate mind become? Oh, the mind boggles. Would you like to step into my dream one evening? Well perhaps not yet eh. But one day maybe.

I have talked about the beginning and the end, and the effect of it. But I have said little or nothing about the middle section. And keep in mind that the beginning and the end are NOT what it is all about; it is also about the middle. The beginning and the end are just that – repose. But life is not brought forth to stay in repose, no way. It is brought forth by creation FOR creation – for to create and to be. Keep in mind that which we call creation is structured and organised energy with a function in existence.

Life and ultimate reality is not about us, MIND, simply going back to its ground of being to simply find out what we are; but we have to find out what we are in order to become what we can become here, on some kind of earth planet. Moreover, the people who seem to undergo these events do so in their early maturity usually; and when they are ripe for action. It is not usually the stuff for young children who have no individual freedom and potential in this world as an adult. And what good would it be to an eighty year old who is about to kick the bucket anyway? Not a lot. True, young children do have many psychic experiences, and some mystical experiences even, but they cannot synthesis all this stuff as a child. But they sure seem to remember it. Moreover, it is only a mere start in this new way of living on earth. The experiences are not simply for the experiences, but for effect, change, and becoming the more that we are and can become. Mystical experience is not an end, it is a new enlightened beginning.

Things have to be done with this knowledge; and this passion, and this cosmological project. It is not for sitting on. It will not even let us sit on it – I know, for I tried it; and I choked not only on a nightmare but on ninety nine poems. I did not want to write those, and I did not invent them; they were just past experience and the effects of it thrown back at me by the deeper nature of my own inner dynamics. They wrote themselves so to speak, and forced themselves up the pipe line of the system. One could hardly inflict that on a child or an eighty year old could one. Think about it. Moreover, I never offered them up for publication even; for even that was done without my knowledge or intention initially. By then it was too late – so go with the flow kind of thing. So, in a way, not one jot of all this was my intention, not a thing of it. And people like to think that they are in charge eh – well that is a laugh. We are certainly in charge of some things; but not everything; and not even everything in our own lives.

And anyway, in normal daily activity (and thinking) how much of our own mind are we really using as yet? Do you use all your mind? How do you know? Or to put it another way – have you pulled all of yourself together yet? Food for thought indeed. And have I not also clearly stated herein that the effects are even more important than what the experiences actually reveal and imply? I have indeed – if you missed it then read it again. But when you do start to use more of your self then it is considered, and classified, as unreal and unnatural – a defect or deterioration. Think about it.

Below are two very ancient and anonymous quotes from mystics. How do I know that they truly were mystics for I never met them and do not even know who wrote them; or when. Well, how do we know anything! They were genuine mystics, and they knew what they were talking about, and of that you can be assured. One could quote many, but these two will suffice...

“ I see! I see indescribable depths. How shall I tell you O my son?... How shall I describe the Universe? I am mind, I see another mind, the one that moves the soul! I see the one that moves me from pure forgetfulness (Cosmic Amnesia). You give me power! I see myself! I want to speak! Fear restrains me. I have found the beginning of the power that is above all powers, the one that has no beginning.... I have said, O my son, that I am mind. I have seen! Language is not able to reveal this. For the entire eighth, O my son, and the souls that are in it (Minds), and the angels, sing a hymn in silence. And I, mind, understand”.

anon

“ Since it has been said that you are my twin and true companion, examine yourself so that you may understand who you are... I am the knowledge of the truth. So while you accompany me, although you do not understand (it), you already have come to know, and you will be called ‘The one who knows himself’. For whoever has not known himself has known nothing, but whoever has known himself has simultaneously achieved knowledge about the depth of all things.”

anon

Now, imagine this. You are sitting in a symphony concert hall (nothing quite like live music is there) and listening to the most amazing and profoundly beautiful piece of music that you have ever heard, and it is ripping your guts and mind around something drastic; when all of a sudden it all goes diabolically rotten and they start playing utter discordant nonsense. How would you feel? Annoyed and let down I guess. Now imagine this. Imagine a few guys had truly discovered this transcendent realm and tried to rationally work out what the hell it was all about, but they flipped their clogs without any further experience of life. Imagine then that they had told their story thus far to a few other guys who had not known the transcendent realm but had accepted what they had said and affirmed; leastwise in the listeners understanding of it anyway. Now, what would these other guys make of it all; and how would they write about it? And what would become of all this over hundreds of years?

First and foremost they would not make a lot out of it, for they would be totally lost and out of their depth of comprehension. But they could ascertain that something good, deeply profound and mysterious was going on. And which it indeed was. But they would also wonder, that given that something so good exists, and not of this world, then this world has got something wrong with it because I was not as good. And this is where the problems starts (and Gnosticism) – and the advent of priestcraft; and the beginning of a socio/political structured religion. They then of course work on it, structure it to their existing level of trying to understand things; they incorporate attitudes and disciplines which would be practical for this or that societies needs at the time – and they create a monster in doing so – as in the musical analogy above; the truth all goes pear-shaped. And that is how structured religions begin; and thence kept priestcraft in abundant wealth by exploiting weak and lonely minds who are naturally seeking answers to normal human questions; and threatening that if they do not believe it then they will be punished beyond this world.

Nothing more dangerous and unholy could ever exist than churchianity and their henchmen. If you want to learn of these things do not go to the local vicar or bishop, chat to your local mystic – if you can find one. And they will not charge you a penny; and they will not threaten you if you laugh at them and tell them it is all rubbish. If they do charge then they are not genuine mystics. And that is a fact. But, in those genuine affirmations above they were both about transcendence were they not. But neither of them mentioned the reciprocal convergence and bringing it all back to earth again do they? Why not indeed? Because those mystics had not known it – they were half baked mystics. Genuine yes, but there was more dear Horatio, and they did not know it. If they had known about it then they would have spoken about it – for it is even more important to this world.

Moreover, priestcraft anywhere never picked up on this; so their books do not mention it do they. Transcendent mystical experience IS for THIS world; and it all comes back again – grounded you see. And this is why I am a grounded pragmatist. This world is a part of creation – not the beginning and not the end; BUT the MIDDLE. Life on earth is the midfield player. So why does the nature of reality bring forth mystics then? Why Mystics? They are only messengers after all, they are nothing special. Kind of cosmological postmen really. And the pay is not very good either. I will have to form a trade union for mystics I guess.

Well, I take that back; the pay is just fine; but it does not come in cash; and one needs cash to eat and raise a family unfortunately. OY, are you hearing me chum?! Ah, sod it, no answer, deaf as Dodo when it wants to be you know. Oh, they picked on the wrong one here did they not. Perhaps it was not a good season for choice; a bad year for the crop eh. Mind you, all the best ones got sent home to the ground of being during the war you know. So not much choice I guess. I can imagine the conversation – Look, there is one kind of hanging around not doing very much, so try that one – beam him down Scottie!!! Oops, a reject model. Bit late now though! Well, you have to smile eh.

One cannot say it or write it, nor even explain it reasonably, but mystics intuitively know what life on earth and humanity could become. I do not mean in mundane political and technological terms, but rather in principle. And when they can see no sign, nor even care, that things are even heading that way, or even aiming for it, then of course they feel bad about it. There are those folk who really know nothing at all about these things yet they seek enhanced conscious experience as some kind of fun, or interesting trip. But it is not fun at all. Being a mystic in this world is no fun and games at all; it is painful and it hurts. Once again the saying that ignorance is bliss comes into its truth. I have often regretted seeing these things and then coming back here to ‘normality’ and have to live with it. No, it is not about fun. It is lonely. But if the world was full of them – ah, then that would be different indeed; for the world would be a different place to live on; and a far better one. Why? Because they care.

But what do we find around us? A world which is a prime prescription and recipe for a nervous breakdown, stress, anxiety, nausea, discord, fear, violence, hatred, enmity, hostility, war, exploitation, greed, hedonism; and you name the rest of it. And they see all this as normal whilst the mystics are mad. What is there that is good about modern day society? Well, you answer that one. But there is much in this world today which are the complete opposite poles of everything which is good and worthwhile.

And they talk about goodness and dignity and self respect. It is a paranoid joke. So no, being a mystic is not good and it is not fun on this world such as it is as yet. It could be but it ain't. Why then do they chase it and try to seek it or even induce it on way or another? Society is not ready for mystics.

So why do they exist yet? I do not know, perhaps other than to merely sting the sensitivities of those who are not; and hit them where it hurts – their ego and the purse. And that just happened to be one thing that I was always good at right from the age of three anyway. So, he says smiling, maybe they did not drag the wrong one down to the foundations of being after all. It seems that some mystics come with the olive branch and are the so called doves; and some, like myself, come with the sword – the so called hawks. So be it; no problem. It seems to me that this world needs both – and that is why they exist here. Cosmic Knights in white satin, and knights in black armour – he says smiling.

From hindsight it is all too easy to observe young people who are indeed potential material for becoming one. This of course does not mean that they will of course; probably not. But one sure knows from hindsight what it takes and what is needed for the task; and it is a fine balanced combination of pussy-cat and tiger; lover and fighter. This task is not for wimps, the lazy, the fearful, or those seeking a quiet life. Tis strange, for in a way psychognosis is a call to battle. And yet, of course, in reality, the thing itself, is the complete opposite. But then again, that place is the complete opposite to this place anyway. But it does not have to be that way at all.

During the course of a lifetime here we can each come to know only a few people out of the many millions which exist here now. But I have certainly known and communicated with what seems to be far more than the norm. And most of those people have all been good, honest, upright, admirable people. Or as they say – the salt of the earth. Some, a tiny few, have been real stinkers and cretins. There is the common misconception that mystics are good people, quiet, reclusive, inoffensive, demure little butterflies. But it ain't so; and far from it. They could not perform the function if they were. Butterflies do not flutter by stinging people on the backside. But mystics do. In my time I have brought many a big hard men to tears; and for more than one reason. Butterflies do not do that, and neither do little old ladies at the vicarage tea party. Do you still fancy becoming one? Forget it. Many may be called, but mystics walk where angels fear to tread. And the dirt and the gutter is their daily bread and butter; and they have no place to call home on this world such as it is. So, no, it is not fun and games. Forget it if it is a desire for mere fun and games, or even just for knowledge for that matter. For, keep in mind, knowledge brings forth the motivation for action, and change. That, I guess is the mystics job, and as to why they exist on earth and always have done as yet – and no doubt always will. Mystics will exist long after religions and priestcraft have come and gone. In the meantime they are mere catalysts for change.

But it is only in their time off here (if one can find any time off here these days) in which they are then alone with the nature of reality itself, the hills and valleys, the sky and the sea, and it is then that they recoup their energy and will, passion, strength and determination. Who would apply for the job if it were advertised? And the annual remuneration? Zilch. For they were paid in full in advance. Mystics do what they do for the things which have already been done and given us; and for the gift of life – not

for a future reward. Do not thank life for what you hope it will do for you; thank it for what it has already done. But first find out what it has done; and think about it. Expect nothing, and then anything good is a bonus. And who, as yet anyway, will tell you of these things? Only the mystics it seems – for they know it; and the others do not. Do you really learn these things from priestcraft? Or science?

I will end this chapter with a few words specifically for Christians, and quotes from their own book. Yes, there are just a few good and true things to be found therein, but keep in mind that a few genuine mystical comments do not mean that the rest of it is true – for it most certainly is not ...

“ I tell you this: a rich man will find it hard to enter the kingdom of heaven”.

Why? Easy, because they have too much of the wrong kind of stuff to think about. A person wealthy in worldly goodies will invariably find that all their time is taken up with administrating their wealth; thinking about putting it to work, keeping it, adding to it, and thinking about what to do with it. When is their mind ever free to think about life itself? Let alone relaxing sufficiently to feel its naked essential quality. That is why. When do they get time to simply grab the day and go with the flow? A camel would indeed float through the eye of a needle sooner. The irony is that a wealthy person who does not have to worry about feeding their kids and cleaning out toilets every day truly is in the best position to relax and go with the flow. But they do not. So tough luck. I do not envy them.

“You are the light of the world”!

Well, I think I have said enough about that already. I would just add – know your self.

“The lamp of your body is the eye”!

The real you is that part which sees and knows – the observer of the observed.

“Put away anxious thought about food and drink”!

You will probably get enough food to eat and drink, and the things which you need here anyway. So do not spend all your time thinking about them and storing it all away. Think of other things and observe life. If you do happen to starve, which is unlikely in a half way decent society, then you will no longer be anxious about food and drink anyway. There are more important things than simply staying alive for a long time – or eating too much food and getting fat. Look around you.

“Always treat others as you would like them to treat you” !

Not the best way of putting it – Always treat others the way in which you would like them to treat your children. For you love and care for your children more than you do yourself. And if you don't then you have real problems. Moreover, if you are the type to treat people as though they were junk then you would expect no more from others toward you.

“I have not come to bring peace, but a sword” !

Mystics are here to hack down the weeds of destruction and ego's. Another cantankerous git it seems :-)

“You will hear and hear, but never understand; you will look and look, but never see”!

Never is a long time sonny; but Yeah, you cannot live life by proxy; and you cannot give experience, knowledge and understanding away. You have to know and understand for your self. The physical ears and eyes will never reveal it.

“The harvest is the end of time – the reapers are angels”!

You cannot know the eternal realm and reap that fruit until time stops moving; and when you are there you will not be a physical entity – but pure primordial mind – even the grim reapers mate.

“The kingdom of heaven is like treasure buried in a field”!

Yeah, sure is; buried deep below all other fields of emanation which are brought forth from the point of no duration. Do not go looking in your cabbage patch however.

“Can you not see that that which goes into the mouth passes into the stomach and is discharged into the drain: but that which comes out of the mouth has its origins in the heart”!

We use a toilet these days son; but yup, sure does – and it reveals the colour of it too.

“If anyone wants to follow me then he must leave self behind”!

Well, you cannot say it any clearer than that can you. And I have been saying the same thing for forty years and throughout this book.

“If any man will let himself be lost he will find his true Self” !

And so it is. Why could they not understand it then; tis plain enough – get lost to get found. Annihilation does a proper job of it. Mind you, you cannot do it by choice so do not try it. But you can put yourself in the way of it happening if you relax at times, and go with the flow; and put the little ego to bed.

“What an unbelieving and perverse generation, how much longer must I endure you”!

Not long mate ! I know the feeling chum; but do not break into a sweat about it; for they have not seen what you have seen, and they do not know what you know – be patient lad. And anyway, you cannot stay here for ever as you well know. So, go and cool off in the pond mate.

“In very truth I tell you, we (mystics) speak of what we know, and testify to what we have seen, and yet you all (including neurologists mate) reject our testimony. If you disbelieve me when I talk about things on earth, how are you to believe when I tell you things about heaven”!

Don't expect too much of them chum; keep your powder dry son. And they have not seen it have they – do not ask them to believe you sunshine – just tell it as it is and let them see if they can find it whilst alive here. Keep cool.

“You Samaritans (Don't forget the JW's mate – oh yeah, a bit after your time eh) worship without knowing what you worship, while we (mystics) worship what we know”!

So what do you expect them to do then mister? They cannot digest that which they have not eaten old son – so damn well explain it to them better. If they do not understand then it is YOUR fault, not theirs.

“As the father raises the dead (resurrection from annihilation) and gives them life, so the son (your true self in paradise) gives life to men”!

Well, you do not give them life old mate, but a little inspiration to live if you are lucky and can get through to them eh; but don't play at the job, get real mate! Oh, and by the way – there is more to learn if you stick around a bit longer.

“ I will not leave you bereft: I am coming back to you” !

Yup, that is right. These words are what I termed ‘Synetic Dialogue’(explain later), which means speaking whilst in this world on behalf of that part of our self which exist in eternity. And your Self will come back to you when time ends. Ipso Facto.

“They will ban you from the synagogue” !

Obviously mate, for they cannot have both priestcraft and truth can they; but do not get your knickers in a twist about that son; for there are better places to be thrown out of are there not; and don't we know it eh. Anyway, what the hell do you want to go in there for anyway? Go and chat with them down at the Rose and Crown instead – they are more sensible too – and a drop of real ale too old sport.

“I came from the father and have come into this world. Now I am leaving the world again and going to the father” !

Yeah, don't we all eh mate; tis like the magic roundabout innit; in and out like a Yo-yo! I wonder why they used to call home, the father – chauvinist gits eh.

“Although the world does not know thee, I know thee,” !

Yeah, but you ain't alone mate, so do not get a persecution mania eh.

Well, all this gets boring and tedious. If I was of a mind I could take that book apart and put it back together with what should be in it and deleting all that nonsense which was put there by politics and big business and should not be in it. But even then it would not be saying much about one mere half of it all. The other half is not even there at all – distorted or otherwise.

Hence in the above ‘conversation’ with what or whom was I conversing then? There are two possibilities, and which are thus... (1) Is that it is information taken from many mystics of antiquity and put into one dialogue pretending to be one voice, or one person (and some kind of saviour at that). (2) That it was in fact taken from the sayings of one very young, and very new inexperienced half baked mystic who did not live long enough to learn any more; and had a very big opinion of himself. But if this latter was true then even he or she would have said much more indeed. So, there is a foul intentional rip-off here whichever way one looks at it. But you cannot debate with a dead mystic can you – hence people, if interested, should talk with the living one’s, here and now.

Two more points on the above... (1) Let us assume that these sayings were from one person, one young mystic (half baked at that) sometime in the distant past. Then those particular sayings above do in fact directly correlate with the gnosis event. However, there are other sayings in that part of their book which are claimed to have been said by the same ‘person’; and most of them are utter rubbish and do not even relate to mystical experience let alone the knowledge (gnosis) of the deepest transcendent aspect of it. So what have we here then? Much of the things which that ‘person’ is claimed to have said and done are just too ludicrous for words – let alone reality. So, some scumbags have had a field day with this stuff – the Vatican; Roman political Priestcraft no less. The whole she-bang lot of it is fit for the trash can.

And to think, that this is probably the most read book in the world. No wonder the world is nuts and feels alienated from truth – and each other. Vile damn book; and the worst virus ever to plague the human mind. The Roman emperor (murdering butcher that he was) slung all this nonsense together in 325 ad. Clever eh. Well, not quite clever enough, for there were just sufficient facts in it for all genuine mystics to recognise what they were stealing it from – ancient genuine mystics - FACT.

It is said that in this day and age (2005) that there are one billion Roman Catholics. It is also said that eighty percent of existing Roman Catholics are... Poor, young, female, uneducated, non European. What does one deduce or infer from this? You work it out. Why do mystics exist in this world? Well, you work that one out too. If it was not tragic and psychologically (and socially) dangerous it would be funny. Religions of priestcraft stink all the way to paradise and back again. However, and even though that book (and those like it) are ninety-nine percent utter nonsense and lies, and very dangerous books for one’s mental health, I also have to add that the best thing I ever read is also found in it. The most truthful and simple thing I have ever ready anywhere in my life, and it is spot on true. I have never found a Christian that understood a word of it. What is it, and where is it? Well, I will tell you, it is found in Proverbs eight; verses twenty three to thirty. But simply delete the ‘he’ and ‘his’, for this was just a way of talking to the mob in those days.... “Ages ago I was set up, at the first, before the beginning of the earth. When there were no depths I was brought forth, when there were no springs abounding with water.....”

So on and so forth. My friend, that was a real mystic – probably half baked but never mind; for he or she truly knew from whence they came and why; and was talking like a real mystic would. And yet Christians do not understand a word of it. I put this to some of the bright and intelligent one's many years ago. And one old guy (I recall he was a Quaker living in Bristol – one of the brighter religious mobs too you know) and he said that he did not have a clue; but he could only guess that it was referring to Wisdom. Well, how right he was, for it was indeed. But what he did not know is that he is that wisdom, and ever was.... Before the stars brought forth their light and the physical universe came to be. When I told him he looked quite shocked – but there was something in his eye that sparkled when hearing it. Ah, fun is it not. Why do mystics find themselves back here I wonder ! You work it out – I did many years ago. However, and as mentioned, there are people in this world today who do take the mystics seriously (including in all aspects of science), and when they do encounter genuine mystics, they somehow realise it and ask many questions.

Naturally one does not even mention any of this stuff in normal daily conversations with people who we meet, or even know well for that matter. Conversation with regard to these things is restricted to people who gather together for this purpose only. The same applies on the internet also in specialised discussion forums. But on those one has no real control as to who joins them and why. So you can imagine the fun and games at times. However, when you write a book (or books), and to say nothing of poems and many articles here and there – and which one was asked to do by the way – then of course anyone can read them; and they do – except for religious fundamentalists of course.

And these things should in fact not only be said but available for anyone to read if they want to; and all mystics (and indeed real psychics too) truly ought to write them for posterity and the record – for it is all acquired learning from life experience itself; and adds to the sum of human knowledge and existing here as a human being; and not to mention as to what exists for consciousness to become conscious of. And it is all true. And if the genuine mystics do not do this then who the hell is going to? One could ask the question as to why people who have NDE's too? And there are many millions of them about.

I know the old argument from some of the genuine ones I have met is that it is just not worth the time and effort because of all the charlatans and different religions out there, and along with all the gullibility too – so it would all be a waste of time anyway. Well, maybe they are right – and maybe they are not. I will leave readers of this to decide for themselves. But another thing which I do know for sure, is that I would love to have read all this when I was twenty four – instead of having to write it all myself many years later. I also know that over the last twenty or more years of communicating with thousands of people that many of them have truly loved reading it all and thanked me for doing it and taking the time. And in some cases even more important results have arisen from having done so; but I cannot go into all that, and there is no point anyway – but THEY know; and that is all that matters. Life is for sharing, it is not just for any one man or woman; and so too is everything which is found in life for the sharing – even experience of existing. And albeit that can only be second hand data for now.

Perhaps also it is that the only that way the mystics voice will be heard if they all came to write and talk of it all and maybe listened to, and hence at least the worlds mystics would become a pressure group. And if so priestcraft will then truly have its last and losing battle on its hands; and I long for that day. I will not be here, so I may never know – but somehow, I know already do know. It will be done. But not yet.

What do mystics do in the meantime they ask. Huh! They chop wood and carry water. They change nappies and wash messy bums the same as everybody else does. They clean toilets and have a pint of ale in the pub. They watch a bit of TV and read a few books occasionally. They play with their kids and do all the stuff that human beings do in this world – for they are no different – with the exception of this gnosis and its effects of course. You may be living next door to one. Your spouse might be one. One of your kids might be one. Your employer might be one. The guy or woman that works for you might be one. The taxi driver might be one. Oh yes, your driving instructor might be one :-) Your doctor might be one. The guy you just knocked down in your car might be one. You never know who might be one do you. In fact you yourself might be one tomorrow – you never know do you. Well, not until it happens that is.

Given however that mystics do exist, and have always existed, and for whatever reasons which they do exist, then what, at best, can they do here; what at best can they achieve if they do all come to talk of these things in large enough numbers and make their voice heard? I can only speak for myself, and my views on this, and from what I am and the way I am constructed. And I do keep saying that I am a pragmatist and only concerned with this world and life on it. So what, at best (if indeed anything at all) could they achieve? As I see it then at best they could be seen to be social activists and a pressure group. To try and sting at least some folk into giving more thought to such things as politics, psychology, the environment and caring about it.

Mystics have no power, no magic wands, no tricks, and indeed no say in anything, with the exception of one vote each. Why on earth should anyone want to become a mystic? Probably pop singers have more to offer society which is indeed wanted here by that society; and they even get paid for it. They spend much of their time communicating about things not of the physical sensory world and which most folk seem to know little or nothing at all about anyway, and do not even want to know for the large part – and then moan because they are messing the place up here. Tis funny really is it not. Well, it would be if it were not so true. But I suppose that in all truth, and in the final analysis, they cannot really know the effect, if any, of what they do here. Only others can really know that. And of course, for all those who keep it all to themselves anyway then not only nothing at all is achieved; but it could not be achieved anyway. Secrets achieve nothing; keeping quiet achieves nothing. Mystics who do talk of it all might not achieve anything either whilst in small numbers; but there is always the possibility that it could in due course with enough of them doing it, and that is better than no chance at all. Did I mention that I was a pragmatist?

* * *

Chapter 18

Living with Reality

It does not require close observation to realise that there exists a percentage of people who always seem to have something wrong with them; regular headaches, colds, flue, stomach upsets, tiredness and irritability, and perhaps much more besides. So, are these people worrying purely because of the luck of the genes and their constant physical ailments thereof, or are they suffering due to worrying so much? Such people will not accept any kind of psychosomatic illness, in much the same way that many alcoholics do not accept that their mental and physical problems are due to alcohol. And just as some seem to accept that their children's problems are not in any way due to the way they have been brought up. And this of course is denial.

True enough, so many things can be the cause of physical ailments; environment, accidents, some absolute physical disorder, luck, and indeed the genes themselves. But this does not eliminate the potential of physical disorder due to psychosomatic reasons. The first indication of the mind affecting the physical body is that of butterflies in the stomach when worrying about something. It is a consistent odd coincidence is it not that people who do not worry about much seem to get less wrong with them, and also seem to recover more quickly when they do get something wrong with them. But many folk do not seem to like blaming themselves for anything do they. Fred accidentally steps in front of a truck and finishes up with two broken legs. Nothing to do with the mind is it ! Or is it? Had Fred be concentrating on what he was doing then he would not have stepped in front of an oncoming truck. It was not an accident at all, other than that he did not intend it happening – but he caused it nonetheless. And maybe he was worrying about something at the time when he should have been concentrating on crossing the road safely. But of course it was the lorry drivers fault not Fred's. Well, so they like to say anyway. Have you noticed as to how some people are accident prone? Oh, what hard luck they have. Hard luck that they were not concentrating on what they were doing at the time. But it is far better to blame something or somebody else is it not, for some can do no wrong it seems.

Likewise is it all too easy to say, yes, you have a stomach ulcer, and that is the cause of your problems. But what caused the stomach ulcer in the first place? True, it might have been due to eating too much of the wrong kind of food, or drink. But is it always so? Once a physical problem has developed, then yes indeed, that will cause problems. But it is ironic is it not that people who do not spend their time worrying about everything and getting stressed out seem to get far less of this kind of thing. Have you noticed as to how quickly many politicians seem to age? What a coincidence indeed. So many people truly do love to blame poor old coincidence do they not; or Beelzebub of course – must not forget him must we.

If the mind has no effect over the body then what the hell is it connected to it for? What is it that steers the body around? Why do you not keep falling over or crashing into lamp posts? How do you manage to get out of bed in the morning? Mind over matter. If matter was in charge of the mind, then why the need for a mind at all? If the genes were in charge of the mind then why do they not study themselves?

I had a guy came around to me once who was every interested in mind over matter. He asked me if I could do it (he had read some of my stuff somewhere). I said yes, it is dead easy, have you never seen it done? He said that he believed in it but had never seen it done. So I told him that I would give him a demonstration. I asked him to choose an object and place it on the table and that my mind would move it. He was gobsmacked and all excited. So, I pushed the item along the table with my finger; and said there; easy is it not. Oh, but you touched it he said. So I asked him as to how else he expected me to do it. Well, it seems that he expected me to do it without using the bits which the mind is connected to for that purpose. I had demonstrated mind moving matter; but he wanted something else. He wanted me to 'think' it along the table it seems. Well, fortunately I cannot do that, for it would be ludicrously dangerous to be able to do so. The nature of reality is not stupid is it. Maybe I could have thought the German army out of existence. That'll be the day. It would be fun if I could think a bank vault door open would it not; or if I thought that I could walk through brick walls. Well, I cannot, so tough luck, but I can certainly decide to move things around a bit. But it requires a body made of more or less the same kind of stuff in order to do it. Oh what a drag to be sure !!! But never mind eh. (I never realised that was a pun until I wrote it).

So, if my mind can directly effect an objective body then why not my own body? Well, we know that it does, it is axiomatic. Food does not fall off of the trees into my mouth. I have to put it in there. The body does not wash itself, I have to decide to do it. And what is more is that the body cannot exist without me in it; let alone function and move around. So why the big hang up and mystery about mind over matter then? Maybe they are frightened of things which they cannot see, touch, hear, taste or smell. Maybe they are just frightened of everything and worry about everything. Is a human mind brought forth into existence to spend all its time worrying? Not on your life chum. Relax, take it smoothly. There are things in life which we do have to think and worry about at times. And when that time comes we need all our energy to do it. So why waste that energy when it is not needed to be used, for you will need it when you do need it.

How much energy (which the body and brain needs) is wasted by so many hours of stress and worry? And if you say that it does not use energy then I would suggest that you think again. Thinking requires energy too. Existing requires energy. Everything requires energy. Nothing does not require energy, but then again nothing does not exist. If you say that there is such a thing as nothing then I would suggest you spending the next ten billion years looking for it. 'In the beginning (it is said) there was nothing' ! How do you know, were you there? 'Oh no, but I assume there was nothing there; and it seems that there was nothing there'! Assumption is not a good travelling companion, and things ain't always what they seem to be. Tell me about what you have discovered not what you assume that you will discover. Tell me about what is, not what is not.

Words are quite good tools until such time that you invent words for things which do not exist – and then you have a mental problem to worry about. And mental problems can become psychological problems, and then physical problems. Took a young woman for driving lessons one day (many hundreds of young men and women in fact), she was a wonderful Lady; bright, intelligent, good looking, kind, considerate, everything which could be considered to be good about somebody. But she had been got at. She told me that she had failed about six driving tests and had become a nervous wreck. Her last instructor had been an ex policeman; and she told me that he had told her that she would never pass a driving test as long as she had a hole in her arse! Nice fellow indeed eh; I wonder where they dig some of these coppers up !? I knew him, so I did not doubt her word. And she was in tears. So, I did not give her a lesson, instead I gave her a driving test first (and I am one of the worst and hardest examiners; but I prefer teaching). Her driving was good, very good in fact; and well above the standard to pass a driving test. And her situation was such that she really did need to drive.

So, she did not need a course on driving at all, she needed a course in confidence and encouragement. And which is easy enough – although hard work in one way – patience; and lots of it. Anyway, she flew through her driving test first time; and was over the moon. She told me that I had not only restored her faith in driving instructors (real ones) but also in human beings. So, was the job worthwhile? I loved every moment of that job. And never once in all those years did I ever have to advertise. Strange coincidence eh. Some care, some don't. Some try, and some don't. Oh, I have loved studying people for sixty five years. But I no longer teach them to sell, or to drive cars; for there is even more important things to do – and to be driven. And this little story of course is but another demonstration of the power of the word – in both cases; one negative and one positive. And one could tell thousands of them.

In life there are those who claim that they cannot swim. But everybody can swim. There are those who say that they cannot ride a bicycle, but everybody can. But those who have not swum or not rode a bicycle do not realise, or perhaps accept, that it is so easy. This is the same as seeing and understanding the knowledge of ourselves and all the things which I have mentioned herein; it is as simple as seeing when the light goes on. But how can one teach a person to swim or ride a bike by talking to them? You cannot. You might be able to help, and help give them confidence even; but words do not make them ride or swim; and words do not make one know and understand. One simply has to get into the water and do it; and climb up on the bike and go with the motion. True, it is far easier to learn to swim or ride a bike than it is to attain psychognosis. For we can learn to swim or ride a bike on our own; but we cannot decide to redeem this knowledge of our deepest self and thence make it happen by mere choice. Yet it happens. And when it does start to happen we have to (or should) go along with it – caste your fate to the wind kind of thing. And many people will not do that for they cling to what they know already. I know well enough from hindsight that when this first starts to happen we could prevent it by not allowing ourselves to go with the flow – and probably due to fear of the unknown. Why do so many people fear the unknown? I wish I knew, but I do not. The concept of fear of the unknown is totally alien to me, and there is nothing more interesting and absorbing as a good mystery to get ones head around. And life sure supplies enough of them.

The truth is that there is nothing easier in all existence than going with the flow – for you just simply let go of everything, and just go. Indeed, the contrary would be much more difficult – fighting and resisting it. I often wonder as to just how much stress in life is caused by not accepting what is; and maybe some psychosomatic illnesses also. It may sound an odd thing to say but I have found that all the mystics which I have known, and many folk even who were not, simply do not take things over seriously. This may sound like a contradiction, for mystics do take life and their responsibilities seriously, more than most it seems. But I suppose I mean that they do not take their daily incarnate personality too seriously, and hence they have no ego to uphold or adore. Such people laugh at themselves in a way that most folk seem not to be able to for some reason. And this of course is all a part of the package of their humour, and which makes them so easy going – until a real fight or argument is needed that is.

I do not know of course, for I cannot know, but I often wonder as to what would happen to a person in the Limbo state who did not go with the flow whilst there. Would they, could they, be stuck there for a long time one wonders? Well, I hope for their sake that they would not. But who knows except for them if it does happen. Personally I doubt it, but I do not know. But if they did then it would be comparable to trying to hang on to what they considered to be their hitherto known past existence. Moreover, and even though it is not an interest of mine, why do people climb mountains? Because they are there – the adventure and challenge I guess. I should imagine it beats watching the television – and I often wonder as to how many folk use that as a substitute for living their own life to the full. ‘Oh, I cannot attempt that, for I may get it wrong or make a fool of myself’, kind of thing.

One can give a good effective but simply analogy of this. Imagine this. Imagine that we were fish that lived at the bottom of a very deep pond or sea and that there came a point where we fell asleep. During that sleep we floated up to the surface of the pond and thereon we woke up again, but remembering nothing at all. (Cosmic Amnesia). So the fish then spent its surface existence as a fish with its head above water; and swimming around in circles not knowing where or why; like a ship without a rudder and with little or nothing of the real sustenance of what it needs. And in this condition it did not know what it was, where it came from, or what it is supposed to be doing. However, there came a moment whilst still wide awake, when a few fish were dragged back down to the bottom of the pond by tidal currents to redeem the knowledge of what it really is, and as to why it exists and what it has to do. Some then go back to the surface with this knowledge and understanding; this gnosis, and the effects of it, and inform the fish above the waves that they can go below the waves and find abundant sustenance there. But the other fish still swimming in endless circles on the surface of the sea said don’t be silly, for we would drown if we did that. So be it.

I do know that during their lifetime some folk have been on the verge of transcendence and resisted it, as I mentioned elsewhere. I can only know this by virtue of what I have been told, and whilst recognising the situation and the events of which they honestly speak. And they have openly stated that the experience frightened them, and they fought against it. And this of course is indeed interesting, and it certainly makes sense to me. But from what I see of it that resistance would have to come very early on indeed; for once on the way then the process takes over and does what it does and goes where it goes.

So, if this really is the case (and I do not doubt them at all) then I could only offer the suggestion to not fight it, and simply go – go initially for the love of an adventure even. What is the worst that could happen as they envisage it – death maybe? The best that could happen is that they go all the way home – and come back again to the same lifetime to swim in the lagoon of plenty. For it is the only way this world and incarnate existence can indeed know it – by going back to the bottom off the pond of being during a lifetime. Otherwise cosmic amnesia kicks in and it will all be forgotten: time and again. Only in the mortal aspect of life can eternity be known to be what it is; and only by the mortal part of the manifestation of the life force itself. For without the memory of it whilst here it would never be known to be a part of a greater whole – for you know nothing of the world whilst there – and that too is a fact.

There have been many people, ever since we lived in caves, who have had second hand knowledge of these events and tried to induce them. It has long been known that one way to put oneself in the path of this event is by way of harmonic sound resonance. I mentioned Stonehenge earlier on. It was built with a concave structure to the inner side of the outer stones to reflect sound waves back to the centre. And during this the sound effect was amplified in such a way that it could cause a shift in consciousness itself. True, the inner esoteric circle had to make it look as though it were designed for other reasons (for they kept all this secret in those days – elitism). The ancients were very good at two things: Psychology and Astronomy; for they had nothing else to do in their spare time anyway. Whereas today we are bombarded with so many possible things to occupy and titillate the mind; and most of it is utter trivia. Fine, that can be fun and amusing at times – but not all the time.

However, even before that, they discovered that some caves had a natural resonance effect and that sound could effect their mind and consciousness. Some caves were even adapted for this very purpose – to induce mystical transcendent experiences. Thus, as I have said many times, these things have been known since we lived in caves; and it was all passed on by word of mouth, and even long after writing was on the scene. Early religions were exactly the same, elitist and passed on by word of mouth in secret. They, even some of the genuine but original half-baked mystics themselves, were under the impression they were contacting their deities of the time and culture and were selected for the job. But a few were even smarter and more experienced and knowledgeable even then. So, there is nothing new in all this except a greater understanding of reality and an openness of discussion – for what good it does to the intransigent who claim to know better yet actually know nothing at all.

The world has known thousands of myths from the beginning of human existence, and all over the world, and many of them were specifically generated as symbols for true events of human experience. Up until recent times, say a mere few thousand years ago, people lived with reality as it is and as it is experienced to be. Some, a few, still do; for example some of the few still existing ancient tribes in unpopulated areas; and indeed not far removed from hunter gatherers. But in the ‘civilised’ world of modern day innovations (modern day meaning for the last few thousand years) people are more and more removed from living with reality as it is, and live in a world of their own innovations and gadgets – truly a kind of virtual reality. There is of course nothing wrong with this at all, and it is indeed evolution of human existence and society. But the problem comes when and if people loose sight and touch of the real reality which underlies it and surrounds it.

Civilisation, and all its gadgets, is a mere fragile icing on the cake of reality. Any large scale catastrophe (from real reality) would blow this virtual reality away like a flame – a large meteor or asteroid for example; among other things. And civilisation is gone. Even far less over all destructive vents can and does throw civilisation onto mess; including many man made ones.

However, it was living with real reality itself that caused quite natural changes in human consciousness and understanding. Civilisation and all its modern day gadgets and potentials does not prevent this, for many people are still in touch with the real world and what exists naturally around them anyway, but it seems that it can and does prevent many from this close quarters hands on relationship with reality as it is. Hence such people, even in the modern world, keep in touch with the natural world, and have more affinity with the natural order of things; and these people are definitely seen to be the types which come to have life enhancing, and even deeply profound and revealing experiences during their life. But even if they do not then they do still seem to be more alive than many who we observe on a daily basis. This is not a mere coincidence, and it has been this way for a long time it seems. Ignore reality and it is as though, for a while at least, reality will ignore you – simple cause and effect. But, and the last laugh, is that you cannot always ignore reality. And this is where the mystics do indeed get the last laugh – oops, told you so ! But in the meantime never mind eh, plod on regardless and learn any way which you decide to learn. But in fact it is worse than that, for they seem to learn what it is that THEY want to learn; and only that. And this can hardly be called being open minded and going with the flow of life.

What indeed then are the chances of any kind of life enhancing experience whilst living a life totally in virtual reality; let alone transcendent experience, if ones whole life is spent in one long giddy spiral of trivial activity in which the mind not only never comes to rest but never actually notices the real world and the real universe around them – let alone contemplation upon their self and their place in the scheme of things? Ah, it seems that for the large part only a social catastrophe, or a personal near death event, can bring them back to reality again, and make them take stock of their life, reality itself, and the significance of being alive. Thus it is that in this day and age it is perhaps, for many folk, only a near death event, or some tragedy which can bring them face to face with the significance of their existence; and indeed all existence; and I know for fact that many of them say, “Oh, shit, I have been living in a dream world up until now”. And indeed, so they have. But one largely inflicted upon them by the current popular culture and paradigm. But, nonetheless, in the final analysis it is still their own fault, and blindness; for being so gullible and easily led.

Hence, one can never come to understand anything of reality at all during a lifetime if one is not in touch with it at least some of the time. Same as with oneself. And one cannot be in resonance with it if one never swims along with it. Even science comes to discover the things it does because it is indeed in touch with real reality at the level which they observe it and are interested in. Such people do not spend all their time in front of the TV watching soaps – or getting stoned out of their minds with booze and drugs as a cop out to reality; or thinking as to how to make the next profit, for they have better and more important things to think about. Science is at least looking at and thinking about the nature of things which exist to be known (well, some of them anyway).

But politics (big business) of course owns science, and uses it for their ends, and also determines by way of funding (and laws) as to what they can and cannot study. It is quite ironic really, for much of the civilised world of the modern times is having the same effects on the human mind as did priestcraft for thousands of years. That is to say it is putting them to sleep and out of touch with reality itself. Rampant consumerism is lulling them into a hypnotic sleep, on mass, just as did the religions of priestcraft up to a few hundred years ago – ah, beautiful dreamer, awake unto me; list whilst I sing you a sweet melody; of starlight and dewdrops awaiting for thee.

Which is better, to own the ten fastest cars on earth, and to be adored by everyone who looks up to such people, or to acquire gnosis, and know life, and live it, and love it? You decide for yourself. Change your attitude and some of your obsessive activities, and life will change you in so doing. The things of which I talk do not have to be found and dug up by yourself, for they come naturally – if one is living anything like naturally that is. And the best way to start (as some do without even thinking about it from childhood) is simply listen to yourself and the inner prompting – but it makes far less ‘noise’ than the outside world does, so one has to be very quiet and relaxed at times in order to ‘hear’ and feel those deep inner promptings. Life and its dynamics put you here – so let it also teach you what it has to reveal and offer; do not decide for yourself as to what exists, for that is life’s job; not ours.

Is this then the modern day worlds answer to keeping the mob sedated and out of touch with reality so that they do not come to think and rock the boat of convention – and hence alter the mobs desires and wants? Well, the effect is the same even though the reason and cause is perhaps different. But, is the reason and cause really any different from the reasons which priestcraft performed their deeds from over four thousand years ago up until recently? It seems not. We live in a world where rampant commerce has gone off the rails. Business must make more and more profit each year, and irrespective of the cost to humanity and the ecology of the natural world and its resources; they lull them to sleep for a profit. The combination of modern day politics and business (all the same thing really for business rules the world anyway and the so called politicians who so called call the shots). The only shots they call are the shots dictated by the large scale business organisations. This has reached such a degree of fine grained honing up and effectiveness that priestcraft could well become extinct without society reaping the advantages of it so doing; for people are still not going think for themselves and feel an affinity with the natural world whilst hyped up and drugged by technology which is offered to them as mere trinkets to keep them quiet, and mentally sedated.

This is not the fault of science, nor normal business interests; it is the fault of people letting them do it to them – just as they let priestcraft beguile and hypnotise them for thousands of years; and once again for a profit to themselves. The only difference being is that priestcraft offered them a good time when they died whilst rampant consumerism offers them a good time whilst they are alive now. If it was not all tragic and dangerous it would be an hilarious comedy farce. But, even though you can fool some of the people all of the time there are those who cannot be fooled for any of the time – and they are the survivors. Where some are mere lambs to the slaughter, others tell them to bugger off and get lost.

One cannot opt out of this world and society such as it is but one can indeed give to society that which society has to have, and whilst keeping for oneself that which is ones own. Nothing new in that; and they knew it in ancient Greece and Egypt four or five thousand years ago. Thus it is that in this day and age, and perhaps for the last one hundred and fifty years, one truly has to ask oneself as to which is the most dangerous narcotic to the human mind, rampant consumerism or ancient priestcraft. But the answer is, at the moment anyway, that both of them are. For what happens when people do wise up to the commercial con trick and hype (and thousands do each day on earth)? What do they have to fall back on for what they think is sanity and common sense and a more natural way to live – the religions of priestcraft.

Look around you, it is happening every day. And the question which they all rightly ask themselves is – there must be more to life than this commercial hype and nauseating rat race. They are of course correct in so feeling, but they then start looking for its resolution in the wrong place yet again, and buy into yet another and far older hype and sedation con trick package – man made religions. And which were designed ad hoc for that very purpose – to keep them slumbering in Somnus and Servitude. And the mystics cry... Wake up sweet dreamer. But the message is written on the subway walls and echoes into the sound of silence.

Some people come to realise the obvious in their midlife. Some never come to realise it at all. And some come to realise it whilst still young and observant. And some, it seems to me, come into this world instinctively knowing it anyway; and hence live according to those innate instincts – and which are of course our sub-conscious guide book to life and existence anyway. We are not here without any help, for that help is written into our system and dynamics; and it is also seen out there all around us in the tree's the grass and the stars – the inner and the outer. All we have to do is to let them work and perform their function on us (the topside Mind); and then they do just that. An acorn does not have to go to a nut school to learn how to become a mighty oak tree. But human beings go to higher education to become a nut case. And you and I need no extra help other than from life itself in order to reveal to us as to how to understand what we are, what we are doing here, why, and how to operate. It is all as natural as falling asleep and waking up again. No effort is required on our part; for life supplies the batteries, and we simply go with the flow. Time and again my love.

We do not become aware of real life and its deeper operations which are initially concealed from view by watching fiction on the TV all day every day; or spending our lives in the sports pages of the common media press. It is as though human society is hell bent on either destruction at worst or putting itself to sleep at best. And yet despite all this, the miracle is that life and its finer vibrations still manages to get through to people on occasions; that is the wonder of all wonders. But of course when they do the hype is such that it is all put down to rapid brain deterioration and highly abnormal stuff. When in reality it is the most normal and natural thing in the whole of existence – the flow of life itself, just as easy as the flow of consciousness, and water flowing downstream.

Does it seem natural to you that human beings (so called intelligence on earth) should live its life here not knowing what it is, where it came from, and what it is supposed to be doing here – is that natural? Is that good? Is that effective? Is that wise? Is it even rational and sensible? Ask yourself, and think about it whilst there is time.

Do not wait until time runs out to think and ask questions of this nature; for understanding is needed here on earth; and fast; and now. There will come a time when you find that the world is no longer there for you. When that time comes you will remember reading this; and I guarantee that.

You have read this, so now it is done, and you will not forget it until your memory is taken from you. And that is the real power of the word. But by then it will be too late to do anything about it – perhaps with the exception of helping to eliminate fear whilst there. But for anything else it will be too late to do anything. I could say that those who hear these words will not know death. And it would be true. How come? Because nobody can know death whether they read these words or not. Do you see? Death is the termination of the flow of consciousness – and you cannot know it. So, put all that gnosticism bit behind you, for half of it is rubbish.

Perhaps one of the big stumbling blocks of today is the synthesis of reason and emotion. There are those who become pure rationalists and hide and negate all emotion; and there are those who's' emotion runs rampant and slops all over the place whilst fulfilling no real function, and with not a jot of reason in their activity. It is best to think of them as being two horses pulling our cart. If one horse is fed well and becomes strong and the other is underfed and becomes weak, then what happens? The cart goes around and around in a circle and gets nowhere fast. But if both horses are fed and used well then the cart goes in a straight line and gets where it is going. It is essential in this world that emotion and intellect play an equal part in directing our cart; we cannot live and survive on earth with just either one or the other; it has to be both in unison. They are both tools in our package of being and they both have to be used and directed, controlled, used wisely. Nothing is for nothing; and everything is for something. And that which is ours is for using wisely.

In our essential mode of being we are all E motion stuff but whilst at the same time having an innate wisdom and understanding of creation and being, But there, there is no thinking or intellectual activity. We lose paradise when we start to think – he says smiling – but do not take this the wrong way; for on earth we have to think. So, intellect is the baby on the scene, and only operates incarnate. E-motion is the first to come and we attain to intellect in this world; but nevertheless they both still have to be used in equal measure in this world. Not only in order to merely survive but also in the becoming process itself – we have to think and reason things out. That is a part of what the temporal mind is – a thinking package. Indeed, on the deepest level it is seen that the marriage of emotion and intellect is somehow bound up with what I have called the reciprocal convergence event also; the paradise on earth event itself; and also in some deep mysterious way with creation itself - - The all coming to know and understand the essence and principle of Being; and pulling itself together in order to operate as one holistic incarnate emanation.

So E-motion then is essential in the nature of being, but reason is necessary at this level of incarnate being. We have to use both to the fullness of our capacity so to do. And rapid brain deterioration would not help this process one jot – but don't tell the neurologists that; for they might have to start thinking again; and thinking is hard work. I guess we would all rather sit on the river bank all day than to keep doing hard work, and most of it which is highly boring and uninteresting. But we also know that if we do not do anything, and work, then nothing will get done. And if nothing gets

done then we will never get the opportunity to go sit by the river bank for a few hours and relax. And is this not the reason as to why so many mystics have dwelled upon the ground of our being so much and never bothered to mention the rest of it – for in that realm we do not have to do anything at all, except feel love flowing through our being in ultimate dosage. Well, sure it is good, but it is not all of what life and existence is all about. Ipso Facto. Irrespective of the love there, the knowing, the understanding and the wisdom, it is really all about life and being. It is about TO BE. Do you see. But nothing is for nothing, and everything is for something. And the price of freedom, is work and action; and the power and will to get things done.

Bringing up kids is the hardest job in human existence – and do I not know it. And life is such hard work that it kills us! And it is a bloody good job that it does as well, for I could not keep up this pace for ever; and neither would I want to. Ah, I long for a rest; repose, and forgetfulness. Time and again my love, time and again. But I do not mind another go at the work bit after a good rest – for it is worth the effort.

Oh yes, in passing I would mention that loving is not hard work; anyone can do it to a degree. Oh, but love does not give degree's does it. Or does it? The degree is that of the degree of Wisdom. One will not obtain that degree in universities however; but only in life itself. And bestowed upon one by life itself. Think about it all; and you will eventually find that I am right; and so is life; for I am life; and the watcher from the gates of dawn – as are you, if you did but know it.

*

Yet another thing which exacerbates the problem on earth here at the moment is the fact that much of humanity is out of sync with reality in a somewhat different way, and momentarily perhaps quite naturally so. What do I mean by this? It is quite simple if you look and observe well. Our incarnate structure and dynamics (the psyche, as we choose to call it) is something which has to be near enough in resonance with what we call the environment here on earth. However, life on earth is such that there can never be in perfect resonance on earth. Why not? Simple. If we were in perfect resonant harmony with the nature of reality here then there would be nothing to aim for, no goal in life on earth; nothing to aspire to and try to make better. Thus, the notion of our being suited to our environment is not quite right, and not quite what it seems by such crass simplicity. If we human beings were perfectly adapted to our environment there would be no evolution (there is no evolution in paradise – for things do not change there; and we are perfectly adapted to it). But they do change here.

So, we always lag just a little behind what we feel it would be best to be. If life on earth was too far out of sync then we could not tolerate it and we would all commit suicide. If it was perfectly in sync there would be nothing to do and nothing to become. The psyche evolves. Hence, perfect symmetry could not happen on earth. Or shall we say that earth and temporality could not exist with perfect symmetry. For many thousands of years Homo sapiens lived in a world which really changed very little in that time; and almost no change at all during a beings lifetime here. Thus, the sync was just about where it should be. For these beings could indeed envisage and

feel for improvement, and which they did strive for. But the sync was such that life was not perfect yet neither was it so bad that many of them wanted to end it all. However, over the last two or three hundred years, and specifically over the last hundred years, the evolution of technology and society (and all its little tools and gadgets) has evolved so fast that it has evolved faster than the psyche can. We are a little too out of sync at the moment. So, a bit of winding needs doing – winding down that is; in order that it winds us up again quite naturally.

Hence the speed and complexity of modern life has left the psyche a little more out of sync than it has been from the start of humanity here. And this of course does indeed drive some people nuts and suicidal: it causes stress. Their psyche is not made for the speed and stress of the modern industrialised world. And the psyche naturally takes a while to catch up with it again. How long? A few generations I would imagine; but depending of course on the continued increase of technology and the advanced world itself. Even people of my age were born into a far different world than we have now sixty and seventy years later. And the generation before mine, and their parents, lived in a world far removed from this one. Thus, in a mere three generations, life on earth, our existence here has altered drastically. The genes and the psyche cannot keep up with this pace unless we relax and unwind some of the time. Hence, slow down, you move too fast. Relax. The population is such that we need energy faster than we can get at it. When I was a kid there were ten working people for every retired person. Today there are about four for every retired person. This cannot work; it cannot last.

I walked into a large super-market a few days ago; and one which I had not been into for about a year. I felt lost, and for the large part confused. I used to know where to find things; but it had all altered. Moreover, there was such an abundance of different types of packaged foods, frozen foods, half frozen foods, non frozen foods; much of which did not seem to be labelled in English even – and far too much to read anyway; I did not go into a food shop for reading; and I did not have reading glasses with me anyway – sods law – glad I had my wife with me or I would have gone hungry I think. But you know what I mean. In the ‘good old days’ one would walk into a shop, ask for whatever it was that one wanted, and got served with the right stuff. Try finding it today in a hurry. We live in a world of so many forms to be filled in, so much trivial junk to read, so much repetitive mundane work, day in and day out, so much haste, speed, things to be attended to. And what happens? At times it is inevitable that a gridlock occurs; and it can happen in the mind just as it does on the roads traffic jams. The whole bloody shebang lot seizes up and closes down. A neurotic melt down.

Modern day life has moved on a little too fast for the existing evolutionary condition of the psyche. There is only one answer – slow down a little until we catch up with it again. Failure to do so, both on the personal and social levels will and does result in stress, neurosis, paranoia, deep psychological problems; and death. Look at the gun culture in the USA; and even mere kids running amok and shooting folk. When will they ever learn, and get real? We cannot live here without sleep and rest; and this applies to the mind as well as to the body. And this is but another reason as to why the mystics go and sit or walk over the moors – to chill out; far from the silly crowd and noise. Most of the people I meet tell me that they have many headaches. One does not wonder at it. But I have no idea as to what they are like, for I have never had one. What a coincidence and good luck indeed !

Ironically even in rest and relaxation (two weeks holiday from the treadmill – and which is not enough) they keep up the same pace, but in a different activity. Indeed, it seems to me that after a holiday most folk seem to need a rest rather than feeling that they have just had one. The pace of modern life is fine, but our system has to adapt to it first. Most of us cope nonetheless, but many do not – and go nuts. And when they come back from their holiday they often go down with a cold, a bad back, or depression. Some holiday eh. Watch them. Observe closely. Also, watch them cooped up at airports with all their bags and screaming kids because somewhere along the line there has been a fowl-up of some kind – a grid lock; or a strike maybe. Society truly has gone nuts.

Go and relax for a couple of weeks in your garden if you have one; if not over the park. Do nothing. For the past thirty or forty years it has become the psychotic norm to have to jump on a plane (the biggest polluter of all transportation) and go to another country for that rest and relaxation. Observe them when they come back – on top of everything else they even have jet lag. God it is pathetic and idiotic. They do not even know their own country and its beauties. I know people who were born and bred on Exmoor (only a small place by the way) and I know it better than they do – they do not even know all its beauty and hiding places and byways – and yet they are dashing off all over the world and spending far more than they can afford in doing so. And when they get back they have a nervous breakdown and time off work. Is this sanity in action? Still, I guess it leaves it nice and peaceful and quiet here for me in the time being. How many places also get totally ruined by commercialisation and tourists? Don't get many tourists in paradise you know – not even a hot dog stand - fun innit. You will have to excuse me for I love the word 'innit'; (is it not) do you know what I mean ! I guess it also means 'IN IT' too. And we are in it, and not just up to our neck.

Have you ever driven along sixty miles of road in a highly populated country in which that road has not changed in fifty years? Well, not often; but it can only be done now in what has become national parks. I mention this simply for the recognition that human beings, although prepared for change (change for the better that is) there is still this longing for something that does not change, (a deep archetypal instinct from home). And this is why that in such places that seem 'timeless' and by-passed by technology and commercialism (and civilisation) somehow restores the balance and the sync of the soul (psyche). And I think the modern term is that they 'chill-out' and restore their sanity and sense of well-being. And this is a step in the right direction.

The two best things ever brought forth from the British Isles are real ale and good old pubs, and the national trust. Ipso, Facto. Why? Because they both instigate the chill-out process. Anyway, they taste good and feel good; and that is why they do. The inner system knows what it wants and needs – listen to it more often. Open your inner ears and inner yes. If I could travel in time and visit infinite places and times I would still need a place to return to for a rest – a place that does not change. And, do you know what – we are travellers in space and time and we do have a place to go home and rest that does not change. How strange eh. However, it is also that when one is so relaxed, so 'chilled-out', so much back in sync and inner harmonic resonance with reality that – bingo; Psychognosis.

One of the big problems (and mistakes) with modern day society is that for some unknown reason it seems to be the case that if something can be done then it has to be done. But this is idiotic. For I could grab a rifle and shoot people all day long. But I do not do it. I could commit suicide, but I do not do it. Something does not have to be done just because it can be done. We all know this well enough in both the moralistic and well-being sense (well most of us anyway); but when it comes to technology and social change then the view seems to be that because something can be done then it must be done. Look as to how many idyllic places on earth have been utterly ruined by virtue of wanting to make a quick buck by exploiting the place as an attraction for millions of people each year as a holiday resort – and when it does they start moaning. They reap what they sow. Ideas can be dangerous and negative things if not used wisely. Yet we all really know that anyway do we not. And yet they do nothing about it at all. Passivity and no action in this world is not a good idea. Shout and make your voice heard; that is why you have one on earth. Be a growl tiger and demand the restoration of sanity. Revolt against stupidity, greed, violence and the brainwashing of young children's minds.

Aspects of the modern world do of course, by and large, make this the best time that has ever existed for human beings to be here; and it could become a lot better; not perfect, but a lot better. And of course we all have our own little preferences, which are relative to the person. But such things as medicine, mass communication at the touch of a button, the availability (for many but not all of us yet) of the basic life needs such as food and drink, comfortable shelter, education (if it is a good one), the availability of entertainment, free access to information, and of course the ability to move about the world if one so desires to do so; and the choice of where to live on earth – to a degree. So all these things are good and worthwhile, if used well and looked after, and operated wisely. But of course, as we all indeed know, there is much in modern day society which is not so good and drives many people nuts and to despair; and they cannot keep up the pace. And just how many things exist on this world that corruption has not seeped into? Not a lot. Corruption cannot seep into the ground of our being, for that is not possible there. But it is possible in anything and everything here. What can stop it from happening? Only you.

Stress, bad dreams, headaches, illness; so on and so forth, right down to the point of suicide in large numbers – and by young children at that. Who is it that makes a world in which some, even young children, refuse to live in? It is not the nature of reality itself; but society does – you do. Non action is the same as endorsing the existing system of society. It is like making a nice comfortable and warm bed – and then crapping in it for the sake of not getting out of it occasionally.

Humanity is not bad, it is not evil or wicked, it is a divine wonder. But we are each little individual beings, with freedom of choice, and here for such a short duration, that no one person alone can be an island. We all need each other and we all need to be working towards an agreed and acceptable foreseeable goal which is agreed by the consensus at least. Not by a few philosophers; not by a few mystics, not by a few academics, not by a few businesses tycoons, and certainly not by few rampant sick morons, but by any existing consensus of humanity in this or that society. Society has to be by the dictate of the consensus; otherwise it cannot work at all – other than in social and existential chaos. The consensus is neither the brightest or the dullest of the mob; neither the dimmest nor the wisest. But nevertheless, it has to be a world, a

society, fit for the consensus, and as to where that consensus is at; and including being near enough at where their evolved psyche is at – in sync with the consensus. And anyone will tell you that it is not that way here and now. And one cannot know what they want unless they say so. An undecided mind will soon have its mind made up for it by somebody else however (perhaps you have noticed). And that is the existing state of the art here as yet. But it can change.

And yes, dear Omar old mate, the moving finger having writ does moves on; and not a jot of the past can be erased; but that which was never done can still yet be done, if the will, the love, and the caring is there to do it; do you see. Passivity and laziness will never achieve anything except entropy. Passion is a kind of heat; and even the physical universe is an emanation of heat. And when that heat dissipates – poof, it all goes out and entropy sets in. But it has not gone out yet, and life is still here NOW; and for a long time yet to come probably. And anyway, universes can come and go as easy as you and I do; so no problem. Time and again my love, time and again. So use well that heat, and that passion for TO BE; and of course, or should I say and especially, for the TO BECOME. But that passion has to also be in sync with reason too; and to say nothing of common sense.

But in life one needs no more to activate that passion for being and becoming process by volition other than to make conscious contact with that core essential nature of our self in its ground of existence; it is as simple as that. And it is this, and this simple fact, that all the myths, religions and metaphysical philosophies try to make such a big deal and esoteric secret about; and mess it all up in the process (I seem to have spent my whole life here clearing up other people mess). It is that simple, and that obvious when you know it. And what is the trick, the secret (so called) to attain that during a lifetime? It is so simple that there is no method and no secret to it, it is as natural as anything could be natural. And yet how does one put that simplicity of natural activity into words? I do not know; but I hope this book, and being honest and open about ones life experiences and responses, may go some way in assisting in the understanding of it. If I can quite naturally reach this inner core of being (without even trying) then anybody can; ipso Facto. But, to simply be natural, be ones self, with no inhibitions, with an open enquiring mind; feeling all that which life has to offer us to see, to know, to feel, and to integrate with; is it, and that is the 'secret' answer. It is of course life's job to reveal to us as to what we are and as to why we are here, and as to how best to live our lives. And it does just that, and with no problems – unless it is we our selves that create the problems which act as a bar and obstacle to our own integration with that which exists to be known, and loved. The price of freedom! And yet freedom has to be. And it HAS to be used wisely. So what is the big secret to gnosis? The answer is to stop preventing it from happening.

Unfortunately society as it is at present is geared up in such a way that it does act as an obstacle to this natural and essential integration with the all and our core self. And if they knew, really knew, what they were missing, well, then maybe they truly would look to the words and affirmations of the mystics (brain damage not withstanding) and at least give it some serious thought – and maybe in due course some action even. But individual life here is very short, and it would be a shame to miss what was on offer to be had here whilst the time lasted. So, to get in sync and chill out is the first step on this road of discovery of the SELF and the ALL.

Why look a gift horse in the mouth? But life here is amply long enough both for this and for all the things which we need to do, to see, and to come to understand, and then put into action in our lives, and into society itself providing we make a little time for it. And what feed-back and causality would be attainable if all people were to make this contact and become an incarnate reflection of the essence of their Self? And what could society become? Well, the mind boggles just to think of it. But in a couple of words it would be a lot better that it is now; and a place made fit by human beings for other human beings to come into this world, and love it whilst here. This is not something to hope for, or to wait for, or to wish for, or to pray for, or even to sit believing in; no, it is a thing to go and get; grab a hold of its essence and drag it forth into the incarnate world of time and forms. Nothing is for nothing, and everything is for using. And if we do not use that which is there, and there quite naturally, then there are only two losers – our incarnate self and this world itself.

It is strange, for if one had some kind of really complex and complicated secret to attain to these things then many would jump onto that bandwagon and study it and practice it (as so many do even now by way of religious rituals of some kind; or yoga and meditation maybe), but if the ‘secret’ was so open, so simple, so easily seen and understood, and free, then they would laugh and ignore it – for nothing easy and nothing free seems to be of value in this world. And yet all the best stuff is free if they could but see it; and all we have to do is observe it and do what comes quite natural, and simply go with the flow – and all that we need to know (for now anyway) is revealed; given, and redeemed. But who is it really that pawns their own spirit and soul? And for what intrinsic value do they pawn it for? A new car, a mortgage, a bigger house (and better than the neighbours), a holiday further away than your neighbour went last year? My word, this is all profound and meaningful stuff is it not – so much so that they will have forgotten it by next year and do the same things all over again. Man, that is real poverty of life and living it. And they do not see it.

As I have said elsewhere over the years; in order to go back to our beginning, our root and ground of being beyond time, one does not have to paddle the canoe to the end of the river of incarnate temporality; nor does one have to paddle it back up stream to the beginning of incarnate temporality; but one simply rows the boat over to the river bank of the flow of changing events and step out of the boat – and anywhere along that time line river. Stepping out of time is letting go of the things which permanently belong in time; and the nature of reality takes care of the rest. But the mind and consciousness is ever tied to the cross of time and eternity, and we can and do exist in both; time and again my love; time and again. But, for the bigger picture – step outside for a short while.



When it comes to both speculation and personal desires as to how a society should be or will become then one can only base that speculation upon what we know at the moment and can perhaps envisage from that point of reference. We cannot know for sure as to what discoveries will be made tomorrow, next year, or in the next millennium, and as to how they will effect social civilisation and community. In truth every human being is a politician; for they all have their views, feelings, and desires; and of course within a democracy they have their vote and the freedom to speak their mind and be heard or read. And which is how it should be.

A perfect monarchy or dictatorship would still not rest easy with the mind simply because they are what they are. Thus, better a democratic republic which is not perfect than a perfectly constructed and well organised dictatorship. For we must have a degree of freedom in our choice of actions and interests – albeit that they have to be limited when living with others in a society. But that is no problem; and there is no such thing as absolute freedom anyway. Empires come and go, and we all know that well enough by now, but civilisation goes on, and even though the existing hub of civilisation at any one point in time has moved around the world. The small country into which I came into this world had the biggest, and probably the last empire which has ever existed. True, there was a lot wrong with it, but there is also much which is right about it. Moreover, it was also the birth place of large scale industrialisation, and even though it is only a little island again now. Probably its best feature is that everyone is allowed to be an individualist and eccentric – and that is fun, and it makes it a vital place to exist in.

But what else makes a thriving, and vital society? There are some nations on earth that have done virtually nothing but to export their populations to other places. But the lesson learned therein is that this does not bring forth a vital and evolving society. What does however, is to import them. When people come together from all walks, all nations, they bring their ideas, their workload capacity, new blood, new vitality, and perhaps contribute different perspectives on things. And this makes the whole shebang a vital throbbing, moving society. True, a place can only reasonably contain a given population; but a mixed and diverse population will move and grow, and evolve; whilst a closed one will stagnate and possibly decay. The idea of a nationalistic and isolated philosophy is a recipe for death and decay.

Why did the initial Roman Republic become an Empire? Why did Britain become an Empire? Both were tiny little places with a small population. Not only did they go out in an organised manner to discover the world but even more important is that they brought people back into that community from outside of it. And not to mention anything about the fact that too much interbreeding causes both insanity and infertility – look at some aspects of elitist royalty. Go ‘forth’ and multiply – do not stay in the same back-yard and do it all. Mix the genes up my dear; shake the pot.

A Briton is a person born on this small island, and yet they are all mongrels; there is no such thing as a more or less pure Briton; the blood line is from all over the world. And yet some folk seem to love this idea of ‘pure race’ – and we all know the problems which that philosophy brings. However, an interesting point arises to be seen and reflected upon therein. Even though a small country like this one took in people from all over the world, it was done at such a pace (reasonably slow) that it kept some kind of cultural heritage during this process of over two or three thousand years, or more, for the invaders and the immigrants became British. There never became what one might call a loss of identity, culture and heritage.

But what happens when a country is suddenly swamped by millions of people from all over the world in a few hundred years? Slow down, you move too fast. Well, it is certainly vital, but at the same time there is no characteristic national identity and cultural heritage; and that can cause psychological and political problems. People do in fact feel a need for belonging; for a heritage of some kind; roots. And this of course must not be confused with a nationalistic political philosophy.

What are people from this or that part of the world like? They are all same. They might be a different colour, and they might have a different language, and they might have a different cultural and social outlook, but they are all the same. If you look for the bad you will find it in all nations; and if you look for the good you will find it in all of them also, for people are what people are anywhere on earth.

It is not the nation, or the place, it is the individual. I would imagine that Britain has as much experience of all this as any other nation on earth, and a lot more experience of it than many; and for a long time now (the place I live is two hundred million years old). What is annoying and frustrating however is when large groups of immigrants not only live all in one place but insist on maintaining their exclusive national identity and culture in the host nation. If you wish to live in Rome, then become a Roman, if you wish to live in Britain, then become British. Offer what you have to that society, and take what they offer you, but become a living thriving part of it, not something separate within it; for that cannot work; and it will not work; ever. And if one does not like and accept that fact and necessity, then one should go back to from whence one came. You cannot have your cake and eat it. Changing national identity is not a free gift and a free ride; so work and integrate, or go back from whence you came.

This is one of the reasons as to why I personal have never bothered to travel much; (seen an exotic place before anyway) for I like it here; and one meets them all. It is a long way from perfect, but it is as good as a variety of scenery and greenery as one can get anywhere, and there is no other society which I have yet learned about in which I would rather live. But if I were to go then I would not take Britain with me, for that would be wrong. A global village, and which it is now becoming one fast, does not mean the loss of identity and culture; no more so than a national language means a loss of regional dialects.

One of the great things which I love about Britain is that it contains the English, the Scots, the Welsh, and many colours and denominations from all over the world; and they are all British because they want to be; and long may it last. There is also humorous rivalry, which is fun; but when push comes to shove, they are all one; as is well documented now. I can well remember when England was nearly all English, but we have come a long way since then, and it is better and more vital now; thanks to the invaders. So, why bother to live anywhere else when what you already have is more or less ok? And ok, it could be much better even. But who has achieved it yet? If you think you have then that is fine; and maybe it is so; and maybe it ain't so; but each nation must be allowed to keep its identity and individualism, just as the people within it can and do, and even though it co-operates with the rest of the world and all nations on earth. In the final analysis there is only one nation – Humanity. And only whilst this little world lasts. And it will not last for ever.

There will come a time of course, and which is inevitable, when all colours and denominations are so mixed up, intermingled and blurred that nobody will ever give it a thought. And hopefully there will come a time where there are no national boundaries and segregation, and the globe truly will be one village and anyone can choose where they want to live, and be allowed to do so. But even this does not mean the loss of individual characteristics. Imagine that when we have vast orbital cities in orbit of the sun, hundreds of them. What would happen if each were populated by one nation race and culture and with no more fresh blood coming in to it?

Stagnation and entropy would result. They would go nuts. What about breeding with aliens, should we ever find any and assuming that were even possible? Why not indeed; variety is the spice of life and continued growth and vitality. One must keep in mind that societies attitudes, values and feelings change with growth, experience, and integration. If Britain had kept Britain for the British then it would never have existed, for there is no such thing. Moreover, what human beings are indigenous to the Americas? None at all; for there were none there until a few thousand years ago. Who does this planet belong to? If there were a democratic vote then it would probably belong to ants; both in numbers and longevity of ownership.

There is no such thing as an ideal society, and there never could be, for 'The' ideal can never be attained to. But the ideal means to strive for making things better all the time if and where possible. So, what can we each envisage as a better society? On the one hand we do not want a concrete planet. On the other hand we do not want a world that is a total jungle or desert. For civilisation cities are a must. But too big, too sprawling and too messy is not a necessary ingredient of a city or town. And one indeed should be able to have a pride in the city, town, village or hamlet in which they chose to live. I chose a rural life simply because cities became disgusting, dirty, noisy, smelly and nauseating. Yet I am a city lad born and raised – but not by choice. People need their own space, and open space, even in a city. Look also at some of these ancient villages. What is it about them that attracts? Well, they do not look as though they were built; they look as though they grew there as a part of nature. It is that which attracts. British community is not the community of the cities, it is the community of the villages and hamlets. And it is in such places that one actually finds real community; and such should never be lost.

But, how nice it is also to go into an open, clean, lively city at times. I was born and bread a city dweller. One cannot have civilisation without the amenities which they have. Theatres, museums, libraries, fine cultivated parks and gardens, ready and clean transport, and oh so much more. It is all an absolute necessity. And although one can rightly have a preference of where and how to live there is no reason why one should not feel at ease and content in both for this or that duration of necessary time. Some folk love the country and some love the town, but it is not a case of all one or all of the other. Good heavens below, some people even love suburbia!!! I guess they try to have their cake and eat it to some extent – artificial town and artificial countryside all rolled into one eh. There is nothing quite like suburbia for driving one nuts and for putting one to sleep. Middle class suburbia – now there is a thing to be avoided like the plague. There is vitality in a city, and there is real community in a village; but there is nothing of either in suburbia – dormitory existence is a good name for it – snoresville anonymous. Snore your way through life in suburbia.

The nature of extended reality is such that it is neither perfect, nor is it a diabolical chaotic mess. We inhabit a world which leaves room to either make it worse or make it better. Natural scenery is beautiful, but so too are some of the works of humanity. Humanity cannot improve on the nature of reality but it can put some of those bits together in such a way that enhances it even more. Here is the stuff my love, do with it what you will ! Yeah, sure mate; but it takes a lot of love, a lot of caring, a lot of work, and much thinking about – but fine, no problem; we will get it done.

Moreover, if you start thinking more about the all and less about yourself, then not only will you live a better life; and help make a better one for all others – but you will probably get less headaches and inner psychological turmoil; and you sure will not have the time to keep getting ill. And if the job kills you, (which it eventually does to all of us anyway) then so what; we all have to go sometime; and it may as well be for a good reason eh. Better do die for a dream than for nothing. Make your life here affective; use it well. What the hell point is there in existing in it otherwise; innit. Or existing at all for that matter. Do something constructive with it – for nothing else will. Could anybody give me one good reason as to why humanity at large should not do something constructive, and beautiful with existence? Just one good reason? And to say that it is too hard or impossible to do so is not a reason, and it is not a fact. When I was first asked to talk and write about these things I knew damn well, even then, that it would be a waste of time; for I already knew people well enough by then. I suppose the great advantage of being born where and when I was, and under those existing circumstances of those times, was about as good as it gets for becoming street wise by the age of about four or five – but kids of today cannot even envisage it – nor do they believe when told the things we did, and had to do.

It is funny, for every time we come to hear or read about kids in London during the war it is always about the ones that were evacuated – not the ones that stayed there and grew up in it – and became, in large measure, a product of those times and place. And this of course is the very last thing that one would give to their children or want them to live through. And yet, I would not have missed it for the world personally; for it was the quickest way to know people, and what they were like. And of course, when one later came to learn a little bit more and a little bit deeper, it made sense of it all. And who can give a kid a better education than life and living it? And moreover, if one wants all the academic stuff also, then simply read the necessary books, for they are all available in this day and age – and which is good. I often marvel at the privilege when the public library has scoured the nations libraries just to get hold of a book for little old me, free of charge. Now, that is civilisation and co-operation for you; and it is good.

However, with all that war and relative poverty, kids seemed to be very different then than many of them seem to be today, for they did things, and explored, made their own fun, and loved it; and they strove for something better. Today, for many of them, the couch in front of the television or computer seems to be as far as they go when they crawl out of bed; and this is not good or conducive to a healthy and full life. But it is funny really, for all those sections of humanity which fear freedom of speech and communication do not seem to be aware than even when one has such freedom to say what you like, to whom you like, and where you like – that nobody listens anyway these days. So, they are trying all these devious means to prevent something which is not even effective anymore anyway; for there is too much background noise. Hay ho, such is life and humanity – at this point of actual, and social, evolution. But things do change in due course – and a little faster if we make them happen – and even in ones life habits if one wants to. Moreover, the nature of reality has ways of changing people – and maybe, but hopefully not, it has to be the hard way – by bad experience and hard times; and facing reality as it is.

* * *

AFFECTATION

A Cosmic principle, so deep at root,
of which Man's lost realisation,
is a principle within all realms;
it's known as 'AFFECTATION'.
It is a form of cause and effect
but works in two directions;
a cause cannot effect a thing
without reciprocal affectations.

You cannot lift a feather,
or journey forth to Mars,
without using Cosmic energy;
which thus brought forth the Stars.
The using of such energy
will effect a change in TWO;
just as it is with food you eat,
which becomes a part of YOU.

But on a deeper level
of the self same Cosmic flow,
there is an effect; which now forgot;
which all should thus well know.
Such principle is Cosmic food,
so deep and so profound,
such food is found wherever you look;
in sky, or sea, or ground.

'Tis not food for the body,
nor is it food for thought,
but it is a food of Cosmic growth;
for the Spirit; it is brought.
It is an interaction
deep between your self
and a blade of grass, or flower,
natures deepest hidden wealth.

part two

There is an age old saying
that you cannot live by bread alone;
but the food of which is mentioned
seems now to be unknown.
You will not find such diet
emanating from a Car,
or virtual reality,
or stored in Vintners jar.

Such things are fine; within their place;
but are not Cosmic food;
an exclusive diet of such things
will cause the Soul to brood
and starve of inner movement;
motivation, and deep thrills;
and the food you lack can't be replaced
by magic pots of pills.

The answer is to take a rest;
go walk among the hills,
the trees, the streams, the rivers;
(the Cosmic magic pills).
They will effect a cause on you
with food your Soul does need:
communication from the depths,
which activate the seed;
just like a Rose needs Sunshine,
water, soil, and room;
to make it grow in temporal form,
as is done in the Virgin Womb.

One day you'll find that around you
the deepest Cosmic love
radiates like magic
from a tree; the ground; above;
they shine like jewels in Sunlight,
as the enfolded thus unfurls;
just as it is in Paradise
to lay bare creations pearls.

* * *

MEANING

What meaning has the Universe ?
Such questions men do ask !
while in the dark of Somnus
where ignorance does bask.
What is the meaning of a Tree,
a Rose bud or the Sun ?
The Universe has no meaning;
for it got it right in one.
Only words have meanings,
which point to other things;
but things, well they have purpose,
a function which it brings.
So do not ask the question-
“What meaning that I’m here”?
But, “What now is my purpose,
and what course shall I now steer”?
The mind is made for thinking,
and knowing what there is;
and of endings and beginnings,
and what there is betwixt.
Awareness, they say,
is the steam off the brain,
or the smoke that the fire brings;
How little they know of what they are,
and the nature of such things !
For Consciousness, the Trimorph,
and beyond the senses realm,
is not the cart or Donkey,
but the driver at the helm.
No puppet is the mind you see;
it does not dance to strings;
it only dances to the tune
that love and wisdom brings.
But if you would, by others will,
evacuate your mind;
such choice is yours, and time is yours,
to leave the truth behind.

* * *

Chapter 19

The Essential (Spiritual) Life.

Materialists believe that there is no such things as deeper knowable realities than that which can be observed by the five physical senses. And they are wrong. Religionists and followers of priestcraft like to believe that there are such things as both spiritual existence and non spiritual existence. And they are wrong. Both teachings and beliefs are wrong, and both teachings and beliefs are dangerous. There is only one over-all reality and we all exist in it and live it; and have to cope with it. But that reality, the cosmos of all being, is not just about little lumps of hard stuff as seen by the five external senses, and it is not two things – good and bad or spirit and matter, for they are all a part of the whole structure and inter-dimensional nature of existence; all existence; all that is yet brought form from the point of no duration and extension.

For practical purposes one could put it this way by saying that it is believed that there are two kinds of human beings: Atheists and Religionists. To simplify one could say that the religionists like to believe that something else, some other being, is not only going to save them but also come back and put this world to rights – a saviour of some kind. (I know this is an over simplification by the way); and that atheists like to believe that there is nothing more in existence than the material and rational mind and what they find around them by the five external senses and their brain. But, if one looks at it by this criteria then there are three kinds of people – mystics, being the third. Now, tis funny, for religionists like to think of mystics as either mad lunatics or as being atheists, whilst atheists like to think of mystics as either mad or being religionists – tis truly funny, and sad. But either way they are both wrong. I, and people like, me are not atheists and we are not religionists; and they do not even hold beliefs about anything. And both these other mobs are full of beliefs – and about things which they do not even know. The mystics war cry is know your self – and also in order to know what you are not. Mystics, as individuals, do not know much, but they know more about these essential things (or spiritual things) than either of the other two mobs put together. But of course, there are so few of them and even many of them say nothing.

But the real question from our point of reference is both a simple one and a pragmatic one – how best to live our lives here whilst it lasts and make the most of everything which exists for the benefit of the all, and creation (existence) itself. Religionists would see this question as being the question of as to how to live a spiritual life. Mystics see it as to how to live here in such a way that justifies our existence and all the effort work and energy that goes into bringing us forth, and whilst living in the dignity not only of ones Self but all creation. Materialists see it... well, you tell me as to how they see it.

But it seems that they see it in the light of grabbing what they can, running around like headless chickens, clucking about everything and nothing, with no object in life other than to fill every moment with things which amuse them at that moment, and sod everybody and everything else which might prevent that goal – hence hedonism. True enough they are not all like that – but many are; too many for the worlds good health and safety.

So how does one live this essential life – or spiritual life as it has become predominantly called these days? (I hope this whole book and all its chapters are addressing this very question). It is not for any man, ‘god’ or ‘demon’, or principle or philosophy, to tell anyone as to how they should live their life and what they should and should not do. Yes, it is true that in a simple society one must have a few simple rules of decent conduct. And that in a large and complex society (such as the world now is) that there must be many rules, guide lines, man made laws, to deter people from over stepping the mark of common decency and as to what is acceptable to that society. There is no right and wrong in these things other than the results of cause and effect, and that which is in sync with ones degree of moral judgement and feelings. Should one wear yellow socks on a Wednesday morning? Should one eat pigs? Should one drink a beer or smoke a fag? Do what the hell you like so long as it does not prohibit the freedom and wellbeing of society, other people and other life forms. Should one eat cows? Cows would not exist if we did not manufacture them. Maybe there will come a time on earth when people can live without eating the carcasses of life forms; maybe not. We will have to wait and see. But if they had not done so in the past then we would not be here now. And anyway, what happens to the cow when its form becomes a meal? The cows inner being is sure not warming up on the stove.

One can have principles and ideals, but one cannot always live by them in the kind of world which they have made here; and even though one should never drop a good principle or idea, for it is always a goal. But things happen in life whereby one cannot always adhere to this or that ideal or principle. Not to kill is a goal to try and live by and always uphold; but it cannot alas always be done. It is not a good idea, or practice for a child to keep telling his or her parents that they are wrong; but sometimes it is both a good idea and necessary if they are indeed wrong. Circumstances are events which exist, and they have to be coped with and attended to. What society in its right mind is going to allow people to run around with guns killing their friends and relations and disrupting that society? None I hope. But on the other hand if one section of humanity is exploiting and ruining the life of another section of humanity, then confrontation will always take place eventually; and it will out any way which it can out and resolve itself. You cannot throw a six on a die with only five faces; and we live in the world as it is NOW; not yesterday, or tomorrow, but as it is NOW.

Human beings will never rest at ease all the time that they see that there is no equanimity and fair shares of what exists and the products of human efforts – and rightly so. True, some will be greedy and want more than others, but what they want does not correlate with what they need, and what they should get. Life on earth is not about sheer luxury for some and misery for others. But those that have it, and along with power, will often fight to the death to maintain it. So be it; and one can give them one good battle. The spirit and essence of man is indomitable, and it will not take a second or third place for ever.

All life, all existence, all experience, is a part of the spiritual, essential, nature of reality in the becoming process. Only absolute hindsight of everything could ever reveal as to what is absolutely right or absolutely wrong in the reactions to any one given situation; and you and I do not have that absolute point of reference from which to judge all actions and all effects. Moreover, even if we did then that does still not imply that there is an absolute best or worst thing to do in a given situation. But we can only live with what has happened as to this moment. Life and existence is not about ... 'Oh, what if'. It is about what has happened and what exists now; and what can we do with it now and tomorrow. But mind can alter things in due course; and that is our power and potential. There was a time when the streets were small, narrow, crowded and flowing with human mess and waste. It was a health danger to people and it looked a mess. And the existential existence which it brought forth is not one which you and I would want to live in. So we learned things and altered it; we cleaned it up And so it goes on going on. And I seem to have spent my whole life here cleaning up after people; a cosmic yard brush indeed.

Is not life on earth a better place to live today, for most people, than it was fifty thousand years ago; or five thousand years ago; or five hundred years ago? Of course it is. But there is still much to do and much to aim and aspire for. And why is it better now? Because we envisaged it, worked for it, and was determined that we would change it. We did not wait for something else to do it. And change it we did, and still do. The world has changed because of mind and consciousness, ideas, principles, goals, and all things which are intangible and not made of sticks and stones. Mind over matter and events. Here is the stuff my love, do with it what you will; but in that doing feel within yourself as to what is the best to try and do. You will not find it with your eyes or your ears, nor your nose or sense of touch and taste – nor in books; but feel it you will, for there is more; and it is there. You have what you need for the task; and without any outside help, or aliens, or gods and demons.

Why does much of the eastern world loath and detest much of that about the western world? Obvious is it not. Because so much of it and so many of them are fat, lazy, greedy, stupid, selfish, spoiled, rich, and have a way of life so different from many. Why does much of the western world detest the eastern world? Easy is it not. For they too have resources which they have not used, they have not built such large scale integrated democratic societies which bring forth more opportunities and life styles, education, entertainment, individual enterprise, etc. So they see that they have worked for it and thence deserve it; whereas others have not got their act together and done the same. The two are incompatible on a small world. Who is right and who is wrong? Neither of them, they are simply not at the same place at the same time. If they did not even know of each other then there would be no problem would there. But they now do know of each other; so there is a problem – as they see it. The problem is greed, fear and jealousy. Fear of not having a good life and the fear of losing it. And it is the fear which brings the hostility, tears and tragedy.

Are civilisations on other planets (assuming they are there and in all levels of manifestation) right or wrong? Is their way of life right or wrong; good or bad? Let them judge their own society and their own world, and let them get on with making it a better one; so long as they do not interfere with us in a negative way. The society of humanity will straighten itself out one day; either the hard way or the easy way. The hard way is war, violence and aggression, until it is done; or agreed co-operation, and

giving up this or that so that equanimity exists. It is a matter of human choice and actions. The answer to it is not written nor ordained; it will become what they choose to make it. Mind and being is not reliant upon this little world. So, one should get that into perspective and act on it too. We need this physical world, but the physical world does not need us. And naturally enough it will not last for ever anyway; and no matter whether it is loved and looked after whilst it does exist, or not. In time this world is going to come to its end – just as is our own lifetime here.

So, what is the so called spiritual life they ask? Existing is. And having to act within it is. There is nothing else. Existence is existence, and in all its mansions and levels and dimensions of manifest form. If you do not like it then try killing yourself. But if you hang on for a while and improve it you may just come to like it and enjoy the trip a little more whilst it does last; and you may well find some that are prepared to help you along the road a little. And therein is the big thing is it not – caring, and the time to help and assist. Some religionists already do this; so too do many atheists; and so too do the mystics. We are all much the same therefore are we not; and care about the same things – we are all human beings whilst here.

Who or what is living the most spiritual life they ask: a caterpillar, a scientist, a bishop, a prostitute, a rapist, a murderer et al? They are all living with life and existence, and each depending on where they are at; what they have known, what effect experiences have had on them, what they have become, and what they aim and aspire to become. It is not as to where you are at but rather the road itself which is the essential or spiritual incarnate life. And given that the nature of reality delegates, then we can all help this or that if we are in a position to help, and if the desire to help is there. But you cannot be, and live, what you have not arrived at yet. But nevertheless it is all the same road – being and becoming; and there is no extant life form which is not on this road and cosmological journey.

Naturally enough attitudes, knowledge and understanding is relative to where one is at along this road of becoming. Is there such a thing as the best part of the journey? Well, what is the definition of best in this case? That definition, like all likes and dislikes, is a mere matter of opinion, not a matter of factual reality itself. If you are fifty years of age in this life then which part did you like best? And that is the answer to it. But if the best bit was as a child, or a young adult, then are you not a little wiser now than you were then? And would you be what you now are if you had not walked along that road in order to become what you are now. And would you have liked to have been that child for ever? Really and truly? Ask yourself, and then answer it yourself. Would you really go back and stay there?

It is fun to speculate as to what it would be like to go back to when we were perhaps a young adult but whilst knowing what we know now at sixty, seventy or eighty years of age; and with the benefit of hindsight of all that you have learned. But it could not be the same could it; and it would not be fun at all. For the things which motivated you and turned you on then would not do so now. True, you would be a pretty smart teenager or young adult, but would you fit in? No, you would not. You had to walk those paths to become what you are; and would you want to walk them all over again simply because of some feeling of nostalgia of good times past? I doubt it; and I certainly would not; and even though most of the food of life experience was judged to be good by myself, both at the time and from hindsight.

Would one have changed anything knowing what we know now? Of course we would have done some things differently, but we would not have learned what we have learned if we had not done them that way. And it is in that knowing that we would have done some things differently which proves to you here and now that you have learned something by that process. And that is the becoming process on a very small personal scale even whilst here.

When you were young you might have had a better memory than you have now. You might also have been a lot fitter, stronger and healthier than you are now. You might also have had more friends and more potential to get things done than you do now. But at what point in the past were you actually smarter and more aware than you are now? At no time in the past; for the path unfolding and the becoming process does not work that way. So, what is your life here about? Is it about being physically strong? Is it about being young and good looking? Is it about being rich or poor? Is it about the quality of your memory recall? Is it about having many or few friends? Is it about this or that party or this or that night out? No, it is about none of these things; and it is about all of them in one. It is about getting smarter, more knowledgeable and more understanding. And that is the small scale version of the cosmic principle of the unfolding of the implicate order of all things; and the project of transcendence itself. And it is so.

Ah, but all that learning and understanding is going to be wasted after all that effort when I die! Who said so? How do you know? And could you change that fact anyway? Nothing is for nothing; and everything is for something; nothing is ever wasted. Even the cosmos of creation itself has learned from your being here. It is fine to make judgements about things which you know, experience, and have come to understand a little; but it is not wise, not smart, to make judgements about things which you have not only never known or experienced as yet, but things which you have no idea of their existence of as yet. It is not foolish to judge things (it is necessary in life) but it is foolish to make judgements about things which you do not know as yet. I judged that paradise of the transcendent realm; for I was there living in it. I have judged this world in so far as I have seen it as yet; for I was there, living in it. I have judged limbo, annihilation, resurrection, and so much more besides; for it was axiomatic to me as to how I felt about them. But I cannot judge what I have not seen and known as yet. I cannot judge tomorrow. I will do that when the time comes; and when the event comes.

So, what is the next step of the incarnate road they ask? There is no way of knowing until it happens and one finds oneself there. What is going to happen in the next ten seconds? Nobody knows. We cannot help another from the position of foresight, but only from hindsight; when we have been there, done that and got the bruises. A child could not give any advice on being an adult; but an adult can at times give some advice from hindsight on having been a child – for they know and understand; from having been there. When one of my kids was about two years of age I happened to show them a photograph of the last Christmas tree, all lit up with all the little colours and goodies. I asked her what it was called. She smiled and then said it was a ‘Don’t touch’ !!! Oh, shit! Well, we all do it do we not. What is the first thing which you say when grubby little hands are just about to grab hold of it (electric cables et al) and possibly pull it down on themselves whiles also saying ‘What is it’ – ‘Don’t touch’.

One does not have the time to first say that it is a bloody Christmas tree mate, so do not pull it down on yourself. A child's mind and awareness is what it is and it is at where it is at; and I love the little gits. And we have to be so careful do we not. There is no such thing as getting it right, but simply to get as little of it as wrong as possible. (just like in a chess game in fact) And that is not easy.

There is nothing in life which is not a part of the journey, the learning, the trying to understand; the trying to do ones best. There is nothing in life which is not the spiritual or essential journey of becoming. What does it matter if it is solid or if it flows; if it is thick or if it is thin; if you can see it or smell it, or not see it and not smell it; for it is all there working and all a part of the nature of reality; and it works. It does the job; and the job gets done. This stuff is not for believing, it is for knowing, doing it, learning it, and becoming it. And it is then about using it to good constructive positive effect. What will you be doing and what will you be like one year on from today? Do you know? You will not know until you get there. You might speculate, or have a theory, you might well imagine as to what you will be doing and as to what you will be like. But you might even be dead eh.

In past times when the average person was shall we say not quite as smart and aware of things as the average person is today, it was felt that they would only become awe-struck if they were told that the spiritual life was about such things as walking on the water; getting dead bodies to wake up and go walkies; or turning water in to wine; and feeding a regiment on five kit-kats and one can of beer; and so on and so forth. It was believed that they wanted big big miracles. Oh this is so stupid that it must be true, kind of thing. Yeah son, truly believe it and you will be saved; and that is all you have to do; believe it all; sell your soul, brain and common sense down the river and believe it all; and bliss will be yours for ever more. Well, ignorance and gullibility certainly will be yours for a long time – but not for ever more.

Moreover, shut yourself away in a monastery and grow grapes and make wine for the rest of us; and do not listen to the news or comment on political affairs, and you will be living the real spiritual life, and old Nick will not be able to touch you. No, and neither will real life old chum. And do not some of these things hang over into this day. Go into our proverbial pub and ask people what spiritual reality is all about; and see what they say. Ask them what essential being is all about and they will probably say – what yer mean mate. Well, they do not put it on television do they; or in the tabloid press; or any press for that matter. Moreover if you ask one thousand old age pensioners as to what has moved them in life they might well answer Pickfords or Easy Move removals. But if a thousand old age pensioners have never seen a Mistle Thrush then that does not mean that they do not exist to be seen. Statistics can be very misleading can they not; especially in the hands of statisticians and commerce. But there we go. (ho, yeah, and academics and neurologists too eh).

Imagine a world which contained one million beings, and up to that time none of them had ever had a dream whilst asleep. And then one day one young person had a dream whilst asleep. Suppose then that the next day he or she mentioned it to all the others. Who would be the abnormal nut case with a problem? Supposing today that one person said that he or she had never had a dream at night. Would that not be considered a little unusual? What is 'normality'? It is what happens most of the time or in most cases.

So going on holiday must be an abnormal activity; for most days we all go to work; and only a few can afford holidays anyway – so it is abnormal in human existence as yet. People only accept the more rare, or very rare, when it is acceptable to accept it. And who determines as to what is acceptable and ‘normal’? Well, in this day and age science is the big boss; or rather scientists are held up to be that yardstick of sanity and wisdom – with the exception of a small minority of fundamentalists religionists who are still buried in books of symbolism and lies and distortions of ages past and don’t even know that science exists and that the world has moved on.

A part of the spiritual life (all real existence) is also the wisdom to keep the old things which are good and worth keeping whilst also not fearing change which will turn the existing not so good into something a little better. And does not the same thing even apply to ones memories, or old buildings, old artefacts, old wine; and even our self and our personality and characteristics. Old does not mean useless, it means that it has been around a long time. New does not necessarily mean good and useful. But everything made in time which is now old was once new. (even Exmoor). And before it was new it did not even exist. But by the same token, everything which is old is not necessarily good and useful, and certainly not worth keeping just for the sake of keeping it. We have to discriminate, make judgements and act of them. Collecting mere clutter does not make life easy and it has no functional value. And yet look at how many people love to accumulate utter junk. Why? Frightened to let go maybe? Nothing to fill its place maybe?

Yet anything that was of real value in some way in your life will not be forgotten will it. Both the memory and the feeling of its essence will be floating around there somewhere in your mind will it not. What are memories made of? And what effect do they have whilst they remain? And I do not mean remembering somebody’s telephone number or the amount of glasses of wine which one had last night. No, I mean stuff that really meant something to you or changed you in some way. The inner depths of the mind keeps what is needed and dumps the rest. And most of this presumably goes on whilst asleep – and maybe dreaming. And answer the question (if you can) as to how the normally subconscious parts of our being can take twenty years of learning and then turn it all into poetry whilst you are sleeping. You cannot answer it and neither can I. It just works. But, sure, it works some how; it is not magic. So there is much yet to learn – about everything.

There are those who might see a wonderful vision of the countryside, and which has a really good effect on them, and they will say; oh, this is the spiritual life; for it makes them feel good. But I see a kid being raped and murdered, and that too is the spiritual life, for it takes place in reality as it is; and it makes me realise as to how abhorrent that act is. It is all the spiritual life; not only the bits that make you feel good; but also the bits which make you feel horrible and disgusted. And idiotic religionists ask as to how their thingy up in the sky can allow such a thing. Well, first and foremost there is no idiot thingy up in the sky at all and secondly the nature of reality gives us those options and potentials. You cannot have freedom of choice and then be dictated to. You cannot have your cake and eat it. Either freedom and the responsibility which comes with it, or non existence – which do you want? ‘IT’ did not do it; the person that did it, did it. And how the hell else could you ever come to learn if one was not living it and with all these potentials and options to choose from? Or would you rather be a robot maybe; or a fish.

You do not learn how to become the more by staying in the cosmic womb; so orf you go; toddle orf and learn about life and existence chum – catch up with you again latter sunshine. And thus it is. There is no buck passing; and all your life you must make judgements and act on what you see to be the best thing to do – and think about all the consequences before you do it. What is the point of being able to think and reflect if we do not use it.

When you are standing on the earth you are hurtling through space at a very fast rate. The world goes around on its axis; it also goes around the sun. The sun goes around the galaxy and the galaxy goes wherever the hell it goes. And yet you do not notice any of it from the perspective of being on earth. Neither can you see the point of learning this or that at the time of learning it. But it all goes somewhere and does something does it not. The job gets done. And just how much can we each glean about the absolute nature of the whole unfolding of things from one mere very short lifetime on earth? Not a lot. But the little bit which you do learn and come to understand is also partly in your own hands. And it IS a part of reality – for YOU are.

If you sit with your eyes covered up, ears covered up, nose blocked up; and do not touch anything or taste anything; then what the hell will you ever have to think about and come to understand – and assuming that you lived any length of time that way? Darkness and silence maybe? If you want to understand a little more about life and being then jump into it, swim in it and go with the flow and go where it takes one. And that is experience; and it is not for nothing. So one could also say that the real or best spiritual life is in that of living it all and finding out more about it – and in so doing you will be affected by it and changed. It is that simple and that easy. Hiding from life will not reveal life. Closing ones mind will not allow things to flow through it. It seems that on average we spend about one third of our life here asleep – and much digestion and repair work goes on whilst we are asleep – but this does not mean one should spend their whole life asleep; for then there would be nothing at all to go on in there whilst you are asleep; nothing to digest. And sitting on the settee watching fiction on the TV nearly all day every day is about effective as being asleep all your life, and as useful as tits on a rooster. Real reality exists out there and within yourself – use it all well, and learn from it. That is the spiritual life.

One might assume that existing in the transcendent realm is the most important aspect of the absolute spiritual life, because there is nothing else there anyway. But they would be very wrong in so assuming; very wrong indeed. For it is only the beginning and the end of being. It is also the easiest bit because we do not have to do anything or think about anything; and nothing rotten or nasty or disgusting gets in the way. But, no, they would be wrong. In so far as being is concerned then that which I call the consummatum incarnate is the highest point of being. For it is like the whole cosmological job having been done and finished on earth. All three parts of our self, AND objectivity, all dancing as one; on earth, incarnate. THAT is what it is all about – creation and being a part of it all. It is a fact. Alas, a fact as yet that does not seem to have been realised by the consensus of human beings on earth yet. And that of course is the problem; and the mystics problem at that. However, it is important to see both of them; the transcendent and the imminent which brings it all back to earth again. How many religionists or atheists tell you of it? None of them. How many scientists? None of them. Only the mystics tell of it; and it is true.

But it is also important to see all the things which are not conducive to that existence on earth; for if we did not know it then how would we go about arriving at it? Such revealing experiences are not for nothing and they are not for mere fun and kicks. How can you say that remorse is something to steer clear of if you have not acutely learned it to be so, for a fact? Well, they are a kind of kick – a cosmological kick up the arse in a forward direction of movement; and for that purpose. Taste this son, and see if it is worth working toward; for it is yours if you want it and make it; kind of thing. If you do not put effort into life, then you will not reap the rewards of so doing. The biggest problem with religionists is that they are waiting for something else to do it all for them – lazy gits. And it ain't going to happen sunshine. And neither would they gain any personal life experience and understanding from it. If you want to know what the crap is then you have to go where it is at, and why it is what it is; you have to live it and know it, it has to be axiomatic first hand experience in order for you to KNOW, and understand. That, is the spiritual life. And there is no other kind of life anyway.

Ask a bishop as to what the spiritual life is and see what they tell you (not one that has read this book by the way; for I know some of them have pinched my stuff before, and even written it out in the press; and that is a fact). Ask a scientist as to what life and existence is all about? Ask a fiction writer. See what they all say. And when they have said their piece then ask them as to what their assertions are based upon, and as to what it was like learning all that stuff. See what they say. Be a detective yourself. A cosmic detective. If you learn a few things which they do not yet know then you will be diagnosed as having severe mental disorder and rapid brain deterioration; but never mind eh, for you will know what you know; and you will become what you become by virtue of it all. And that too is a part of living the spiritual life. And so too is the learning to walk alone and to be alone.

But all this stuff takes up so little of ones time here, it is amazing. So much of our time here is indeed put aside for mere fun and games, enjoyment, spontaneous activity, fun, excitement and trivial nonsense. And even all that is still a part of living life and learning about it and partaking in it. The spiritual life is no big deal, for everything is it; and there is nothing else. So what would it be a big deal in counterpoint to? There is no counterpoint. A good belch after a good meal and a good pint of real ale is just as much a part of spiritual existence as being carted to paradise is; for you could not do either if you did not exist – and that is what existence is – living it and doing it. Oh, but all that is your opinion! Yup, it sure is; and one day it will be your opinion also; for it is a fact. But it is also more than my opinion, for it is what reality is and does; and that is a fact of life and existence. Observe it closely and see for yourself. Life contains both opinions and facts, and the former do not always correlate with the latter.

But, as I have said elsewhere, and specifically in the well analogy, it is also a matter of clearing the junk off the surface of the pond of the top of the mind in order that the top of the mind can become a reflection of the water in the spring at the other end of the vortex of our emanation. Hence when our incarnate personality becomes a reflection and mirror image of the essence of our being. And what about when that is done they ask? Do not ask me for I have not been there yet; still trying to work at it; and it is hard eh. Chess is much easier. But unfortunately or otherwise I cannot concentrate on that now and cannot conjure up the enthusiasm to waste the time; too

much else to be done; and too little time in the remainder of this lifetime to waste it on trivia. But I do not know what is going to happen tomorrow; and even though there exists implications. But sod the implications, I rely on direct experience and operate from hindsight of it; and not in anticipation of it. I do not require faith; for what will be will be. But what will be on earth tomorrow is down to us today to an extent; and that is my concern, not paradise, not limbo, not oblivion; but life on earth here and now, and as to what we have the power to make it; and whilst that opportunity lasts.

Talking of chess and the clergy reminds me of a little story when I was about twenty one or early twenty two. There was this guy, the reverend... well, I will not mention names and all that. But for a while he was giving me a lift to the chess club, for he went right past my place in an otherwise empty car; so no big deal eh. He was quite a good player, but not quite as good as he thought that he was – well, how many of them are eh. But one day I had to play him in a serious club championship match. True, he was a much better player than me at that time. Anyway, I tried hard and he underestimated me something rotten; and which was tough luck from him and which prevented him from winning the club championship; for I got a draw with him. He did not only not give me a lift into the chess club any more (so I had to buy a car) but he did not speak to me any more either – and all because he did not win a game of chess. Well, not really because of that but because it had pricked his egocentric little bubble. And he did not like that much. Mind you, nobody liked him much either. And he of course was saving souls in that area. Well, we do have fun eh, and life exposes the cheats, liars and hypocrites. I wonder what he would have said that the spiritual life was – letting him win all his chess games I guess. Oh dear oh dear oh dear. And of course he was called to save souls by his thingy up in the sky was he not – and which proves that it is fruit and nut case. Or he is.

We all know well enough that apart from the big essential encounters in life that there are many types of smaller ones. These little encounters where something happens and for a brief while and one is almost lifted into another state of existence whilst on earth; the little high points which reveal something about life and existence to us. And they are of course very moving moments, and everybody has them at times; some more so than others; and they reveal things about ourselves and life, and when you know them you do not forget them. And things beyond that level are the same kind of life enhancing and personal revelations writ large. But with regards these other things then many thousands of people have told me of their own in private; for I have studied people closely, and I often ask the sort of questions which are not normally asked in general every-day conversations. And you learn things that way. It is interesting also that when you ask a serious question, in a serious discussion, as to how happy, and sometimes relieved, people are to talk about such things. And no person is going to tell me that this is not so; for I know it is so; thousands of times over, and for well over sixty years now.

And this of course is one of the things which is also sad about existing society today, in that people really are one thing, and each at wherever they are at, and they are happy to talk of it when they trust you and have confidence in confidentiality, and yet they show a very different face and personality to society at large. Naturally I would like to see them being their real self all the time, all day and every day. It is also true of course that in being that way they are not being true to their self.

And yet that self, wherever they really are at, is far more endearing and loveable than the mask which they put on for society in order to hide that real personality and its soft intangible centre. They put on an act to try and appear to be a hard case, when they are really a kitten and a big softy. The people that have wept when telling me things is amazing. But then again, it is not amazing at all; and it is good. And it is good to see it; and it gives one hope for humanity. Try really talking to people; and they (most of them) will open up to you. And do not repeat what you hear. For it is between you and them; and it is good.

Interesting is not that every now and then something really bad happens in a village, town, city, nation state, or the world itself even. And when it does nearly everybody drops their mask and pretences and they pull together; and help each other in ways that would not normally occur. 'Tis interesting, but also a little sad, that it takes such tragic events to bring the very best out of people – their real self. Would that it could be like that during the good and easy times as well. For when it does then society will have overcome one of its major problems and alienating forces – fear to act and inhibitions.

So yes, indeed, all these things, and everything which happens, the good the bad and the downright ugly, are all a part of existing and learning about life, existence and being and becoming. There is nothing else; there is no counterpoint to it. And could there really be any other way of doing it? Like watching it all on a film maybe? And even though some of them can also be revealing and inspirational in some way – not that they make many films like that of course. And so too of course does music. And who makes, plays and writes music? We do of course. And why do you listen to it? Because not only can it change your existing mood for the better, but it can and is often inspirational and revealing. Has not a piece of music never made you weep a wee bit on the inside? You weep because you feel it is good, and you know it is right. And it is right because you have just touched, encountered, an essence. Raise that by the power of infinity and that is what the paradise of the transcendent realm is like. Words will never reach an essence of being. Nor will they ever reveal it. But of all things invented by man then music is the nearest to it. And so it is. And musicians are the only people whom I have ever envied – and I should have been one instead of being a bloody mystic type me thinks. It sure would have been more fun, and probably more worth while. But there you go, and we are not in charge of everything.

Try an experiment tomorrow. Find a guy or a woman at work whom you do not like (and they probably do not like you much either) and be nice to them, in a nice way, not a sarcastic way; but mean it; and be like it all day. Just see as to what effect that it has. In life you have to try things and experiment you know; otherwise you do not learn anything. And if you do not learn anything then you do not change – and life would get very dull if you did not change would it not. Who knows, you might even like and enjoy what you become. So too might others, and it might inspire them to try the same things – suck it and see.

And if it does not work then what have you lost? You have not lost anything at all, indeed you have gained something – even more experience. Moreover, you did also give somebody the opportunity to be nice back to you eh; and if they did not take that opportunity; then so be it. No problem for you eh.

Never mind about your feelings being hurt (that is mere kid stuff), for you are going to learn to overcome that now are you not; and the sooner the better. As you get softer then toughen up so that you can remain that way. And that is one of the great secrets of the mystics; and the effects of rapid brain disorder; and the spiritual life whilst on earth. You can be hard and soft at the same time.

And when you come to think of it (and study the history of humanity even) then who has had it as hard and as difficult, and lonely, as the worlds poor old bloody mystics? Times-are-a-changing however, slowly but surely however. It is said, and it may well be true but I do not know, that there are more human beings alive on earth today than all those who have lived and died here since humanity existed here. Well, either way there are certainly a lot more human life forms around here now than at any time in the past, and there are more mystics around today than there ever were in the past also. But what about relative percentages of population – is that any greater than at any time in the past? Questionable; for we cannot really know for sure.

If one person in a million today is a mystic (even half baked as yet) then that still amounts to quite a few people does it not. And what about when it is fifty or sixty percent of the population? What would the world be like then? Mystics would not have to weep at the nausea would they. And all that brain damage eh. It will be nice when the whole world is suffering from rapid brain disorder, and these things do not even have to be mentioned at all; for they will all know it. The world will become sane when they all go nuts with brain disorder. And I wonder what the bishops and neurologists will do then, poor things. Well, one lot will get another job and the other lot will wise up a little; and start thinking deeper.

If I had charged a pound for answering every mail, email, telephone call, every question answered then it would have made me a millionaire by now (emm, there is a thought eh). Now, this is interesting is it not. Given that about one third of humanity is a subscriber to this or that religion or philosophy, and about another third are hard core materialists, and about one third psychics of some kind, and just a few mystics, then why do they ask so many questions? For they are not supposed to are they. Interesting.

And what does this prove? It proves that somewhere deep down on their inside there is still a spark of living life in there somewhere and they are still seeking answers to questions which are obvious to everyone (that is another aspect of the spiritual life you see – tis alive son). So, something is still alive in there and kicking to get out. Tis funny is it not. It is also funny and amusing, and indeed quite revealing, that when having private chats with bishops and vicars et al, whilst alone. Would you believe that many of them do not really believe this pile of junk which they are spouting from the pulpit on Sundays. (Mystics do not reserve Sundays for spiritual existence by the way; for it is a twenty four hour a day job – even more at times it feels). Well, for heaven sake, if they can squeeze eternity into three hours, then what the hell eh. Time is no object or barrier. And time was made for mind not mind for time. Modern day priestcraft of course (well most cases anyway) are not the cretins which established the religions of priestcraft; and these guys and gals are just peddling the stuff like drug traffickers for a job and an income (called to it my arse). But they do not only not have a clue about the stuff itself (or themselves) but they do not have a clue as to the harm they are doing either.

They believe that they are giving the mob something which they want and need. But they are doing the complete opposite – they are preventing them from achieving Re-Legio; the mystic reunion of self with Self, and the psychognosis event and the essential knowledge of the all. And that is why I say it has got to stop. Not just because it is wrong but because it is dangerous. Pumping this stuff into kids minds is just as dangerous, if not more so, as feeding them drugs to blow their mind away. And they call that the spiritual life and for which they have been called!!! Humbugs, charlatans, liars and cheats; the lot of them. And I tell them that to their face. Some are stupid enough just to laugh. Probably lost for words eh. Well that makes a bloody change to be sure. No, this world will not become right until they have all stopped messing with peoples minds. And that is an absolute fact. The demise of priestcrafty will not stifle spirituality – it will liberate it. Think on it for heavens sake. And do something about it. Now, not tomorrow. Walk and leave them to cry into their beer – down at the dole office. Oh yes, and there is plenty of real ale about – thank the power that be and the brewers. Oh yeah, and by the way, it is getting far too expensive lads; so get a grip eh. Nausea does no come from life, it comes from human beings who are not living it. And living it IS the spiritual life.

Anyway, try a little experiment tomorrow. Ask all different kinds of people as to what they see as being living the spiritual life – see what they all say. Moreover, become a nosy sod and ask people all sorts of question, for it is fun and illuminating. Even my own family have moaned at me for chatting so much to mere strangers whom I meet on the street or wherever – but I love it; and always have done. And what is the point of existing with millions of other beings on a planet if you do not chat with them – and all the different kinds? My real favourite for most of the time is chatting with young kids – for they are still truly alive and wondrous critters; and they never fail to amaze me and teach me things. One does not even have to tell them anything, just simply ask them questions. Just a while back I got chatting to a ten year old boy and one of his mates; they were real live wires. I asked one of the kids as to his three favourite subjects at school; and he replied History, Geography, and Pornography; and he had a grin all over his face that many adults have forgotten about. Ah, tis good. Another kid at his school was told by his very obese Lady teacher that she could hear them from a long way away (whilst she was out of the class), and the lad spontaneously replied, not to worry Ma'am, for we can see you coming from a long way away ! Man, there is cute kid and full of life. Cheeky, but nice. Reminds me of somebody I once knew very well, about sixty years ago – me ! Ah, thanks for the memory son. It was good.

And do you know what, I have even heard it said that some of these young kids have said to my own children – “Hey, your dad is good fun isn't he”. And in all truth I think that is the nicest thing anyone could ever say behind your back. And of course, it goes without even saying, that we should all, always, keep a bit of the child within ourselves. And that too is the spiritual life on earth; and the unencumbered and uninhibited love of it all. I wonder why that Arkon Image Emanation which I had on the way home was in the form of a young child. Or maybe I do not wonder at all, maybe I know. You are living the spiritual reality now – and there is nothing else.

* * *

Chapter 20

Morality

The more we come to learn (by experience) about the nature of ourselves, the world, the universe, structure, and the inner forces which shape our being, then the less options we each have in our freedom of choice regard to our actions on earth. Learning eventually leads to one place – understanding; and understanding limits our options of free choice on earth. The existing paradigm has it that there exists two kinds of absolute ‘reality’, the objective and the subjective. It is thought, or it certainly seems to be the case, that truths can be stated about the nature of the outside objective world and the physical universe, and yet any statement of so called ‘truth’ relating to the inner dimensions of ourselves are but subjective personal feelings and views. This view creates a dichotomy in mind which does not exist in reality. The fact is that the boot is on the other foot entirely, and that in reality we can ONLY ever truly know absolute fact about ourselves and NOT absolute objectivity at all. All experience takes place in the inside of our being, even when it is experience of objectivity.

The sun is at a distance which we can measure in terms of the tools and criteria by which we use to measure it, and that is a fact. But, they say, there can be no known facts with regard to subjective data. (a) Because we are, on the face of it so different, and (b) because we cannot substantiate those ‘facts’ by the empirical process of objective observation. Thus to assert that it is wrong to kill, torture, rape, exploit other life forms is nothing more than a subjective truth, and it does not relate to the nature of reality as a whole. This view is also a very part and product of assuming that we are free floating isolated lumps of stuff in the universe, as opposed to being a part of it all, and of which we can know nothing of the truth of our own inner existence.

Think on this. It is believed by some in this day and age that there is no such thing as our will, and hence freedom of choice in our actions; because the genes are in charge of everything, and hence freedom of choice is an illusion. So, nobody can do anything right and constructive by choice and nobody can do anything bad or destructive by choice; for it is all written, so to speak. Think on this also. We all know that there is very much about humanity which leaves much to be desired. But, it is said (I have not counted them personally) that there are about six billion people on earth. Well, there is certainly quite a few of them. But how many of them are trouble makers; murderers, rapists, vandals, thieves? Not many, a small percentage only. Most human beings are, well, good enough for now shall we say; and some are exceptional even; and moving in the right direction of course. So, why are they not all rotten little gits then?

They could all choose to rape, murder, pillage, and vandalise. We could all walk around with guns and knives killing each other. But they do not. And it is not because of the legislation of state laws; the state laws exist by virtue of what makes them this way. An inner recognition of what is good and what is not good – morality.

If somebody had a death wish (which alas some seem to do these days) then what would prevent them from taking a few hundred other people with them? They would not fear society killing them, for that is what they want anyway. But even those that take their own life, do not do that. Why not; for it would be so easy to do so? Well, we all know why they do not; well most of us do anyway. Science might not, politics might not, psychology might not, and religions certainly do not; but we know why. They do not because they know better. Morality cannot be inflicted by another person or state legislation, and it cannot even be learned by watching society and decent behaviour; for it is an inner job. True, it can and does grow during a lifetime here; but each soul is at where it is at and the learning and understanding process goes on – becoming. And, of course, we observe others and are moved and inspired by some of them, and wish to be like them.

What happens on our inside, and all those depth inner levels, are a part of creation itself, not something on the outside of it looking in (or out). We are creation, we are an integral part of the whole; dualism exists in appearance and real observation, but not the overall reality. What happens on our inside is a part of the process of the all. It is inwards from the reference point of incarnate consciousness; but it is not inwards in the nature of the sum of the all – for it is but a dimension of it. If one is standing on the tenth floor of a twenty floor building then which way is up and which way is down? Is everything which is up real and yet everything which is down subjective? Can facts of truth only be known about that which is upward? What then happens when you go down to the ninth floor? Are you then living in a make believe reality? And even though that reality is as real as the one above it when you are there? And what about the basement? Is that also a relative illusion or subjective view? One must keep in mind that reality is not relative, it is experience which is relative to where we are each at in having experience and digesting it.

It becomes a part of the learning process that there are things which you and I cannot prove, but they are still real and a part of creation. Is consciousness real and does it exist? Silly question is it not; but none of us can prove it. Likewise does the nature of reality not require us to be able to prove it, for life itself reveals these things to us directly, and to all of us directly; life proves it. I cannot prove to any living person that morality is also a factual part of reality, but I do not have to, for life proves it to them also. I do not need to prove that love feels good and that hate (important though it is at times) does not feel so good. But I do not have to, for they know it. And those who do not know it yet will know it in due course, for that is what life teaches and reveals. It is not a relative fact, it is only relative with regard to who has learned it yet and who has not; and as to how much of it they have learned.

Now, there is no way that I (and probably you) could knowingly torment a child (tease them yes, in fun) and make their existence here a misery. One does not have to be in this world long however, (a mere few years) to fully realise that this is not the case with all people. I could not do it because I am not at that place. It is not a mere matter of choice that I cannot do it; and even though freedom of choice alone would

permit me to do it. And neither is it the case that I am nice, or wise, or good, or clever, it is to do with the our inner dynamics and inward dimensions – and what they have learned throughout their existence as yet; and as to what they inwardly feel because of it. Putting handles of good and bad, nice and nasty on these things hides the real truth of it. It is neither good or bad, for it is what is so; and we are at where we are at.

Thus it is that I hate such events. And that means that I am repulsed by them. Repulsion is like the negative end of a magnet – it pushes away, repulsion. This is not a matter of choice; I did not decided to be repulsed by it. Moreover, societies moralistic indoctrination had nothing to do with it – for I never listened to them anyway. It was damned obvious that most of them did not have a clue what they were talking about anyway, and that they were merely repeating what others had pumped into them from childhood. People do not teach and instil morality – life does. And life alone. True, in so living they can set an example for others, but that does not reveal the causation of it. And that is an objective factual truth about the nature of real reality – not man-made sociological myths. It is not a case of the inner simply being affected by the outer, but rather the top-side personality of the mind being affected by both the outer experience of life and deeper inner realities of ourselves below the level of daily consciousness, and what we have become. And to say nothing of what we are in essence. So, it is even more the case that it is the inner effecting the outer.

Our individual moral code of conduct comes from a very deep place in creation within ourselves. But to the degree (relativity) of which we are each aware of it (and hence are motivated by it) is dependent upon our own integration and awareness of those inner realities; and this requires the use of our inward antenna as well as the outer senses. Morality does not come from the outside, but from the inside. The transcendent aspect of our being is not outward it is inward. The seed of creation and the implicate order is not outward it is inward to all things extant. If it is inside me then how can it be inside you? We all meet up at the same place inwards and downwards – the seed of the implicate order; and the structure of our deepest inner dynamics is the same for all. Where is the centre of the earth? Under your feet, and no matter where on earth you are standing. That is where its centre is. The centre of creation is within you and downwards, and it is not relative to the observer, and neither are its essences.

Now, naturally enough, every human being is going to judge moral questions from where they are at right now – not where they were fifty years ago, and not where they will be in fifty years time – but here and now. They are going to judge by where they are at NOW; and they can do no other. Now, if a person feels no remorse at torturing another person then they have no problem with doing that. True enough they would not enjoy it being done to themselves, but that does not bother them, for they are not there yet. All the talking and all the preaching in the world is not going to alter where that person is at NOW. There is only one course of action, and that is to prevent them doing unacceptable things in a society which is more evolved than they are. Difficult, true enough. What best to do then? Life is for the living and learning, and then the acting upon what has been learned.

By the same token they must be allowed to experience life and grow – but on a tight reign at times alas. If everybody was allowed to do what they like, when they like, how they like, and to whom they like, then civilisation cannot work; it would collapse. But it is this being allowed to do what you like which is considered to be freedom in this day and age. It would only work if we were all perfect and all at the same place at the same time however; and we are not. Incarnate life does not work this way – not on this level of reality at least. Creation delegates. Rank absolute idiots think some kind of person is in charge of all this and doing it all itself; even cave men were not so damned blind and stupid. Creation delegates.

We all learn from others and we can all teach something to others. Do not the rank immoral fraternity teach us what it is like to be there? Does that in itself not repel us in a forward motion towards a better reality on earth? And does not our repulsion show us where we are at? I would imagine that somewhere out there in the far depths of space there may be a planet, or many of them perhaps, on which the highest level of incarnate mind is at the level of cave dwellers, stone age, and whatever. We here have moved on a little, well most beings here have anyway. Do we conscious entities each land on a world which is about right for our own needs and requirements for further growth? Well, who knows, but it seems to make sense. This world is about life, but life is not only about this world. And neither is it about this particular level of incarnate existence which we experience here in the normal day to day conscious state of a human beings on earth. This is only one level of incarnate cognitive reality and creation; and this is obvious simply from observing the abundance of life forms on this little planet alone. Do we not have an abundance of that evidence alone on this little world then. What is dog consciousness like? What is worm consciousness and being like? You and I cannot imagine, for it is not our food to digest. And we are each at where we are each at.

Moreover, by throwing all these levels of being together on one world is it not also more fun, and moor food for thought and experience? Do not the animals make this world a better place to be? And is it not axiomatic to everyone that there are many levels of human incarnate existence on this world alone? How could we ever learn more, grow, understand things better if all that existed on earth were people who are where you are at now? Variety is also a part of the spice of life. We do not only teach mathematics to children in school, we give them a variety of experience.

Now, by virtue of the fact that morality and moral judgement is so important (because it is a fact of life also) in that it is our own inner guide book to living our lives, there are those then, and always have been, that assume we have to have a known sociological basis as a premise of justification for that moral code. For the large part this has always been done through indoctrinating a state religion or philosophy and making that religion or philosophy the basis of truth for our moral and ethical condition. However, if the ultimate ground of substation of a moral reality is based on a fairy tale which most people can see through like a pane of glass, then what becomes of morality itself in so far as they are concerned? They assume also that morality must be of the same order as a myth. Hence, to hell with morality. And that is but another sign and consequence of modern times and the souped up modern commercialism in the dog eat dog society. They want you to be that way for there is a profit in it for them – and you let them do it. But how long for?

By virtue of the fact that so many assume that facts can only be known of objective reality, and that all else is mere subjective feelings and wishes, then the world finds itself with a self evident inner personal morality but no known truth to tie it to. Well, I have given you one; the same one which real reality gave the insight to me and many others. Mankind does not need Neanderthal religions to justify a self evident fact of inner reality; they need to look within themselves to find the very ground of the moral impetus. And when they come to know it then they will also know what it is for and from whence it comes and why. It is that simple; and absolutely necessary. But they do not want to see it or hear it, for the existing momentary trinket is a drug addiction which they will not let go of. In fear of losing what they assume they have.

In the meantime, and until such time as it is revealed to their own topside mind, then there is nothing wrong in teaching a consensus morality – the one which most people on earth adhere to, and where that consensus is at, and for no other reason than that it is effective and pragmatic. Morality does not need a coat hook for its justification. When a child asks as to why, then do not create a fairy tale in order to give it credence, but simply say that you do not really know as to how and why it is, but it is just there, and it is so, and that is how we experience it, feel it and live it. Tell them that the spirit (or human mind if you prefer) cannot live in a world which does not measure up to where we are at in consensus terms. True, some will be beyond that consensus view and some will not yet have reached it. And hence the need for rules of behaviour in a world such as this. Comply with this, or reap the consequences of your actions. This world is a place where all levels of being are slung in together. That is cosmic delegation; and it is that way because it works; and everyone learns from it.

Your kid is involved in a life/death accident. A car with the ignition key in it is near by. Do you take it in order to get the kid to hospital as soon as possible? Yes indeed, pinch the damned contraption and get the job done. Is that stealing? Well by law it is. However, not many cars are stolen for that reason are they. Why do people take each others property? They are not adequate to the world they live in, so they need help. Are they too egocentric to admit that they need help – or is society just not interested in them and their own personal needs? How can we all live in reasonable and effective harmony when the things which we require in daily life on earth are stolen every day? You cannot.

Why are so many kids on drugs? Because society is not interested in them and does not go out of its own egocentric and hedonistic ways to make life a better and more exciting experience for them. We cannot live alone. We all need help every day from other aspects of society and individual people in that society. I need this computer to write with, but I do not have a clue as to how to make one; and neither do I care, for it is not my job or concern. But I expect them to get it right, for it is their job and it is their concern. Same with the shoemaker and the dentist. If the dentist tells me that I am not looking after my teeth well enough – then the dentist is the expert not me. We all need each other. Life is very complex and interrelated – because it has to be in order for it to work at all. Civilisation is a delicate baby.

Also it is obvious that we do not all come into this world like a blank floppy disk with nothing on it. True enough we have no memory of anything (Cosmic Amnesia). Did Mozart come into this world with exactly the same potentials in music as the rest of us? It would take a very gullible (or extremely intransigent) person to believe that to

be the case. True enough he had to learn the language of music. But he did not have to learn music – for he knew it – he was it – it was him, and others like him. Was it nothing more than an accidental ‘gift’ ? Or had he worked at it for aeons; or perhaps tapping into a vast subconscious instinct of what had been learned by others before? Why are we inwardly motivated toward this or that thing, activity, or whatever? Is it an accident? It is certainly not a matter of our choosing to become interested and motivated toward something.

Have you ever attempted to become really interested in something which you are not really interested in; or perhaps told that you ought to be interested in? It does not work. It is not effective. People say that they are going to try this and that when they retire from work – we never retire from work; and we never tire of the things which we are motivated toward or by whilst we are motivated by them. However, trying different things is good and constructive activity, for we often do not consciously realise until we try this or that thing that we could be interested in it. Experience is the food of life. And variety is the spice; and kids should have the opportunity to try it all, and to see what works for them, and they for it. We cannot work out logically what we should each be doing and interested in during this lifetime – we just find it within us. But we have to try things to find out.

Likewise also do children come into this world with their own package of where they are at and what they need for the next step of the journey. It is self evident that we are not consciously aware of that at the time however. Creation does not do everything all at once, it takes and makes time. There are times when our inner self knows (without knowing how or why)... ‘Oh yes – this is for me, and I am for that’ ! What is empathising and agreeing with what? One level of our reality is in harmony and accord with another and deeper level – a level that has been around more than the new incarnate emanation and personality. Think of a running program of a computer as the operator sees it as being daily conscious awareness. But think of the program below it as being the sub-conscious or soul, from which it derives its manifest form.

To fly counter to that level is then felt as an immoral act – it does not feel right, for we are repulsed by it. And that is wise, for it is not right for that person at that time. There are some aspects of food which have to be eaten in an ordered sequence. There are events which have to take place before other events can then come about. We cannot put our shoes on until the damn things have been made. We cannot judge as to what is right and wrong unless we have something to judge by. Initially that stuff is all there – and well bellow consciousness. Only when the bits emerge into conscious awareness can we then grapple with them, argue with them, fight them, and this is the process of interaction and synthesis – and becoming more by virtue of it.

We all know only too well that there are times when reason can over-ride an inner moral impulse, or run counter to our conscience; and well all do it some of the time. However, it is then, and only then, that we create remorse for ourselves; we know that we have done something that we should not have done, for it is counter to our deep inner understanding and commitment to what we feel is right. And it feels really rotten to live with it. True, such cases may be borderline things in our own understanding. For we all know that we cannot run counter to our deepest inner moral compulsions irrespective of reason and the freedom to act anyway whatsoever. But if that moral compulsion is not there yet, then there is nothing to stop them doing

anything which they decide to do. Does not the mere fact of having children teach one so much and drastically alter ones moral convictions and depth inner feelings? Well, it does for most people anyway. For many it is their first contact with real unconditional love even. We cannot eat from a tree which does not exist. We cannot eat the fruit of a tree which has not yet brought forth that fruit to be eaten. We cannot experience a thing which does not exist to be experienced. We cannot know something which does not exist to be known. We cannot be attracted toward something which does not exist and has no attractive potential. We cannot feel what 'ain't there' to be felt yet.

Is it right to kill somebody? I can only talk from where I am at, and that is not far one must add. Sometimes yes, more often no. I would certainly end somebody's life on earth if it were a case that they were suffering something awful and with no possibility of recovery; and assuming that it was their choice to leave this life behind. That is a right which everybody has. We have no choice or say in coming here, but the nature of reality itself gives us the option of suicide. They talk of the right to life, but what about the right to die? Likewise in a war which threatens the stability of that society and the lives of ones family and friends. What has to be done has to be done. In an ideal world, even a well organised one, any society can live the life style which its population chooses so to live; and providing that it does not conflict with the freedom of other nations to do the same. And it is the same with individual human beings; live and let live; but do not spoil it for others in the process. I have freedom of choice and I use it the best way that I see it and understand it; for that is what it is for for heaven sake; and if on rare occasions it might mean killing, then so be it. I will push nobody around, and I will not have them pushing me around either. Learning and understanding is not for fun, it is for effect and action. Would that we never had to kill anything; but that world is not here yet. But life itself does a good job of it, every day.

I make a choice of action dependent on where I am at; as does anybody else. And I judge it would be better for that extremely sick person to go home to from whence they came than to stay here suffering with no hope of a recovery. Yes indeed, I judge it to be OK, and I take full responsibility for any actions which I perpetrate by virtue of it (not that I have ever had to); and irrespective as to whether the consensus of society sees it that way or not. But one is not operating either in a vacuum or for hedonistic reasons; one is simply acting upon what has been learned and understood and written within our system. If I turn out to be wrong, then so be it. But that act would be done out of both love and compassion – so be it; and let it be so. Likewise in war it is a matter of survival. Genuine mystics are not pacifists – even though they would love to see a world with no strife of that nature. But we do not live in that world yet, we first have to make it that way. And it will not exist until the consensus first makes it that way; and if need be it is worth dying for so that others can have it. And millions have done just that. Nothing else is going to make it that way. It is not a matter of luck; and the stars will not pop down and do it for us. Nothing is ever going to make this place a better world for kids to live on unless you do it.

Thus it is that it is not so much just a case of what we do in life, but rather as to why we do it. Yes of course things which we actually do are important and effect not only ourselves but other people and indeed the world itself. But you and I cannot see into the future (only sometimes mere potentials of the future, but not always even that).

We do not always know for an absolute fact which course of action is preferable in the long term. So by what can we judge in the meantime? Only that which you now are, where you are at, and what feels right, and true, and correct. Following that, then no matter what the outcome may be – we have done our best as we see it, and deeply feel it to be right. Not from books, but from the heart, soul and our spirit of being.

Such activity creates no inner remorse to be lived with and synthesised even if we were wrong. If it is proved later that we have made a mistake – then so be it, and we learn and move on. In this way humankind on earth is divine. Remorse only comes when we know that we have chosen to do something which we also know is wrong for us. Just imagine how easy it would be if we knew all the answers in advance and did not have to make hard decisions and thence live with them even when they might not have been the best thing to do. Only in humankind (on this earth anyway) is ought sought by thought – and a deep inner feeling for what is right. One does not need a Neanderthal religion and belief system to tell us what is axiomatic on the inside. No human being needs to be told that they will feel and search within them regard to what they ought to do. For it is innate.

One of the great problems with some aspects of society (specifically religionists) is that they seem to assume that we all ought to be at the same place at the same time and living our lives according to where they are at (and obviously where they are at). It takes virtually no imagination at all (and it does not need transcendent experience) to fully realise that life could not work that way and does not work that way. They try to imagine a world in which a transcendent wisdom has created it all perfect in their understanding of what perfect ought to be. Well, it seems to me that it has done just that; but not according to their understanding of what perfection is. But their idea of perfection is very different to mine. Perfection does not mean that I am going to be happy and smiling all my incarnate life and for eternity. Perfection to me, means that it works perfectly well – the tears, the fears, the pains, the joys, the growing, the beauty, all of it – it works perfectly well and it gets the job done. We cannot judge perfection by our own limited degree of what perfection is independent of arriving and aiming toward it. I too can well envisage a level of reality, somewhere, some time, where beings are together, sharing in a reality far more advanced than this one; oh yes indeed. And I want to be with them now – why cannot I be with them now? No, you cannot be with us now. Why not? But I do not know how to make it that way. And it is not for me to make it that way, it is for everybody to help make it that way – and assuming they want it that way. But, life experience will alter them.

Well, I no longer need them to tell me as to why not, for I have learned as to why not – I am not ready yet. Neither did they have to tell me why not, for they knew that I had to learn for myself – the hard way – the only way – by living it, and then arriving there myself. Kids fall over and hurt themselves; but they get up again, brush themselves off, and move on. We can all learn from children – for they know - without knowing. I stand on a bridge and watch a train go by below me, and that is my existential view of reality at that moment. A person in the train is watching that beautiful scenery flash past them, and that is their existing existential view of reality. The views are different, but the reality itself is not. Assuming that in the transcendent paradise we could remember the outside world (which we cannot) then it would be seen that our personality which exists out there, and all its memories, likes and dislikes, existential views et all, are all objective, and not its real enduring self.

Neither views are wrong, for they are all a part of reality and depending where one is viewing it from. But one is permanent and the other is transient. And this of course is why we have to differentiate between a persons existential view and that of the nature of reality as a whole. Life is a very personal affair and communication between each individual observer and that of life and existence itself. But this neither means nor implies that the communication ultimately differs, for we all eventually get the same message and come to understand the same things, and by the same process. We live at a time when everything has to be proved so it seems; well, in the strict cosmological sense that is indeed true, for things are proved to us by life itself on the inside of our being. But they are not proved to us by other people, books, dictates, doctrines, symbolism's, oscilloscopes or radar; or even direct communication of truths from somebody else. They are proved only by living it and learning it.

Imagine a scenario in which the life force itself constructed an image of itself in the form of a human being. Imagine it then said that everything it told you was the absolute truth and that you ought to believe it, and that it itself was the only knowledge of that truth. How would that grab you? Would you accept what this critter was telling you? Would you implicitly understand everything it was saying simply because it was saying it? Would you agree with it all from hindsight of your experience so far? Of course not. What would be your reaction then? How would you know if it were telling you the truth or simply setting itself up as some kind of guru? By what would you judge? Ask yourself and be honest.

Suppose then, because of your doubt, it pulled a stunt, a seemingly magic trick to show you how powerful it was; would that influence your reactions? A magic trick does not prove to you that this entity is what it is claiming to be. We ourselves can pull a few magic tricks which would boggle the mind of cave dwellers could we not. Life knows well enough that you and I have to live it in order to know the truths which it contains, nothing can tell us what it is, no book, no man, no woman, no advanced being, no god, nothing. There is only one way to know what life is about, and that is by living it and reaping the experience of so doing. You may learn the theory of swimming without getting in the water; but you will never swim until you are in it – you cannot swim in a theory; but only in fact. And only when you are in it and are doing it, can you then say... Oh yes, I know; and now I understand. And you need no living entity to tell you as to what it is and what it is like – for you KNOW it. Nobody can give you understanding. It has to take place inside you.

I try to imagine a scenario in which I was young and had heard all these things about exceptional experiences, mysticism and transcendence, personal growth, and this gnosis event etc. How would I have reacted at that time? I cannot be sure for I was never in that position, for I had never heard of any of them, nor read anything about it. But knowing what I was indeed like, then I would have been highly sceptical. And which is a wise thing to be on this world such as it is as yet. If many human beings have one great gift then it is the gift of making us sceptical with regard to human beings. But we cannot live our life that way. We must trust everybody until they betray that trust. And yes, I know that it hurts; so does most learning. However, if so many people had also been telling me the same identical things, then that would have made me wonder as to what was going on, really going on. Times have changed and there is now so much to hear and read, hence there can be few people who have not heard about these things, to some degree at least, prior to living them and actually

knowing them. It is no different with the affirmation of morality, as to what we can and cannot each do. And this aspect of being is also strongly related to one's own integrity and dignity. Along with that of course we also have the assertions of science to cope with, and the symbolic stories of all the worlds religions. And how many religionists (who all claim to believe the same package) are at the same moral stance?

There is also all the literature of so called philosophy and academia; psychology and sociology. The young of today are bombarded by so much data and from all directions. And yet they will all still grow up, evolve, and learn for themselves in due course; life will always override human teaching in due course. When I was young I was sure of virtually nothing, and I knew it. Now, I am absolutely sure of No Created Thing, and I know it. And a few things also in between everything created and no created thing. Life never fails to achieve its goal on anyone – for it works perfectly well; and failure is not an option. And a mono-pole reality does not have options.

With regard to morality then life itself, as with anything else, will teach us what we have to know; and we will become what we have to become eventually: the hard way or the easy way. In the meantime so much of it is already written within our own system and experienced by way of feeling it and deep intuitions. You cannot feel within you that which is not there to be felt. Consciousness returns to its ground of being and the slate of conscious awareness is wiped clean of all but the cosmological operating program itself; but somewhere, some how, and by some method, there is a record of all our own individual past learning, and possibly group learning too – hence I call it the soul or sub-conscious inner dynamics. And that is our book.

This is not to be thought of as a living entity as is the spirit, but rather as a library of data, written onto the sands of time and space, and which, whilst we are alive on earth, is also connected to our incarnate system and actively engaged in its own program of becoming the more. The soul is not the operating system of creation writ large or small, it is but our own individual program and info – but one wherein the goal of which is to get the program running in harmony and accord with all the other programs involved in existence. Indeed it truly is mysterious, but such trinity of being is both known and experienced – and understood in rational terms eventually.

In life on earth, incarnation, if things do not eventually enter into rational understanding then the job is not completed. It is not simply a case of essence into form, but also into understanding. Reason has to know and understand its existence and job. Emotion can say 'I know'; but reason also has to come to be able to say it. And hence the synthesis of reason and emotion as mentioned elsewhere here. Life is not simply about emotion, and it is not simply about reason; it is about being, becoming and understanding it, and working in conscious harmony and accord with the project of transcendence – in form as it is in essence – the unfolding of the implicate order; and which is within all things. And reason needs to know it too.

From hindsight it is crystal clear that so many people when having some form of manifestation of 'unusual little experience' which cannot be addressed by science (which includes psychology), is the working and emanations of their own soul, their own inner depth program working as it should. But at that time, as is so often the case, they hang the experience on the coat hook of the nearest and most available sociological mythology, and hence they have become a 'Saint', or they have existed

in the Tao, or they are in direct communication either with creations only son, or its mum, (or its dad) or the holy virgin woman floating around over the mountain tops and chimney pots, and what knows else. Symbolism would be fine if it did not hide reality itself for so many people. If they had never heard of these silly stories what would happen? They would have to think for themselves and begin asking questions again; as did cave men and women. And questions beget answers, and answers beget knowledge, and knowledge is what understanding is based upon, and understanding is what forward movement is driven by. Something out here is in need. I have called this the science of being and becoming. Mystics have a true affinity with scientists, for they want to learn and understand and then put that understanding to good effect in the world and in society. True, one cannot use the scientific methodology of objective observation on all things. But one can use the scientific method of reason and the 'suck-it-and-see' principle. And that is also mysticism. Scientists ask questions; so too do real mystics. And for heaven sake stop referring to tea leaf readers and fortune tellers as mystics; for they are not; and far far from it. The next time you make fun of mysticism friend, then you make fun of not only your self, but the whole of reality.

If the nature of reality were not in need of something then the nature of reality would not open itself up for people to see and experience its inner mystery's and workings. Mysticism is creation revealing itself; and thence being thought about – and for a purpose. From Eternity for this purpose. If you do not think then nothing will ever get done. When thinking starts, paradise ends. But with enough thinking and enough experience – then paradise lands on earth, incarnate, in time, in consciousness; and the outer has become the incarnate reflection of the inner; in form as it is in essence – and it works, and we can know it NOW. Ipso Facto. It is not a myth but a known reality which is lived in and works. Which is better, the paradise of the transcendent realm; or the incarnate reciprocal convergence? Well, they are both needed, but here and now I am free to make a judgement on creation. And my judgement is that the latter is best. Why? Because we can all share it and know it whilst still being able to communicate with other beings; and above all because we have the magic principle of 'personal conscious existence' to do something about it. In the Transcendent mode we cannot say I love you; and we cannot do anything about it. But here we can, and it is as simple as that. It does not require a genius to work it out – for even I can.

Half baked mystics have come to me saying how amazing mysticism is, and all that stuff. And I ask them as to what they are calling mysticism. Some talk about out of the body experiences; some talk about near death experiences, some talk about some manifestation of telepathy, and all kinds of things. Some even talk about Limbo, or a little beyond it; so on and so forth. And then I say that real mysticism is sitting in the garden and watching raindrops falling into a puddle. Or watching a sunset, or a rainbow. Or watching a kids face light up when offered a sweet. And yet they have read all my stuff (well, most of them). And yet I am talking about common events of this world and calling it all mysticism.

Well, it truly is, but they cannot see it – not even the genuine half-baked mystics who may even have known the transcendent realm and their self within it – for there is more dear Horatio; more; and it is called the whole. Life is not about the paradise of our ground of being – it is about all of it. It is not about trying to get back there again, it is about trying to stay here to do something about it.

People tell me that they own the pile of bricks which they call their home. I have never owned one brick let alone a pile of bricks. They tell me that it is economic to change their car every year. They tell me so many things which are utter irrelevant junk. I sometimes feel like saying – big deal, for I own the universe and existence; and paradise and the world. And they of course would laugh and attribute it to rapid brain disorder. Well, there you go; and there is where they are at in their becoming process. And one has to smile and walk on; for no words can reach them. Maybe I will take a mortgage out on paradise and rent out space there - - I guess they would understand that well enough eh. I wonder how long the queue would be if it were for sale or rent? But it is not for sale; it is free. And you will not find it in a bottle of pills, or in books written by academics or fiction writers.

In the meantime the goal of inner morality, is but a part; one facet of the becoming process and instruction book. You and I are still using that book in order to learn and understand. But what when we no longer need the book whilst still in incarnate form? Well, I ain't there yet so I do not know. We will all get there however. But not yet. When mystical experiences and morality and its teachings are not needed, then we will have arrived – wherever and whenever that will be. Suffice to say for now that religions (at best) are a myth and symbol; but morality is not; it is the real thing. Ones existing state of morality, sensitivity and depth of feeling IS ones existing guidebook as to where one is at. Live it at least at that level, and whilst trying to improve upon it – not in ones talking, but in ones actions. It is not what we or they say, or even think, which matters, it is what you do and why you do it – and that is exactly what real self judgement is all about.

A religionist might well at times commit a good and useful deed, and when asked as to why he or she did it then what will their answer be? Maybe they will say it is their gods will, for it is in the book, or they have been told that it its the right thing to do. Maybe they will simply say I was brought up as a Christian, or some other such cult. And what would the mystics answer to the same question be? They would say “I am buggered if I know, I just felt it to be the right thing at that time and under those circumstances, and I was just being myself”. That, is what any real mystic would say, and they are being honest. Not only that, they are telling the truth of how it really is. Nobody has told them what to do; no book, no doctrine, no god or demon, no society ethics or morality; just themselves and from where they are at. And so it is. We live and learn, and then act on it. Oh by the way, the mystics might indeed come to write a book, (but most do not); but either way, they do not need to read them to arrive at where they are at, or to go on even further. Do you want to go on further? You will have to live and learn in order to do it. And you will not do it from a book. There is no human being on earth, or ever was or ever will be, and no matter where they are at, who does not feel inside them as to what is right and what is wrong. They will not all agree – obviously; for they are not all at the same place at the same time. But such it IS; and so it will ever be whilst the world lasts with people on it. This world is a mixing bowl for the learning of – and for our growth and becoming. You cannot learn these things in the paradise of the eternal now - the womb of eternity. You learn them HERE. And for this purpose. And NOT second hand.

* * *

Chapter 21

Little Things; and Big Secrets.

Although many people have a great and serious interest in psychic phenomena it becomes clear from hindsight that of all the more common anomalous human experiences then that of near death experience comes the closest to the transcendent mystical experience in terms of effect; albeit not the knowledge of Self and the transcendent connection (Psychognosis or gnosis). As mentioned there are also no two identical reported accounts of near death experience; but they do have many things in common however. The aspect which they have in common of which I will make mention here, and which is very important, is that of the axiomatic realisation that in the final analysis it turns out that the big and important things in ones lifetime, and existence itself in fact, were the so called little things. They all say the same thing; and they are correct. The so called mundane little events which happen every day. And it is this realisation which makes such people become simple again. It has been said many times that simple things please simple minds. But this of course is taken to be a derogatory remark which appertains to a persons lack of intelligence. But this kind of simplicity does not mean that they are simple minded; and usually very far from it.

In terms of modern day language and usage the psychognosis event could best be described as touching absolute base. But there is also the other kind of touching base which means getting back to some kind of normality and sanity, and where one is feeling at home and at ease in this world. I suppose in a nutshell one could say that this kind of living life on earth is the simple and relaxed life. But it is also one which resonates in harmony with the psyche, the soul and the spirit; so therefore it would feel good and 'at home' and of course it is also the 'chill-out' factor par excellence as mentioned elsewhere herein. But of course modern day society is so fast, so hectic, so geared up for constant daily change and ever increasing profit and innovations, and in such a way that it is a growing increasing roller-coaster of hedonistic hype in an insane trivial human society. And hence a neurosis due to the lack of normal simplicity and insufficient chill-out time to allow for the recognition of as to what is of value in life here.

It is also amusing to notice is it not, that when they have their mental breakdown, heart attacks or busted ulcers and undergo a near death experience then pow! They come to realise that the little things in life were the big thing after all. Indeed, their near death experience has done them a power of good.

They refused to listen to doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists, and many practitioners of alternate medicine (who all know this anyway and offer the advice free), let alone listen to the worlds mystics who are obviously all nuts anyway. They failed also to listen to their own inner system and to the warning signs that there is something very wrong in there; or if they do recognise it they plaster it over with aspirins, booze, and yet even more hedonistic activity to try and drown the inner signs of trouble. And yet wham, a near death event does a proper job of convincing them that there was indeed something very wrong going on in there. They have ignored all the life around them, and within them, and listened to a near death experience instead. Well, fair enough; it worked. But at the same time the nature of reality gave them something more – the realisation as to what is important and what is not. What a drastic way to have to learn something – and when it could all have been done the easy way by spending their whole life occasionally listening to the churning and promptings of their inner system of dynamics.

If I were twenty years of age then I could knuckle down to write a very long book, and which would include oh so much which I cannot talk of in this small volume. And, as I said in a poem, if I had forever, then neither would that really suffice; for how on earth could one ever say it all. But then again at twenty I never intended writing any books poem or documents at all; and at that age I would have had nothing to say anyway. How indeed can anyone have much to say at twenty years of age? Cool man! (as they say). Everything seems to be cool these days does it not. I imagine then that anything really good must then be frozen. Ah well – it seems to fit the bill; and maybe one day they will thaw out. An interesting pun to be sure.

I suppose the thing which I have learned above all others in this world is that I am still pig ignorant and, as they say today, as thick as ten planks; and I know it. And which of course makes me a little different from many, for some of them are as thick as fifty planks – and don't know it. However, in admitting that, then I have nothing to hide, for it is true; so I still keep listening and observing. I am not even sure, absolutely sure, as to how all the parts of this computer even works. When it does work that is – or even when it does not for that matter. But there are a lot of people who specialise in different parts of it, so I can always seek them out for help and advice when need be. I wonder what these contraptions will be like in a thousand years time – the mind boggles. Cant even beat the best of the chess programs that exist on them now – so much for my intelligence then. But they sure make writing a lot easier. I am told that today's desk top computers contain more computing power than that which was used to land man on the moon. I do not doubt it. And how much was used to find America?

And what is there to write about which is worth being said in a world such as this is at this point in time? I guess they would be all ears if an alien landed here; or if a pop star or footballer were talking to them. That about says it all I guess. How to kick a ball and earn more cash in a year than other human beings earn in a lifetime. And who allows this insanity? You do! Football was only good and real when they did it for fun – or perhaps even to a degree when they did it for an average wage packet. Look at the buggers now however. Had I known all these things of which I talk when I was twenty then I most certainly would never have written about them then anyway. Why not? Because publishers will not publish such stuff; and that I know from experience also; it upsets the social mind-set and rocks the boat of conventional insanity and conformity.

However, this will get published on the internet, and free to anyone who wishes to read it; for it has already been asked for and that is why I write it. So, the internet has its good points and uses. Hard back publication is a good thing, but publishers are not; for they have vested interests – cash, and lots of it. Oh, by the way, can you afford to die and get buried? Oh dear oh dear, we have a long way to go do we not; and they can hang my carcass out for the birds of prey. But that of course would not suit their pocket and their so called sensibilities; for it might get up their nostrils.

Well, they used to burn us alive, I guess now they will have to wait for the empty shell before doing so – and the smoke can go up to the sky, and the inner being – well, wherever it goes is fine by me; but it will not be upwards; and it will not be to the place of any of the religionists elect and elite kingdoms, nor the fires of hell and damnation as disseminated by the devils pulpit brigade. Oh, will it not be grand to have them, and along with all the other nauseating aspects of human social existence, all erased from memory again. Who dares go when few men go? Well, that is not really the prime question; the prime question is as to who dares talk of it. But which is worse; being murdered by an insane mob; or failure to do what one knows has to be done? Well, I know which I choose, and I know why I choose it. You cannot make everyone happy by doing or saying the same thing; but it seems that you can make everybody unhappy by saying the same thing. Fun is it not.

But there is a problem though is there not. For even if we do not give a damn as to what happens to us, we still care about what happens to our kids. This is the downside to caring about others more than you care about yourself. Or, as I would have said as a kid in the street of London during the war – Oh shit! But never mind; what one has to do is even more important; for life will take care of them. If I had the option to hang around in Limbo, and given that I could somehow help look after them in some ineffable way, then I would certainly do that. Fat chance however. But then again, I know that it would not be necessary; for all the stuff they need is within them and all about them on the outside; the inner and the outer. But, nevertheless, and even knowing that, I guess one would still like to stick around and try and help in some small way. Tis strange as to how things other than ones self are more important than ones self eventually. A kind of self sacrifice indeed. And what is more important; life itself, or you and me!

Hence, this annihilation bit is so clever is it not. You and I would never have thought of that eh. But, oh my, it works; and how. And which mystics and philosophers have ever made mention of that eh. It just goes to show – just how little they know; or how little they were prepared to say. Or how little publishers would let them say maybe. And yes, I did read quite a lot in the first forty years here; but not a jot since; for none of it was good enough; chess books were far more illuminating and useful than books on mysticism, psychology and philosophy; for they did at least teach something. But there is a time for reading and there is a time for shouting.

I guess once that you have been a parent then always a parent eh; and even though one may never worry about oneself one always worries about the kids – no matter whether they are four or forty. The great irony of course is that your own kids could possibly turn out to be your own great grandparents – and in both directions. Wow, what a thought. But who knows and who cares; for I the personality will never exist again – thank the powers that be.

One bit of advice which I would give to kids who have an interest in things is this. When somebody claims that they know something, neither believe it or disbelieve it; for they may and they may not. But simply ask them to explain as to how they know it; and what was the learning of it like, and where was it done; and what effect did it have on them at the time of learning it. But you will soon find that the vast majority of humanity has stopped wanting to learn things; for they have been put to sleep by the combination of priestcraft and business enterprises – and which includes their puppets called politicians. Why do you think that they pay the pop stars and the footballers such vast dividends? For it keeps the mob asleep. Give them any toy which will keep them quiet and conforming to the codes which we set for them.

I mention this about asking them serious questions for I always ask those questions myself. Indeed, if they are trying specifically to make me accept something which they say then I insist upon it – in serious conversations that is, not in passing conversations on the street. The little which I have learned I have explained herein (well, about this topic anyway), and as to what it was like learning it and as to the effects which it had, and the implications which are also involved. So, if I can do it, then anybody can do it; and do it they will damn well have to; or I will not take them seriously. Try having a serious conversation with a politician – they must take lessons from conjurors and illusionists. Moreover, earn enough cash (say a few million a year) and then you can elect yourself as governor of California, or the USA. You do not need brains, convictions, passion or caring; just enough money, and the job will be yours. Promise them that you will eliminate all their problems, make them idyllically happy, and whilst cutting all their taxes, and you're in chum. The power of money in a world where insanity and greed rules the roost eh. The pecking order of pin heads. And what does it matter that a gun will be pointed at your back the whole time by business; for you are not going to let them down are you; for they butter your bread. Ant colonies work and function better than this – and no doubt why they have lasted a long time – and to say nothing about not going nuts in the process.

Concoct a few lies and promises (and fears) which pamper to the base hedonistic instincts of Neanderthals and then both business and priestcraft have got it made. Now, let us say that in some cases there was a real person (not a myth) at the base of this or that ancient religion; and that sure does not apply in Christianity; and that is a fact – study the stars and constellations old son. Indeed, read such people as Thomas Pain and Robert Taylor (the later was born a couple of miles up the road from where I was – so another Cockney git who wanted to upset the apple cart of ignorance), and of course many others as well. But better still read life itself.

Anyway, where a real personage existed at the base of this or that religion (and I have read lots of them) then if they were really trying to make a point about a transcendent reality and the Dignity of Man, and wanting folk to believe them, then why did they not explain what it is all like; describe it to them – for it is easy enough. And indeed also the journey to it. Yes, I know well enough that a couple of eastern religions have gone a short way in that journey; but not to the end of it, and home. But, if they knew it, then why not? What are the implications of their not doing so? You work it out.

One organisation which I was active within for a while contained over six thousand document reports (recent ones) of various mystical experiences; and to this or that degree. And these were just ordinary people like myself. Other organisations contain

many thousands of well documented near death experiences which change people. So, if they can all do it, then why cannot these so called high guru's of wisdom who make claims far in excess of any of these folk in the documented (and archived) accounts? Give the general population something other to read about than tits and bums, pop stars and footballers and their wives. Blast them into reality if need be – well the nature of reality sure works that way. So too do I now; for I observe it and try to learn from it, and then copy it.

Another organisation with which I have been connected had yet another two thousand such reports of a whole range of anomalous experiences; and I chatted with a good many of these people. Now, imagine if this was done by organisations all over the world and in all nation states. Millions of people, and in time to come, all talking and writing openly about their life enhancing and mysterious experiences which changed them to this or that degree; and as to what the experience actually did for them and revealed to them; or made them realise without a doubt. That is but another thing I have been trying to work toward, and facilitate where I could help. And I want it done; and soon. People have the same experiences all over the world, and irrespective of their culture and their religion; assuming they have one; and many do not have one and never have. So, the implications of that are obvious even now – but ok, let us prove it on a vast scale if need be. And of course they would all have the same experiences and with the same effects – for they are all Minds. The nature of life and reality does not take its mandate from priestcraft and profit cartels; and it does not pick and chose different experience for skins of a different colour or for different nations on earth.

The word 'revelation' of course is one with a hangover from churchianity and priestcraft. Yes, of course these life enhancing transcendent (and local) mystical experiences are a revelation. But then again, so is every conscious experience which you ever have – for it is all revelation and communication with the mind. When you wake up in the morning and observe your bedroom (or whatever) around you, consciousness and sensory data has kicked in again, and it is all a revelation – a revelation of conscious experience; the flow of consciousness. Oh, big deal you say, but I have seen this bedroom every morning for the last twenty years. Well, one day, Son, it will not be there; and that too will be a revelation; a different one.

But do not take your waking up in the morning, and the flow of conscious experience, for granted; take nothing for granted, ever. But make the most of it whilst it is there. Moreover, if you have woken up in that same bedroom for the last twenty years then think yourself damned fortunate; for many do not have it so good and so easy. Twenty five times I have had to hang my coat somewhere different in this world; and that is only thus far; and no, it was not by choice; with the exception of just one occasion. There are some things in which we have a choice on this world; and many that we do not. Moreover, that is to say nothing of five years on the road as a commercial traveller and waking up somewhere different every morning and not knowing where the hell I was until I looked at the local paper which I brought the night before – a different shack every night, somewhere in the UK. But you sure meet a lot of people that way; and most of them are nice enough. But not all. They will be one day – but not yet.

So, special some experiences can certainly seem to be, and indeed thought of as such; for they are revealing and life enhancing. But they are life enhancing for a reason, not simply for fun and games. They are trying to get a job done; and it is called evolution. From hindsight however, I do not weigh them against each other; and, as I have said, I now consider the so called mundane conscious experiences to be the most important of the lot of them. True, this or that experiences will reveal this or that, and indeed all of them are important. But everyday so called mundane experience, tops them all. Walk across the hills with a friend or one of your kids, and what more could one want. And why? Do you really know what you want? Are you sure. Well, I sure am sure too. And what I want is what I have got; and it is enough, and it does the job.

What I would like however, is for everyone else to be in a position in which they are at least reasonably satisfied with their lot and can move about in freedom and safety; and with sufficient time off from the chores to observe the world and think about things and truly relax within themselves – and evolve; become the more that they can and will become (one way or another). And that is all you need after the grub and the water, and of course the necessary chores of daily life. The simple life. It does not even require a mystic or a rocket scientist to know this simple and obvious fact of life. But we very soon learn that some folk are never satisfied with what they have got; and no matter how much they have got. I wonder why. What is wrong with them?

And, oh yes, there is indeed something wrong with them; very wrong. And how did they get this way; and into this giddy abysmal spiral into the depths of the cesspool of nausea? Simple; because of their nurture and brainwashing (and along with their own stupidity and blindness) they are ever searching for something which they feel is missing, or something new just around the next corner. Have you seen as to how many pairs of shoes, or dresses, or suits, that some folk have in the wardrobes? You can only wear one at a time for heaven sake; and they do not wear out that quick. Have you seen as to how much grub some of them have stashed away? And so it goes, ever wanting and ever searching for that illusive something better which is somehow missing or not even recognised. So, they want more and more of the same whilst thinking that quantity will make some kind of quality in their existence. What the hell do they assume all this is really going to do for them other than pampering to a psychological problem which has been dumped on them? A psychological problem which is now a sociological problem alas – an insanity on a large social scale. And they worry about some mere viruses that might or might not happen along.

Feel the quality of these suits they say. Stuff it son, how many times has your kid smiled today; and how much time have you spent with them? And what did you teach them or help them with? And what did you learn and come to understand today? Did you make the time in fact? Or were you too busy pampering to your own hedonistic whims and petty desires? We have to have a license to drive a car; but not for raising human beings. The implication is that the former is hard and dangerous, whereas the latter is safe and easy. And the answer to that is crap. In fact they pamper and train their dogs more than many of them care about what they are teaching their own kids and nurturing them to become. If the kids are only educated by the government then they will get the education that the government wants them to have; and the government is in the pocket of business enterprises. As is mass music, football, radio and television, the media, and so much more.

It is law that they undergo this education; but that does not stop parents and private teachers educating the kids themselves, and whilst alone – and of course documents and literature which gets published whether the establishment likes it or not. I guess they will close that down soon enough too. Do you remember that film about the runners that were seeking sanctuary from the man made matrix of another order? Even some films manage to get through the net at times.

Why do so many young teenage girls run out and get pregnant; and whilst they are not even capable of looking after themselves? How blind and stupid can blind and stupid become? But it gets them where they want them – servitude. Do they not teach them anything at home these days? Do they not know as to how easy it is to bring a human being into this world – and as to how virtually impossible it is to raise them, and as to how hard it is; and for a lifetime? And what are the young fellows involved thinking about? No, of course, one does not need to think for that. Probably just as well for many of them do not seem to be able to think anyway: (maybe they should teach chess in schools; for that will help them to think and reason things out; and that is probably why they don't). But they sure know how to zap aliens in cyberspace and how to work the TV controls. What are the parents up to; sleeping maybe? And where is their own dignity and self respect for heaven sake?

If they get their sums wrong they get moaned at, but if they find themselves pregnant at fifteen or sixteen, then whoops, oh dear, but never mind these things happen! Well, we know by now that they happen do we not – but it requires action; for they do not grow on trees. Why the hell have women never gone on world-wide strike, for they have no say in running this world or even their own affairs anyway? Males could not exist here without females. And which of these two mobs have caused the most tears on this world? And which of these two mobs weeps most of them? Rhetorical question. Wise up Lassie. Truly would advanced space aliens bust a gut laughing at this lot.

One might think that after, I dunno, a million years or so, that we would have some idea as to how to bring kids up today; and indeed when to have them. But, what the hell; the do as you please society, does as it pleases and when the mood dictates; and sod the consequences. Heaven help us, they would not like me as Prime Minister or President would they! Tell you what though, if I did then I would make a better job of it than many of them have done; and that is a fact. And would I not change a few things eh. I would change the whole damn she-bang political and social set up; and there would not be any more Prime Ministers or Presidents who rule the roost; and to say nothing of party politics. That is not democracy. But we will not go into all that here. So just as well for conventional attitudes sake that I am not. Maybe next time if I have nothing better to do. (which reminds me, I have to vote today) !

But what I try to do at the moment is more needed here right now than sorting politics out is alas. The politics will take care of itself when people get themselves right first. I guess it is funny also that when they hit the domain in which the root of their being exists then they will be shocked to find that there is no sod there ruling the roost and dictating things. How will you know what to do and when to do it son? Well, there you go eh; and there indeed you do go! Pity they don't all go there during this lifetime; for it sure needs to happen. 'Something out there is in need' ! What a plea from the depths of the nature of reality eh. I did not invent any of this you know.

And you will know that I did not invent any of it soon enough – but not soon enough for my liking. Would that one could put it all into top gear and overdrive, and stick ones foot hard down to the floorboard. And do not forget what real passion is – it is not sentimentality and wishy washy lovey dovey stuff; it is passion my dear; and passion boils and steams. Even the word ‘caring’ is about as effective as farting against a hurricane.

And many of these giddy spiral addicts are the very folk who love to say that simple things please simple minds (in the derogatory sense) – and assuming that they are something greater than simple minds. And little do they know and realise that it is they who are living in the dark cave and observing mere shadows on the wall. But I will tell them now, that the wiser and more knowledgeable the mind becomes then the more it loves the simple things. Reminds me of the story of the rich industrialist guy who while being driven by his chauffeur in the limmo noticed some old Mexican hack sitting under a tree. So, he pulled over and asked the guy why he was not working hard and amassing a fortune. When the old hack asked to as to why he should be doing that then guy answered that he could make a fortune and retire and sit in the sun. The old hack replied – Well, I am already doing that son! And which reminds me, I have date with a smart Mexican guy, to share a can of beer under a large cactus one day. Ah well, you never know eh. We both suffer from rapid brain disorder you know.

Somebody once asked me as to where I got called Dick the Guru buster. Well, it was on an Australian discussion forum, years ago. The story goes that the Ausies are so laid back. But do not believe a word of it; for they get very uptight and very quick, and some of their attitudes are nothing more than antiquated Victorian bullshit – generalising of course, and which is all we can do in such cases. Contrary to popular opinion I have found that most of the Yanks to be the easiest mob to get along with. They have not quite got the Cockney (and South Wales) sense of humour and chill-out factor, but they have one of their own nevertheless; and I truly do love most of them. Not that I would want to live there of course. But they are a bit gung ho eh. In the army we used to have a saying – If it moves salute it; and if it does not move then paint it. The Yanks also have one – If it moves shoot it; and if it does not move then shoot it anyway, just in case it can. Canned media my dear, canned media.

Oh well, these colonials, I guess we did not bring them up right eh. Talking about the Ausies (and we love em really you know) reminds me that when I was two and a half years of age there was a young guy in the navy who’s family lived across the road. He taught me to sing Waltzing Matilda; and he gave me a penny every time I sang it for him. He must have been about twenty years of age, and was on the HMS Hood when it was blown to kingdom come. I find it hard to keep a dry eye when I hear that song. Where have all the flowers gone, they ask. Into the Matrix my dear, into the Matrix. But weep no more my Lady, for they have gone to a better place; a place I know and came into this world from. Me thinks it was a waste of time old mate; for it needs a bloody army not a few solitary useless scouts!

Ah, little things eh, and simple fun and games; what would life be without them. Well, it would not be worth living without them. And at the moment it is not. Ask a scientist what life is about (as with the analogy of asking them what a painting or a piece of music is about); likewise ask an academic type ivory-tower philosopher as to

what life is about; and neither of them will have a clue. Ask priestcraft what life is all about (the very worst mob to ask). But ask a mystic (and indeed many simple folk who are not mystics even), and you will get a very different answer than you would from any of the other analysis paralysed mobs. Like music there is a complex art to the simple life; but also like music it can all be done also without understanding a jot of it – simply by living it and doing it; for it is what they really are. And many folk do just that; and naturally without any thought about it at all. The fantastic art of being simple and uncomplicated.

I remember when we were kids that on a summers evening at dusk we often used to congregate under the lamp post (Fanny-by-gas-light we called it) and we would sing in close harmony. The windows along the street would open and folk would lean out, and often join in (just like in some of the old movies). Sure beats terrorising old Ladies eh, and zapping ones mind out with drugs. I doubt if that happens in London now – or anywhere for that matter. And we were real hard cases too by the way, when need arose. I doubt if any ten kids of today would have mixed it with ten of them. Yet they seemed to grow up just fine, and without a penny to their name. What is wrong today then? Maybe having it hard when you are young is not such a bad thing eh; sure makes one appreciate better times, and simple things. But I guess it takes guts to be ones real self in this set up. The man that cannot be bought is a hard nut to crack, and they are in need of nothing. Leastwise nothing that the world of this human society can offer them.

Simple things please simple minds they say – well, those minds were not simple, they were as cute as a brass button; and very street wise by the age of four; as were we all then. It was a rough and tough area, but the people were good and helpful – and they spoke to kids like they were human beings. At four years of age I could walk into any house down our street (all the doors were open then) and asked if they had got the kettle on. And if they did not then they soon put it on – come in son, sit by the fire and warm yourself up. Or as they would have said on Exmoor then - Come e for me dear, rock e down and yet e selv. Have people changed for the better since the war ended? Has society? Fifty years is a long time in social politics; but has it got better or worse in that time. Well, it is certainly not better. I was not joking when I said that the war and hardship brings out all the best in folk, and that peace – well, they have no idea as yet what to even do with it. Tis too much for them to handle yet old mate! Yup, they can handle tragedy well, so that is a plus mark. But peace? Not yet alas; give it another one or two thousand years maybe; so rest in heavenly peace.

True, those people were simple. But that means they lived simple lives, they were no fools, and they were the salt of the earth. They worked hard, played hard, laughed a lot, shared everything; all of them helped each other, and they enjoyed each others company; and with no pretence and false masks. They were the real hero's and exemplars of human life on earth. Indeed they would even come and sit on the pavements with the kids, and we would all play games together; and all talk together. God help us, society could not be better than that; anywhere, anytime. Was I born in the wrong place at the wrong time? No, not likely; and I would not have changed it for anything else. I could have easily lost my Cockney accent, and sometimes do not use it at all. But I try to use it most of the time, for it is what I am in this world, and I have no problems with that. What a pity that such a place died.

By the time I was seventeen it was dead and gone however. So likewise was I on the move; for one cannot live in grave yard. What has all this got to do with psychognosis and transcendence? Well, in some respects nothing at all, but in other respects it has everything to do with it. From hindsight I see now that such events turn people out just like these characters were which I was talking about above. They were not mystics. For they did not need it; they were already living the part, and in utter ignorance of it all. They were real. What the hell would they have needed with transcendent experience and the trip home. Reality is very economical is it not. It is very true that by far the majority of people claim that such things as near death experiences and mystical events alters them. But from hindsight going home to the ground of being did not alter me. True, it revealed things and made me think both of myself and the nature of reality in a different way; and eliminated cosmic amnesia. But it did not alter me – for that same simple Cockney kid is still there. And that I know; and for that I am also grateful. I would do nothing differently now from what either I or they did then.

There is one guy from those days who phones me up once a year and I phone him up once a year (one in the summer and one around Christmas time), the one that taught me to play chess actually. And when we speak for half an hour or so on the phone, it is a riot. Indeed, they are probably the best laughs I have each year; and I have known him since I was three, but I have not seen him for forty five years. We do not need to. He too is as thick as ten planks, like me, but he sure is no mystic. But he, perhaps above all other people I know, I would trust my life with – for I could rely on him, without a shadow of doubt. In fact he did once when I was about eight. It was on Blackfriars underground station. He dropped his ticket home down among the live rails; and we were too tired to walk six miles home. His eyesight was not too hot so he could not see it. There was a train coming and due in at the platform in a few seconds. So I said, when you feel my arm at your leg – pull like hell mate. So I jumped down and got it. As he pulled me up the train missed me by about three inches. Job accomplished; no problem. And if I was ever short of cash (he is three years older than I and thus working whilst I was still at school) then the cash always turned up for a new suit or whatever was needed. What the hell more could one want from a friend eh. And money cannot buy them either.

Yeah simple people eh, simple minds, and simple lives. And yet they were not only real they are memorable also, for ever. The very best amongst humanity. And true, they are not rocket scientists or academics; they are just real people who make life here worth living, and loving. And what do they believe? They have no need for believing things; they are too busy living life and taking part in it; and they know what they know; and they do not know what they do not know; but they also ask cute questions, and all that combination is enough; for it works. These are people that the system missed out on – because of war. And they say that nothing good comes out of war? Reality works in mysterious ways eh.

In a dire world threatening crisis the sum of all humanity would work together. But unfortunately as yet they only see a crisis if it is a physical one – like a lump of rock from outer space; or a flood or an earthquake. They do not see the mental, psychological, social and political crisis burning under their feet right now. They are creating an intolerable world; and one day they will wake up on mass. But not yet; not yet, for it has to get even worse for them to see it. Beware the neglected masses,

their boredom, poverty and frustration – for one day they will blow up and riot; and take over. Indeed, it has already been done a few times – ask the Romanov’s if you do not accept it. If you can find any of them left that is. Now, there is the spirit in action for you eh. Those who treat people like mire, will one day land in it.

Little things please little minds they say. Well, yup, they sure do; and that is a fact. But it is not a fact that they are stupid. Moreover, those same things and those same times also still please a mind that has flitted around in both time and eternity; and that is a fact. I have chatted with philosophers, academics, psychologists, mystics, psychics, mathematicians, writers, artists, musicians, actors, physicists and cosmologists, biologists and sociologists, religionists, atheists, black magic and occult worshipers, satanists, and wicker’s, the rich and the poor, the smart and the simple, all over the world. I have had much fun; learned one hell of a lot from them all in some respects, taught them a few things even maybe, helped a few out on the occasions where I could, even saved a few lives I am told (and with a few death threats flung at me along the way – naturally enough); and had some red hot arguments at times (quite a few times), and above all many good laughs and made lots of friends. But I have never had the laughs and simplistic fun that we had as kids on those dark and dirty streets of London as it was then during the war. I wonder why.

Simplicity is seemingly a too highly developed and complex art form for this modern world to grasp that fact; and albeit a natural one that one does not need to have to think about, for it is spontaneous, and within them when they take the blindfold off. And they seem to have totally lost that art these days. I am told that *Waltzing Matilda* means going walk-about over a desert; and which seems to be more applicable today than it was then. But the mystics walk there alone all the time here. The more populated, ‘civilised’ and urbanised this world has become then the more it seems to become a desert; or some might perhaps say a jungle; but the meaning is the same in this case. But the sad thing of course is that change and new innovations (and wonderful and useful they are) do not, of their own accord, detract from also living the simple and effective rich life. Indeed, they can even enhance it. But like any tool, it has to be used well, and wisely – and not become the goal.

I have mentioned elsewhere (and many know it to be true anyway) that the acquisition of the products of a society raises no problem whatsoever; and indeed even helps a lot; and to make life richer in the true sense. But it is nothing more than the psychological attitude to them wherein lies the rub and dichotomy. The fear of not acquiring them: the fear of not owning; the fear of losing them or having them stolen; the fear of missing out. The world is full of locks and security devices; hidden cameras et al. Huh ! And those fears are pampered to by way of the means of overcoming them – and the ever growing search for security; safety; the principle of rule and divide in order to alienate one human being from the next; and one society from the next. Oh yes, that too is highly developed art form; but it is an art used by the artful, the power mongers and rank cretins of this world who keep the mob suppressed in the realms of *Somnus* and sedated from really living life in the grandeur of its simplicity.

Even in a society such as this which is based upon individual ownership, rampant monopoly capitalistic philosophy, short term party politics which achieve nothing of long term good; hierarchical societies where one has to move ever upward; the mystic

can still survive; for these things mean nothing to them, and they do not get on the band wagon like lemmings to the slaughter. But many people are not mystics, or the recipients of some kind of illumination and life revealing event; and they don't even bother to think. So what do they do? They either get on to that bandwagon (assuming that there is nothing else to be done anyway); or they kill themselves (for they cannot live that way); or they zap their minds into virtual oblivion by way of drugs; or they go join some small isolated new age sect and make believe that the real world is not really there at all. And all that really has to be done (and which the mystics do naturally anyway) is to say sod the lot of them, and go live as natural a life as they can given the existing state of the art of humanity and human societies; for a tiny minority cannot change the world. And they cannot even be heard amongst the din and commercial racket-erring. No wonder that so many young kids feel alienated.

And, as I have pointed out elsewhere; all that means is getting back into sync and harmony with where the spirit soul and psyche is as yet at in the process of incarnate evolution. Never mind the width and the quantity, feel the quality; for the quality is written on to the deepest depths of the mind; and resonating with that frequency spectrum is what chilling out and inner peace and harmony is all about. And when you are in harmony with your self, then there is no problem, no big secret trick to living in harmony with others and all things. That, is the ticket to ride. You and I cannot demand mystical and transcendent experience, or near death experiences, or any kind of experience which both reveals deeper aspects of our being and thence changes ones attitudes and then life itself. But one can certainly put oneself in the path of them by living the simple life. And moreover, and ironically, living the simple and full rich life would be the effect of these experiences anyway. So why even bother – just do it. Good heavens below, it is that simple. Maybe it takes a simple person to recognise simplicity eh. 'Tis really strange, for on very many occasions people have contacted me saying words to the effect that they want transcendent mystical experience, and they want it now.

My first answer to that is always – Tough luck. However, once one gets into more general conversation with most of these kind of people, one gets to know them easy enough (mystics have a way of getting inside other people you know – practice). And when I have got to know them well enough I have then said to them – Don't bother chum, for you do not even need it. This invariably shocks them and they want to know why (and still insisting that they want the experience itself). So I simply said what I have said here – that they do not need to know by conscious experience because they are already near on living the lifestyles which that event causes during a lifetime anyway. So why bother to even think about it, let alone getting ones knickers in a twist about wanting to experience it. So I tell them to forget it and simply get on with their normal daily life. And this has happened very many times; and I think on all continents. And, do you know what – it works. They had this annoying idea buzzing around in their head that they were missing out on something. I told them that they were not and they did not even need it – for they already were it and were living it anyway. So one simply had to zap the idea. Not difficult really.

I met one guy once, a really nice and helpful bloke, and a mini mystic. He had his one and only experience whilst doing time in the nick for robbery and GBH. And it changed him over night. Well, now he sure needed it; and he got it. It worked. But don't get me wrong; for this does not mean that all mystics were originally doing

something totally wrong; and then had such experience by virtue of it. On the contrary in fact. For it becomes clear to me from hindsight that by far the most of them were doing something right – and which brought the event about. But, as we all know, life, and our system of dynamics works in mysterious ways, and for mysterious reasons. And maybe, just maybe, it is in the forgetting of that (the mystery and ‘magic’) that one closes down one or both ends of our open vortex, and then the wind cannot blow through us - and then the tune will not be played on that magic musical cosmic instrument called the mind. Think on it. Act on it. If you want things to flow through you then unlock the doors of security, throw them wide open, and the flow is there waiting to flow. Do not damn yourself up and cause a blockage.

Thus it is that the big secret, the missing tool, the cup to the sacred grail, is that there is no big secret at all. One does not have to journey to the ends of the earth, or perform rituals or magic tricks, no invocations and no help is required. The big occult secret is simply to relax. Really relax. And then go where the magic takes you. Go with the flow. The key to paradise and eternal love and being, is within, and waiting for you. Moreover, and even more important, it is waiting to get out – and despite my cries of stay where you are and rest in heavenly peace – for you will be beaten up something rotten out here old mate.

Have you ever noticed as to how relaxing it is to sit around a nice open fire with a cat purring away on your lap? And they are magic critters you know. Have you found the real magic in music? Or in a tree or a blade of grass? Go and sit with the chickens for a while in the chicken run. Go sit on a rock looking out to sea. Go sit in a quiet combe by a stream on the moors, alone. Ah, in existence you can never be really alone you know. Not even in limbo. Now, you know what guru’s want from you do you not. For a fee they will supply you with lots of magic formulas for attaining to – enlightenment, wisdom, all knowing, gnosis. All bosh my dear; all bosh. I tell you this, the real magic is within you – so go find it, and then use it. Nobody can give it to you, for it is already yours, and always was – from the very beginning. Do not look to the mystics, and certainly not to priestcrafty – just look to your SELF – or that is it. No big secret is it.

We all know what these charlatan guru’s want from you. But what does the real mystic want from you? Nothing at all. You have nothing which they could possibly want or need; nothing at all. Why then do they murmur in your ear? Because they want something for you. They want for you that which they have found themselves. Why? Because it is good; and because it works. And, moreover, if and when you get it, then you will want to make the world a better place too, and you will work for it; for you will know. Guru’s have one goal; and that is to get rich. The mystics have one goal; and that is to put themselves out of business; for when they are all one then the world will come right. They are not stupid you see; and they too want to live in a better world, and for their kids to live in a better world. So, they do not do it for nothing. Nothing is for nothing.

And how do you recognise words which are in accord with the nature of reality; as opposed to the words which are not? How do you recognise the genuine mystics from the charlatans, guru’s and frauds? Not easy is it. The best you can do is to simply feel for it and see which rings a bell on your deepest inside forces. But, there is no easy answer to that one. Other than to say that you will find what you find in due

course, and you can only find things which exist to be found; you can only ever find the truth, and you will never ever find a lie. You will hear many lies, but never find the things which they say. And remember, it is not the ears that reveal truth – nor the physical eyes; nor the hand. The genuine mystics cannot show you the truth; only life and the nature of reality can do that. But nevertheless the meaning in the words which the ear hears, seeps deep into the system – and the system itself knows what is in the system – even if you don't. So, listen to the mystics, and then listen to your inner system; for that is how they found it. And that IS the truth whether you recognise it yet or not.

Real mystics (not these fairy tale mythologies of 'mystics' propagated by priestcraft from the devils pulpit) have spent all their lives moaning and shouting – for sanity. The deepest essence of the nature of reality does not have a voice you see, and nobody has connected it to the internet or sent it a pen and paper as yet. So, who is going to rant and rave for sanity on this world? Do not look to the dead, for they cannot do anything here. I asked elsewhere as to why the world has always (and will always) have its crop of mystics and rapid brain deterioration types. Well, why do you think? Tis not a difficult one to work out is it. We are all manifestations of the life force you know; and we all have a voice. They are meant for singing and communication; but alas there are times when they have to shout and moan. I hate moaning. But needs must at times. And they do not like people who moan and complain do they; they prefer the Doves, not the Hawks. And it is not the best paid job in the world either eh; or the most fun. Well, let us be realistic – they don't get any pay for it at all do they!

The grail is within you; and things can pop up only when the mind is quiet and relaxed. And that does not mean asleep. So wake up – for heaven sake; and for the love of life and truth and existence itself – wake up. Go find that which the mystics cannot give you; yet which they know is there waiting for you. The real magic and wonder is you yourself; if you did but know it. If you insist upon believing something, then believe that; for it is the truth. But don't forget to go looking for it and feeling for it; but not with your eyes and your hands, but with your mind and your heart. And the bits that need to see, can see; and the bits that need to understand, can and do understand – and it is you. Do you see? Well, you will; and I guarantee it.

*

Before closing this small volume I would like you, the reader, to contemplate upon something. Imagine this. Imagine that you were born into this world at and around the time when human beings could first communicate with each other to any reasonable degree with a basic kind of language, and with the conceptual language which existed at that time. Imagine that you were the first person to ever undergo the events mentioned herein. Imagine then that you mentioned them to the mob in the cave, or the next cave along to yours. Imagine that just a few of them took you seriously and began talking about what you had revealed to them amongst themselves. How would they talk about it to each other, how would they conceptualise it, and talk of it: and what would they make of it simply by your verbal description of it with your language potentials as they were at that time?

Imagine that in due course that other human beings throughout the world started having the same experiences; or to this or that degree of integration. But imagine also that for the large part most of them died at an early age. Imagine that quite a few had undergone this or that degree of transcendence but had died before further events could take place. What would be the sociological outcome of all this on a world-wide scale? All kinds of metaphysical constructions, which were largely based upon the existing language in this or that part of the world, and dependent upon their conceptual understanding of things at that time in that part of the world.

Imagine (and it does not take much imagination) that thousands of folk in all parts of the world had come to experience the transcendent form of cognitive existence but had not lasted long enough here to experience any more; let alone a resolution of it all in extended spatial time and forms. Imagine also that many came to have extroverted mystical experience but no experience of the ‘beginning’ and ‘end’ (introverted mystical experience). How would all this stuff come out in terms of human communication and paradigm systems? Is it really any wonder that metaphysical religions came to exist in every part of the world, and of different kinds? No it is not. And keep in mind also that this was all verbal communication, not written texts and documents as we can all do today, and pick the to bits. And keep in mind also as to how rare these events really are in consensus terms anyway.

I know well enough that many people go through this lifetime even now without ever even undergoing some kind of psychic event let alone many of them, and also the mystical ones which are even rarer (both introverted and extroverted types). But there are a lot of people alive on earth today and even a small percentage of them can amount to one hell of lot of people. Moreover, not only do we learn much about the nature of reality as time moves on but because of it language then evolves and so too do the symbolic constructs which we use for language communication – and hence the human temporal mind takes in more and evolves. However, and so far no problem – albeit some confusion. It soon becomes learned and understood by them that the five physical senses do not detect all of the nature of reality, nor even ourselves. And yet people intuitively feel that there is more, and combined also with the stories which have been passed on to them in their culture. And if one is not personally aware of any more as yet then a gap exists in comprehension. And therein lies the rub and the potential for being deceived – for there is a psychological need.

The rub sets in when some individuals realise that folk are searching for more and that one can exploit them by virtue of it, and attain to some kind of power over them by offering this or that promise. They very soon realise that folk are seeking a greater understanding of things and that this need is open to exploitation for a profit.

“The people like to be deceived – so deceived let them be; and you and I can make a fortune out of it”! And so it went; and Rome probably made the best job of it as yet has ever been done, or will be done again. They are not deliberately distorting something which they themselves know to be true (for if they did know it then they would not do it). But they did know that what they were injecting into it was a pack of lies – one idea to beat all the other ideas as yet existed – ‘One ring to bind them all’, kind of thing. Moreover, you have to use some kind of concepts which are kicking around at that time for people to hook on to.

But from that point on – what the hell – just invent stuff which will be advantageous to you whilst messing with the existing program of social understanding at that time. Put yourself in charge of it, make a big secret of it that cannot be known during life - and away you go. However, over the course of centuries all this stuff gets forgotten, and there is never a true documented history of corruption is there – or truth for that matter. So, that which we call priestcraft today are not responsible for all this, for they are just as much embroiled in and nurtured by the evolving myth as their audience are; and whilst still propagating and espousing the negative myths.

Concepts in the mind are big things and of course they govern one's rational thinking and existing understanding. A few thousand years ago it was just not a conception in the human mind or imagination that the world was round and travelled around the sun. One would have been a total nut case to even have suggested it. Why was the world 'flat'? Because it looked flat – and it was obvious that the stars and planets circled the earth; for they came up in the east and went down in the west. So, naturally one could fall off the edge of the world if one went too far. But all that stuff up and out there was governed by the gods and demons (of the unknown), as was ones own soul needless to say; and one has to pay homage to them and keep in their good books both for the summer crop and for salvation. It is all natural enough up to that point – but not to get stuck there for millennia.

One evening I was watching a political news-round on the television, and which comprised of about five or six well know broadcasters and politicians of this day and age (2003). For some strange reason they got around to talking about perception and as to how smart they all were these days. They flashed up a picture of the star constellation which we call Orion. Not a one of them even knew which constellation it was – probably the most prominent and striking pattern of lights in the northern evening sky. And then the lead man (extremely well know and well thought of all over the world) happened to say that the middle star of the belt was not a star at all – but that we all now KNOW that it is a solar system !! For Ker-Riced sake!!! Do we all know that? If they do then they all know it wrong! A solar system is a star system like our sun and planets (sometimes a binary star system) with whatever orbits that star. We then of course have whole star clusters (which Alnilam, the phenomenon in question, is documented to be the last time I read anything about it) and then of course whole galaxies which consist of billions of stars, star clusters and solar systems and whatever else is found in the individual galaxies. So, here we go again 'we all know this....' And they have even got that wrong; for it is obvious that they do not know it at all – they do not even recognise what it is and has been document for thousands of years by humanity. And they run the bloody country in their so called wisdom.

Fair enough, they may have no interest in astronomy. But in which case what interest do they have in the stuff which is found around them anyway, and the thing which is observing it even? What are they interested in? Obvious is it not – their self, their power, their bank balance, their isolated little ego, prestige, and as to how much society loves them and watches their particular program on the little box of sleeping pills. Do they really have any deep interest in the nature of reality and in the well being of life forms? Do they hell. And they get elected by virtue of the gift of the gab. "Oh, isn't he or she good with words - and yeah I believe him or her" !!!!

And now they even have to have television appeal to get elected. Not brains mind you; nor conviction; nor a vision – just the gift of the gab and television appeal. Does not a society get what it deserves? Is this not an ironic cosmic justice? And is it not a simple matter of cause and effect or reaping what you sow. ‘Give em what they want and they will remain stupid and asleep, and will thence not rock the boat of Somnus’. So, what is new ! Hey, why not give them something which they do not want – to make them think and wake up !

What happens when you vote for Joe Bloggs to represent your community interests and economy? Joe Bloggs belongs to this or that party system and comes under the whip of that regime – so much for your interests chum. How come, and by what strange quirk of fate, is every human being born either a capitalist or a socialist; a republican or a democrat? Do they even know what these words mean for Ker-Riced sake? Talking to Fred Smith in the street about politics as not much different than talking to him about mysticism and transcendence or the mating instincts of three toed Sloth’s – derr! All they are concerned about is as to what is in it for them; and that is it – a more voluptuous house and more money in their pocket; less taxes (let somebody else pay for hospitals and schools). And that is it. Bugger everybody else, just fill my larder up with goodies and I will vote for you.

Any social political system can only be run and envisaged by where the people are at. And does not the system reveal just that. The people do not reveal the system; they make it; but the system soon reveals them. If you have not caught up with that system, then tough luck. If you can see well beyond it – then tough luck also. The former mob will tend to drag it down to their level, and the latter will just moan and shout at the observed stupidity, greed, and long term dangers of that system; if indeed not even the short term ones. Being blind is not something which is done by the eyes is it; and the stench does not permeate into the mind by way of the nostrils. And yet, human beings cannot change human beings can they. They can kill them, torture them, exploit them, threaten them, and what knows else – but they cannot change them. Can talking to them change them? Only on very rare occasions it seem – and no doubt when they are on the cusp of change anyway.

What can change them then? Well, the stuff that can change them cannot be seen by the physical eyes nor touched by the physical hands, nor can it be heard by the physical ears nor worked out by way of the rational mind. It will not be found in universities, churches, synagogues, sports arenas. But it is there is it not; and I have told you of it; in some degree of detail. And it is so. And not only is it there but it is there to be known, eaten by experience, digested, and then put to work. And this stuff is not beyond you. It is closer to you than your nose is. For your nose is an objective phenomenon. But one is also mindful of the nose; but the mind is not up the nose. Although it might just as well be; for what it achieves as yet. Give it a good blow out.

And the mind can blow the nose; but the nose does not blow the mind. But something does – the nature of reality itself. Little things, and big secrets eh. The nature of reality does not keep any secrets, only human beings do that kind of thing. But what the nature of reality does do is to contain stuff which you can only see and understand when you use all your equipment of which was given to you in the first place.

And yet because you cannot see it, and cannot put it into your mouth or the bank, then it is irrelevant trash. And this is the way they want you to be, for there is a profit in it for them. They want ships without a rudder – so that they can steer them. Did somebody once say something about the blind being led by the blind. Well, that sure fits the bill. What can you do with somebody that cannot be bought? You can only kill them. I think they did that to the Indians in the USA too – kill the buggers, for they do not want anything from us; and that will never do – and we must make more room for more cretins like us eh. Getting them addicted to hard drugs is perhaps the ultimate quick way to get rich. Pity it kills them in due course, but never mind for they are breeding like rabbits and we well get the next lot too! And they do. Why write about gnosis? You work it out.

Imagine for the sake of analogy that two beings brought forth creation. One said, Oh I have a great idea – let us bring forth little men and call them human beings, and they will have the freedom to do this and that. And the other being says, forget it chum, for it will not work and they will destroy the whole cage and themselves. One was a perennial optimist and the other a perennial pessimist. A third guy comes along and says, hang on lads, let us build a sub-program into them by which they can attain to the wisdom and understanding which is known here. The pessimist says, no they will never find it; and the optimist thinks... emm, I wonder!!! Well, which of those three guys was right? Ah, well, one could have a lot of fun with myths eh. But, one is pleased to say that the nature of existence is not a myth; and it exists in reality – and its deeper truths are written into the system, and in yourself. They are not secrets – they are just little things hiding away in a dark inner place – until you decide to go and take a look for yourself – and there you will find your SELF – all pristine and shining bright like a little diamond; and as ever it did. Even the rank cretins too.

Being a pragmatist one can observe these things of the inner depths, even the transcendent and non temporal part of our being, but once over the shock and amazement, one then has to still ask oneself – OK, but so what? If it did nothing and had no practical effects in our life and our existence here then it would still of course be interesting, but totally academic – much like the visual magnitude of this or that star or galaxy is to you or me. But the message which even the readers or hearers of these things have not seemed to have got yet (and obvious as to why) is that of the effects of it. There is little point in evolution if evolution did not change existence on earth for the entities on earth. There is little point in you and I having a paradigmatic mind shift of awareness and understanding if that understanding (and all that experience) had no damned effects in one's life and existence. But it does – the process of personal and collective becoming. And there is no damned point in life if we do not live it and come to understand it – and thence give back what we learn in effort and work. So, OK, a key or catalyst to that becoming exists, and exists to be known. So where can one find it? In the pages of a book? In 'sacred' texts? (sacred my arse). In the marbled halls of academia? In the constellation of Orion? Well, you know now the answer to that is no. So where is it? Tis in the junk yard friend. Tis in the thing which is thought to be a mere electrical discharge which jumps the gap of the brains neurones – the mind; an epiphenomenon manufactured by matter – Oh dear, what can the matter be !? Cosmic junk and flotsam. So, the Jewel is in the junk yard; the cream in the chaos; the cognition in the cogs. An interesting irony and secret eh. And what is the most common thing you know throughout your whole existence? The flow of consciousness. Have you ever noticed it there?

But, of course, the worlds mystics are brain deficient – so how come? Oh my oh my, one can have a lot of fun eh, and a good moan is like letting off steam in a closed system. And mystics are only ordinary people you know; they are not clever or particularly smart – but they can see; and feel. You might be living next door to one – indeed, your spouse might be a closet one without you even knowing it. You would be surprised where I have found them - - But sssshhhh.

One of the best and most fitting quotes I ever came across (it was not from a mystic by the way) which is applicable to this world was penned by a little known writer – cannot even remember his name now off the top of my head; but no matter. He said that once upon a time he was indecisive – but now he is not so sure ! Well there you go eh, it is both funny and true. But just keep in mind that you cannot know tomorrow until it comes – and in just the same way you cannot know some things until they are revealed to your conscious awareness. When I was little boy of about five or six I asked myself the question as to what exists for consciousness to become conscious off. From hindsight it was not such a stupid question was it – and it just popped up into my mind out of the proverbial blue – zap; just like that. Keep in mind also that the human form, let alone the human head, is such a little thing in the vast scheme of things is it not – yet it seems to be the biggest secret and mystery in all known creation as yet. Little things – big secrets. Huh ! And the little mind of man can and does grapple with the ultimate reality. I often say do not underestimate other people – and which is fitting enough. But by the same token, never underestimate your SELF. But even more important, do not underestimate life and the nature of reality.

People often ask as to if there is intelligence behind creation (all that exists). And what do they judge intelligence by one wonders – their own maybe? Well, of course there is not, for the intelligence is IN creation – not outside of it; for there is nothing outside of all that which exists. There is no such thing as nothing. But then they specify as to if intelligence brought forth the physical universe. Well, there is more than the physical universe. And how do they know that it was not done after learning it all – from the end? Time and again. If they cannot see it then they truly are blind.

Tis very strange you know, and especially in that I am not a poet, but I always found these things so much more easy to talk about in rhyming verse – and more effective too - for it just comes and flows of its own accord, and without the need to even think about it – for the mind already knows it. And it also just happens to be the case that it works better than prose on many people. Strange that ! So, I will finish this chapter with a few more little verses. They do really work better you know, for they are a bit like music in that they have rhythm and meter, and that somehow sinks deeper into people more than mere prose does – especially my kind of rough plain speaking prose. But it ain't the prose which makes us grows; tis the grail which we inhale; and the merit we inherit when seeking like a ferret, when going where.... Well, god only knows !

* * *

THE GRAIL

I told it at the outset,
and I'll say it one more time,
that the power is within you
to make this world divine.

Seek not the grail beyond you
for the magic is inside;
the deepest root within you,
loves eternal cosmic bride.

The marriage is outside of time;
before the stars did shine;
before time tore asunder
the repose of the divine.

Wait not then for Paradise,
and all glory yet to come,
for it's even now within you
and the first thing ever done.

Do not believe the truth of this
but seek it for yourself;
for life on Earth is far too short
to miss such Divine wealth.

And so, when times are cold and hard,
and the winters chill is rife,
gather the Babes around the hearth,
and speak to them... of LIFE.

Fire the flame within them,
as the coals do warm the hand,
and tell them of from whence they came,
the Divine Eternal Land.

* * *

ELITISM

There is nothing more abhorrent
in the whole vast scheme of things
than that of Man's Elitism,
which the bell of ignorance rings.

False mystics and false prophets,
it has been warned before,
do not bring light into the world,
they crush it to the floor.

They elevate their selves so high
and power seek to mould
over children's minds, and simple folk;
the story is so old.

Be wary of the men who talk
in public oh so loud;
they live not in reality
but an Egotistic shroud
of fear and inner nausea,
and would drag others down,
because they are so lonely
in the pool in which they drown.

'Tis sad that they should suffer so;
and why ? One cannot say.
But do not let them drag you down,
in the mire of their way.

* * *

THE ODYSSEY

Experience is the food of life
which ever onward flows;
understanding is digestion,
and wisdom that which grows.

But what is it that dwells beneath
the appearance of the day,
and integrates our freedom
with the deeper Cosmic way ?

And in that realm, (beyond the form),
from which place all things flow,
the temporal mind returns to seed,
to say... “Ah yes, I know”! ?

That realm, it is a mystery,
the deepest mystery known,
and on returning, then we know,
it is our natural home.

Thus Man is made a meeting ground
of dimensions deep and wide,
and brought forth by a passion,
which nought can subdivide.

The mystic centre is the ground,
from which then all things flow;
and in that deepest dwelling place
we learn - Ah yes, I know.

* * *

QUO VADIS

Where once the sight of death did sting
dark corners of my mind;
and trembling thoughts returned again
to moments left behind,
when laughter was as shallow
as soil upon my hands
and echoed into nothing
where nought of worth withstands.

What transformative perception
annihilates such a theme
of self created darkness,
ephemeral as a dream ?

What slight moment out of time
could have such mighty blow
to terminate a darkness
which took so long to grow ?

Quo Vadis, words of intellect
when reasoning is done,
amid the lights of wisdom's realm,
where Essence is the sum.

Now laughter rings forever
despite what deeds are seen;
for the consciousness of wisdom
doth step outside its dream.

* * *

FULL CIRCLE

When I was but two dozen years
and shed nought but childish tears,
weaned on war and poverty,
I came to know the knowledge tree.

I did not ask to bite and sup
from Eternity's divine cup.
And that which was in there so grand,
by me, was made so crude, so bland.

For twice ten years I gnawed away,
negating that which lights the day;
'twas all a passing whim of mind,
and I must leave it all behind !

But then, again, amid the day,
all entropy did fade away;
and that, to which I would not come,
came to me... in daylights sun.

Never again will I choke on tears
that hang like weights on so few years.
Let Eternity see me no more,
For I am not fit to pass its door !

part two

I do not mind if I should go;
no more to be, no more to know;
no more to dwell beyond the white,
no more to dance in wisdom's light.

The power that you gave to me;
to Judge the womb of Eternity;
my love, I say I am not he,
fit enough to dwell with thee.

That which you have given me,
to know, to keep, to always be;
is more than I can sup this day;
and nought can I give, that will ever pay.

But this I say, before I go;
And knowing no more that there is to know;
truly was it so well done;
as befitting such a one.

That which thou has given me,
I offer back in a love that's free.
Thus, you taught me, in advance,
the nature of the Cosmic dance.

* * *

Chapter 22

The Beginning and the End of the Road

Wherever there exists a road, or a river, or anything which manifests in time, there exists two ends of it: one end where it starts and another end where it finishes. Ah well, now there is dose of wisdom for you! Well, it seems that conscious life existence is much like that too, but with a twist - and I do not mean a bend in it. We thus have to look at life from two perspectives to get the bigger picture; our own individual lifetime here and now, and life as a whole. The experience and implications of the transcendent mystical gnosis event, is that our own and all conscious existence (life) starts and ends in the same place; and hence our beginning and end are the same thing in the same reality – a kind of ‘Home is the wanderer, home from the sea of time and changing events’ scenario. So that is one of the two ways of looking at it in the personal sense. The other way of course is to look at, for example, humanity on this world. In this second way of looking at we are of course simply talking about incarnate man; and as to how long it will last and where that particular journey ends, and how – or even if it does in fact; but even universes do not last for ever; although others probably come and go also. But I would guess that any one manifestation of a physical universe does come and go – not that this is our problem or concern. Existing in one for a while is our problem and concern.

Will this physical world last long enough for human beings to become smart enough to acquire the means of leaving it and taking up residence elsewhere; so that when this world can no longer support life then we are gone from it anyway – and moved on to new pastures incarnate. If that came about then humanity could probably exist and evolve until the physical universe itself comes to an end. The world could of course end tomorrow, and then that would be it – game over kind of thing – for humanity on earth at least. But I guess there must be other life out there, for creation is all about life. Or if there is not then there will be in due course one would imagine.

But if the world did end tomorrow, or very soon at least, then humanity will have reached about where we are now at. But what if the world could support life for at least a few million more years yet – what then? Where would we have reached in our understanding of things, our powers, and as to how we saw it all, understood it, and harmonised with it all? Who knows, we cannot even imagine it, for we have no idea as to what will be discovered in time to come and as to how such things could be used and implemented – and to say nothing of evolved itself. Likewise, and as I have said, we have to come to learn as to what exists for consciousness to become conscious of and as to what we can do with such things and potential – and for us that must remain a mystery for the time being.

Our wisdom here on earth comes from experience – simple enough to see and understand; and who would argue with that. But where does that transcendent aspect of our wisdom come from in the other place? Who knows. Tis mind boggling. But, if that is mind boggling then what too of the scenario if we got off this world before its end and moved out there into the vast yonder of the galaxy and the distant universe itself, and added to it the sum of incarnate wisdom too? Sure stuff to dream on is it not. I often used to laugh at the lack of imagination of such programs as Star Trek, Doctor Who, and the like. Still, they were good fun and clean – albeit rather stupid and naïve, and so close to reality as we know it now in human terms. Personally I would make a program which took place a million years hence, not a few hundred or a couple of thousand; for evolution takes its time. And that of course would be all utter speculation and wild imagination – and only in so far as that can go. Moreover, it would be fiction.

Imagine that if a few very imaginative cave dwellers, of say ten thousand years ago, tried to imagine human life on earth as it is today – would any of them have got it right? Not a chance. And we of course are in no better position to do any better than they would have done. They knew what existed then and where they were at, and what they could and could not do, just as we do today. But we do not know tomorrow, let alone a million years hence – and assuming that it and we are both still here. And what of sixty million years hence? And what of a billion years hence? I guess we would have to keep dodging black holes too – or spread ourselves all over the joint in order that factions of humanity would survive – or whatever they called themselves at such time. But, it is impossible to even imagine it. I wonder if it is possible to come to know it however? Well, if they are still around then they will know it eh.

And if they did then I wonder as to what would survive in the way of records, if anything, of their incarnate beginnings here on earth a billion years ago and more. And supposing, just for the sake of the idea anyway, that we were alone in this universe, and hence no other advanced life forms were ever found; and that we (or they then) were it. But of course by then there would be zillions of them, and all over the place; and perhaps some of them coming to evolve along different lines owing to their existing environments. One could get a scenario where two guys meet up along their travels, from different parts of the galaxy or even universe; they get talking, and the green and blue one says, “Oh, one of my ancestors came from Tottenham”; and the orange and purple one from the other side of the universe replied, “Oh that is a coincidence, for mine was from the Elephant and Castle” !

What would be even more fun, and worth staying alive for, would be the potential to travel backwards and forwards in time, as well as space; in order to study it. But you cannot, so there you do not go. Man, that sounds a bit like sticking ones neck out on the block does it not. But, I do not think so. For to travel somewhere then that somewhere has to exist in reality, not just in potential. Where is yesterday? Some say it is in the past, but it ain't, it does not exist anywhere, it has been and gone, and is no more. So, it is not IN the past, it WAS the past when that past was the extant now. But it ain't no more. So, you cannot travel to somewhere which does not exist NOW to be travelled to. It could become the case that we could perhaps be put into a sleep and woken up many years later, or even perhaps to a small degree of time dilation – but that could only be in a forward direction not a backward one. And one would still be waking up in the place which would be extant in the NOW, then.

However, even this does not completely rule out the possibility of a backward time travel experience. How come? By way of psychic experience no less. Think of all the stuff which is recorded in our inward system of dynamics. Now, suppose they came to the point where they could by volition get their consciousness to reformat past experience of the species from within the psyche, and experience what it was like at this or that past time. Well, that would be a good and interesting trick would it not. But I would not hold my breath on that ever happening either. Another scenario would be this. Suppose evolved life reached the stage where it could in fact kind of hang around near the bottom of the vortex of our emanation; and then have the option to pop up into another life forms vortex and experience life from that point of reference for a while – a kind of holiday in the past via somebody else’s experience of things in their NOW. Wow, the mind boggles.

Given that such a level is below the space time fabric, and given that all the stuff is recorded anyway, then perhaps they could pop up a living incarnate vortex anywhere in space and time. Fun eh. What are you going to do today Fred? Well, I thought I would pop down to the East End and find out who Jack the Ripper really was – and then whisper the name to one of the local bogies. That would put an end to his farting in church eh. But this of course is not science fiction, but rather psychic fiction. Funny really, for I have met a few, and read of some, who had undergone that very odd kind of psychic experience wherein they found themselves back in some past reality, so they claimed. But I do not doubt the integrity of the people or the actual experience which they had – I would just question what it really was however, and not just what they thought it was. The psyche, as mentioned before, can produce some fascinating tricks of its own. I knew one woman who, on occasions, claimed to get a kind of click in her head and would then find herself back in what she took to be ancient Egypt – even locked up in a sealed pyramid on one event. A bit claustrophobic for my liking. Good job it was just a psychic experience – although they did used to do just that. It is said that Genghis Khan used to boil people in a pot. Charming people indeed.

Some claim them to be experiences of a past life of their own, whilst some think of them as a contact with past and long gone beings from this world. Some have claimed to be experiencing these things from THAT time reference, whilst others claim to have had experiences in which their existing personality went back to that time and conversed with beings of that time by existing among them for a while. One person even told me that they were in regular contact for a while with a well known past writer (by going back there), and each thinking that the other was a ghost for a while; and this writer came to name a book after this person – and obviously the book was published over a hundred years ago, and so called named after a person who is living here and now. All very mysterious stuff indeed and I have certainly never known anything like it. Nor do I fancy it. What does it in fact reveal? Not a lot I guess other than the fact that the mind is an amazing and complex phenomenon, and it sure starts to make them think seriously about it. But none of these things address the perennial questions as does the mystical experience of gnosis at the deepest root of our being. And as I have already said, psychic phenomenon is not my ball game and does not interest me other than where one has to fit it within the Double Vortex Theory, and the fact that such events (whatever they really are) do happen; hence my interest in it is purely academic.

It is also interesting as to why all these psychics (and there are lots of them it seems) are so interested in hearing about mystical and transcendent experiences, whereas most mystics (myself to a large degree also, other than academic) are not interested in psychic experiences, as mentioned before. But, if we could indeed come to control them safely and wisely – then who knows; and I would indeed become interested in them at such a time – if ever it came that is. However, if during the course of very far off evolution of the incarnate mind, beings did come to gain some real volitional control over conscious experience and the psyche itself, then one sure wonders as to what could be done. But the question would still remain as to why they would want to do it, and for what truly effective and useful purpose.

If ever such a thing were possible then the only advantage that I could see from it would be to ascertain some true facts about history and evolution itself, as recorded at least in the psyche, and to say nothing of the evolution of societies here and there. Who knows eh. But I doubt it. Still one could have fun, even today, if some like to think and write novels in terms of psychic fiction by way of a change from science fiction, for more could surely be done with it – and science fiction is a bit childish most of the time, and about as interesting as Donald Duck and Micky Mouse. And they are about as imaginative and nourishing as school dinners.

Occasionally one gets a good book or a good film which is pure fiction but nevertheless truly moves people on the inside, and in some cases brings them to tears, and certainly makes them think and feel. What was that little film called that was about the guy up to his eyeballs in money problems who was about to throw himself in the river when this old boy turns up and claims to be his guardian angel – a novice one. The guy gets to see what the world would have been like had he not existed in it. A very sweet and touching little film to be sure – and of course much in the way of real truth in it, in so far as what effect people do have in this world by virtue of existing in it. But alas ninety nine percent of all films and all fiction is fit only for the trash can. What a waste of time, money, talent, and film (or paper in books). But if any fictional film, or play, or book, can really touch people, and move them to see something or feel something, then all for the good indeed. Music can do the job even quicker and deeper, and so too can some poetry. Have you noticed that when many people laugh it is a mere sham, mask or pretence, but when they weep it is always real. Strange critters to be sure.

Talking about the end of the road of our being reminds me of many little stories which I could relate about conversations with people, and where they were each at and the point of reference they were speaking from. Here is just one of them for an example....

Met a bloke once at a do where I was asked to give a talk on transcendence. During lunch this guy had attached himself to a cosmologist (a sensible one) who was giving the first part of the two part talk. There were only four of us on this table, and the other three were chatting away whilst I was getting on with my sausage egg and chips (no beer alas). Now, this guy was telling us (well the other two guys, I was not joining in the chat at the time, for I was not interested in it) that he had discovered the ultimate reality (end of the road). So the cosmologist and the other guy, a friend of mine for many years (a mystic – well half way anyway) asked him what it was and what it was like.

So the guy described it; and he described it quite well indeed. He said it was nothing, it was totally black and there was nothing and nobody there – an utter void. I nearly choked on a hot sausage and yelled out ‘How the hell do you know that nobody was there’! He replied (obviously without thinking) ‘Well, I know for I was there’ !!!! Would you believe. Mystics do have a lot of fun by the way. So, I replied, but you said nobody was there. So he said, well I was there but nobody else was there; it was utter blackness and nothing. So I replied that it could not be nothing if he was there. With that he gave up and ate his cold soup; and peace and quiet was restored. I went on to tell him that he had hit Limbo; and indeed as many people have. So, Limbo was his ultimate reality! Why? Because he had not gone on any further; and came straight back here from that inner level. But of course, they do not know what they do not know do they. And he truly did think that this personality of his (which he still had there at that time) was the ultimate reality.

I could tell many hundreds of these kind of tales, and most are hilarious. I will give an analogy of it with the game of chess. I only ever reached a stage of chess which would be considered to be a county player – and which is nothing in the hierarchy of chess. Chess playing ability is like a pyramid. A cheap chess computer can beat ninety nine percent of all chess players now – or people who know how to play chess anyway. Club players are a notch up on this ability and they comprise the next rung up on the pyramid of ability. But this pyramid is very wide at the bottom with only one or two people alive at any one time who are at the top of pyramid – and way beyond my comprehension in chess by the way. So, it makes a good analogy.

There are hundreds of levels of chess playing ability – and soon (even now really) the top computer programs can beat the lot of them. The human mind is not constructed for this kind of thing at that level – for it is not necessary in or for human existence. So, it is just a bit of mental fun, and that is all (do not tell the top chess players that). However, the point which I am getting to is this. Can a novice who has been playing for a few months assess the ability of a grandmaster? No, of course not. For they cannot even follow their line of thinking and their moves (and neither can I) – it is not a part of their conscious awareness, experience or understanding. It is all way out of their mind and depth. Can the grandmaster assess the playing ability of the novice? Yes, of course. For not only was the grandmaster once a novice (he or she had been there and done that) but their whole perceptual understanding of the game is of a higher order. Now, the novice knows well enough that the grandmaster is the better player; but he does not know why or how; or how good.

Look at it this way also. If there were two or three relative novices then the grandmaster can see which is the better and which is the worse player – it is dead easy. But could the novice assess the better of two or three much stronger players than himself? Of course not. In so far as he knows they are all just better than he is, but he could not assess their relative playing strengths against each other. The novice is clueless and out of his depth. True, he or she may one day be the world champion – but he or she is not as yet. The relativity of chess experience. But the game of chess itself is not relative; it is what it is; and it is very complex and mysterious – well, to me anyway. However, the identical thing happens in any study, any discipline, any ology, and in life experience itself – including mystical events. The guy had not been past Limbo. But others have. Simple as that. But, would he accept that as being true? Some do and some do not – others, the sensible ones, just listen and wait and see.

If ever you get into conversations with thousands of people regarding exceptional experiences (psychic and mystical, let alone the gnosis event) you will meet them all. And some of them will almost drive you nuts. They have seen little or nothing, and some of them (not all of them) assume it is the lot; and that there is no more to be seen, known and understood other than where they are at now. Well, they are very wrong. But you cannot tell them that, for they are at where they are at. Just like the chess player analogy. And this of course is the combination of intransigence and assumption, and of course the lack of experience itself. But the lack of experience does not cause intransigence, nor does it make one jump to conclusions and or assumptions. And indeed, not everybody does. Hence listen to anything – but keep an open and enquiring mind; that is all we can do and the best way of going about it.

Many years ago now, and long before the days of computers and the internet I was coerced to start up a discussion forum by an organisation seriously interested in mystical experience (not gnosis), and for people living in the area where I lived at that time. It was decided to hold these meeting in the house of a well know depth psychologist, and which was a large and spacious house more or less central to the given area. Anyway, most of the folk that came along to these meetings were indeed into mystical experience to some degree, or at least very interested in it academically. On one occasion a young Lady came along, seemingly out of the blue, or maybe a new member to the organisation in question, and her idea of mystical experience was to have seen what she thought was a ghost. Well, some of us chatted to her about this for a while, but when the topic got around to other things, as it obviously would with that lot there, then she did not have a clue as to what any of them were talking about. Obviously. Seeing what she liked to call a ghost – was her ultimate mystery. And so it goes. But it sure made her think and ask questions which she would not have done otherwise.

Oh, just as a matter of interest whilst on that. One evening when they had all gone home I was having a glass of wine with the owner of the house – the well known Depth Psychologist – and he took me in to show me his library. I was still quite young in those days and he was an old timer by this time. The library was the best and largest library I had ever seen in anyone’s private house (outside of the National Trust that is) and I was amazed. Anyway, I said to him... “OK, no messing about, and be honest, which is your favourite book here and which you consider to be the most profound and illuminating”? He seemed a little bit reticent to answer initially – but I have a way with people – and he eventually smiled and pulled out a book. “This one”, he said, and showed it to me. It was the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

This is not a bad little book in so far as it goes, but it does not go very far; and that is for sure. I had read it many years before. And it sure ain’t the end of the road inwards. Or outwards for that matter. And this guy had earned a small fortune in so called Depth Psychology. Fun innit. It is also interesting that when he eventually came to run the show at these meetings (which they asked me to start and run) because he was a well know psychologist and I was and still am a nobody, then they folded up and people lost interest. Oh man, we do have fun at times. The guy actually knew nothing of mystical experience at all – other than a few bits he had read in a few books over the years. Nevertheless he was good at what he did – so they tell me.

By the time I got asked to partake in email discussion forums I had already been doing it for years live and face to face (and which I much prefer anyway). But wow, the membership out there is vast indeed, and all over the world. And seven years was far more than enough of that. (it seemed like a hundred years from hindsight). I do not communicate with people any more, other than on the occasions where somebody contacts me privately; for enough is enough. So, that is the end of another road so to speak, and a well worn one at that. So, there are also roads within the greater road are there not. Oh by the way, we often hear it said that all roads lead to the top of the same mountain. I would obviously put it the other way around by saying that all roads lead home, to the bottom of the mountain – back where we came from in the first instant. But that road of course is not the temporal road; for it is deeper down than the emanation of time and changing events.

However, there is also the incarnate road is there not; and none of us can know where that one ends for humanity itself; for we are not there yet, and there sure is no hurry to find out. In the meantime we can but dream dreams and with a little hope thrown in for good measure. One of the implications of transcendence is, as I have mentioned, reincarnation. So maybe we will find out as to what is at the end of the incarnate road one day after all. And maybe we will not. It does not really bother me one jot either way, for today exists NOW, and so too does this world; and one has to function in it NOW. And sufficient unto the NOW is the existing NOW and its joys and its problems. But what we do NOW, will shape tomorrow. And that too is a fact.

However, just for mere fun and day dreams, would it not be interesting if we could occasionally choose where and when to be born and as to what we did in that life. When would you choose, and what would you like to do? One of the things that I would love to do (and nothing big or any big deal) would be to exist just a couple of hundred years ago, in the time of the early Mail Stage Coaches; and drive one through the night, from perhaps Penzance to London – and of course stopping at all the old wayside Inns for a good old fashioned glass of ale around a roaring open fire in those old buildings, and chatting to the locals in passing. Maybe I did it once before and it still resonates – who knows eh; who knows. I have such a picture hanging over the fireplace; and when I look at it (which is often) I get that kind of weird but nice feeling – as though, perhaps, one had been there before, at that time. I wonder why some things resonate so much within us, as they indeed do. I wonder.

Then again, and at other times, I feel like I would wish to exist for a while a long way off in the future, in a world which as yet I can only imagine – but an imagination based upon things which I have known just a little of as yet. And that would be good too. But, in the meantime, we can on occasions when time allows, just sit and dream dreams, and for whatever that might achieve. But all I know for a fact is that work gets things done; so that must come first; and one can dream dreams when one gets the time to dream dreams, and too worn out to do anything else.

But as for the end of the incarnate life road, well, not only could I not even imagine it, but I do not think I would even want to – for tis the road itself which is the fun is it not; and travelling it one day at a time, and taking a little time out along that road just to watch it and take it all in, and grab the moment whilst it lasts. And maybe, just maybe, we will record it for it to be read, and ridden yet again. Who knows.

But if ever you did come to travel back in time then you would have to be very careful as to what you said to anyone – even by mistake. One could not make the mistake of saying something like - ‘Mr Hardcastle died tomorrow’! I wonder what anyone would make of that. But, at the end of a hard day, and when that days work is done, then as it has been said before, we can unleash the imagination before we fall asleep, and head for pole star until midnight, and then turn left and go on until dawn. And I will meet you in the little Cafe on the purple planet in the Andromeda Galaxy. Bring the beer and I will bring the Cigars. I wonder why we can dream dreams? Nothing is for nothing after all – and everything is for something. It sure beats me though.

However, and back to the reality in which we find ourselves today, here and now. These mystical events, and particularly the specific gnosis event, reveals that our beginning and end of the road of being is that transcendent mode of being in what is experienced and known to be Eternity – or perhaps better stated as the Womb of Eternity (where things start from). Hence the journey of a lifetime for us would thence be a kind of loop or circle; but with a part of it being the temporal road which we call a lifetime here. That is to say starting from there (and forgetting it whilst here) and then doing the incarnate temporal bit (or road) and then going back again to the Womb of Eternity again. But in all truth there would be little point in all that if it really did happen only once. (not that I would care or worry personally).

But, the experience reveals that we (that part of us) is never terminated. And of course which truly makes the incarnate mind boggle when we are back here with that understanding. There would be absolutely no point whatsoever in personal consciousness (me or you) staying eternally in that ground of being – no matter how amazing and perfect it is from our judgment of it; it would be just totally pointless and unnecessary. It would achieve nothing at all. We also learn (naturally enough) that we cannot stay there; and hence we get flung out (to put it in simple terms). So, if we can get flung out once then why not ten million or more times? The irony is that even if that is true we could never know it to be true. I did say at the beginning that there are some things which can never know; and it is true. Why could we not know it then? Easy. It is because we can only know ANYTHING from hindsight of it happening. But you could not know the truth of this simply because of both annihilation on the way in and Cosmic Amnesia on the way out. Ipso Facto.

As I said before (in the Exegesis) every time one goes there it is always the now and the same thing – it would be the same a million times over. Moreover you can only ever remember it if it happens DURING a lifetime. And I have never known of it happening twice in a lifetime, let alone thousands of times. We do not need it twice during a lifetime – and most never have it at all during a lifetime; and that is obvious enough to all. (hence the question as to why mystics or gnostics). But, there you go, and there indeed the gnostics do go – and everybody else for that matter. But how many times does one pop in and out of that level of being? I have no idea – I do not even think that I want to know. But, the implication is that we do. But, as for the little old me which is here and now, implications are not my thing; and I do not care at all one way or the other. Indeed, the implications of never ever being terminated in the absolute sense are perhaps a little more scary than that of everlasting oblivion (which does not bother me at all). It would be something other than good to have to come back and exist on a world like this time and time again never ending – bloody purgatory more like – unless they wise up of course.

The irony of course is that even if we did then we would never know it anyway; and I doubt if anybody would even want to know it. So, if that were the case then there sure is a lot to be said for Annihilation and Cosmic Amnesia. Hence, in the purely selfish sense I would much prefer just one lifetime and then everlasting oblivion. However, on looking around at the lives of some people on this world, (so many of them in fact) the pain, misery, suffering, poverty which is their life – and very often very short – and which I find tragic and not their own fault at all. Well, then I could not but wish them another go at it, and under far better circumstances and life style. To have lived and not loved it; to not have seen some of these things whilst alive and known them and integrated with them – leaves me without words or thoughts. They must, they have to, have known it better. So, I could not wish for everlasting oblivion for them. And assuming that there even is the possibility of everlasting oblivion (which flies in the face of everything which I have learned anyway). Even the so called worst human being that as ever existed on earth, should know and have the opportunity of knowing these things, and living it incarnate to the fullness of being. For even they are beings like ourselves in the final analysis. Even I, a mere temporal human personality on earth, could not let them miss that. If a mere being like myself would give them both paradise and paradise on earth, then what of that greater reality from whence we all come and to whither we all return, and the forces which shape our being. Would it do less than a mere human being?

In that gnosis event we come to know that everything is for everything. We know that the all is in the one, and the one is in the all. The nature of reality does not judge the nature of reality – only you and I do that. And it is best (so I learned the hard way) not to make final judgments about life and people until you have come to the end of the road – back where we started from. For that is not only the bigger picture – it is the picture itself – in the beginning and the end. All the genuine mystics/gnostics have said the identical thing – you can only know these things at the end of time (when time ends for you). And I also said it long before reading anything about any of them. But as for the incarnate bit, and that paradise on earth event, well, in my judgment they must all know that too. And I for one could never really rest in peace until they do. And I am not even sure that I would want to come to that. But all I can do is to say – let it be so. But I doubt if that will carry any weight anywhere – but we can dream eh. Everything possible must be there for every life form there ever was, is or will be. But that is simply my judgement and wish from hindsight of it all. And I wonder why it is that I judge and wish for that. And no amount of abhorrence which I see on this world could make me change that. So, I asked earlier as to where did that wisdom come from which we have there? I also said that going into it million times is always the same NOW. I also mentioned somewhere about it all possibly being done from the end (knowing it) and not from the beginning (hence feed-back). It sure make one think, and makes sense from hindsight. It seems that we are tapping into the ultimate understanding – at both the beginning and the end of the road – and which is the same thing anyway. But, as I say, out here you and I have to think; but in there it is not needed; for we KNOW.

* * *

Chapter 23

The Double Vortex of Emanation

I have made brief mention herein of this double vortex of emanation theory. I have also stated that it would take a whole thick book to encapsulate it all. I may finish writing that book one day, and I may not. In all truth it is not something which I am even particularly interested in doing. It is far more important it seems to simply talk of the these things and forces within us for those who may wish to read it, and to state the things which I have done in this volume just as the experiences occur and what they reveal, and effects of them; as opposed to simply making a road map of it all. Moreover, I do not have to write it all out personally, for it is crystal clear in my own mind and understanding from hindsight anyway. However, we will just briefly splash around the edges of it here.

In times past some folk have made the analogy of our returning to our ground of being as like that of a drop of rain returning to the sea. This is not a too bad an analogy, but neither is it too good either; and it does not say much does it. For a start, when a drop of rain plops into the sea then that drop does not maintain its own independent integrity within the sea. Thus, there is no water in the sea because the sea is the water, and without the water there would be no sea. Now, imagine if that raindrop could fall into the sea whilst still retaining a kind of encompassing ring around it which maintained its own integrity whilst in the sea. True enough the stuff inside the ring is the same as the stuff outside of the circle of the ring which encapsulates that part as an identity itself, and though still within the sea and made of the same stuff. So, keep this in mind, for in the ground of our being it is ME, not somebody or something else; and it is not collective consciousness. We do not lose our Self integrity there as a drop of rain does in the ocean. Albeit that there is no personality there. Some refer to the personality as the ego – a truly bum and meaningless word if I may be so bold.

True, there is only one being in the ocean of our ground of being in so far as conscious experience makes it so. But that conscious experience is the same for all beings. Now, the truth of the matter is that if we were not conscious in that realm then not only would we not know that we existed (and existed there) but then that surrounding bubble of Self identity in it truly would be like the raindrop in the ocean; but it would not be aware of existing. For even there we are subject to the flow of consciousness. And the flow of consciousness constructs individuation, do you see. You could only be ‘the all’ if you were unconscious. And then you would never know it of course. However, the sum of all past wisdom and understanding can indeed be written and recorded on energy it seems. Well, it does not seem at all, for we know it; and we can ourselves do it and so too can our own system of dynamics. And that is highly interesting, and quite profound.

The best way to try and picture this in your mind is to think of a realm which is made of little dots of stuff, or some kind of gas, and yet all the same stuff. Now, if you draw a ring around say ten dots (and there would be billions of trillions of zillions of little dots) then that encompass is ME (you in your case). But you will still say – ‘I AM ME’. Now, when the flow of consciousness enters that little encompass it becomes cognitive mind, and it lights up and glows – like a filament of a light bulb when electricity flows through it (a good analogy). But consciousness cannot flow through it until an encompass exists. Electricity cannot flow through a light bulb until a light bulb is made and constructed. So, without an enclosing encompass, and without the flow of consciousness through that encompass there could not be a personal conscious being. There could only be the stuff which being congeals out of - a mediator of awareness, or cognition; but not activated by the flow of consciousness.

Actually the formation of a planet or star out of the stuff of quantum energy is a good analogy. And if it works there (which it does) then why should it not work here also; for the principle is much the same – with the exception that stars are not conscious entities, and consciousness and the life force does not flow through them. But without the function which they fulfil here then you and I could not exist out here in a physical emanation. Thus, the first (brought forth) will be the last (in extended emanation). For we cannot exist here until such time that we can exist here. You cannot pump the flow of consciousness through a lump of rock. And it is thus implicate that consciousness should exist in a physical universe, it is at the heart and function of it. And hence time exists for mind and not mind for time. Awareness has to be aware of something. It does not matter what exactly, but it has to be something; otherwise there would be nothing for awareness to be aware of and could not then exist. Existence could be nothing else other than an observer observing something – hence a duality in perception – albeit one thing in the grand over-all oneness of the observer and the observed.

Keep in mind also that the flow of consciousness through a medium (the stuff that we are made of) automatically generates an observer and the observed; a duality. Hence, I AM not paradise, and I AM not the temporal universe; but rather the being which perceives them, knows them, loves them, exists within them, and is made of the stuff of that transcendent realm. So, it would be absolutely wrong to say that paradise was within you. It is not; for you are within IT. But from the reference point of the incarnate top-side mind it is inwards, not outwards; downwards not upwards. And when in it then it is out there and all around you. Just like being in this universe is, for it is out there and all around you. Except that it is very different of course. Not better, not worse, but just very different. And personally I prefer being here, and I have clearly stated as to why – freedom and personal potential being just one of the reasons. But of course, without us then the whole could not only not be fulfilled but it could not even be known to exist; and thus not fulfilled. Nothing can be known without consciousness of it. And conscious experience cannot experience the non existence of something. Hence there is no such thing as nothing. The question is not as to ‘What is NOT’, but rather is to ‘What IS’.

Now the analogy that the ground of our being is the rock of creation does not mean that the ground of being is made of a rock either – it just means something which is enduring (things constructed in time do not last for ever). To say that the world exists on the back of a Turtle does not mean a real Turtle, it means something very

substantial and strong below the surface of the waves of temporality. Creation (the existence of things) is not constructed in seven earth days, it is constructed on the back of lower dimensions of emanation. So too is the top-side conscious mind. And the earth, and even our sun, is not as old as the physical universe. And the physical universe is not as old as the stuff which it is made of at the bottom of the pile of emanation. Science claims (wrongly) that only the physical universe exists. But how on earth then are they even capable of thinking that? Ideas are not rocks, and they can only be found in the mind. So what are they thinking it with? A rock maybe?

Anyway, the physical universe is all that they have seen as yet (but not all scientists I hasten to add). Naturally ideas flash through their brain, but they assume there is no depth to the stuff of mind; hence it is flat one dimensional blank sheet of accidental rubbish sliding around willy-nilly on top of a material causation - until something in time and space types some data on it, so they like to claim – and teach to the kids that it IS SO. And it ain't so.

Now, do this. Take a sheet of plain white A4 paper and put it in front of you in a profile orientation; as for writing a letter on. About an inch from the top draw a straight line across the page. We will call it line (A). Now this line (and above it) is the temporal line of the flow of changing events of the physical universe. On the left hand side of the page (and the line) is, whatever you want to call it, the big bang or the beginning of the physical universe; or the big flow into this dimension. On the right hand end of that line is, well, some point off in the future; or the end of this universe and all things.

Now, along that line mark a spot with an X (X1) Three or four inches along mark another X (X2). Now, the distance between X1 and X2 is you; your body and brain, in the physical universe. And you are made out of the stuff of that line up at that level of emanation. Draw a little arc joining X1 and X2 above the temporal time line A. This little arc above the time line A is the incarnate temporal mind – and for a while it floats along that time line A; from left to right – your bubble existence in the space-time fabric; like a bubble on top of a pan of boiling water. Your body is a space ship. It travels through space and time. You are here today, and you were here yesterday and the day before; and you might even be here tomorrow; and you require space. So, that is travelling through time and existing in space. Or best to say existing through a process of changing events; for that is what time is, an effect of extant phenomena; not a extant phenomenon itself independent of changing events (becoming). And what, one might ask, is universal time if time (changing events) is due to mass; and whilst in a universe of different masses? Universal time co-ordinated? Not quite.

Now, near the bottom of the sheet of paper draw another line and call it B. At the centre of the page along line B draw another X (X3). And make this at a point where a line up the page from B at X3 comes mid-way between X1 and X2 on line A. Now, this is the line up through which consciousness flows. Imagine it to be like a straw up through which you can draw water. But the water in this case is the flow of consciousness. As in the well analogy. Now, where you have marked X3 on line B rub that bit of line out so that you have a small gap in the line – a hole. This is the hole, the gap, which connects one universe to another. Well, not quite two universes as such, but it is the gap through which time and eternity join hands, so to speak.

It is the gap or doorway into the Womb of Eternity. The white hole at the bottom of your vortex of emanation. Or the death star if you like; or the bath plug hole of extended self existence. And the point of annihilation of the personality. We cannot know what goes on in this gap (that is why I draw a gap) simply because consciousness is switched off whilst passing through it. I guess it simply cannot conduct consciousness – thank the powers that be, for we would not want to know anyway thank you very much.

Keep in mind also that only the stuff which comes from below line B can go back beyond line B. Anything constructed above that line cannot go below line B. You cannot take your memories and fears into paradise. *Ipsa, facto*. So you cannot talk to auntie Jane on the phone there – nor even telepathically. Hard luck; you cannot talk to the dead (if dead is what you want to call it). Neither is it oblivion, although annihilation is oblivion of the personality and all that stuff from the reference point of cognition below line B. There is not even any memory of it; or of worlds.

Now, draw two more lines. Draw a line from X1 on line A down to the left hand side of the gap on line B at X3. Now draw a line from X2 on line A down to the right hand side of the gap on line B at X3. You see now that you have a vortex structure of emanation from line B at X3 to line A at points X1 and X2. Imagine this to be a cone shaped vortex – like an ice cream cone. So far we have one vortex with a straw up the middle of it; from time (at the top) to eternity (at the bottom).

So, we now have to draw two more lines in order to put one vortex within the other. However, these two lines must not go right down to line B, they must stop short of it, say about an inch short – or from that point you could draw dotted lines down to line B. So, just to the right of X1 on A, mark another spot, call it AX3; and just to the left of X2 mark AX4. Now, from AX3 and AX4 draw two lines to form an inner vortex which meet up with our lines from X1 and X2 at about one inch above the B line. And from that point on draw dotted lines down to line B.

The dotted lines are where the insulation in the psyche (vortex) breaks down and where telepathic communication takes places with other vortices (other minds). It is not done at the top (in the space time fabric of temporality) it is done near the bottom of our vortex of emanation – where the insulation breaks down. This is not a fault by the way, it is how it is supposed to be, and IS.

So we now have two vortices, one inside the other, and a straw line hole up the dead centre of it, and up through which the stream of consciousness flows. And remember that it is the stream of consciousness which gives us existence, and even though we are not made of that stuff. We are made of something which can detect consciousness (modulate and demodulate it) and which permeates it. We are the stuff which is flowing up the pipe line from Eternity into the time line of the space-time fabric – the stuff of BEING.

Now, all this other dynamic stuff which exists in the vortex (and both the outer and inner vortex) is not us. Well, not the real us anyway. But it is all a part of the us which exists at the top. On earth we are made of three parts; a trimorphic production. But at the bottom we are made of only one part – the vital, essential, eternal and enduring stuff of Being. The thing which can affirm I AM ME. And it exists there

without all the other attachments. Hence, like a floppy disk reformatted. Now, think of the inner vortex as your soul. But this does not include the pipe line up the centre of it (up through which you connect to the physical world). Think of the outer vortex as the psyche. The outer vortex is the record of the species MAN. And all the data to construct one out of the stuff which exists above line B. And it also contains all the species archetypal memories and records. But the inner vortex, your soul, contains all your own personal, individual data and memories and records. And it makes you, the personality that floats along line A from left to right.

Now, according to the existing paradigm there only exists line A with a touch of weirdo and chaotic sub atomic particle just below it. And your little bubble that floats along it. So naturally, when that bubble bursts a little further along line A (which it will soon enough) then that is your lot chum, here today and gone into everlasting oblivion tomorrow. But, like the sap in a plant, when that time comes (which it will soon enough) the sap flows back down the pipe line down the centre of your vortex of emanation – and it pops through the little hole at line B back into the womb of eternity from whence it popped up in the first place (like snow falling upon snow) – in order to arrive here in the time line. Nothing particularly complicated in all that – albeit mysterious of course. Well, the nature of reality copes with it all ok anyway. Or most of the time anyway.

So, when we die the bubble at the top bursts, and no longer exists. And the pipe line up through that vortex no longer exists (so you cannot get back up it). The personality and its incarnate body no longer exists. But the stuff it was made of does, and so too does the flow of consciousness and self identity – for the raindrop has got a kind of skin around it which maintains its self identity and integrity in the Womb of Eternity; and it can still receive, conduct, consciousness – The primordial consciousness of which exists there; and it glows. However, to seep back down to the ground of being whilst the vortex still exists then it is still there to come back up it again. Hence, knowing the beginning and the end whilst existing during a lifetime. You cannot get back into a body which has rotted away or cannot sustain the life force for some reason. But we have to know it whilst alive on earth it seems – otherwise we would not go there during a lifetime. It is permitted in the nature of reality shall we say. And from hindsight one would claim that there is little point in existing if we do not know what we are. It struck me as idiotic as a child that we did not know what we are. So, kids are perhaps not quite so stupid as many adults like to believe. Maybe even smarter than adults in some cases.

Now, there is so much more to this double vortex of emanation; but as I say it would take a long book, and I am not particularly interested in writing it all (I have done about one third of it elsewhere). And of course there are little valves or taps up the pipe line where consciousness can be switched on and off, like tapes in a water pipe. And if you are switched off at any point then you are not aware of existing at all. Will I ever be switched off permanently? I do not know and I do not care. Will you ever be switched off permanently? The thing is that we cannot know something other than from the point of hindsight. I have said that the inner learning, and all the implications, are that none of us are ever switched off permanently. But I have also said that I personally am not interested in implications; but only in as to what is known now that can be effectively used now.

Tomorrow, in that sense, will take care of itself; and I will add tomorrows learning and knowledge to today's knowledge, and then use that lot – tomorrow. But not yet; for I have not arrived there as yet – and I may not. You never know until it happens.

The implications given by observing the sky at this moment are that it is not going to rain in the next few hours. If it does then it does, and if it don't then it don't; and I do not mind either way. Any way you like it chum. What will be will be. But the ride hitherto has been good and worthwhile. I can only hope that some of the effects which I have had in this world can also be said to have been good and worthwhile – and that is all that concerns me; and the rest is not my problem nor my doing. I cast my fate into the hands of the nature of reality; and so be it. I have not worked in this world for what it will or may do for me; I have worked for what is has already done for me. I do not look forward to things which life may do, I look back in gratitude for what it has done. Everything which I needed to exist, and the potentials which came my way, and all the fun and games which I encountered, were all done. It is all already constructed for me to do it. So I did it. Everything which I have needed was there, and existed from the beginning.

Religionists want their thingy to do things for them (they pray for them every day even – and even out loud so that everybody can hear them), but the mystics give thanks for what was done, and what is now; up to today. I have never prayed for anything in all my existence; and I sure do not intend to start doing it now. And if I were to then it would be for them, not for me – for them to wise up a little. I have never asked for anything in all my existence (not even for existence) – perhaps with the exception of a little understanding maybe once I was here in existence. But I did not ask anything else other than for that. And not even for that really, for it was just a wish, a desire, a longing; a passion. So, I did not ask anything or anybody for it – I just wanted it. Moreover, I did not instigate that longing and that passion either, for it was already there. It came with the package; so I used it, and ate it, and digested it. And it worked. Hence, the desire for comprehension was there from the beginning – maybe that is why I got kicked out of paradise – to learn it all. No, problem; not complaining mate. Why did you, the reader, get kicked out of paradise? For some other reason maybe?

Why did your body get the push from your mothers womb even? Can't stay there chum – for it ain't what you are brought forth for to stay in. Wombs (of any kind) are not for staying in – they simply grow you and bring you forth – for adventures..... and more. Same too with the Womb of Eternity – the ground of all Being. It is not for staying in. It does not really even have to be known – but if it were not then our life would indeed be spent in the proverbial darkness of not knowing what we are and from whence we come and as to why we exist at all. So, in that sense it has to be known – and it comes on its own anyway; so it is not our doing that it is known.

And what has life and the nature of reality given to me? Everything which I needed for the job it seems: existence; consciousness; a body and some kind of a brain (not a lot maybe but there you go). It has given me a world to live on; air to breath; food to eat and water to drink. This world contains all that. It has given me some small degree of power to think and understand just a few things as yet. It has given me friends and relations; opportunities to move around and explore things.

It has given me something to think with, and ideas, inspiration, motivation; and what more could one ask for for heaven sake. And it has given me everything which I am and everything which I have done. And what more could anybody ever want or need? Do I love it all? Yes. Did I ever not love it all? No. Does it love me? I do not know and I do not care, for it is the love that flows through me which is important.

It is not important to be loved, it is important to love. For if you do not then there is no point in existing. Moreover, I did not have to decide to love, and I did not have to learn how to do it, for that too came with the package. For that is what our ground of being is made of – the passion for TO BE. And that is where I am from and what I am made of. So it could be no other way really could it. All you have to do is be your self; for we are made of the stuff; and that is why it feels good and we call it love and passion. It is not something which we have, it is something which we are.

So, none of it is down to me; not a jot of it. The only thing I have any control over is moving the body around on earth; making decisions of what to do and how to do it, and just try do the best that I can see it to be; and of course for just as long as this little bubble above the time line exists. And then from that point on – well, what will be will be; and that is not in my hands. And what do I do when really stuck for knowing what to do for the best? Well, that is dead easy too. I simply think back and remember my Self which exists down there in the womb of eternity, and as to what it is like. And then I try to do something which seems to be in accord with its dignity, beauty and wonder. And that is it; I can do no more. I am not a magician.

So it is just as well that I can remember it eh, for it is the only final criteria of judgement which I have. So, thank the power that be for memory and remembrance of the pleroma, and the annihilation of cosmic amnesia. Otherwise I would have nothing to base my judgements upon and I would cluck around like a headless and groundless chicken I guess. What do you base your judgements upon if you are a religionist? Oh, I forgot; thou shalt not make judgement eh! Ah well, never mind. What do you base your judgements on if you are a materialist? Well, presumably you base them on whether you like them or not. But the mystic often finds that he or she has to do something which they do not like. But there you go. Or would you rather be a robot.

Religionists claim that their entity up above the stratosphere watches and knows what every life form in the whole of the universe is doing, thinking, desiring, wanting, and knowing all the emotions and the reactions to events. Now, this is some busy fellow is it not. And magic ain't even the word for it. However, in a way they are right about this at least. All this stuff is recorded – but recorded in the sum of all extended phenomena and vortices of emanation. You carry your own data, and it is all saved on the disk (vortex). And what about the vortex of the universe itself; for the material world, universe, is also a vortex of emanation – just like any life form which exists up at this level of emanation; or elsewhere for that matter. Nothing just pops into existence from nothing. And nothing which is brought forth from the point of no duration contains its own causation – not even in the transcendent realm of mindful existence and cosmic cognition. It all comes from no thing created; and which has no extension within its own field. And that cannot be known by consciousness – for it is deeper. But it is known 'of' – and loved whilst there (and here too).

But of course, as I and many others know from hindsight, and they too have known and will know, religionists (whilst not knowing it) have called that part of our Self the creator of creation. And so too have a few very new little mystics; both in the past and the present. And the advice they get from others is – a little learning can be a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not the divine eternal spring. And I would also add, drink wide and drink long. Some actually believe they have become one, united, with that which brings them forth – instead of uniting simply with that part of our self which exists there. They have NOT come to this conclusion by way of having been there – so, some folk are obviously pulling a fast one over of somebody – but they do not fool the mystics.

However, it would certainly be true to say that you and I are the Alpha and Omega of creation. For mind (cognition and consciousness) is the first thing brought forth; and nothing is made (there) after it. Moreover, because we, Mind, both starts and ends there (the full circle) one can also think of it as the omega (or the Z) of being. But of course; as I keep saying, and others have said before, there is more dear Horatio – and deeper. But it cannot be known other than by way of things which come to exist and emanate forth from the point of no extension or duration. The hub and the wheel is movement around a stationary axle. And so it is; and so it is consciously experienced to be also. It is seen, known, and implicitly understood; and in a place where one cannot contradict it. That is the real gnosis. When you know your SELF you also know IT – and whatever IT is independent of all that which is brought forth from IT. And we cannot know IT for we ain't IT – do you see. Hence it is an I and Thou scenario – not an I am it scenario. We know well enough that some idiots think that they are IT, but they ain't IT.

But, if one were to use the analogy of that paradise realm consciousness being the 'father', then it would indeed be true to say that I and father are one. No problem with that assertion at all – so long as they understand exactly what it means. So, in the final analysis you see, all this stuff which they asked me to do about writing out the double vortex theory is somewhat academic is it not. And what would it prove? And what can you and I prove anyway? Not a lot. I cannot even prove to anybody else that I am even conscious. Sure, they can see the body moving around; but it could be clock-work eh. It is existing which proves things to us, and each on our inside; and to each alone. Clever is it not; dammed clever; and it works. Just imagine having to construct all this lot eh? Sod that job – I know my place well enough; and I like it where it is – more or less anyway.

When I was a little boy between the ages of about two and ten, I sat and watched the world in awe and wonder; and I knew that I was ignorant of so much; if not everything. When I was a young man I was in charge of so much, and I did not even have time to be in awe and wonder of anything; and I came to think that thinking was a waste of time and effort anyway. But now I am older, I sit and watch the world in awe and wonder again; and realise again as to just how little I know and understand about everything. Kind of full circle eh. Not particularly smart; but just a shade wiser. So, life here was not wasted was it. If somebody learns just one thing in a lifetime; then it is not wasted. And if they are capable of putting that one thing to good effect (which I do not seem to have achieved alas) then they have done even better. The guy that invented beer sure achieved far more than I ever have.

But with creation then there is not much to do when it is done is there – except to explore it of course. And, after all is said and done – what the hell else is there to do anyway. Our whole life here on earth is, in large measure, simply exploring the outer and the inner of creation and becoming a little wiser by virtue of doing it. But, there is plenty of time off from that anyway, and just simply living and having fun doing truly irrelevant things – but we still even learn whilst doing that. But, of course, when we have learned something then we can use it to good effect – or otherwise if one wants to of course.

Over the course of the last twenty years (and not of my own volition at the time) I have been asked thousands of questions about these things. And of course many questions being the same questions time after time after time. In all truth it gets a little boring saying the same things over and over again (this is why a book is better and quicker). But, like we all do, I have also been asked many personal questions too. One could write a few books on that as well. But in all truth it would not be very interesting. For my life here, on all outward appearances, has been as everybody else's is; and mostly dead boring; or better to say mundane – for none of it was boring as such. Mystics are no different from anyone else – other than those kind of experiences and the effects which it has on one. I like sausage egg and chips, a pint of ale; watching a good movie occasionally; a good debate with people. Also some the trivial chat and laughs and jokes which we all do; tis all great fun; and it is all a part of social life; and that is good indeed.

But also I like being alone and thinking quite a lot; and always have done. But there is nothing unusual in that for the large part. A question which they often ask is as to if mystics are born or made. There are some things which I do not bother to comment on - we are all born and we are all made; and we all undergo the becoming process. So you work it out.

Ah, they say, but you know what I mean: do they come into this world somehow ready to become one or can they work at becoming one. We all come into this world with some kind of job, function to perform; and in many cases not just one function. And we can all become better at the things which we practice. And we invariably practice that which we love the most and are motivated by the most. Think about it. Knowing me I could have become a really top rate capitalist git. For when I do something I try to do it as best as I possibly can; no half measures with anything. But the things which do not interest me much then I just dabble in or do not even touch at all. Just like you I guess. But I always thought that just to dabble and paddle in life was not a good idea; for that is what we have got and what we are. Think about it. Anyway, it seems to me that every child is already born a mystic – they just seem to come to forget it or let other people knock it out of them. We are all made of the same stuff. Ipso Facto. And anyway, that realm is not for the missing, it is for the knowing; and for the making good use of it in this world. What I would like to have been is a musician; but it did not work out that way. So there you go.

Now, we all know well enough that some folk in the past have claimed to know all the answers. Or shall we say that it has been claimed that some people in the past knew all the answers. But I can guarantee that the claim is wrong; for it is not possible; and one learns that in an uncontradictable manner; and that is a fact.

Moreover, you cannot even know when you are going to be switched off and on until it happens. No being which is ever brought forth could know all the answers to all the questions. And keep in mind that in the ground of being there are no questions to ask; for everything which needs to be understood there IS understood there; and we remember that when we come back here too. Remember, although we are mini creators ourselves in a way, we simply manipulate the stuff of creation to make them; but we do not create the stuff which creation is made out of. Here is the stuff my love, do with it what you will. How many times does one have to say this to them before the proverbial penny drops?

True, some would like others to believe that they know it all; but I can assure you that they do not and that they cannot know it all. Keep in mind also that knowledge of implication, deduction, inference, is not knowledge from hindsight of that thing having been done. Can you guarantee that you are going to be here tomorrow? I hope you will be, and the chances are that you will be; but neither you or I can guarantee it. Nothing can guarantee it. So even that small package is obvious is it not. And you do not have to know the ground of being to know that.

In the real double vortex one would also have to draw another line across the centre of our page (between the lines A and B) to signify different dimensions of emanation. And so much else in fact. But this is not necessary for a brief description. But keep in mind that consciousness can exist within any of them, and the stuff within them, and the potentials, can be revealed to our being by way of conscious experience. Just like in the floors of a large building analogy – there is more than one floor to be on.

Now, when we are existing at the top of this vortex of emanation (on earth), then anything below that level is subconscious (until you get into it). But things of the subconscious can also be revealed to us by consciousness flowing up the pipe line into the temporal mind and top floor. Also, we can experience them by our being and consciousness going back down inside them; as I said. Moreover, and a highly interesting point, is that stuff from the inside can not only be known in temporal consciousness but that it can also be extended out on to the backdrop of objectivity – an hallucination for example; and maybe seeing a ghost, or seeing a virgin fairy floating over the roof tops waving a hymn book at the sinners down at the pub. These are what I call extended Arkon Image Emanations. Or if they are stuff of the spirit (not the psyche) then they are classified as Extroverted Mystical experiences.

However, in the central section of the psyche when being in it, then such visions are those which I call Arkon Image Emanations, and they can produce experiences which would put the star ship Enterprise holodecks in second place – stuff generated by the soul. If something takes place in the deepest depths however, (below line B, not within the soul and psyche) then that is classified as an Introverted Mystical experience (not a psychic experience). But, as I have said, if something comes up from the ground of being to the top-side mind then that is a spiritual experience not a psychic experience, and hence an Extroverted Mystical experience as opposed to an extended Arkon image emanation. All very complicated and boring is it not.

So it is a good idea to try and understand what is going on, and where it has its origin, and as to what it is for. What is the point of experience (inner or outer) if we do not come to understand it? What is the point of food if we do not eat and digest it? But

of course, in normal daily life all this stuff is below the level of consciousness – but not subconscious when you are in it. And this of course is why these Arkon Image Emanations (and just like near death experiences) are symbolic of a deeper level of being. They point to it.

Finding yourself in a pleasant garden in which you feel really good, (in a near death experience for example) is symbolic of the womb of eternity; and constructed by the middle section (or quite near the top in fact) of the vortex of our emanation – or the soul as they like to call it. But there are no trees, flowers, and little streams with bridges over them in the ground of being. The ground of being is not a symbol and not symbolic of anything else; it is the thing itself; that which was pointed to by image emanations along the valley of the shadow of death – well, going home shall we say.

It becomes clear to me that many folk here love symbolism (and the psyche knows that well enough; for it is all written there). They seem to prefer symbolism during their life here than trying to work out as to what it is exactly which is being symbolised. And the symbol, or idol, becomes their thingy you see. Well, if you do not see should I perhaps say. Good heavens below, I think even their own literature (the old bit anyway) tells them not to erect idols as the truth. So, to put it in a simplistic nutshell, when the mind is open and free then wisdom can pop in; or rather you can fall through that gap in the universe and land where it is at. Some trip eh.

But it is certainly one journey which is not simply for the journey itself; it is for the destination and what is redeemed there – Psychognosis, or gnosis as many have called it - the knowledge of Self; and then the incarnate effects of it in the becoming process incarnate. One will never become much more than one is at the moment by erecting and living with symbolic idols of things; one has to leave them behind; and go naked (without even a body) into the unknown. But it will not be unknown for long; and it will not be dark for long; and you will not feel lonely for long. So, drop the idols and symbolism eh; and wise up. Get to the literal bottom of things.

*

To talk about these things today is very difficult; I can only imagine that a few thousand years ago, or even a few hundred for that matter, that it would be virtually impossible. And keep in mind that as we evolve so too does conceptual understanding change; and also language. A five year old child could not talk about these things; well, not too clearly anyway. And how will beings in ten thousand years time be talking about them one wonders? The things themselves will not change, but the understanding will grow and the language then will be more effective for conveying meaning. Well, one hopes so anyway, and there is no reason as to why not.

First and foremost we could not talk about a supernova or electromagnetism until we discovered it; and then the language to talk of it had to evolve. Indeed, it would be very interesting to take a trip back into time (no, don't even think about it, for it does not exist now) and listen to people talking about these things ten thousand years ago, and again five and then two thousand years ago. And they would all be talking about the same thing; and yet it would all come out differently from now.

And it all goes on does it not. A good day will be that when people do not have a need to talk about it at all, in that they will all know it. Perhaps other than to say, oh by the way, I popped home yesterday. And the other guy might smile and say – Oh, right, has the place been renovated since I was there last year? Well, you have to smile eh. And the first person might smile and say – well, a few more seem to have pulled themselves together a bit.

Anyway, the current paradigm assumes that the little cognitive flash which takes place in the brain and bubble on the line of the space time fabric is all there is. They seem to envisage that there is no depth and fabric to the mind itself. Interesting, because they know well enough about the inner depths of matter and the physical universe; but they attribute the mind to that. But we know that they once thought the world was flat also. Go down on the inside of a nice flat shiny sheet of paper which you use for writing on and you will go back to the big bang and beyond. But I would not fancy going back to the big bang on the temporal time line – bit too hot for me there. No, I will duck and wait downstairs in the basement of being whilst that is going on, and wait for it to cool down a wee bit here, and kind of settle down into a hard blob. And whilst waiting I will join in with the chorus of the choir invisible in the peace which passes all understanding. Never was struck with too much heat – even though I love a good fire – but you can always get somebody to move you back a bit from that. I remember well the days when my father and I used to chat around the fire. When it got too hot we would ask my mother to move us both back a bit; and to which she would reply – bugger orf you lazy gits!

Religionists on the other hand, and even if they accept some of these things, will assume that it is all beamed down to their little isolated bubble brain from up above. And they also assume much else which is not so. And truth is that which is so about anything. Everything has its set and dimensions of truth. Truth is that which is so about this or that thing. True, it is not so much the direction which matters in the final analysis but rather the fact that it exists all the time and exists to be known now, and for it to have effects in the here and now, and not in the by and by or the buy and buy. And of course we are always connected to it – whereas the Christians have to wait to be beamed up above the clouds. I hope they know they will need a space suit for that; but sssshhhh. And of course it is also important to know that nothing else is going to get this world right unless we do it; and that all we need to do it already exists, and that part of the job is done, and it is now our time and place to do a bit of work; and whilst time lasts.

And of course one has to smile when they try to answer the question as to which bit of all extant things they are using the handle ‘their god’ to point to. And one smiles even more when they say the mind behind the universe. Oh my, which one; who’s mind; and at what level of emanation? Well, mystics cannot have a conversation with most religionists, and that is for sure. I know, for I have tried it quite a few thousand times. Occasionally mystics can talk with scientists; and they can often talk with psychics. And there are not that many mystics around within a few miles radius. So, one often has to restrict conversation to hello, good morning and good by. Or better still talk to the cats and dogs. Very interesting and illuminating to be sure. But when two mystics do get together, wow, that is fun. And that I know too.

I have never yet known three together at one moment; (maybe others have however) they seem to be too thin on the ground for that to happen often; and I have not known it yet. But transport is so expensive these days is it not. I have of course actually met just a few live face to face, and known a few more by way of communication by letter or email; but never three live face to face at the same time. Maybe I just do not get around much any more – but it is just fine here so why bother.

I was outside our house clearing up a bit of front garden where I lived once, which was across an ally from a small Baptists church; about fifteen years ago. On occasions this place was let out to fundamentalist groups. Some used to stop and chat for a while, as people do in passing. But one morning a young guy in his mid twenties was chatting away for a long time, and began talking about his stuff (as they do), and asked me if I believed in the Bible. I was not in the mood for chatting, let alone serious conversation with a fundamentalist that day (because there is no such things as serious conversation with them anyway), and this guy was annoying me a little with his attitude. So, I just said no and left it at that; hoping that he would go away.

He then said that I had better buck up for I was being invaded and possessed by the devil. So I simply said to him well son, if you had said that to me when I was fifteen you would be digesting a mouthful of teeth by now, and possess a very bad pain in the mouth and guts; but the devil does a good job on us you see, of making us behave a little better than you are behaving right now; so fortunate for you eh son; now sod off.

And that of course was a great conversation stopper; and one could get on with ones work in peace and quiet again. Oh, this saving souls business eh, what a drag it must be for them (and to say nothing about on us too). It is not a good idea for a religionist to pick on a mystic on a bad day; and of that you can be assured. Mystics do not look for trouble; but they know how to handle it if it cannot be avoided. Mystics, by the way, do not talk about mystical experience or gnosis in normal daily conversation – they never mention it at all to anyone. Except on occasions where it either crops up naturally or amongst company that have met for this purpose. So, you will never ever find a genuine mystic downloading their stuff on the general public like religionists do; especially the fundamentalist types. More often than not if normal daily conversations got around to anything like this then the mystic would simply listen and say nothing at all – I know.

I was on a discussion forum once on the internet (been on over a hundred of them over the years) and this one was for academics only – well, I always go where I am not wanted, for there is no point in going where you are wanted on those kind of chat lists. And given that one is not wanted anywhere then that is dead easy – pick a card. However, these were academics and writers about mysticism (not gnosis in this case) from all over the world discussing the phenomenon of mysticism. But one was not allowed to talk about mysticism from experience; but only literature relating to it.

So, I accepted those terms, told them that I was an academic (which I ain't) and got on it (shit stirrer at time alas; I love throwing it in the fan and watching it fly – Oh I must amend my ways: that'll be the day). Anyway, I sat and read their mails for a few days without joining in (which is very unusual for me – never been a lurker before or since). It was hilarious fun, and some of the stuff they were saying and

envisaging was just too ludicrous for words; so I joined in (no, I got termed ‘Dick the Guru Buster’ long before that and elsewhere – on an Australian list in fact). However, one guy, whom I really liked on this list, was a professor of Linguistics in Europe; most were in the USA (cannot name names), and he loved his Sin-Tactics, and he was good at it too. He was slamming mystics and mysticism something really rotten, but in a very clever and witty way; he was a real scream, and I liked him a lot.

But the thing is as to why the hell he was there at all? He truly did want to understand what the mystics were really on about; and his aggression and attacks was a surface thing only. It was his way of trying to dig out the truth of it all. It is all so easy to see through it all you know. But the others it seems did not see through it all (Well, they were academics after all).

So I simply popped on one day saying, OK dear Sir, you are in fact now talking to one, what would you like to know and understand exactly? Ah well, sparks flew and I assumed I would be disconnect there and then. But no, it broke all the conventions of the list, but they all wanted to hear and talk. They were really intrigued, and I knew it – been there and done all that before so many times; and I know the reactions only too well.

The list woke up and became red hot active and alive – as indeed they all seemed to do when I landed on one. I wonder why; what a coincidence. No, I do not really wonder why. But wow, did we have fun for a few weeks on that one. We became the best of mates, and even though he was trying to pull me apart at the seams. But all the other folk assumed he was trying to put me down, and they were all getting very cross indeed. And this guy really was a clever bloke and with an amazing vocabulary and a quick witty mind (English was not even his native tongue but he knew it better than I do). He must have read every book and document ever written on mysticism, and seemed to remember it all (for what good that does however). So, this was a real challenge – he was no young silly kid; nor a pushover. And I love a good hard challenge.

On occasions he got quite rude and personal, but I did not mind that and I knew why he was doing it; for he wanted to understand, and he was frustrated. But I kept my calm and was as polite and as nice as father Christmas (which is not always the case with me). All the others were telling him to cool it and calm down but the heat went up all the time; it was a terrific chat list; and they were all as bright as shiny buttons. The more I told him the hotter it got, and the more frustrated he got. And he used to make me roll up in laughter at some of the things which he came out with about these so called middle ages mystics (which the academics love to study). I often nearly busted a gut laughing – and in many respects of course he was dead right, for many of those so called middle age mystics were nought but utter shams anyway – and some silly cows having orgasms while looking at a nude guy hanging on a cross. Bloody neurotic and repulsive stuff indeed. That is NOT mysticism.

But they had one for the first time in their midst and did not know how to handle it at all. Anyway, it got so hot that they eventually banned him from the list; and it eventually closed down, for they were all at each others throats something rotten – academics mind you! So the old professor and I finished our chat off-list. And were the best of mates. Well, you have to smile eh.

Well, he learned a few things and I had a lot of fun. And all this, to some extent, happened over a hundred times on lists covering all subjects: Science, Psychology, Cosmology; Spirituality; Mysticism; Gnosticism; Christianity; Islam; Hinduism; Witchcraft; Agnosticism; Atheism; Paganism; Satanism; Psychology; you name it and I went there; and so many of them all. That six or seven years seem like half a lifetime. Tis a good job I can write long mails very quickly. And if any old acquaintances thereon are reading this, then Hi my dear, hope you are keeping well.

The interesting bit was that I was only ever banned from one list, (the second one which I was on); and that was for a really severe attack on a Buddhist; and unusual for me; but he truly hit a sore spot. And on all the others I was asked to stay on them; or if I did go (which I always did after a while) then would I come back later. And for a long long time (until I pulled the plug on the internet) I would not only get mails off-list from many people I had met on them, but from people I had never known who had read my stuff which some folk put on their websites. Hundreds of people, all over the world. Sometimes there were two or three hundred emails a day. So, mystics are not as castigated and despised these days as convention would like one to believe. The times are-a-changing. The trick is to keep your calm, keep cool, be nice to them whilst you are ripping them apart, and simply do the job. And it works.

From hindsight I do not know where I used to get all the energy from, and with only a few hours kip each night. But it certainly is a very effective way of communication with thousands of people all over the world; and so many at one time. But no, I will not do it again. Well, not in this lifetime anyway. Been there, done that, and had a lot of fun and given far more help than ever I thought would be possible. But talking to people face to face is my favourite way of communication. But the internet is indeed second best; and it covers a lot of ground and a lot of people very quickly. And who needs publishers these days. They never did publish the real thing anyway. But it can be found on the internet now; and there is, on rare occasions, some good stuff there.

However, if the internet taught me anything, or just one thing (which it did) then that is to just how many really nice people there are out there – all over the world. True, there are a few real stinkers, and very nasty mixed up people. But I have to say that in all honesty (and of course which I always am, for I could not live with an untruth), is that meeting so many people during my time here has made me proud of them; they are a pretty good bunch of human beings. Yes indeed, there is hope for humanity; and they prove it. I cannot prove it; but their actions do. So, no big problem. Well, except for priestcraft; monopoly capitalism and the drug scene; and most politicians. So, let us get them swept away eh. Get the broom out and get busy.

Oh yes, one more point here whilst talking about the internet and computers. Somebody moaned once about the logic of computers; they said fancy having to go to 'Start' in order to close the thing down. So I said, well, illogical it may be – but we do the same. In order for our temporal program to be closed down we have to go back to the start. Well, I thought it was funny anyway. Life and the nature of reality sure is not logical. But the brain deficient can come to understand it at least.

Anyway, this chapter was supposed to have been about the double vortex theory; but as I say it bores me talking and writing about it and I tend to run off in other directions when I do occasionally get bored – hence the mere chat bit herein. But I

have found quite a few who do also enjoy the mere casual banter and fun; so no problem. And life of course is about that too – not theories; which are ten a penny anyway. Without a few laughs each day then life is just not worth living. And I thank the powers that be that I was born with a weird and wacky sense of humour – for it is part of the armour which these mystics types really do need on this world such as it is; and without which they may truly go nuts.

However, all theories (proper ones that is) have to be based upon known facts. And known facts can only be known by our experience of them. Thus, everything which exists (or that much of it which we know anyway) has to have an explanation. It all has to work somehow; things do not exist in a void and segregated from their causations; it is all connected up and works somehow; and simply being mysterious does not alter that fact. Hence everything stated (or should I say yet unstated for I have not written it all out yet) in this Double Vortex of Emanation Theory is based upon facts of experience – mostly mine and some of that which I have come to hear from many other peoples experiences too.

There is also the fun and games bit known as plagiarism is there not; and I know well enough that that happens – for I have had some of my own stuff stolen and ‘written’ by other people – even seen it in the press after I have chatted with them – bloody cheek indeed ! But there you go. I also know damn well that others pinch words that one has used for this and that event – and even when one knows that one actually invented those words. Huh ! So, if ever I were to fully write out the Double Vortex Theory I know that too would finish up elsewhere. But wouldn’t it be nice to see these academics come up with same thing on their own (It is usually academics that undertake plagiarism by the way) hence that in itself is a good enough reason not to even bother to write it and make it available. See if they come up with the same thing.

But who knows, and one cannot see into the future, and one cannot know as to what will motivate one tomorrow – if anything at all even. And there are times of course when for a while at least it is nice when one is not motivated and driven to do anything at all – and just simply sit in the garden with pint of beer and listen to the birds. And I guess that when we get older one simply feels – ah well, let the younger generation take over from here. Life does make one a little tired does it not – and look forward to a good rest – and sod all the theories. I could no more have been an academic than I could a golf player. Fancy spending most of your time on earth knocking little balls into little holes in the ground. Still, better than chasing foxes and Stags on a horse and terrorising critters to be sure. And I wonder if getting a hole in one is symbolic of something? No, I doubt it. But to say ‘the Whole in One’ truly is symbolic of something – the thing which it points to - existence.

* * *

Chapter 24

Mysticism and Priestcraft.

It has been said that mysticism and religions (priestcraft) are strange bed fellows. In truth they are not strange bed fellows at all, for they never get into bed with each other. Religious establishments (with very few exceptions) do not tolerate mystics and personal individual revelation for obvious reasons. Likewise would no genuine mystic crawl between the sheets (pages) of any state religious doctrine of priestcraft. I have certainly never met one that did. I suppose one could go inside as a mole and destroy it from within. But I could not work like that; and anyway, their own seed of destruction is built into the system anyway; it is called fundamentalism. And that of course does not even mention that truth itself destroys priestcraft and churchianity eventually.

The conscious revelation of a sacred transcendent reality is a fact of human experiential existence, whereas state religions are man made symbols and doctrinal mythology structured by ancient scribes of political priestcraft, and still perpetuated today by virtue of the psychological gullibility of their subscribers; and even the church itself now. State Religions (priestcraft) were originally founded upon ancient mystic assertions by word of mouth; and thence later written documents by people who came to hear of such events; this is self evident from hindsight, and many people are well aware of it today. They sometimes also wrote of what they had heard or previously read in such a way that gave the impression that they actually know it themselves, when in fact they did not. There were also those who completely misunderstood the things said even when that which was said happened to be true of direct revelation of these events by the people that did know them. There must also have been honest scribes who could only grasp the symbolic likeness of such statements and thence took them for the real event itself. One cannot talk of these things by proxy. Confusion does not take long to set in under such circumstances.

Without conscious revelation of these things then nothing could ever be known of a transcendent dimension at all, nothing. Indeed, nothing could be known of anything at all. It is also totally impossible for reason (rationalism) to arrive at these things by deduction or inference of the outside world or universe, and it is impossible to invent it. It therefore comes from original genuine accounts of this phenomenon; and to the degree and depths that the experiencers had consciously integrated with these levels of being; and as to either their, or their scribes, ability to talk of them. Moreover, they could only talk of them within the existing concepts of their day and time.

A percentage of religionists (staunch dye-in-the-wool subscribers to a doctrinal state mythology) may well seek to justify their beliefs by observing order found in the universe, and thence inferring that such meaningful order must come from their particular transcendent deity up beyond the sky; but the mystics do not need any objective sensual justification for their assertions regarding transcendent existence.

Moreover, there is no direct evidence or even implication of a transcendent reality in the physical universe whatsoever. There are no clues to this reality in the physical material universe. There are no clues either in the normal daily conscious experiences of human beings, or ascertained by the techniques of scientific tools or methodology, to even imply a transcendent connection. Quantum energy does not imply these things either. So, either religions are originally founded upon a pure human invention (which would be beyond credibility and guess-work) or there is a direct link to genuine mystical and transcendent experience events somewhere along the line of corruption. And the answer to that one is axiomatic to all mystics, and indeed even most psychics. And maybe even just a few ordinary intelligent people can work it out without rapid brain deterioration lending a hand these days.

If it were a case of the former then, as I said elsewhere, the coincidences would go well beyond the bounds of credibility as a mere accident of chance and or guesswork. Religions then are not wholly contrived. The world has known so many religions from the time of cave men that it is not even possible to know of them all today. As societies come into contact and merged then so too do many of the customs and heritage's, the legends and the myths also become entwined within the new evolving paradigmatic framework and or spiritual or metaphysical views of the changing and evolving society. One would naturally expect that such a situation would eventually result in only a handful of large religions world wide in due course; and as is the case today. They consist mostly of myth and speculation of their sociological times and needs, and some of which is pure invention for political and social ends. Scribes copy previous scribes simply for credibility, and with a few new seeds of their own thrown in to suit their purpose and the changing times of this or that society and its circumstances. The detective story is not a difficult one at all – especially for today's mystics. Even the academics of today make quite a good job of unravelling the dichotomy of religious social foundations simply by much reading and good deductive logic.

Once upon a time the word religion was two words, Re-Legio, meaning; Re-union, as mentioned elsewhere; and re-union literally meant a conscious reunion with that transcendent order of our being. Note that it does not simply mean a union but a re-union, reuniting; returning, and which is exactly what the experience and event is – a re-union of one part of self with a transcendent aspect of self. Today however, especially in the western world at least, the word religion means something very different: it means a faith that ones beliefs in this or that doctrine of priestcraft are true, albeit unknowable until you are dead. Religion used to mean to re-unite and 'to know', but now it means to believe the assertions of socio-political priestcraft and to have a faith that one is believing in the real stuff of life and reality. And they sure ain't. And that existential condition is not only divisive in human society but also dangerous; physically, mentally, spiritually, and socially. It is a virus of the mind and a hindrance to human social and individual growth and evolution. And it must go. Indeed, it should never have happened at all.

But what really are such peoples personal beliefs, and what are they based upon in actual fact? The reason why one cannot talk about a specific religion as such is because there is no such things as a pure, specific religion. Each religion contains more sects within it than there are *basic* world religions. They contain aspects from diverse cultures; strands of experiential truth, myth, symbolism, metaphor, and outright lies and fabrications.

Moreover, one does not find two religionists who believe the same identical package; even within the same sect of this or that religion. I know, for I have chatted with thousands of them. There is no such thing as a true pure religion – yet alone a correct one as it relates to the nature of being and the cosmos. No two people within any religion believe the same identical package of so called truths – even if they like to believe that they do. You only have to talk to them to find out the truth of this. Simply listen to them in depth, as I have, for the proof of that fact. Question them in depth, as I have for years; thousands of them; and many religions. They are not talking about their experience of life and reality they are all parrot-phrasing passages from books. And they just adore quoting things do they not. When do they ever speak from their own experience of life? Never.

Most religionists do not like being questioned to such depth, for they know full well that not only do they have no answers but not even any justification for their beliefs and particular package of spiritual glue and cosmogony. However, be all this as it obviously is many still insist on comparing religion with mysticism. So, OK, let us do just that now. First and foremost all the genuine mystics (and there are many false guru's alas) simply talk of what they have experienced. Religionists on the other hand, just as the church itself, talk about what they believe. Mystics are not interested in beliefs and religionists are not interested in life experience and consciousness. So, that is a good start. It has been said that mystics destroy religions, and yet religions would never exist without mystics. And all that is sure true enough – alas.

Genuine mystical dialogue and literature does not set out to tell people what they should do or how they should behave and what they should think or how they should live their lives. It simply tells them of the nature of their inner and transcendent existence, and to the degree that this or that mystic has experienced it. And they do so in the hope that such dialogue may have effects upon the listener in a positive way to enhance their lifestyle and comprehension of things. Priestcraft however, do the complete opposite. They tell them nothing about their spiritual nature at all and simply dictate to them how they should live their lives on earth, and thence promise them doom and everlasting hell if they do not comply with the rules of that creed. They do not even know the spiritual reality; they do not even know of it. Hypocrisy and self painted vessels of wisdom indeed. So what is really new? Not a lot.

At the heart of all the religions which I have ever read anything about they all have a precious jewel at their root: but they do not seem to know it. And as to what they actually come to believe about these things and why, is anybody's guess. Most ancient myths are founded upon direct but ineffable experience originally. But today's state doctrines use them predominantly to give credence to their existing moral code of conduct which suits their political and so called moral way of life and structured society; hence they choose the bits they want, even of their own books, and disregard the rest; just as they did in Rome near on two thousand years ago. They dumped all the best stuff, kept some of the crap, and invented the rest. They mould it to what they want it to be. You cannot do that with truth however; for it is what it is, and it isn't what it isn't. Truth is not democratic or arrived at by a consensus of opinion or wishes – except in religions of course. But truth is not what they are about or even what they are interested in – power is their game.

Morality moreover, (if that is their intention) cannot be inflicted on to a person by the state legislation or another person. One can legislate laws, but not morality and decent human behaviour into a person. Morality is a condition of the soul itself in knowledge (to whatever degree) of its origin, or spirituality. Life itself will mould ones morality by living it, observing it, thinking about it and integrating with it. There is no better teacher than life itself - and life never gets it wrong, for that is what it is. Beliefs can be whatever you want them to be, but ones inner moral code of conduct is whatever it is and whereever it is at; and it is not a matter of self choice; for you are what you are at any one point of your journey; and you do not need a religion to justify or substantiate your axiomatic inner code of moral and spiritual conduct. You can of course consciously attempt to alter yourself for the better as you see it; and indeed work on it. But morality and love as becomes the phenomenon in genuine mystics does not equate with the morality and so called love found in any of the worlds religions. Mystics do not play at it, and there is no pretence therein. Priestcraft simply talks; mystics walk the talk of what life has revealed to them and as to how it has effected them. And where does morality and religions ever correlate anyway? Observe them.

Book religions are also much like a lawyers charter or document in that they contain so much, and so many conflicting statements, that anyone can read into it exactly that which they need for their argument. They do not teach as much as they confuse. Only a small percentage of people today however really belong to a state religion in the strict sense of belonging to it; it is largely mere lip service and convention these days. Indeed, many run a mile when the word mysticism is even mentioned. Spirituality and state doctrinal religions are not the same thing: and sometimes not even connected with each other, let alone close bedfellows. Priestcraft seems to forget that Homo Sapiens of this day and age have evolved into rational beings that question everything and search into everything (mysticism notwithstanding) - they want answers not beliefs or creeds or mere opinions. And beliefs do not equate with reality which is found and known – and thence has a direct effect on the finder of it. The major event of mysticism and specifically gnosis is the effect, and that effect is not there if one has not integrated with it. And that is a fact. One cannot digest food which one has not eaten and thence gone into the system. *Ipsa facto*.

In addition to this some of the most horrific actions perpetrated by human beings have been done by those claiming affiliation to this or that doctrinal religion: and in the name of that religion to boot. And it still goes on unabated today. Hitler and his closest henchmen were Roman Catholics and pseudo psychics. A large percentage of the SS were Roman Catholics. Twenty Two million Germans at that time were Roman Catholics. The Pope at that time employed a German secretary and a German House-keeper. Never once did the Pope denounce the slaughter of the Jews: he never even mentioned the word *Jews*.

At the liberation of Rome by the allied forces the Pope refused to let coloured Americans guard the Vatican. And such a character was in charge of the western worlds spiritual development and held the keys to paradise itself – good god almighty it is incredible the depths to which human beings can sink in this life. And they claim to be a reflection and mirror of the divine spirit. Hitler alone did not murder millions of Jews - the German people did; farmers, teachers, office workers, parents, aunts and uncles - human beings like us. Not one in thirty of those people either belonged to the SS or the Nazi party.

What is so called religion today then? Whatever it is we can certainly do without it; and would be far better off without it. But all that is needed is for people to vote with their hearts, their minds and their feet. Priestcraft is a virus diabolical; yet only permitted to exist by the gullibility of their flock.

The only state religion which I have had any academic interest in whatsoever (as I have to tell them when asked) is that of Christianity itself, and the reasons for that are threefold. One: is that it is the state priestcraft as taught by law in the country in which I and my children come into direct unsolicited contact with state priestcraft; and thus have it thrust into one as a child at school – and this state endorsed brainwashing MUST stop. Two: because it does in fact talk of resurrection itself (as much older religions have done from the beginning of known time); albeit in a very ridiculous way which does not correlate with the event of the transcendent mystical death and resurrection event itself. It also mentions a trinity of being, and which one also learns of during transcendence itself. Thus there are interesting correlation's to be sure. Why should something as diabolical as the ancient Roman power structure know of a few basic facts (albeit distorted) of transcendence then? Three: Because any State religion is second-hand indoctrination for a vested reason, and thus a virus to plague the human mind. They are my only three reasons for having an academic interest in the local state doctrine and churchianity. But the rest are equally as charming and as dangerous.

My interest in the religions of priestcraft is simply to destroy them; and nothing more or less. The academic question of course is as to where and why it had its foundation. But there is also the even more interesting question as to what that foundation was truly built upon in the first place. It was built upon direct knowledge of transcendence somewhere along the line, and way way back in time; that is obvious - and long prior to Roman politicians getting hold of it and moulding it to their mercenary and political needs.

We only know anything of its root by way of its own literature and a little archaeology; for we cannot pop back in time to see what was going on too readily. Christianity, more or less as we know it today, came from (was put together by) Rome at about the time of two to three hundred AD. Primarily adopted from esoteric circles wherein the philosophy and religion of Gnosticism was evolving fast. But much modified by adaptations from ancient Greek rationalist philosophy and the Hellenistic mystery religions at and before that time; and later modified by much speculative thought and imagination of the middle ages and many of its so called 'mystics' (band wagon surf riders most of them it seems). Anything for a quick buck or a touch of power, or recognition maybe, with some of these lads it seems; and not forgetting the female so called mystics who have orgasms when confronted with a naked guy hanging from a cross – mysticism my arse.

But the political owners of the newly invented religion had the last say on 'truth' obviously; and which is also the same method of modern day cults and weirdo religions, except that they do not take off in a big way. The inner mystic cores of all other religions are of course most interesting also; but life on earth is far too short, and with far too much to do, than spending much of ones time reading ancient esoteric scripts simply to ascertain how much experiential fact exists within them all. But the same process happens in all of them to a greater or lesser extent. And now of course all these religions are also making believe that they all love each other – huh, look at the world around you.

Christianity however, in so far as I know, is also the only religion which has ever existed in which the key to the divine order is held by the hierarchy of the establishment itself, as opposed to the nature of reality itself. The Emperor of the state would you believe. And they think Disneyland is way out. It is also the only religion of which I am aware that preaches of eternal damnation for those who do not come to believe in the assertions of that decrepit cult. It is also the only religion of which I am aware of which has done away with the concept of reincarnation... for you could not have eternal damnation if reincarnation is true (or even if it isn't for that matter). Reincarnation is an implication of mysticism and the transcendent event itself: we learn that we are never terminated; and also that we cannot stay there; the implication is obvious.

Western priestcraft teaches that we are born in sin! What a liberty to be sure: they should speak for themselves. One of course has to be baptised into that idiotic cult in order for salvation to work anyway; and to come to know the nature of reality. It is salvation from priestcraft which is needed in this world, not salvation from reality; or even fear and pain. Even one of the Western religions so called sources of deeper information is said to have exclaimed to a man dying at the same time... 'Today you will be with me in paradise'. (We will not bother to mention that they claim that he seemed to then hang around for three days before going there, so he must have been lying to the guy eh). Have they ever tried thinking I wonder. Somebody, somewhere, knew a little (not a lot) of what they were talking about at the root of that set-up sure enough, and that IS for sure; and even if it was constructed within the frame-work of a symbolic fairy story by Rome.

So it is not all a complete invention of Rome obviously; but rather a mere political adaptation of aspects of the truth for vested reasons: power. Baptism into that cult is the certificate of belonging to that political and pseudo spiritual mob or Mafia, and no more; and an agreement to abandon one's own reason, thinking, questioning, and common sense to boot... and to say nothing of truth itself. It is also a religion of fear, torture, punishment, retribution, blood, evil, slaying by the sword, suffering, murdering; an eye for an eye. Where does love and wisdom show its face in it then? It is high time that such diatribe of lies and distortions, was long dead and gone. Something out here truly is in need... it was dead right you see! It is of course interesting in that Western religion as we know it today came into existence at the time when the Roman Empire was collapsing; or at least evident that it soon would.

It has long been known that an idea is more powerful than the sword however; for the sword can only dig into the body but an idea digs into the mind - and there is no profit in a dead body or dead slave. It is also well known that an idea can only be toppled by another idea. So, create an idea (with a bit of the genuine mystic transcendent affirmations thrown in to give it a little substance) make your self the key holder to that idea; and Bob's your uncle: a new religion, and power. It is that simple; and many cults do it unto this day. Cult leaders are not only diabolical morons but they are also stupid, ignorant and dangerous people.

Rome however, was cunning: but not too smart. If you are going to create a lie then for heaven sake create a good one; and one that can never be disproved or the truth of it known. They could not even do that. Never create a lie about something which actually exists for the truth to be known about it! (A good tip for future cult leaders and false guru's) However, once set up then burn all the evidence you can find to the contrary

also; like the library of Alexandria for example; murder all the existing genuine mystics, academics and scientists, and who is going to argue with you? Morons cannot argue with anybody. The result is that all the mystics of the time shut up, all the scientists keep their stuff to themselves, and the poor old plethora of psychics perhaps cop the worst of it - for millions of them are killed. Civilisation, culture and education dies for at least a thousand years; and to say nothing of the truth of human conscious experience.

That Western priestcraft contains truths which are found in and during transcendence itself (and which have been known by people from the year dot all over the world, and by all other religions also) is a fact. That they (the Roman priestcraft) have distorted it out of all recognition for the political advantage of Rome is also a fact of the matter. It is that simple - and that effective. Near on two thousand years of bloody war, hostility, murder, torture, divisiveness; and to say nothing of the suppression of truth. Are we all really out of the caves yet? Is there any need in this world for individual revelation of the spiritual reality? Ask your self. And it still dominates politics in the existing most powerful nation on earth. More fundamentalism comes out of the USA than all of the rest of the world put together (listen to short wave radio broadcasts). I hope it does not, but it could cause world war three; because there are a few others which are equally stupid and dangerous. They lock up a guy who steals a loaf of bread for his family to eat, and yet they elect Christian fundamentalist zombies and morons into the office of the highest state power.

The main interest and hoped for effect of most honest religions (at root that is), was that of not only making symbolic likeness and metaphor of a known reality but also that of inspiration for the mind of the listeners to it (how about the spirituality of the North American Indians for a good example). The hoped for effect in the ancient mystic tradition is that the mind of the listener will itself be inspired into the action of deep inner spiritual movement itself to bring about such revelation itself for the hearer of it themselves. And there were few better at putting inspirational words together than the amazing Sufi mystics of Islam - until modern Islam got rid of them also. Ah well, they all go through the mill it seems.

I know well enough that inspiration is one way of putting oneself in the path of this event and setting it going; for it was inspiration that caused my own inner movement and then the ensuing effects. And many have said the same thing. We watch and we learn. However, how can priestcraft such as Western religion is, ever inspire a young mind when it talks of us being born in sin and then also of eternal damnation in hell if you do not believe it? Also, the creation of a middle man which exists in between oneself and the divine implicate order of existence is not only a rank lie and fabrication it is also extremely dangerous as a social concept; and an individual's cop-out to reality and responsibility.

Human beings have to take direct personal responsibility for their own actions: there is no buck-passing and no middle man. Also, that only one human being on earth was the only child of the divine order of being and the life force. What sort of inspiration and goddamned favouritism is that for heavens sake? It is more likely to inspire (incite) someone into suicide or everlasting mental depression. And which it does; I know. They talk of love and passion as though they knew what it was: that'll be the day. And glory hallelujah they all sing whilst sleeping with a gun under their pillow. And these people want to live on earth for ever - like that!

It is true enough that many people do not adhere to a state doctrinal religion in this day and age; thank the power that be. But it is also true that when it comes to even thinking of such things as spiritual reality, death, the 'meaning of life' and all that, then many people who do not accept all this baggage of ridiculous nonsense and diatribe are still going to think in those conceptual terms which were brain-washed into them from childhood by their state religion and the culture which derives from it – even infants schools: and albeit subliminally in most people maybe. For what else have such people got to contemplate upon anyway? You cannot contemplate upon something which you have never even heard of. Mention the spirit to most young people today and they think of either spiritualism (a Victorian con trick) or Christianity – and they rightly run a mile, or to the nearest pub for salvation from priestcraft and idiocy. I will give them something else; and which comes straight from life and reality however. And is this not as good a reason as any for talking and writing about the mystical gnosis if only to give them something different to think about. Indeed it is – and if only to abolish this poison of political priestcraft and its corrupting and corroding effect on the human mind.

And this is another reason why I maintain that priestcraft is the worst virus ever to plague the human mind; for it buggers the mind up: apart from the simple fact that it distorts facts as they are directly known and become revealed and experienced to be. Our mind is indeed a tool which really is the tool shed of the divine implicate order whilst on earth, and these pseudo teachers, false guru's, are messing it up something rotten. I challenge any one of them or all of them at the same time to debate. But such people do not listen, and have nothing to say anyway. Priestcraft is a virus; and one to be put down – by voting with ones feet, mind and spirit – and common sense.

One then of course has to address the question as to why state religions exist at all (even genuine ones); and irrespective of where they come from. What is the practical function of an organised state religion as they see it? What are they supposed to achieve in the eyes of those who run them and those who belong to them? We all know what a garage is for; or a vet, or a hospital, or a golf club. But what is the function of a state doctrinal Church then? Do they have a function even? If they do not have a function then they are the only thing in the universe that does not have a function and purpose. Even a blade of grass has a cosmological function. Even fiction has a function. Strangely enough even a lie has a function... to hide the truth.

Now, if we were to ask a representative of the hierarchy of each existing state religion as to what the function of that organisation was then there would be a good chance that each would say that their function was to disseminate the truth of the spiritual reality. Yet they are all saying different and conflicting things. It is evident to anyone that where they conflict then they cannot all be true; (and even if they did not conflict then that is not evidence of them being true either). It should also be evident to them by virtue of it that their own may possibly be wrong then; or in part at least. Or is truth relative? Anything you want it to be maybe? Or is it more likely that they have not got it all correct as yet? It does not take a mystic or a rocket scientist to work that out.

So, at the origin and dead centre of all religions there is an eternally known truth that becomes so symbolised by any mob culture throughout hundreds if not thousands of years of manipulation until such time that this truth has a scaffolding of symbolic structure around it which is so thick and dense that the real story (and reality) is lost among the fog of the scaffolding itself.

Is it not a similar practice in science even, albeit on a far smaller and less important scale. It is all a human problem at root, and one which is caused, at root, through fear and thence exacerbated for reasons of egocentric self aggrandisement.

Growing understanding gave event to thinking of atoms as tiny little particles of matter, hard stuff. For a while that model worked, and quite well in fact. Then along comes a new and deeper understanding which says 'Hang on... this is not right'. Where greater understanding conflicts with lesser understanding then there is something wrong with the lesser understanding - always. Is it not claimed that even the so called Jewish mystic (an active Jewish heretic by all accounts) said something like... 'In three days I will tear down this structure (edifice or temple of corruption) and rebuild it again... in three DAYS'. (in response to the existing state religion of his time). It is a strange thing, for if I were interested in any specific religion then from hindsight of transcendence I would say this... 'I will tear down this edifice of distortion and corruption and rebuild it again in three dimensions'. And the trimorphic mind.

I wonder if they used to use the word *days* for what we now call dimensions? Creation was not created in seven (or six) days for there were no worlds orbiting suns to have days and nights. And creation still goes on anyway; as does evolution of the parts incarnate. However, creation may or may not be created in seven dimensions. In the old days they used to talk about 'dialogue on the eighth'; so what was this eighth dimension which they were on about... the dimension of eternal repose maybe: the day (dimension) of rest; paradise itself? There is also so much literature existing unto this day to be read even now which Rome managed to miss: (but then again they missed so much anyway; they did not even know how to fix a horse to cart properly to get maximum efficiency). But I guess that it can only be read, and seen to be true and sensible, from hindsight of transcendence itself. All religions are based upon revealed transcendent experience somewhere along the line; and thence evolve in time and tradition into symbolic structures by those not knowing the reality themselves (the orbital debris or mob), and those who are intent solely on exploitation and political and or personal gain.

Mystics will always be an anathema to an artificially structured state religion just as a scientist with a new insight is an anathema to the existing establishment understanding of reality. Look at Newton and Einstein for example. Western religion (as it is now) did not slowly evolve from mystic writings and word of mouth like all other world religions have done to an extent, and continue so to do for the larger part. Hence it is an unnatural religion; and for the large part syncretistic and much invented by the politic of ancient Rome; and, as I say, substantiated by later quasi mystics, false guru's for their own vested reasons and for acceptance into the hierarchy of that power engine; or sometimes through fear of their family being murdered maybe.

Prior to the Roman religion there were thirteen symbolic individuals (that even I have read of) who were half man and half god: all born of a virgin and all sent to save the world; and died in so doing. It is perhaps the oldest myth on earth (much like the Earth Divers myth in fact). Rome never did have much imagination did it. But then again religionists don't often read anything other do they; for they know it all already it seems; they have second hand revealed 'truth' in their books so they firmly believe and have faith in the book, for it saves them thinking for their self. And the head man of the churchianity is infallible of course - Why? Because he said so no less. They read only what they want to read, see only what they want to see, listen only to that which they

want to hear. It is the entropy and death of human reason and advanced culture. Man should not die for such religions: such religions should die in order than man can live. Today priestcraft is a drug to prevent thinking, action and change in this world. Religion is what this or that organisation wants you to believe for their own reasons. Re-Union however, is the event of the conscious mystic death and resurrection itself.

Make a quest and goal out of it by all means, but not a symbol... or if not then forget about it all together for a while. But when known, then live the reality of it. Assuming that you could do any other anyway. Transcendence is a mysterious experience to be sure: but not all mystic experiences are transcendent (I have explained that well enough elsewhere I hope). Religions would not exist without revelation and personal transcendent experiences known by many human beings. And yet state Western religion would lose all its power if this fact were seen to be taken out of their own grubby little hands and control. They do not even control their own fate however, yet alone anyone else's spiritual destiny. The day when people vote with their minds, hearts and their feet will be a good day for sanity on this world and a new awakening of the human mind and aspirations; and to say nothing of social and personal existence on earth. No spirituality at all would be better and safer than this dangerous junk.

If one is a member of a religion of that ilk and that person happens to undergo a deep transcendent experience then they are going to have (do in fact have) great problems in synthesising that experience in comprehension; for they have so much baggage to dump along the way. I know, for I have spoken to so many of them. So even more psychological problems. Others, such as myself, simply have the event itself and its ensuing effects to cope with: and THAT is problem enough without unloading two thousand years of dangerous social and psychological garbage along the way.

Religions, or better stated as metaphysical philosophy and social and personal psychology, could not exist without the phenomenon of transcendent experience and the people who talk of it: and yet priestcraft does away with the very root fact and truth of its own mystic source of being; for only they must have access to the truth of reality and human existence. I know of no other religion which negates human mystic experience and personal divine revelation to such a degree than that in the West. Strange bedfellows indeed. But they are not strange bedfellows as far as I am concerned. Religions are one of the few things in life which are crystal clear and understood absolutely and in absolute terms of what they are, where they came from, and to what degree they have been messed with due to both ignorance and corruption.

It would seem to me also that practising psychoanalysts spend much of their time these days simply trying to untangle peoples minds who have had them mangled up in this mire in the first place by such priestcraft; and most of such people are in the Western world. Another coincidence to be sure. Is the real function of the Western state religion then that of attempting the mangling of the brains of its own population and its adherents; like Lemmings running to their own death? So much for Western civilisations metaphysical growth and intelligence then. Not a very good and worthwhile function I would have thought - about as smart as the 'all powerful' genes that produce people who refuse to spread their genes around by wearing condoms or refraining from sex.

It seems to me that the actual members of establishment religions fall into two broad types of human beings. One being the kind who seem to accept that there is a deep underlying truth in there somewhere but who admit to not being able to fathom it out; and do not accept all the symbolic structure and garbage as the truth itself but only as a pointer to something else (and for which genuine religions exist in the first place). Direct intuition at work here it seems.

The other kind are the incredulous who would jump on to the first band wagon of anything that happens along if it sounds good to them. They do not want spiritual truth, or any truth (either direct or second hand) they want something to hold them together, and something to belong to; they cannot walk alone in creation, and any belief system would do for them. Such individuals as these do not swim in the deep mystic pool of life; or even a religion for that matter; they simply drown and existentially die in it. They are now known as fundamentalists; or the orbital debris that has taken control of the cart itself in many religions. (If not all of them nowadays). In a way this a good thing, for it is fundamentalism which will destroy such religions; and hence a seed of its own destruction is built in. No mystic, or any collection of mystics, will ever be able to destroy state organised religions of priestcraft; however, their destruction is built into their own system by virtue of two things. One is fundamentalism; and which will deter most people from ever joining them eventually. The other is that of truth itself and the nature of the human mind and reality; for truth will out, and people will encounter these things for as long as they exist. Indeed, as evolution evolves then more and more of them will do so.

It is of course inevitable that religions come into existence and thence become structured and moulded to some degree by the existing times, culture and consensus understanding of a society; and just the same as a scientific paradigm operates. And of course to evolve with continued growing understanding and their own developing spirituality. It is no more strange than the existence of science itself. For in both cases we are learning of something which is there to be known and learned, digested and used. But there is more to be known than is knowable by ways of the outer senses and reasoning alone, and certainly from books as yet. And even if books speak of the truth then it is still second hand data; not personal knowledge and certainly not personal understanding... AND the resulting effects thereof. So even truth in books and hearsay is not really effective, other than as a genuine sign post to the thing in question. And of course not a sign post which has been turned around the wrong way by idiots, morons, cheats and liars for their personal gain or power.

If society is going to change for the better then the people in it must change for the better first; for the sum of the people IS the society. Thinking is the first step in changing yourself; for you get smarter. Later, conscious experience, in all its modes and potentials does that job just fine, no problems. Can governments do that I wonder? Never. But second hand data of it (and even if that information is true) does about as much as wetting the lips of a person dying of thirst. But at best it can inspire and get people asking questions and looking within themselves, and objectivity, for what is really there for consciousness to become conscious of, and to be used to good effect. Humanity has tools and potentials which it must use – or else. The establishment also banks on their belief that these things cannot be known whilst alive on earth anyway of course, (the principle of negative uncertainty as I call it) so therefore they can never be proved wrong; so they assume. And once again they assume wrongly.

But they are very wrong, (yet again) they can indeed be known and they ARE indeed known. So once again belief (and ignorance and cosmic amnesia), is shot down by experience. Indeed that is what is even actually meant by their own terms 'grace' and 'redemption'. You cannot redeem something unless it has been lost or taken from you; and this knowledge is taken from us when we come into this world, and for good reasons (unconditional love while in freedom of choice being one of them, and actuated by cosmic amnesia) and the so called 'grace' of redemption is the coming back into cognitive awareness of these deeper aspects of being. But this gnosis is restored; redeemed (beyond the white light of annihilation). And not only at death but even during life on earth itself - where it is needed most. Can they not see it? Who needs this knowledge when you are dead anyway? For you sure cannot act on it then.

True enough, you and I cannot prove it to another, but we do learn it on the inside. And where else do you learn and know anything anyway? If the spiritual leaders of today's churches and cults were genuine then they would sell all their buildings, all their robes and riches, and walk among the people and talk of what they do know. Just as genuine mystics have always done. But they know nothing, and they know it - and they show it. Hypocrisy is hardly the word.

An effective symbol of both our life on earth, and the difference between religions and direct revelation is this: Imagine that our daily life on earth to be like that of living in a walled garden (a beautiful garden at that). Neither the physical body nor the physical senses can go beyond that wall - for they are made of the stuff of the wall itself. The only thing which can go beyond that wall is the part of the mind which is made of the stuff which exists beyond that wall. The reality beyond the wall is nothing like the garden which the wall surrounds. But those who have not been beyond the wall can only imagine in terms of things known within the walled garden itself, and thus their symbols of the reality beyond the wall are structured by the things in the garden itself. And they are wrong. It is as simple as that.

But those who have either a dread fear of relinquishing their idols, and those who have a vested interest for clinging to them anyway - are the establishment of priestcraft and their prey. The mystics see this and they are sickened by it all. The mystic does not want to deprive them of their hopes and faith in a deeper reality and a real meaning in their lives, but simply wishes to make it even better than they assume it to be and to dig out the rotten parts. And how long does it take to achieve such a thing? Perhaps never. Only life itself can achieve that it seems; for second hand revelation is not KNOWING it. Neither do we need houses and temples of reverence; for all we need is here naturally.

Sit under a tree and contemplate upon the divine implicate order of things. Trees are nearer to the divine reality than are church establishments. And they function better as well. It is compulsory in British schools to have both religious education and also group worship of a divine being. That MUST stop, for it is sheer hypocrisy if you do not know it to be true. Where is their human dignity for god sake? And you cannot worship something which you do even know can you - is that integrity and the love of truth? This world will not come right until people have got themselves right first: and people will not get themselves right until they start thinking, asking questions and doing their own learning from life itself. And they will not do that while state religions of priestcraft cast their spells over them.

So something has to go; and soon. Something out here truly is in need... of growing up and getting with reality itself. Moreover, if they really did accept that a divine reality existed then are they under the impression that they could fool it by such hypocrisy? I have probably spent more time cursing the divine order of things than blessing it, and that is after knowing it. At least that is honest. And where does one find honesty in religious organisations? And where does one find caring? Just as it is in most politics too.

It is well to remember that if you do not carry beliefs then you can never be wrong anyway. The more beliefs you carry then the more chance there is of being wrong. If people stopped believing (or supporting) a religion then that religion will fade away into nothing: for it cannot exist without you. But if one does not either know or believe the truth then truth does not go away, for it always remains what it is - and it is always ready to welcome you. Moreover, if Western religionists were to suddenly learn that dead bodies do not crawl up out of the grave and go walk-about then that realisation is not going to stop them being what they are now in their own spiritual growth. If they were to suddenly stop reciting the creed they are no lesser spiritual beings - and the mind, spirit and soul of mankind does not need a prop to lean on. As somebody once said. 'Pick up your bed and walk'. But they did not understand that one either.

Religions can be likened to the Highway code (except that religions do not work and the highway code does). It is either effective for driving the soul or it is not. As they are in this world now they are not; not a one of them. And that is not good enough. Better to rip off a dead limb than to carry its dead weight and poison around with you. Better to believe nothing at all than to accept a lie or a distortion of the truth. Better by far to listen to, and feel for that inner movement of the divine implicate order acting within you now and always. We do not need a middle man or crutches. And as I said, the invention of a middle man only passes the buck of responsibility anyway; and in reality that does not work because it does not exist. The only thing which exists in-between your top side rational mind and that of the essential nature of mindful existence is that of our middle part of the psyche of our emanation; and which one can call by the names, soul or the subconscious; or anything else so long as it has a real and socially accepted meaning.

Technologically wise we are certainly becoming an advanced world in leaps and bounds. Before too long, and with the aid of technology, we will be living longer than we are now, and without too much illness whilst here one hopes. I only hope that the living here will be worth the living here for the beings here at that time; for spiritually and psychologically we are still very retarded in comparison to our technology. And pretty well all of that is due to religions and priestcraft of old. That is the direct effect of lies; the legacy of lies.

It would seem to me that deep down within many people (not all people), that there seems to be a fear, a fear arising from uncertainty, and feeling alone in that uncertainty. (the proverbial vacuum of darkness); and alienation. It is axiomatic that we are uncertain of so much. We do not even know as to what is going to happen in the next ten seconds. I would imagine that much that goes under the heading of 'belonging to a religion' stems from this inner fear of the unknown, or rather in the unknowing, the uncertainty; and combined also with the old school tie sociological expedient - the managing director goes to this or that church, so let's sign up there. There are many possible crutches for this fear - drugs, booze, gambling, rampant sex, suicide, or living in the Walter Mitty cop

out to reality. So many things could plug this vacuum for a while I imagine. But by far the majority of people on earth plod on anyway, and make the best of things as they find it all here and see fit whilst without selling their intelligence and integrity down the drain in order to get through the day and face the unknown of tomorrow. This kind of fear (and which some have actually admitted to me as having) is something I cannot talk about, for I have never known it; (except for odd moments during initial transcendence to an extent I suppose). Would that there was something which one could say however to ease that fear, but I have nothing. The answer is to find somebody that has had it and overcome it.

All I can say, and I doubt that it will help anyone, is that there is more than they are yet aware of, and it is incredibly good and profound... and so are they. I would also add that all those who have told me that they have this kind of fear to some extent were all highly intelligent people. But could it perhaps be something to do with the fact that such people have this need for the feeling of being in charge of events perhaps, and yet fully realising that they are not. It is true enough that the telephone could go at any moment and that someone informs you that your family have been killed in a car accident; and indeed it happens. But you cannot live your life to the full whilst thinking about those kind of things all the time. Of course they could happen, but the chances are that they will not.

Many of such fears seem to become an obsession in society itself, a paranoia. Just like religions are with some people. Perhaps that is why the gift of laughter in this world is the most useful potential of them all. You are not in charge of everything, so laugh and forget about it. There is however one thing which you are in charge of, and that is your own actions in this world - unless you are severely mentally sick of course. There is something to keep in mind here however, and it is nothing to do with revelation or man made religions. It should be simple enough to see that while life on earth still exists then evolution is not finished. Keep this in mind always. Now, in so far as our responses to situations (and hence our reaction to them) go then some will argue that you have no choice, for it is either all in the genes or it is the way this or that god made you.

How did what is in the genes now get there? It was put there by past activity - doing something a little different from the existing 'norm' or consensus activity. So they say never mind it is the natural knee-jerk reaction to such an event (jealousy or hate for example). But you and I have volitional control of our so called knee-jerk activity or responses. We can say, no, sod it, I am not going to act that way for it is undignified or unpleasant. If we do that enough times it will be written into the genes and become a norm much latter. We reap what we sow within ourselves, and of course in society too.

Some knee-jerk reactions are fine, but ask yourself if any such momentary emotional or instinctual reaction is judged to be constructive or destructive - and if the latter then it is easy enough to refrain from doing it. It only takes a moments thought. Uncontrolled wild passion is fodder to the rationalists argument also. There are times to let off steam and there are times to let it out when alone and out of harms way - kick the wall or something (not the dog). Our own actions, reactions, and desires even now, are writing the book of the genome every day, and it has always been that way, it does not stop at a certain period of time. If we all desire to see a better world, then we will eventually see a better world, for we will have made it that way by our actions and reactions from volition and our collective ideals. Human beings have quite a lot of scope on this world - pity not to use it for the good then.

And where then does spiritual revelation fit in to all this activity on earth? What it does do is to make us want to change ourselves. Interesting eh ! Now, if you know of any man made religion that can actually make you want to change yourself for the better then please let me know which religion it is; and I will maybe subscribe to it. I have met ordinary simple people on the street, observed them, and observing them has made me want to change myself. I see people going about their jobs every day, smiling, helpful, cheerful, and they make me feel glad to be a human being on earth.

Look for anything which is better than what you can do and what you are at the moment... and aim for it. Aim for perfection; and then you will ever get a little better at least. It does not matter if you know that you will not get there (to your own ideals) in this life... but the will and the aiming and the trying is good; and it achieves effective results eventually. That is also exactly what revelation does for you - it makes the effort in life worth while, and not because of what might come later but simply for the love of trying, being and becoming - and for what is already done in the beginning of time. You do not have to believe this... simply go for it, for the love of the good and the better. While on my way to the unknown I asked to see something which makes the struggle of life worthwhile - was I given it or was I not? What do you think? Did it work? It works.

A typical Neanderthal cult argument is this, (The Roman religion in this case). A woman finds that she is carrying eight embryo due to artificial insemination. She, society, and the national health service, (what is left of it thanks to greed and corruption) cannot tend to these potential beings in this way. She is advised (wisely) to abort most of them. If she did not abort them then many would die anyway and there are great dangers of some of them being born physically and or mentally deformed. Society cannot make its mind up in consensus agreement as to what to do. Should it be left to the mother in this case? She has no possibility of feeding and raising eight children in one go, and hence her decision is not only going to effect the lives of eight new children (assuming that they all lived) but also society itself. Some decision.

One highly 'religious' Christian gentleman argued the following. If the human womb cannot normally deal with eight embryo then we must all pray to God, its son, and the Virgin Mary that in this case they might make an exception: (this is a fact in the year 1996). He went on to argue that God put those potential children there and it was not for us to interfere. The fact however, is that science and human choice put those potential children there not anything else. Prior to that the woman was not even capable of conceiving any. I am not a mathematician but I do not insist upon society making me one by moral right. He then argued that the population in this part of the world is ageing and that we needed as many young children to look after (him) in old age. When told that the chances are that some would be mentally and or physically handicapped he replied that it did not matter for someone had to do the dirty jobs in this world. His accent gave the impression that he had never done any dirty jobs. (most of us have to clean shit houses at some point in our lives; and I wonder how many nappies he has changed). I would guess that he has never even had any children anyway... but that is a guess on my part: but if he had then heaven help them, and he had certainly learned nothing about love and caring or other peoples feelings and problems. Christianity in action in the modern world! Death is preferable.

The problem is that this man, and many like him are actually serious, they mean it. Can one wonder then as to why any half decent caring human being would never ever want to come back here again to share a world with morons of that ilk, greed, selfishness, self centred neurotic paranoia and mental and spiritual disorder. I dread the thought of reincarnation – or back to this world anyway; for it is far too sick, bent, and retarded. Now, think on this also. The problem in this case (and many like it) is due initially to decent human concern. It may well be a very strong desire for a woman to have children, indeed they are built that way physically and psychologically. But some cannot. This however is not a life threatening reality in their case. But, decent society being what it is, if we find a way to let such a person have a child, then so be it, and that is wonderful. But where, and under what circumstances, do we draw the line? Are we going to allow children to come here, and of our own intervention and making, knowing that they may well suffer, and just to satisfy the greed and or psychological whims of paranoid human beings? No, it is not on.

And why should another living soul come into this world just to look after you or satisfy your whims? Nobody even mentioned during that discussion that many other people did not even accept that there is a conscious volitional idiot up in the sky who had determined all this in that womb. Or that there was a virgin floating around in space who had the miraculous powers to make that womb capable of producing eight healthy children. Religion of course (what one chooses to believe) is sacrosanct. Fair enough, what a person chooses to believe can stay sacrosanct, but what they choose to do in society by virtue of it cannot and must not be allowed according to each and every whim of every human being and their religions on earth. That is a recipe for chaos and social decline. Politics and Spirituality is unavoidable – indeed need in politics. But politics and Religion is a formula for social chaos and entropy. And one hardly needs a mystic to tell them that these days – look and think for yourself.

Let us look at it even deeper however. Suppose those eight embryos came the natural way, (and which is still a matter of our choice and doing in the first place by the way). Does even that then imply that we HAVE to let it be so? Some people go blind or deaf, and we try to put it right if we can. And that is our choice and decision - we HAVE that freedom, and ability, in some cases as yet; and it is good. Do we not put rivers where rivers did not flow and flowers were flowers did not grow? Do we not put children into soft warm cots and give them milk if a mother cannot produce it? Do we not fly in space even though we were not born with wings or lungs that could breath in outer space? Are we not given the power and potential to do these things of our own volition by the very nature of being itself? But we have to be selective do we not.

And all that is fine, and no problem. “Here is the stuff my love, do with it what you will, but try to bring forth by the wisdom and judgement of your soul; and nothing will intervene with your choice; for it is the only way in which you can learn; for thou art divine”. Most of what we learn we do so by way of getting it wrong first time, or many times. Learning the hard way is the only real way, and the only way to know it for sure; for if you cannot feel, learn and know as to what is wrong then you cannot know for sure that right is right. I know for sure that children are not here simply for our pleasure or our whims. I know for sure that until such time that we can feed, cloth, and tend to all the children on earth as we should do then we should take measures to let them stay where they are until we can cope with it here.

Life on earth is never going to be perfect in the sense that you and I imagine perfect could be. But life and existence is not like that. Yet you and I can say no: nobody is going to suffer either mental or physical pain and anguish if we can have any say in the matter. If the Christians god likes people to suffer then you and I are better than it, and more worthy spirits and souls. But that which lies beyond all things brought forth, and the essences of being which emanate forth from it, is nothing like the Christians god, or its son or its virgin whatever it is supposed to be. Save us from the unholy holy cretins of this world. Is it any wonder then that the ancients of even proto-Christianity (Gnosticism and heretical Judaism), assumed that there must be some demigod, or lesser god, who got things wrong. THAT is US however.

As I said in the beginning, these things can be known, and are known, through direct conscious experience, and they have great effect upon the personality and rational mind when known. But as to what both consciousness itself is, and how it is made and how it works, and as to what absolute objectivity really is while independent of being observed by consciousness, then I do not know. Suffice to try to cope with what we do know, for that is problematic enough for the day at hand; and one does not need sticky sickly glue to plug up the gaps in knowledge.

What is that paradise while independent of our own being: known and experienced and loved by us? I do not know. It is not possible to know. What exactly brought forth paradise and ourselves? I do not know exactly. For me to say that it cannot be known simply means that both the rational incarnate mind cannot know it and neither can our spirit in paradise even know it. But the emotional aspect of our spirit and soul does know it, and it FEELS it. In cold rational terms then maybe something knows it, but not I. Do you really know what your own child is? And does that absolute ignorance stop you from loving them and caring for them? Is that not the divine mystery in operation?

As an incarnate species on earth we are going somewhere, and knowledge of the transcendent and our self within it is the greatest catalyst in our journey of being. And it is the earth and our own souls of which I am interested in personally, for the spirit can look after itself, but the world and our own souls need us here. Thus, there would still be no dichotomy for a rank materialist to search for these things within themselves anyway: and surely even they would like a better life on earth for themselves and others. Even if it meant atoms bumping into each other in a new order of collision. Paradise can have its day and its time, let us worry about the things which you and I have effect over here and now, on a divine planet of wondrous multiplicity of form and activity. Love the world and you will come to love yourself - love yourself and you will come to love the world - it works either way; and the dice are loaded by the nature of reality itself.

But all the time children are brain washed by psychological manipulation by idiots and retards, then we reap what we sow. Freedom of choice in our actions, and our reasons for doing them, are the hardest lessons in existence to learn; and it is not easy and there is no quick fix. Paradise has no such problem; but we on earth do. Are we too frightened to accept this responsibility - is that why they love having ridiculous religions as a crutch and substitute for thinking and feeling, choices and actions? Are not ancient religions the greatest cop out ever to life, responsibility and living it? There was a time, probably for many thousands of years, when Homo Sapiens were living alongside Homo Erectus, and perhaps each thinking that the other mob were very strange critters.

So what then is new? The absolute nature of reality is not only beyond anything which mankind has ever imagined but also beyond anything which mankind could ever imagine. One has to learn it for oneself, directly. With some things however, direct experience eliminates the need to imagine. And the mind boggles. Life teaches us what we have to learn, it does not rely on books or one or two people to tell it. It is written in the sands of time and space, and in paradise: and in the trees, the stars, the matter, the soul and the spirit. Consciousness is mysterious, but consciousness which also comes to understand is the ultimate mystery and wonder. Do religions tackle the real mysteries that exist as do scientists and mystics? No way. They never have, they do not now, and they never will – they do not even know the right questions to ask; for they never observe anything closely.

An irony I guess is that one of the most beautiful individuals and humanitarians that I have ever met, and who himself was a mystic, was also one of the greatest scientists that ever lived on earth. No, mystics do not come back into this world in order to uphold the local state religions and social conventions. They come to destroy it, and re-build anew. One day there will be many millions of them on earth. Roll on that day. No, there is no dichotomy between religions and mystics, and the two never get into bed with each other, and they never will. Naturally I feel strongly about this, for religions are not merely wrong they are dangerous, and they prevent the natural human spiritual development within people. Priestcraft must go the way of the dinosaurs, for they have had their day, and their say; and their corruption seeps to the deepest levels of the incarnate mind and society at large. Only you and I can change that.

If all this seems to be some kind of blasphemy in your eyes, then simply realise that religions and spirituality are not the same thing. And that, alas as yet, is a fact. The world needs spirituality and love; not religion. What it does need is Re-Legio - reunion. To argue that your religion is just another way of talking about the truth – then the argument is false. For it is not. Religion is something which you have, whilst spirituality is something which you are; and which you give away.

But many in the past, and many here now today, and many more to come here in the future, give you that which no bishop and no religion can give you. Alas they can only give it in words. But life itself can give you the thing itself – and free. Know your true inner depth self – and you will then simultaneously acquire knowledge of the deepest depths of all things. In the meantime do not even believe it – but feel for it within you. Do not take the word of mystics, but search life itself; and for your self. For your self already knows. Ahead of you is darkness; but do not fear that darkness even though you pass through it alone - for you are not really alone. And beyond that darkness there is light. If you have to believe something, then simply believe that, and leave it at that. Neither add to it or distract from it – and then just wait and see.

Ever since mystics have existed (and which seems to be from times in the caves) then they have all been motivated to try and do something effective with the things which they have discovered. It was always like this; it is like it now; and it will remain like it for a long time to come. But one day, maybe, and way off in the dim and distant future, they will not have to do anything; for they will all know the same things. And on that day, and only on that day, the mystics will find their place in this world, and rest their head in peace, and among friends – as it should be. As to whether I will ever see that day (be around here at that time) then I do not give a damn either way – for I already

know what it would be like – for I had a mere glimpse of it for an hour - and that is enough for me – for all time and eternity. And I learned some of the things which exist for consciousness to become conscious of. If you find everything which I have said in this book to be either abhorrent or a mere nonsensical mish-mash of lies which I invented, then it matters not to me, for I know it is not (so too do others alive on earth today). But nevertheless, if you can accept none of it as relating to real reality (as you know it yet) then not to worry. All I would ask is that one should give serious thought as to what you are pumping into the minds of children; and also what you allow society to pump into your children’s minds. There is nothing one could do worse on earth than to mess with peoples minds, let alone young children. And that on its own would be a first step in the right direction. Children do not need lies to fill holes in their existing ignorance of things. All they have to do is to live their life as they come to find it: and think, and observe, and think some more – and so it goes. And it works – for that which we are, and what objectivity is, cannot be avoided. Let living life itself reveal to you what it is, and all in its own good time and place. Nothing could be more sensible and more effective than that; nor more easy – and if life could ever be said to be easy; which it is not.

But given that living our lives is hard work and not easy, and much of it is mundane toil at that – then why make it even more difficult than it naturally is? That is not even pragmatic, and to say nothing of wise. And keeping in mind all the time of course that although the physical body and the physical world makes its demands and sets limits on our activity, that most of what life is and means to us, goes on in the head and in the mind. And if that mind is at ease with life and within itself, and which is its natural state of being anyway, then even that alone is enough. One does not have to know these things of the transcendent and that gnosis to lead a good and useful life – they just help. And let no so called mystic, philosopher, religionist, priestcraft, guru, or what else, tell you otherwise. For thus it is; and you will find that truth around you every day of your life and in any nation on earth. And most of these folk have no time for any silly man made religion or belief system – they just simply get on with their life as best they can, and as best as they can see it and feel it; and they do not need plaster patches to hold their spirit soul and mind together.

Of all the so called major problems that confront human beings on earth; such as earthquakes, floods, famines, political systems, modern day technology, then there is none more dangerous than simply holding cast iron intransigent beliefs about the nature of reality and our place in the scheme of things. And that is only life’s job to teach and reveal to us all – not other human beings. And it is all there waiting just for YOU. Keep this in mind also... If at the end of this lifetime you were to be switched off, and know nothing for fifty million years (utter oblivion), and then suddenly switched on again in another incarnate lifetime somewhere; then the ‘time out’ would not be known, and it would be instantaneous. True, you would not remember being extant before. But if you were not switched on again then you would not know it anyway. Then again you might be switched off and then switched on for a while in the ground of being. So, no problems either way. Nothing vile is going to happen to you; and that is a fact.

* * *

Chapter 25

Nature, Nurture, Etc

By virtue of our discovery of these inner depths, dynamics, connections and potentials, then the question of nature and nurture takes on new and deeper dimensions. What makes us become what we do become as an adult personality? That of course is yet another mystery which we do not know all the answers to. But, as becomes obvious – experience is the food of life. That is to say experience is all that we have to live and grow by, plus as to what we each do with it and digest of it. However, the question is also as to what is it that is having this experience in the first place; and which these inner experiences directly address; and which psychology does not concentrate on.

Much, if not indeed all of science, is an interpretation of readings, measurements, causes and effects. This does not alter the fact that when understood (to a degree at least) things work: the atom bomb works, light bulbs work, radio and television work, etc. And none of this comes about by accident, for it all requires close observation, thought, experimentation, and whatever else is needed to comply with what we call the scientific methodology. There is no such thing as science independent of this approach to our examining things and sticking to it. It is not science to simply think ‘Oh, I would love to find this or that result’, and thence go looking for it at the expense of all other findings.

The same applies when you or I read a book – and no matter what subject matter the book is about. Pick up any history book for example. Not only has the author had to interpret much of what he or she has also read of history (for he or she was not there to have experienced these events for themselves) but when done, and then you or I read his or her book, then we too have to interpret what the writer is actually saying; and about something which he or she has had to interpret themselves. So, there is a whole kit-bag of interpretation going on here. Moreover, we all know well enough what happens when we read about an historic event from two different sides of the fence do we not. So, when it comes to history for example, what are the absolute facts of this or that past event? There is no way of ever knowing for sure. Also, did the original sources even then know all the absolute facts of the event which they documented whilst alive at the time? No way. All history had its facts, but you and I sure do not have access to those absolute facts today. And what we do have has merely become this or that societies interpretation and understanding of such events. Indeed. Much of it could be wrong – but we do not know for sure. And best not to simply make emotional judgements or assumptions about it and think of that as ‘truth’.

One simply has to say, 'I was not there, so I do not know'. One could go on to say that, 'From what I have read or heard then it does seem to me that such and such might be the case'! And that is fair enough and honest enough. But that still does not make it true of the actual events as they happened in reality at that time. And what, for example, are all the facts of the second world war? Nobody knows now, and nobody knew then. One can only talk of it from ones own experience; and, if honest, they at least are facts (experiential facts) within a far greater framework of millions of facts of that time and duration. And there is now only a small percentage of living human beings who were there even for that amount of first hand experience. And to say nothing about the fact that they all had their own different experiences of it anyway at that time.

When I switch the radio on, it works; and that is a fact. Unless of course the radio itself has gone wrong; or there is a power cut, or they have stopped broadcasting for some reason. And the reason it works is because all the forces and dynamics which allow it to work are there in the nature of things; they operate that way, and we have come to understand much of it by way of close observation and experimentation. No problem – except for the quality of the ensuing programs of course. But, who can deny that it is, or can be, a very useful discovery and thence the invention of radio transmission and receivers. But, like any gadget, implement or artefact, it can be used for different reasons and different effects. We can use a hammer for knocking nails in to something or for knocking somebody's brains out. I guess we could also knock their brains out, or put them to sleep at least, by way of radio too.

What is brain-washing called when it is not of the negative type? Education maybe? nurture maybe? And who decides, and by what criteria, as to which is education or positive nurture as opposed to negative brain washing? Good question. I guess we each do for ourselves, and thence the consensus view becomes the norm or standard criteria. It is without doubt that we have to teach our children things, and to teach them how to do things; for they have to survive in this world. So, we call this education. And the framework in which this is done, and the contacts which the kids each make, and the whole environment in which they are born and grow up into, is their nurture. A name has to point to something, and hence have a meaning. And that one sounds reasonable enough – nurture – for it points to something which exists in our lives, and we come to know it by experience.

But along with this self evident fact there is this other thing which we call 'Nature'. And what exactly is that, and whilst totally independent of nurture? It is said that a human being is a product of the combination of nature and nurture. Well, OK, fine. It is plain enough what nurture is; but what exactly is nature? And, one might also ask, is a person (even a very young child) a product of ONLY these two things? Could there not be a third, fourth or fifth element in the mixture maybe? Why just two? But even if there were only two elements in this mixing bowl then how much of each produced the adult person? And this of course has long been a debating point, and nobody knows the answer. Moreover, we cannot know the answer (even if one is available) until such time that we have defined what we mean by the word nature. Nurture is no problem for getting ones head around, but nature is. And do we know the sum extent and potentials of this 'nature' thing? What IS nature? What does it even mean; and what and how much does it cover and entail?

I would imagine that many people at least look at it in the same way that I do by simply saying that nature is the way things work, function, and interact with other forces, etc; and thence bring about the type of reality which we know, live in, and are. But do we know and understand all that? No way. So, what exactly is this other ingredient in the mixture which produces people and makes us all different – even when undergoing more or less the same nurture and in the same town or village all our life? Mysterious, that indeed is what it is. Moreover, it is the way of things that children bring something into this world with them which is not stuff of this world then even that too would come under the heading ‘the nature of things’, so how many dimensions and layers of nature are classified as nature? One could even classify our local nurture as being in the nature of things and hence there is only nature in the mixing bowl of what makes a human being. Complicated is it not. Nothing is quite as simple as it seems. I suppose if one wanted it to be then nature itself could be a persons ‘god’, and in which case one could probably say that ‘god’ does everything. But given that we are a part of nature then even in that sense we would be a part of this ‘god’ thing. But then there is also our freedom of choice in our actions here.

If you or I were to have lived the identical nurture (and at the same time in the same place) as did Mozart, then would we all be doing what he did – and as good at it? Well, I guess if one believes that the answer to that is yes, then they would believe anything. The answer is no way. Hence to eliminate having to think about it, we can simply say that his brain was wired up different to the rest of us. Would the nature of things find it to be useful and effective if all human beings did nothing except write music? Would anything ever get done? Would civilised society exist? Would humanity continue to exist? Have a think on it. Moreover, who would manufacture, and even play, all the instruments to even play the music? It would never be heard. Who would grow crops, and who would distribute them? Society could not function, nor even exist, if there were not a wide range of talents and motivations to drive us on to do this or that thing. You and I do not decide to become a great composer, or a great musician, or a great scientist or doctor, or train driver or whatever. We can only really do what we can each really do, and that is it.

True, I could decide to be a musician or a composer, and then merely play at it. But who would ever want to listen to the music that I turned out – for I am not one at all, it just ain’t there within me. So, I do not even bother to try. But there are a few things which I can do which are at least reasonable enough, such as cleaning toilets or painting fences, kind of thing; and society needs those things to be done – so I do them instead. And in so doing earn a kind of a living (as they say; for we need money in this man made world to exist here), and the family all eat just about enough to stay alive too, and one day then turns into the next day etc. And so it goes. Moreover, in doing all this, I still reap the benefit and reward of all the time and effort of the worlds great composers and musicians – and instrument makers, and piano tuners, and road sweepers, and fishermen, and nurses, and... et al. It is the way that it is and the way that it has to be in order for it all to work and hang together. And I judge it to be good. Human society is a wonderful, complex, mysterious and amazing thing – well, it could be a good thing anyway, when and if we ever get the whole of the act together of course; and without all the unnecessary hostility, arguments, fighting, and alienation.

There is nothing like discord to spoil a bit of music is there, or a society. Why should anybody want to play some wrong notes, or a whole series of wrong notes and chords, or get the timing wrong, in a great orchestral symphony? I doubt if anyone would indeed ever want to. True, one or two of the players could get it wrong occasionally – but, with a little practice, they soon seem to get it right. And the product of course is both a sight and a sound to behold; and very moving and inspirational too; and a job of work and love well done for all concerned: both the players and audience. Great stuff, and worth living for. We cannot do that in the ground of being. So, whichever way we look at it, or whatever we decide to call it, and irrespective of as to how deep we like to think that it all goes, or as to where it all starts and ends, it is plain enough that there is stuff inside people – and not just on the outside of them; and it sure does not all come from outside, or put in there by nurture and education.

It does not seem to be taken into account by many, nor even some educational systems it seems, that education is not simply about pumping information into kids (which has to be done true enough) but also about bringing out some of that stuff and potentials which is already in there within them – and waiting to be liberated and used. Not all the geniuses and all the wisest teachers that ever existed combined could ever turn me into a great musical composer or musician. For the stuff to do it that well just ain't there within me. If it were then I would have found it by now – I seem to have found near on everything else in there; he says laughing.

True, I could learn to play an instrument to a degree, (and I have done – self taught only though) but it would not be absolutely natural for me and thence flow like it does in some. I could also learn some bits and tips about writing a song or a tune, or a symphony. But in all truth, and no beating about the proverbial bush, it would all be rubbish and a waste of good time when I could be doing other things a little better and which came more natural to me. I could indeed WANT to be a good musician. But a good musician is not what he or she IS because they want to be – but because they ARE IT. And indeed they are needed here. Who would want to live in a world with no music in it. Well, not me anyway. My first words in this life were 'More music please' – so I am told anyway, for I do not remember it. But sound and rhythm play a vital part in our being and becoming. So, I guess that is what most of us are calling nature, our nature, that part which is within us and a part of our package which does not come about by way of local or national nurture. But nurture of course is still needed to help this or that person bring out that which is within them anyway. A musician or composer still has to learn the scales, the chords, and practice this or that instrument. There would be little point in the nature of reality bringing forth a Mozart in the times when we lived in caves and with no musical instruments etc. If it did then that person would live a totally frustrated life – and whilst waiting for all those instruments to be invented and all the musicians to come along to play it. Life is not stupid is it. We are products of or about our time here, by both nature and nurture working in harmony together. Fascinating and mysterious.

As stated, it is easy enough to define what nurture is, for we are all very well acquainted with it on a regular daily basis. But what of this thing called nature then? What is that exactly? And what is the sum of it? And how deep and how wide is it? We cannot see it, we cannot touch it with the hands, we cannot smell it, and we cannot hear it with our ears (well, not all of it anyway). So what is it exactly?

Our physical senses are of course acquainted (on a daily basis) with that which the physical senses can detect of the physical reality of nature locally – but not the rest of it. As I and others have said many times, the physical senses are the periscopes above the waves of time and space and they only detect the physical aspects of life and the nature of our local environment. But what is below them? And what mysterious package of stuff comes into this world with each new child? And how did it get there? What is it for? What IS the true sum of this thing which we call nature? Does anyone know? For sure? And if, like me and many others, that you admit that you do not know, then by virtue of that you are confronted with a mystery. What do priestcraft have to say about all this? You had best ask them yourself; for I have given up even trying to communicate with them by now.

Now, we come to crunch point. As it is indoctrinated into many, and believed by many, that the interpretation of ‘nature’ (because we cannot see it all, and science has to interpret data from instruments) is purely material stuff (and whatever that really means by their definition and interpretation of that word) then we are nought but the product of nurture and material energies; hence materialism. And meaning the stuff of life and all things is derived ONLY from the stuff of the physical universe which we can detect with the five external senses; aided, (if that is what aided is) by telescopes, oscilloscopes, microscopes and little dishes with germs and bacteria in them. They do not put consciousness itself into that little jar and study it too well do they. And many other things besides – here, cop hold of this little idea and look at with a magnifying glass and tell me what you see.

Some choose to believe that only Mind exists, and hence Idealism. And that all material energies which produce a physical world and physical universe are an illusion of the mind. But, if an atom bomb is an illusion, and all the lives it takes and suffering it causes is an illusion, then it is an illusion which works well, and thus good enough to be called real; and we are all suffering from the same illusion anyway.

Others of course, and I am one of them, do not accept either of these scenarios to be the truth of it. And we find, by experience (which is all we ever have anyway) is that both material and non material things exist all within one package of emanation – both the soft stuff and the hard stuff. But this does not create a duality of mind and matter, for it is all a gradual gradation of one primordial energy and all operating at its own levels within one creation, or one Cosmos of being – and the physical universe which the physical senses detect is only a part of it all – a dimension of it all; a level of it all; and manifestation of it all. It is consciousness itself which brings forth the only duality – the observer of it all, and that which is observed. Even fifty dimensions of reality (if such a thing existed) would still not comprise a duality; for they would all be floors within one building. Self consciousness generates the perception of duality. There is no duality without conscious experience of things.

However, if the term ‘nature’ was restricted to the physical forces as known in the outer world and universe, then people such as myself would have to say that we are not the sum of just nature and nurture, for there is more – another ingredient in the mixing bowl – the stuff that comes here with us and to which we are always connected to below the physical level of emanation. But, as I say, this would depend on as to what one is using the word ‘nature’ to mean exactly, and what restrictions one is placing upon it.

Personally I am quite happy and at home (and including experience of a few things) to say that yes, that here on earth we each are indeed a product of two things – nature and nurture. But are we all talking about the same parameters to these two things? It seems not. Why so then? Why do we not all agree? Well, that is an easy one to work out is it not – the relativity of experience so far. And we each digest that which we have each encountered thus far in our journey through all this stuff.

So my own meaning of the terms nature and nurture would be that nature is the way things are and how they work, and that nurture is the degree of learning about it all that we have each done so far, and under our own experiential circumstances. And, one has to take into account the truth of the fact that NOT all learning (nurture) comes from other people or from the outside world. So it would seem that my own definitions of both nature and nurture are much the same as most peoples understanding of it also, except that I see far wider a deeper aspects to both of these things than perhaps some folk do. Indeed some say that there is nature, nurture and our spiritual being. But the fact is that what they are calling the spiritual dimension of the sum of our whole system is still our nature – what we are and what we are made of. We do not need two or three or ten words for the same thing – one will do. Hence, the nature of our selves and what we come to learn and understand of it all.

I and others do not say this because of beliefs, indoctrination, wishes, or imagination – but just by finding the stuff there. It is not for me to prove that the things that life reveals to people are true and truly exist to be known, for I do not care much as to what people decide to believe or not; it is what they do with the things which they decide to believe in which causes the problems. And neither could I prove it even if I wanted to. But, if they say, and teach to the kids (and without knowing such things) that the things which I and others have found are not true, then it is for them to prove that they are not true. And, what when they come to find them for themselves – what then? Will they tell all the kids whom they brainwashed that they were wrong? That'll be the day will it not, for honesty and integrity is not in their nature as yet. Well, not in their awareness yet shall we say.

Another interesting topic related to this is the saying that he or she has changed their mind. Now, given that we are Mind, then of course one cannot change that. But what it really means by saying that is that they have changed their understanding or views of something. It is often said by men (as a derogatory statement) that woman are always changing their mind. Well we know what they mean right enough and there is some truth in that – changing whims would be more to the point in that instant. Anyway, we all do that. More to do with the existing mood than anything else; and we all get mood swings.

However, we all come to understand things a little different as we grow through life – and hence we all change our ‘mind’ (understanding of things) on a number of occasions throughout our life. If we never changed our mind (if one must say it that way) throughout life then it indicates that we have learned nothing at all; digested nothing of daily experience (or any experience). This would be the ultimate case of depotentiation. It is not possible to live here for between fifty and a hundred years without learning anything – and hence changing our mind about this or that by virtue of it. In order to do that one would need to be born in a dark cupboard and stay in it for as long as one could live that way – and that would not be very long.

Indeed, one idiot tried it once (so I read somewhere anyway). It is claimed that this medieval Count or some such fancied himself as a bit of a scientist (can't remember all the so called facts alas). However, he took a couple of new born kids (both boys if I recall) and kept them locked up in a room with no human communication. All they got given to them was sufficient food, water and clothing; but nothing else. It is said that these kids developed a language of their own which they could both understand (seems natural enough does it not). But what did they have to talk about one wonders. What did they have to think about one wonders? Apart from their own company and the necessary food and drink, they were, for all intent and purpose, living a life of sensory deprivation. It is said that by about the age of seven they just rolled over and died. And who can wonder at that. What the hell did they have to live for. One can hardly imagine a worse scenario can one. Some nurture indeed.

Even after all the magic and mysteries of both nature and nurture is on the scene, all done, all attended to; a person still has to have something to live for – a reason for existing and wanting to live on. I guess we simply call it the will to live. We also know well enough that some folk come to lose that will to live (for whatever reasons) and kill themselves. But I guess also that many die 'naturally' simply because they have lost the will to live on any longer, – or should one say the lack of reasons to live. There is an old saying – he or she died of a broken heart. Well, that may well be a very simplistic answer to it, but, in the final analysis it is probably just that. But these things certainly tell us something about ourselves do they not. And the answers to them are not obvious and not as solid to get at as stones and tree trunks. And you will not find the answers with telescopes or microscopes.

So, we cannot change our mind exactly but our mindful awareness and understanding is in fact changing and growing all the time (personal evolution); and by way of what I mentioned in the chapter on communication; and interaction with life of course. And that is summed up in the word *experience*. And what else is there? What else do we have but experience? Nothing. What was lacking in those two kids lives? Experience and interaction with life – they had all the food and drink which they needed; and shelter. And of course, the main thing that was missing was a reason for living – no communication with the outer world and life forms - *nurture*. Nothing to learn from, integrate into, and dance with. Experience is not only the food of life but we would not be consciously existing without it. If I were to make a mere guess at the percentage of the mixture between nature and nurture (and that is all it would be for I do not know) then I would say, from hindsight of a few things, that our existence as an adult on earth is ninety nine percent nature and one percent nurture – but without that one percent nurture, and of a fitting kind for a being of their times here on earth, then one would lose the will to live. True enough, we say that our local nurture is a big thing in our lives – and it is indeed; and of vital importance. But then that ninety nine percent nature would just go to show how complex and deeply rooted in creation we are. And one percent of a hell of a lot, is itself a lot. So, as I see it, our nurture is the icing on the cake – but it is enough to make the difference between wanting to live here, or not. Just another little thing which is worth thinking about – if ever one get the time of course – or makes the time for it.

* * *

Chapter 26

Synetic Dialogue

and points of reference.

This is a very important chapter. I would recommend reading it slowly, and perhaps twice. Imagine that you were chatting with a stranger in a pub when all of a sudden he came out with statements such as... *I am the beginning and the end; and the light which is before all others; and you can only attain to paradise by way of me; for I am the resurrection: I am the knowledge of the truth.* What would you, or some young person make of all that? Indeed, what would anybody make of it? The guy is obviously nuts, ga-ga, around the bend, insane, brain deficient. Indeed, in some given cases he truly may well be nuts and just mimicking others – but not necessarily so. From hindsight one would have to judge by other things as to whether he was mentally sick or not. For he might be one of the wisest people there is on earth.

We read such statements in some aspects of some religions, and even more of them in such things as Gnostic Literature and Hermetic Philosophy, and various other ancient texts. But not in modern day documentation of the more common types of mystical experience reports. So, what was going on exactly – and which was absolutely true of experience, and also logical, and straight to the point without any beating around the bush? To the best of my knowledge (some other folk may know better) there is no word for this type of communication at all – and hence it sounds nuts; for we are just not familiar with it at all in this day and age. But when I came to read these things after the transcendent experience which reveals this gnosis myself it was all obvious and crystal clear as to what was going on, and why – and it was very clever. But I never read anywhere as to where these people explained what they were doing or why when talking and writing like that. So, many years ago (about five books ago) I had to coin a word for this kind of dialogue – and I came up with the term *Synetic Dialogue*. I will explain, and I hope it makes a lot of things clear for some people at least; for such it is.

The term Synetic Dialogue is a pure invention of my own, but it is derived from the word Synesis, and which means syntax with specific regard to meaning as opposed to mere grammatical form which has to arrive at what is meant. Think of it this way; it is not a form of dialogue which carries a meaning to anything, but rather the thing which is meant, yet without the need for having to arrive at it – if you follow me. Thus, in a way it is a kind of language which is not symbolic at all – it simply means speaking straight from that point of reference without any explanation.

This is probably the biggest mistake some ancient mystics ever made. I do not mean by using that type of dialogue and communication, but rather in not explaining what they were doing and why when they did use it. Thus, in a way, this is, or rather was, a kind of secret communication which only other mystics/gnostics could understand. There used to be a lot of secrets and elitism in those days it seems; and perhaps some of these people truly did think that they were something special and perhaps knew things which were not for sharing with the mob. Then again, mystics, and especially gnostics, were always cannon fodder of priestcraft and politics - and maybe their lives here depended on secrecy, and keeping quiet. I can think of no other reasons as to why some of them (it was not all of them) would talk like this without explaining what they were doing and why. But, as I say, from hindsight it is oh so easy to see and understand, and any child could work it out. It is simple to explain, and I would imagine that many have worked it out anyway; mystics or not. But, for those who have not, I will explain; and also by way of analogy too if I can think of one.

It is all to do with points of reference – where one is talking from. Imagine that one night you had a dream (this is not really a good analogy). The next day you are telling somebody about this dream. But, instead of telling them that you had a dream and then telling them what it was about, you simply spoke from the reference point of within the dream itself – and without ever mentioning anything about it being a dream. So, it is that simple. In effect it is this...

That level of our conscious existence (the I AM phenomenon in the mystical reunion of transcendence) can only be reached after this mystic death and resurrection event. It cannot even think let alone talk. And there would be nothing to talk to anyway even if it could. It also has no memory of anything and knows nothing about this world or ever having existed in it. In fact it never has existed in it, and never will. That is to say that it does not exist in temporality, but only in that non moving realm which we call eternity or home at our root of being. It is like the foundation stone of a building – below the ground. As I say, it is like a river bed – but not the river and water that flows over it. So, there is no way that this thing can talk, or even think – for thinking is a temporal process, and nothing of temporality can go there.

However, and be all that as it is; that consciousness KNOWS and understands. Sounds totally illogical and irrational I guess – but there you go, for that is how it is. And this is what has become known as the Eternal Wisdom (Sophia), or the Eternal Gnosis. It is 'Eternal' in two senses of the word. One is that nothing moves there, so there is no change. But in the other sense it is that it keeps becoming known during time and peoples existence on earth – it keeps popping up. The experience never changes, and neither does the life philosophy which it inspires – and hence also the term The Perennial Philosophy. But you have to experience it to know it and live it to effect it here on earth. It is truly as simple as that. And if they wish to change the name of all this to brain death and stupidity – then fine, let it be so; for names do not change anything.

But, what if that level of consciousness COULD talk? What would it say? Well, I think I have done that elsewhere in this book – and perhaps quite a lot of it at that. However, to talk whilst here as though we would whilst there (if it could talk) gives a far greater IMPACT to the reality than mere prose which tries to describe it. Hence, it is also done for impact.

You and I cannot really even describe the feeling of what it is like to sit in the sunshine on a nice day; and we cannot give another person the experience of it – they have to do it to know it. However, this synetic dialogue comes as near as possible to doing just that – giving them the experience in words; as it is known and understood there. It is very clever really, and very effective – but NOT if it is not explained as to what is going on and why. And I have just done that, and it is true.

So, in effect it is just simply talking from THAT point of reference yet whilst here. And when known (by experience) it is seen to be both true, and known to be true; and so obvious as to what is going on and why. Maybe this is why they did not explain, for they knew that anyone who knew it would understand not only as to what was going on but also that this or that person truly was cognisant of what they were talking about – whilst without the mob having any clue as to what they were saying or getting at. I guess it must have been a kind of proof in so far as one could prove such things. But this of course is just a logical guess on my part as to why they really did do this without explanation – I was not around then so I do not know for sure; but that is the only possible explanation and it sure makes a lot of sense of so much that seemed to go on in those days – and of course of the texts which still exist even today. If I, and all my friends and family, had this gnosis; and yet they would be murdered for mentioning it, and the truth of it; then I guess I too would have to resort to secrecy and cryptic dialogue; for their sake. But if one is a loner, then no problem.

We could I suppose use an analogy also in that of talking whilst an adult of some of our experiences as a child. But instead of saying ‘as a child I thought and felt, this that or the other’, one simply spoke from that point of reference as it was then, as a child, and his or her experience, feeling, and understanding at that time. It is all a matter of talking from a perspective of being, and where that being is at at that moment – but a moment other than now; and a place other than here. So, there one has it. It was done either to mystify the mob or as some kind of private coded language for only those that knew this gnosis event personally for survival here. No genuine mystic or gnostic would bother to communicate with people if his or her communication was only going to mystify them. Trying to use words for these things is problematic enough on its own – for all language and words are symbolic anyway – but they can work to a degree if one goes about it the right way. They only have to convey meaning for heaven sake; and that should not be too difficult. And if I use the word *tree* then you have a damn good idea as to what I am talking about, and you do not confuse it with an ice cream.

However, if somebody read that kind of stuff; and not having a clue as to what this was all about and what was going on and why, and if they chose to believe, literally, this or that person who said these things; and above all others; and not reading any other such material – and taking it all literally from their point of reference; then truly would such a person believe that this or that speaker was some kind of truly special person; or totally insane.... *ONLY through I, can you attain to paradise* – you see. And yet the person was not saying only through me (the individual person) can you attain to paradise; but rather saying that paradise can only be known by THAT level of consciousness – and it exists at the root of all of us. So, only through I AM (and becoming it) can you know that transcendent paradise, and acquire that gnosis. Fact !

That level of consciousness IS the resurrection, and the I AM consciousness which exists there. IT IS the first emanation of created BEING, and nothing there comes before or after it THERE. It is all dead true of experience, and at that level of conscious being. Absolutely. It is not a man, or a woman, or a child, or some kind of god, or some kind of all knowing critter, it is just the primordial ground of conscious being and this primordial Cosmic wisdom and understanding which it has – and which we all are. And everything starts somewhere – and personalised life and conscious existence starts THERE. It is the first foundation ‘stone’ of our existence. But it sure did not create itself or bring itself forth into existence. It is not a creator or first cause of life and the nature of reality. And nobody knows what is. And if anybody says that they do know then they are not telling the truth. It is the child of creation only in symbolic language – it is simply the first rung of the created ladder of cognitive being. True, the first child of the life force is a quite good symbolic analogy however. Thus, it is not true in one way, yet true in another. And more often enough that applies to myths as well. They are true in one way, but not in another way.

Anyway, try an experiment. Walk into a pub tomorrow and say to them that ‘I AM the first and only child of the creative force; and only through ME can you attain to paradise’. See what they say. Don’t try to explain any of it, just simply say that. What will they think and what will they do? However, after their comments (and if you are still alive) then go on to explain to them and see what they say then. Was it any wonder then that such pious religious gits of the past used to nail such people to tree’s and or burn them at a later stage? And maybe they even did give them opportunity to explain themselves before doing so. I was not there, so I cannot know for sure. But it does not take much working out.

But in all truth it was their own bloody silly fault if in which case. And what result could they expect when saying that in such a way without explanation to a bunch of fanatical religionists who also had power at that time? Today they would just lock you up in a safe place and maybe give you a front lobal lobotomy job; or just totally ignore you. It has been done you know. However, and keeping in mind that much of these ancient stories are pure fabrication, lies and distortions anyway – and at best some bits are pure myth in an analogy of something else – something which the gnostics alone knew the truth of. But they could have explained it.

Maybe some of them truly were pretty thick in other ways. For that primordial wisdom and Earthly intelligence are not the same thing. And then there is the elitism bit is there not. And even half baked learning can be a dangerous thing if not used wisely. And they sure only knew a half of it all – the inner, not the outer. For did they not refer to this physical world as a poverty? They did indeed. And did they ever mention anything about it all coming back to earth again and which fulfilled the event and rounded it all off here on earth? No, they did not; for they did not know it.

These things to an extent also apply today. Go on any discussion forum about mysticism, or transcendence, or gnosis, and others; and you will always find plenty of people who are acting like guru’s; and some of them have their little collection of adoring cling-on’s and followers. But when you get talking to them, and if you can drag them down into details (like I have done, and insist on doing) you will find that most of them are not even mystics or gnostics at all. Most of them are not even psychics.

They are simply charlatans who want an audience, or money, or are simply dead lonely people; or whatever else motivates such people and gives them an ego trip. I just would not really know what motivates and drives them to do this - but there certainly seems to be many of them around. But then of course there are the genuine ones too, and one can eventually come to deduce that after enough talking. But, in the meantime how would you, or a young kid, know the difference between a genuine one of a fake? You would not know. But you might just FEEL it – a deep gut feeling and subconscious recognition of a truth about yourself as well.

True, you will also find others who have had many psychic experiences between them, and some with quite a few themselves. You will also find a few people who have indeed undergone some kind and degree of mystical experience. And with luck you will find the odd one here or there (if you are indeed lucky) who really have had some kind of big mystical event in their life including this mystical gnosis event. But not many. There may well be thousands of that ilk around today. But life here contains over six billion people – and how many are you ever going to meet and communicate with in one short lifetime? And how many of them are actually going to talk about it or communicate it? I have met those who do not. I have also met some who go half way and talk of it in metaphors and symbolism. There are all kinds of people on earth – and each with their own way of going about things. Obviously I would like to see them all talking about it just as it is. Will that ever happen? I do not know. But one can only try to encourage them to do so – for there is a lot to be gained and nothing to be lost – except priestcraft and false guru's of course.

This is why it is best, and important, for them to write their experiences down for posterity and for anyone in the world to read at other points in time. And that of course also leaves much data for future analysis of the fullness of the human condition. In a few hundred years time there could exist enough first hand documented accounts needed for the job of in depth analysis and finding so many correlations of conscious experience which exists to be known; and of course their effects. And that too would be a nail in the coffin of priestcraft.

But, and it is true enough, that a mystic will come to recognise another mystic by way of such dialogue (and then further debate of course). But this of course is only by way of words and communication – you cannot KNOW that they are in the true sense of knowing by experience. You cannot experience their experience so to speak. But those who are not genuine ALWAYS give themselves away by eventually saying something which just ain't so when it comes to mysticism, transcendence and gnosis. And of course, they do not know that. But those who we can judge to be genuine, can say a lot, and yet one never finds them saying something which is not applicable to it. And that is how it is done. So it is deduction really; based upon ones own past experience of it. And you cannot do that if you do not know it.

And this of course brings one to the interesting question of modern times, and so many people who are seeking out guru's for some kind of what they call enlightenment or whatever. It seems to be endemic now that so many people are looking for something which they intuitively feel is there, but do not know what exactly; nor how to tap into it.

If one is the type of person to do that kind of thing – and it seems that there are now millions of them that do, as I say – then it is obvious that if they are seeking this or that thing then they do not have it yet. For one does not go seeking for something which you already have. So, if they do not know what it is exactly, then how would they recognise a genuine mystic from a false guru; or even one with this mystical gnosis itself? The simple and obvious fact is that they cannot; as said earlier.

So how do they choose to follow the teachings of this or that person; or this or that religion even, or this or that philosophy; or this or that self proclaimed guru? Guesswork maybe; faith; gullibility; stupidity; or what? They have not got a clue. And I know for a fact of hard earned and long experience that there are more charlatans out there than there are genuine mystics who communicate with people. And one can see through them (without them knowing it) like a clear pane of glass in sunlight. A child mystic could do it. As to how many closet mystics and gnostics truly exist out there, then one can never know obviously if they do not communicate with people or write about it. But quite a few I would imagine – or guess at least.

But without knowing these things oneself from inside experience of them then nobody, just nobody, could tell a genuine one from a false guru. It is not possible (other than perhaps deeply feeling it). So, that is the situation in mysticism and gnosis, even today. There are some clues that one could point out from hindsight; such as: real mystics do not take on pupils; and any information which they do disseminate to anybody they do not charge for it. They do not give lessons, let alone for payment. They have no interest whatsoever if you believe them or not – in fact they will tell people not to believe them – but go find it for themselves; for that is what it is all about; and that is why some of them talk about it.

I have also never met one yet that did not have a real crazy and wacky sense of humour, as mentioned elsewhere (unless I seem to bring that out in them anyway). They laugh and mess about a lot. They are easy going and well laid back, as they say these days. And moreover, they will never contradict themselves in anything which they say, and you will not trip them up. If they do not know something, they just say that they do not know it – they do not go on to invent something which they do not know. So, therein are some clues, for whatever little it might help – but not a lot I guess. It truly takes one to recognise one. And even that is done by deduction by way of much chatting and really getting to know them. They do not glow with an aura of light which you see with eyes or touch with your hand. Maybe however you might just see a certain kind of ‘light’ in their eyes... “Oh no, twas the light in her eyes ever shining.....” !

I have met a few people who for a while, maybe some weeks even, I truly began to think they were the real thing. And then one day – zap, they say something; and you truly realise that they are not. They have just picked up their package from books and beliefs. And so it goes. And thus, as I say, nobody can know if anything I have said in this book, or any of the past books, or articles, or thousands of emails, is true or a whole pack of lies which I invented in order to fool them for some reason or other. They just cannot know – unless they already DO know it for themselves; or when they DO come to know it. And this is why I say that I simply offer it as mere food for thought. But only life can reveal the truth of itself to you. And this is why it IS important for people to document their experiences for the record, and for the future.

The interesting point here however, and I certainly do not fully understand it or how it works exactly. Is that words which are true, seem to sink deep into the psyche – for the psyche recognises them to be true without even the top-side rational discursive mind knowing it, and hence some kind of empathy results somehow.

That is to say it is recognised to be true at a deep level below consciousness. And at times it begins to have affects on the inside; and the top-side mind comes to know of these effects in due course. A lie would never do that. 'Tis all very mysterious; but it works. Hence one could rightly say that our own inner dynamics 'knows' what is and what is not true of itself. 'Tis a rotten analogy but one could say that when snow falls upon snow then it settles, but if it falls into the fire it melts away. But somehow, and I have no idea as to how, the stuff of our inside recognises what is true of itself – just another mystery to me alas – but one that works nonetheless.

I have even met a couple of people who quizzed and questioned me for months about these things, and in fine grain detail. So, I told them quite a lot as I knew it; for it was no skin off my nose, and I had sufficient time to do it at the time; and they were indeed interested. They had also read all the poems and articles I had written up to that time, etc. They knew all that much as well as I did – except it was second hand 'knowledge' from them; and they admitted having no experience of these things. And they then went off and started teaching it, or rather talking of it as if they actually knew it to be true. I told them that they had to stop doing this. And they did not like it one bit. They said, but I fully accept all this as being true, and I therefore intend to share it and disseminate it. So I told them that they did NOT know it to be true at all – they only had my word for it, and I could have been telling them a whole pack of lies for all they know.

I told them that there is nothing wrong in saying that I heard this or that, and I will mention it – that is no problem. But when done in such a way that the listener thinks you are talking from personal experience, not hearsay, then not only is it leading them up the garden path, it is a lie – and albeit that you might not have actually said it – but the effect is the same. And you are nothing but a false guru. We parted company not good friends. I heard that one of them eventually killed themselves. I wonder why. Very sad, and very true.

Hence if one does not know something to be true of human experience then do not say that it is, or even give the impression that you do know it to be true. It just is not good enough; not honest, not true; and it can lead people astray. Leave the mystics to do their own talking, and in their own way. Plus the fact that such a person is one day probably going to invent something just as a gap filler in answer to a question which he or she does not know the answer to or not heard. One does not tell them quite everything, and for that very reason. And we all know what happens when these things get distorted – the world is suffering from it even now, and for, and from, thousands of years in the past – and it messes peoples minds up something rotten.

A good exercise, and for whatever good effect it might also come to have (the mystics have HAD to do it) is to truly question yourself as to what you do and do not really know – for sure and beyond any doubt. This is a good path, possibly to many things, but not least of which is simple honesty and the truth of the facts of it.

What do YOU really know about anything, or this or that thing? And what IS knowledge as you see it? And where did it come from? Do you know that if you stick your hand in the fire that it will probably hurt and certainly do your hand no good? Do you really KNOW it – or have you just heard it or read it thousands of times? There is a difference is there not. I know that it hurts and that it is not good for your hand – the hard way. And which in fact is the ONLY way of knowing it; by direct first hand (excuse the pun – perhaps I should say the right hand) experience. I know it hurts.

That is to say that I know experience reveals that it hurts – by doing it. Albeit by accident and not deliberately. Would that same event hurt if one was not conscious at the time? I do not know, for I can never be conscious of an unconscious event. True, if I was merely asleep it may well wake me up and then hurt. However, having root canal work done on your teeth does not hurt does it – and even though one is conscious. But somehow it is disconnected from the root (excuse the pun again) of where the pain stems from by way of anaesthetic – and albeit that the work is felt in the conscious mind.

However, I certainly would recommend this a few times in your life. Take a few hours off from other things and simply question yourself as to what you, as yet, truly DO KNOW about anything. And as to how you KNOW that you KNOW it. In a manner of speaking this is a case of making yourself simple, and honest. And truly, at times at least, it seems to allow other things in. Maybe you have simply made room, and time, for them to pop in. However, do not let it stop there – actually live your life in this existing awareness. I do not know for sure as to if this can in any way be some kind of catalyst for bringing these things about. But I do know that it is often the case in the mystics lives prior to these events occurring. It might just be a coincidence. And it might not.

But even if it does not do anything else it does make one a little more aware of what one truly knows, or not, as yet. And that alone is a prize enough I would have thought. It is but another point of reference better to be with than without. So, even before coming to know your Self, then most certainly become aware of what you really do and really do not actually know as yet. I went though all that myself merely for the sake of it and the love of truth – whatever that was. I was certainly not looking for anything else to come from it. And as I say, it may have been just a coincidence – but I do not know whether it was or was not a mere coincidence. I get a deep gut feeling that it was not coincidence. But gut feelings are not the same as consciously knowing for a fact.

Each person can only live their daily life from the point of reference of where they are at right now; and that is comprised of the sum of their conscious experience thus far and all their inner and subconscious self, and what they make of it all; how they feel about it all, and what their existing goals, drives, motivations and ambitions are, and of course the sum of the equipment which came with their personal package when they were born here anyway. And one cannot really do much more than that, except keep an open mind. But, as is obvious to all, some prefer to negate all that and simply live their life from the reference point of this or that belief system which they themselves have chosen to adopt from somebody else - via the assault of both their reason and experience by social brainwashing and their own local environment and

nurture in so many cases. And how much of this belief system of theirs is justified by their experience of existing? The mystics, and indeed many that are not, live their life as they find it to be irrespective of anything which they hear or read, and take it from there one day at a time. Religionists do not. And it is as simple as that. One mob lives with reality as they find it, and grow by way of it, and the other mob does not.

And irrespective of what this or that person, or this or that section of society decide to think or believe about the experiences of the mystics (and the psychics too for that matter) then at least the mystics point of reference is one due to living life and experiencing what it has to offer and what it is. And when can this ever be said for the religionists who adopt the teachings of priestcraft? Which is justified by life itself and which is not? The question of course is rhetorical and obvious to all.

But this world contains many millions of people who are not gnostics, or mystics, or even with much in the way of psychic experience, and yet, as I have said, they are just fine, no problem to the world and society, and they make a good job of their life and are an asset to any community and society, or country for that matter. So how come – and when some of these quasi mystical types tell them that they must know these things in order to live well?

Well, the answer is both simple and obvious, they are just living their lives (as is all any of us can do anyway) and doing the best they can without any pretence, without any malice to people, and they do care about living in and helping to make a decent society – and that is what it is all about anyway. So, they do not even need it. Thus, their actions, their commitments, their love of life, is unconditional of anything, or any so called prize. The prize is simply in living like that and loving it. The mystics are talking and acting on what they know, but these others are not – so, who is really the smarter? And who more worthy of being what they are? You work it out. No, these kind of people do not even need it, for they are living it anyway. And this point, this fact, is so important to realise.

So all this inner stuff just works as it works whether you know it or not, are aware of it or not, are conscious of it or not. But the difference being is that these millions of folk are not doing anything to prevent it all from working the way it should work in the first place. And on the occasions when a person has pushed me on this subject of them wanting it, I simply say, forget it, for it is not that important, for you are already living the effects of it here and now anyway – so just get on with your life in the same way. They ARE the stuff of life and the dignity of man in action – whether they know it or not. It does not matter a damn whether they know it or not so long as they are living it. And that is IT. Q.E.D.

And when they ask as to why then do those who do come to experience these things then have it, and assuming that they too were just living ordinary useful lives; then I have to reply that I do not have a clue. And that too is true. However, to simply talk of it when you do know it can certainly help clear up many confusions from the past – and this Synetic Dialogue business being only one small aspect of it – but an important one to be sure. But it certainly seems to be the case to me that there are some things which the incarnate mind does indeed have to know at some point in their journey through life (and this gnosis being one of them) and what the hell does it matter as to who comes to know it whilst alive on earth?

And I know for a fact that if one is kind of just hanging around and not doing much, and thus kind of empty and available anyway; without mental or psychological hang ups – and then ZAP! It pops in of its own natural accord. Just like that; as the comedian says – just like that. But we do all know do we not, that some people just love to attribute this or that thing to themselves. Some have this gift of speed reading and unusual memory recall, just for an example – and by virtue of it some (not all) seem to think – Oh how clever I am. Bullshit ! Tis life and the nature of realty which is clever old son. And all that you have is merely on loan. And in essence you are NEXT in line to nothing created. Genuine mystics keep it all in perspective – the false ones do not, for they have no perspective.

Some of these false guru's lead others to assume that they are either an emanation of, or in direct contact with, 'the highest on high' (and whatever that is supposed to mean). But any genuine gnostic will affirm that they are an emanation of, and integrated with, the lowest of the low, and the deepest of the depths of ALL BEING.

And genuine gnostics will not say, "Listen to me, for it is I that knows". They will say, "Find your Self, for it is that which knows"! And so it is, so help me the power of truth; so it is. Hence know Thy Self, for you are the beginning and end, and the knower of the known, and the watcher at the gates of dawn, and the first and last judge of creation. You are that.

But keeping fully in mind of course that there is stuff which you are not – and that is not only the other half of it – but the most important part of it too. But you are not irrelevant, for it could not be known without you, and it truly is YOU that fulfils creation.

Blimey, what a job – who would volunteer for it. But then again we do not have to volunteer do we – it is inflicted upon us. Oh, life is such a dogmatic little bugger is it not; and it gets its own way. Ah, never mind, it is good. And it is fun, and it is worthwhile. And anyway, it gives us something to do does it not. So, let us grab a beer and drink a toast to life and the nature of reality. Why not indeed. And if you like a good mystery – well, this one will keep you going – for eternity.

* * *

Chapter 27

Politics

The mystical gnosis directly effects only those who encounter it; and whether they are interested in it or not. Politics directly effects everybody on earth for the whole of their life here; and whether they are interested in it or not. Gnosis reveals what we are, where we come from, and what we are not, why we exist, why life exists, why anything exists. Politics is about our collective choice as to how we live work and play together on earth, and as to how we arrange and organise our society and lives here. That which we call philosophy is supposed to cover both of these issues. If one is interested only in spiritual/metaphysical things and experience thereof then gnosis might well be all that concerns them. But I for one am concerned only with this world, and as to what we might achieve with life here – for the rest can take care of itself; and is beyond my earthly powers anyway.

My only concern in life then is living it here and now and on this world. Why? That is also simple to answer, for I love it. Every blade of grass of it. Every laugh and smile with other living critters; all of it. What is the point of life if we do not live it to the full here and now; and to use all that we have to best effect? Moreover, here in time and space we are on the cutting edge or coal face of creation as it is unfolding; being constructed day by day; and we are a cosmic emanation for this purpose.

I had a vote yesterday (well actually I had two – but only used one of them – another civil cock-up due to not knowing what they are doing or why; good job I had a bowl of scruples for breakfast in which case). All I could do was to vote to keep the worst mob out of power – and it worked, for millions of others did too. But only about half of the population voted. And then they moan about it all !!! I like to moan about it all too, and I do, something rotten. But at least I tried to do something about it – and whilst without putting myself up for election and the doing the job myself – I would sure make a better and more honest job of it than some of them. But we are all human beings eh, including politicians – would you believe. Moreover, nobody would ever dare vote for me he says smiling; for things would be very different here; for no such political philosophy has ever existed here – and possibly will not anyway. However, political life must be decided by the existing consensus of society – not mystics. I will not then talk herein of what I would personally like to see in the long or short terms (for it would take too long anyway), but rather as to what exists here and now.

To run a country is no simple job is it; and I would not volunteer for it anyway. For there are so many people with different wants, needs, views, feelings, ages, attitudes etc, and no governing power is ever going to please them all – and it is just not possible. And is politics supposed to be about pleasing all the people anyway?

Well it is these days, and that is ALL it is about now. Trying to more or less please the majority at least – in order to get re-elected into power again. Political parties today do not even have a social policy or political philosophy or goal; but simply the desire to have that power. Many things which have to be done in a society (and life itself) do not please anybody, let alone all of them all the time. The products of society do not grow on trees; they have to be paid for in a world which uses money as a means of exchange for labour (and a means of exploitation of course). They all want good hospitals, good education, libraries, good efficient and clean transport which runs on time, and nobody seems to want to pay for it or even make it happen. So, problems. Politics today is the art of synthesising differences of opinions, wants and needs. It is not a job that can ever be done and completed, but only worked on, on a daily bases – like painting the Forth bridge.

I do not live in a democracy as yet, for governments are not elected by way of one person one vote, but by constituencies; not proportional representation; and that is not democratic even if they like to believe that it is. Moreover, if you vote for a person then you do not get them; you get a political party which they join, not a representative for your area; and they are told what to think and what to do. And if they do not conform to the party line then they are either ignored or kept out of the way. Some democracy to be sure. Is it any wonder then that half the population does not even bother to vote – total apathy; and totally understandable. But that ain't the way to go. Truly should everybody decide not to vote and not to elect a government until such time that it is proportional to individuals votes.

Each society contains the whole spectrum of people from the very bright to the very stupid; the very old to the very young, and all kinds of personalities and egos; some that care and some who do not. So, if one goes for a democracy then you get what the consensus of people ARE in that society. If they are all greedy and selfish then so be it – for that is democracy – and the will learn by it. Living the effects of greed and selfishness will eventually reveal to them that it is not only not good but that it cannot work for very long (for it amounts to anarchy – in the common meaning of that word), so they will wise up and evolve by virtue of it. One has to know the crap by living it in order to avoid it in the future. Thus, democracy might well not be an ideal in this kind of world (for the world is not an ideal world) but at least it works. Like life itself does in fact.

Governments have no money to do anything other than what they raise in taxes from the people in that state or country. The money will only come from people if they have a job and turn up to do it every day. So, you get what you pay for and work for; and it is that simple. Some want all this without working for it at all – well, we would all love that would we not. But society, civilisation, does not and cannot work that way. Paradise works that way, but this place does not and never will. So if people want to live together and have the benefits which that brings (and which are many) then how does one go about it? Who does one choose to do the job of arranging it all (Governing), and by what criteria; and how is it going to be done and put into effective practice? There is no one way of doing it, and it could be done many ways. And has been done many ways as we all know – or know of at least. And if one is going to use money as the means of exchange (I would not) then how much do we take in taxes from each person in order to do it? One could take a flat rate from everybody who is working, or one could take a percentage of their income.

One could either do just that or combine that with taxes on individual purchases of the products of society. So, if one person wanted ten cars then they would pay the tax on ten cars (you can only drive one at a time however). So, in principle there is nothing difficult about all this and it could all be done in many different ways. But which way do you like best? And they are never all going to agree on even that. Moreover, what do you do with those who go out of their way to disrupt civilisation and mess it all up for the others? Simple enough questions and there are many simple enough ways of going about it all. But they are never going to agree are they. Why do they not all agree? Simple enough, for they are not all at the same place at the same time; and so many people are simply totally selfish and greedy. And to say nothing of some being young and some being old. It will all work well enough one day. But not yet.

Beyond all this of course there is also trade and international relationships which befalls the job of government (well the way they do it here anyway). And then beyond all that that one has to decide as to whether a state is simply going to live for the day or to take the future of society into account or not. Do they care about further generations yet to come here? In the type of world we are existing in as yet all these jobs befall the lot of the governing mob. That is to say that the public is saying, I do not want to do any of this stuff so you do it all for us whilst I play golf. OK, fair enough if that is the way they want it; no problem. But do not moan when they do it their way – for you allowed them to be there doing it.

Then on top of all that they decide that a government can only last for four or five years and then we will vote another mob in to do it – just as they are getting the hang of learning how to do it all. Why? What is the logic in it? If it was not tragic it would be funny would it not. However, we know well enough that some people actually want to be in a position of power – and one of course wonders as to why exactly. It is obviously nothing more than an ego trip and the love of power for some – but not all. The government is not like jury service (alas) wherein they are told to go and do it for a while. One has to want to do it and then put oneself up for being elected. So, you can only elect somebody who wants to be in that power machine for some reason or another in the first place. And there must be many reasons of course – and despite the fact that they all say they want to do it to try and do some good (as if they would say otherwise). But we know well enough that it is not always the case do we not. Some just love power, and some just love to be known; and some want to make something out of it for themselves by way of that power. It takes all sorts to make this kind of a world does it not. At this point in time on earth some are living in a highly complex and integrated technological society; and some are running around in jungles as they did thousands of years ago. We are not all at the same place at the same time – but we are all human beings nonetheless.

Anyway, irrespective of how governments get into that power, and for whatever private reasons, they are there and there is the job to be done – and which the all will never be in agreements on as to how it should all be done this or that way and why. So, given that you cannot please all the people all the time, and given that you have to keep getting elected into power anyway – what do they do to try and convince folk that they are right for the job and hence vote for them? They cannot tell them the plain and simple truth of what they will in fact do, for that would only please a few, not a majority vote.

They cannot tell them what ought to be done, or nobody at all would vote for them. They would never get into power if they were totally honest and open about it all. Hence the saying – the people love to be deceived – so deceived let them be. Now, one can deceive people without resorting to blatant lies; by simply avoiding the truth and or hiding it all in a shroud of mumbo jumbo dialogue – and that has become their true art; and some of them are actually good at it – but not many.

Some can and do resort to outright lies. But in so doing they can sometimes (not always) be caught out. There is an old saying that power corrupts and that ultimate power corrupts ultimately. But this is not true. No amount of power could make one corrupt if one was not of a corrupt nature – never. So, those who are corrupt in politics were also corrupt before they got that particular job anyway. And they are just either very weak people or perhaps some are just outright villains and scumbags. You get them all in politics sure enough –and you get them in any other walk of life also. They are just people.

However, none of this is really due to governments as such, and in principle, it is due to the people that vote them into power. Politicians have no choice in avoiding the truth much of the time, or they would never hold the job. They often play on peoples emotions, ignorance, fears, whatever, and use ‘truth’ as one would use molten metal and mould it into whatever they want the public to believe that they are going to do. And let us face it, in this silly state of affairs (or affairs of state one might say) they are only there for four of five years anyway – so they could not make any long term plans for the future of that state anyway, even if the truly wanted to; for chances are they will not be there to see it through; plus it would cost more than people want to pay here and now today anyway. So, sod the next generation; let them take care of things for themselves when that time comes. And if you do not care then of course things fall apart – for civilisation is only a thin veneer and has to be held together every day – assuming you want civilisation of course. It is not compulsory however. Albeit the best and most efficient way of life on earth for human beings.

So, the real nature of the rock-bottom problem here is not in governing (anyone could do that) but in the fact that people do not agree on things in the first place – they all want different things here and now, and for tomorrow; and you cannot give them all what they all want – it just ain’t possible. But of course most people know that well enough (they are not that stupid); and hence most people (not all people) are prepared to compromise their wants, likes, needs, and ideals in order for a stable and more or less united state or nation. We give and take. But there are also those who only want to take and then give nothing. There is also the simple fact that governments do not give people all the information which they have – in order that they really could make their mind up on this or that issue. And they call it ‘national security’ reasons. Huh ! But then again they were elected in by the mob to do it all that way anyway. So, swings and roundabouts here once again.

Most of these problems of course would not exist in a dictatorship. A dictatorship of either one person or a given few. For then they are simply told to do what they are told to do or else! Indeed a good dictatorship could in fact work better than a bad democracy – but who has ever found a good and wise dictator? Nobody. We do not exist here on earth in order to tell other people how to live their lives – by threat or otherwise. And governing a society is hardly the best way to spend ones life is it – in

fact it must be a real rotten job, and I would not touch it with barge pole such as it is. Unless I was made to do it on some kind of roster, each taking a turn at the job for a while. However, in principle (not sure about practice however) a bad democracy is better than even a good dictatorship; for people should and must have a say in their lives here on earth and regard to the type of society they want to live in and bring their children up in – and live and learn by doing it and getting it wrong. Plus the fact that it works, and they soon come to see as to what is good and not good about it.

Other critters on earth of course do not have this problem – but we do. So what do we get in fact? If one is more or less (never totally) satisfied as to how their state is being run, then fine, they can forget it all and go about their busy lives in reasonable peace and quiet and safety; and make their music, sing their songs, make candle sticks and rice puddings, write their books and plays, sweep the roads up and clean toilets, bring their children up, and all the rest of it. No problem. No problem that is until for some reason or other they can no longer sell their products for this necessary money thing – and then all hell brakes loose. Oh Ker-Riced, China is making it all and much cheaper – oops my standard of living is going to go down. What do we do?

Well, that is but another problem caused by money is it not – and there are thousands of them. As things are on this world you can only live here if you have money. And yet there is no such thing as money in creation – we (or some silly bugger) invented it. We need food, air and water to live here – and money! But the power that be forgot to make the money and dish it out evenly to all people when they arrived here. Problem! All we got from life was different abilities that are useful and needed in a human society, and the physical and mental strength to do it – Labour. And as if that was not enough. It IS enough, and all that is needed. They falsely assume that money and personal profit is the only thing that motivates and directs people – and they educated the kids to actually believe this.

The real rulers of this world at the moment are not the governments at all, nor existing priestcrafty these days (they just mess peoples minds up) but the International monopoly business organisations (or those that own them) who have the monopoly on all this fresh air – sorry I meant to say money – the breath of life on this retarded little world. So who owns and runs this world then? Banks, Insurance companies, large Chemical manufacturers, large industrialists – they call the tune and governments (and science) has to dance to their tune. And that is it. Money makes money, and it makes power, and it divides man from man and nation from nation – and it separates life from fun. I need to eat friend, so could you lend me a dime for a crust; for I have no income !!! Sod orf chum !!!

Plus the fact that most people seem to want the things that these people are manufacturing and supplying anyway (simple brain washing again) – and of course it was the public that made them wealthy in the first place. Hence, so called democracy which we have today (and which it ain't) simply drags everything down to lowest common denominator in humanity – greed and hedonism. Satisfy the transient wants and forget the needs, let alone the long term needs and necessities of the world and humanity itself. A government is only as good as the people that elect it; and they get what they deserve. And nothing could be more simple to see and understand or more obvious to all – even children can work it out.

But what is ever done about it? Apathy never achieves anything worthwhile; and in effect condones what exists here and now. If we truly want things to change then we have to make them change. If you want a better world then you must not only make it but also pay for it. And that means YOU – not somebody else. As I say, gnosis is about life, and politics is about living it here – that is simple enough to understand is it not. And it is so.

Two guys are chatting and one says, this job of organising things has to be done but it does not interest me for I want to paint pictures, or write music, or repair peoples broken legs – so will you do it and organise it all for me? The other guy says, yeah, I do not mind, it is a useful job; it has to be done, and I think I would be good at it. Great, you do it then – and if I like the way you are going about it, and what you are aiming for, then I will vote for you. No problem. And so it goes just that far. Then again one could say, as in jury service; Oy, you, it is now your turn to take a stint in running the country in the house of political and social decisions. And this person could be just one of a thousand short term representatives of the people to do that job for a while – and whether they liked it or not – in one government (no parties) that remains when all the chosen or elected members of it come and go every few years to do their stint at government. There are many ways this could be done effectively, and fairly. A kind of national service, but for running the country.

Different people would be going into this organisation (government) every day, whilst some are leaving it when their time is up. But the government itself goes on. Perhaps five years at the job each would suffice – and perhaps even choosing ones own time for doing it – anywhere between the ages of twenty and seventy maybe. You and I might be useless at the job; but there would be many there that are not, and they would take the consensus decisions, not just one person. Government at the moment is like a retarded and Neanderthal comic opera. Nay, a tragic opera.

There were times when the guy with the strongest arm or the biggest sword took charge (they still exist in some places even now). There were times when the guy (no women to that point) who could shout loudest got put into power by this or that mob of backers. Kings, Queens, tyrants, lardy dah, etc. Until we reach a stage in social evolution where we have political parties and vote this or that party into power by a so called democratic majority vote – a form of so called democracy anyway. The party itself then decides who THEY will elect as their leader – not the people themselves. Sometimes this leader is simply the head person of that party and represents the consensus view of the party members (well I think that is how it is supposed to go anyway). And other times, the person chosen as leader of that party comes into some kind of near on dictator power – or president, and eventually makes all the final decisions himself – or her self as is the possibility just about now. Let us hope that they are not a fundamentalist Christian or some other kind of raving demented lunatic.

Now, nobody tells any of these people to become politicians for a while, nor do they do it by a kind of jury service system on a roster of some kind. So, these people kind of elect themselves to do this job anyway – some innate desire for power maybe. Or give some of them the benefit of the doubt and say that some of them may even be totally consumed with the idea of any good which they might be able to do in this kind of job. And just how bright are they anyway? But, we do not know that do we.

We do not know what their motives are or why they want to do it. They might just love the idea of power, or fame, or simply telling other people what to do and how to do it. They may also like the idea of any potential it might give them for feathering their own nest which a normal daily job of work could never achieve for them. So who knows why they do it – only themselves.

If in the course of all this the whole thing goes pear shaped and enough people truly get fed up with the way it is being done, or the unfairness, whatever, then they can and do riot and sling that mob out and start all over again with another system even if need be. And it happens – nearly every year somewhere on earth. No problem. Well, only short term ones for a while anyway. So, off with his head or give them the boot. It happens all the time and throughout all history. But nevertheless politics is not only important it is essential; for it is all about how we live work and play together, and structure our lives, actions, and human society here. Yup, we will allow everybody to carry guns and shoot who they like, or we will not. They are the decisions which you and I have to make – and a few million more besides. And nobody else is going to do it for us. And even life and the nature of reality does not dictate to us as to how all this must be done. But it is obvious as to why we have to do it – to make it work. IT is not going to work and hang together by magic or a long series of accidents; nor by wishes or simply hoping for it – only working for it and paying for it can make it work.

When it comes to actual daily politics I only have any direct experience of the system which I live in. Naturally one has read of others, but not first hand experience of living in them for any length of time. And neither is it for any man or any nation to tell others as to how they should do it. A society has to do it from the reference point of where the sum of the people in that society are at; and what their needs and wants are, and of course their collective moral and philosophic persuasions. Some of the tiny new states of what they like to call the ‘third world’ could no more organise themselves and their state in the same way as more advanced and much older nations do overnight; for it is impossible. It takes ages for a society to evolve and take this or that structured shape. And some idiots try to inflict democracy on to them. It cannot be done and does not work that way – it has to grow that way. One could not be a five year old child one day and a sixty year old matured person the next – it takes time, experience, trial and error; and much co-operation from all the parts. And of course it takes the will and motivation to do it. Try telling a bunch of kids to act like adults – it cannot work. And they see this around them every day – and turn a blind eye to it.

One should also point out the fact that the more organised and structured a society becomes then the less and less freedom of mere choice the individuals will have within it. It could not work any other way. So, a mature state is also a great compromise of individual wishes, likes and dislikes. One can never like everything about one's society and one can never detest everything about it. For if one did really detest everything about it then we would move to another place and not remain in it or a part of it. Or commit suicide maybe. So, if one stays in it then there must be some things about it which we like. However, the great cry in today's so called democracies is the cry FREEDOM. Freedom from what exactly? And how much freedom? And freedom to do what exactly? And why?

And how will they each use that freedom? Man, that is what the human condition is about at this level of evolution is it not – learning to use freedom of choice in our actions. There is no greater problem to be overcome in the whole of human existence and learning than that of learning how to use our freedom of choice in our actions whilst we are here. We sure will not need it when we are not here.

If it simply means the freedom to decide ones own nation states way of going about things and governing themselves, then fine; no problem. But if it means freedom for anybody to do what they like and when they like; then that cannot work in a structured and organised society. It would result in chaos. If, for some people, it means the freedom to dominate and exploit others – then where is the freedom for the others? And should an almost half way civilised world let other new small states operate that way without some kind of either intervention or boycott, whatever? Should society sit back and observe it within their own society; and should a collection of societies sit back and watch it happening in others? These are questions and events which we are confronted with in life here on a daily basis. So, what do we do? And why do we do what we do? And who decides what we do as a nation state?

As for myself it should be obvious in reading this book that in existing political terms I am a kind of socialist (sort of), but that does not mean anti private initiative; and I always have been since a very young kid – it had nothing to do with my parents I hasten to add. However, and the point being, that in this day and age the state in which I live does not have a socialist party to vote for – so there is nobody to vote for in my case anyway. And they would not vote for one even if there was. And I sure cannot condone any of the others. So, it amounts to a negative vote does it not. Until we change the system that is – or do away with voting anyway, and which would be better still. Make it compulsory – Just like life makes it compulsory for us to eat food and drink water. We have to make decisions in this world – like it or not; so have a go at it yourself for a while. But even more important is that we have to live with the decisions when done and put into effect.

Whilst voting exists then you cannot vote for something that does not exist to be voted for. And it seems that the great majority of people in this country endorse rampant international monopoly capitalism and the dog eat dog philosophy– and I don't; simple as that. But so be it if that is what the majority want. However, life in this neck of the woods is not bad enough to make me want to move out of it as yet – for where on earth is even better anyway? Nowhere that I know of as yet. Mind you, I did like Slovenia very much, and the people there – and oh so nice and clean too. But I doubt if they would want an old fart like me there; and I would never ever get my head around that language anyway alas. So, there one has it; and there is far more to it than simply up and moving away for the sake of it. And I like well enough most of the people just where I am. One should also stay and fight ones corner and get the job done – not run away and hide some place else or with ones head in the sand.

There was a time of course when political parties had a philosophy, an ideal; and people used to join them for that reason. But it is not that way now. As it is now parties do not even have a philosophy or ideal, they just seek answers to what the floating voters want and then make policies accordingly to get into power. So, any ideal goes out the window and simply does what the consensus of floating voters want – and that is not democracy either; for it is not the consensus of the nation state.

People will get fed up with all this in due course – when they realise that it does not and cannot work well. So, accordingly this form of democracy and government has to bow to the momentary whims of the common herd which is not even the common herd, and what they think the majority of that minority want – for that is the only way in to power these days. And they have all this information about you on computers which can probably tell them how many times you fart each day. If this is not a little big brother then nothing is. The matrix! Huh, tis real. And what will they do in the West when the capitalists gits and money barons have taken all the jobs to the East? World war twenty eight maybe?

What if the large majority want nothing more than cheap petrol, fast cars, and dead straight roads, and a brothel on every other street corner, and a noisy disco on the others and nothing to think about? Give em what they want or get thrown out in five years time ! Is this really sanity? Is it good practice? Is it wise? One hears them say, I will vote for any damned party that gives us old age pensioners another ten quid a week – and sod the rest of their policies and philosophy ! And this of course is all freedom and democracy. And they wonder why so many people do not even bother to vote. Life is short, and we cannot change it over night, so let the buggers get on with it whilst I try and enjoy my life – kind of thing. Democracy in action and in effect. Leastwise, this kind of so called democracy – driven by the love of ever increasing profit for a mere few who own the means of manufacture, production, and distribution of human effort.

But it could be a lot different – and probably will be one day in the dim and distant future; one hopes anyway. But it will not happen by accident or miracles, or wishing for it. And all this is why mystics generally take the bigger picture and simply not bother with this lot. So, maybe I am not even a conventional mystic even. Anyway, it was their name not mine. This is not a book about politics so I will not be going into what I would like to see or as to how I would do it even; and it would take a few books in its own right anyway; and I have no time or even the inclination for that; for there is something even more important right now. It is for people to get themselves right first. And when they get themselves right then politics will take care of itself, and it will be obvious as to what we have to do. The society is the sum of its parts, even though it is more than just the sum of its parts when in effective action and in one accord and in one direction.

Moreover, the way I would like it to be is so far out from anything which yet exists (or has ever existed here) that there is no point in even mentioning it – and the whole idea as yet would go down like a lead balloon in this world. For I would not give them what they want – indeed I would not give them anything at all (they would have to work and pay for it); but the elected members of that house of representatives would do what had to be done and as best that they saw it for both the short term fix and the long term effects. And there would be no political parties and no money on earth. So, as I say, far too way out for this time and place. And neither could even that small part of it come about over night – only small steps at a time – but with an end goal in view – and kept in view all the time.

I guess the irony is, that things will go this way quite naturally anyway, and over a long period of time and change – for people change. As I say, I do not talk about tomorrow or next year – but way off in the dim and distant future when humanity has

grow up a little more. Too many it seems take in the small picture, but mystics look at the bigger picture, and form afar as well as up close. And dare one say that this will indeed come about driven and motivated by the perennial wisdom which resides at all of their roots; and exists to be known and motivated by, now and always. And what has our spirit of being got to do with politics? Everything. When I am not here I will not need politics – but we do whilst here. Make a good job of it then. And who will you vote for? And why? Would you vote for a hard time today for a better world for tomorrow? I would. One could only wish that they all would. But so many of them are simply greedy and self interested; and that is it. Something out here is in need !

Democracy, as it is as yet, stinks. But alas, everything else up to this point stinks even worse. I know a few people around here who are going to vote for a certain party simply because they will allow them to dress up in silly cloths and chase foxes around whilst on horse back and blow little trumpets into the air, and block up all the roads and make a bloody nuisance of themselves, just so that they can take pleasure in a blood sport. When they try to justify this abhorrent and repulsive activity they say that the existing politics (the government) is interfering with peoples freedom and rights. The right to torment and terrorise living critters. They say this is a part of country life and their heritage, for they have always done it. Well, there was a time when human beings had always lived in caves – and before that always swung about up in the tree's. But they would not like it if we hunted and terrorised them until they either dropped dead or were ripped to pieces by dogs would they. Oh they are only animals they say. Well, are they any better then? One truly would like to give them a taste of what they dish out. And would they vote for that?

But time moves on and things change here, and people evolve; and so too do their desires, needs and wants. Some say that they will vote for this or that party because the government is letting some occupations go out of existence – perhaps like sending little boys up chimneys to clean them out. Jobs come and jobs go, and we move on and have to do other things. And so it is, nothing here in physical form lasts for ever – and much of which these days does not even last for the duration of our life span here – and we simply have to get used to that fact and move on with the changing times and prevailing circumstances. So go and learn about nano technology; for it is on the way in, and it will be a big deal on earth. And we cannot vote to bring back yesterday or last century; or the jobs and vocations of those times. Shall we make gates for castles maybe? Who the hell wants them !

Some people and their businesses operate within the laws of a nation, just about; and some operate well outside of them. Some of their activities are of minor importance and not particularly dangerous to society as a whole – mere nuisance value. But some operations are deadly dangerous – such as the fly tipping of toxic waste, to mention just but one. But there is a lot of money to be made by doing it. The firms have paid them to get rid of the rubbish and they do not care where it goes – so dump it in some farmers field down the road; and you will get rich in a few months. Chances are you will not even get caught doing it. And if you do then just pay a little fine on the spot. Easy money. Does not matter if everyone around gets ill and dies. Some governments ignore it whilst some make some token gesture to pacify those who do rightly come to make a noise about it and the dangers involved therein.

Wherever money is to be made you will find the scum bags fighting each other to get in on the act. And so it is. And how much better are the official businesses such as banks, insurance companies, chemical industries, you name it? In this day and age our wages are paid straight into a bank account; and we have no short term choice in the matter. And then, in most cases, they charge us to get our own money out of the bank into cash. They have the whole set-up tied up and water proof – or as they used to say, the system has got us by the short and curlies. And who really cares. And they cannot do much about it even they do care can they. Unless most of them cared of course, and did something about it. Like a good riot for a start perhaps.

Even on this very day which I write this bit, a woman has been put in jail for shooting a teenager in the foot with an air gun. She broke the law right enough. But for years her family and her neighbourhood has been terrified by gangs of idiot youths on drugs who have been vandalising the area and threatening people. So one day, after years of this, this young mother flipped her lid and took the law into her own hands for five minutes; and she had the guts to do it. And they locked her up in the pokey. The gangs of youths are still of course out there and at it; and nobody cares. Is that justice? Is that a sensible society? Is that what you want? Are you going to put up with it? If not then yell and make a noise NOW. What is the point in even having a half way, or fully civilised state, and all the shops and amenities but in which some folk are even to frightened to walk their own streets? It would be better to live in caves in ignorance than that. This place is not civilised, they know it and they do not care. And why are so many of the kids of today like they are? Does society care about them? An unwanted, uninterested, and uninspired mind will reap the wind of what society brings them up to be.

Ah, one could write a thousand books on all this stuff alone, and go on and on and on. But this book is not about politics, governments and the social order. And some folk who came to communicate with me over the years, and know full well what I am all about, have even seriously asked me as to what is a person like me doing having an interest in politics. Huh ! Maybe they are right and I am wrong. But one is what one is; and that is it for the time being. Maybe one day I can go and sit by the river bank and give none of all this a second thought – and maybe not. But that day is not here yet; and at this point I do care and have to think about it, passionately. Paradise can take care of itself – this place and human civilisation cannot – we have to do it now, and for as long as we exist here.

Just to mention one of today's little problems – the toxic time bomb, as mentioned – then when will it go off? It will not go off in one big bang like a volcano or a bomb, it will insidiously creep up on us day by day and moment by moment; and it has already started its journey. And as for all the real dangerous scum bags of this world, then what will they do when the world no longer uses money for exchange of labour? They might even get around to doing something useful. So, how many people in this so called freedom loving democracy are simply voting for their own personal vested little reasons and interests? What of society as a whole, and its sound economic basis, the availability of jobs, education, art, medication, health, food; all of it?

And what about what the vast consensus of that society really want to see done, and why, and how – for it is their call, not small isolated little interest groups here and there – but the whole vast she bang lot of it – and for the long term view. For that is

what democracy is supposed to be – a government of the people, by the people, for the people. And where does spirituality (or whatever you want to call it) fit in with all this? It cannot be segregated from it; for it is all a reflection and activity of what we are and where we are at. Religions in politics must go; but ones own spiritual being can be no more detached from the decisions of daily affairs in our life on earth than can love and passion be eliminated from the root of our being. Did not Plato all those years ago tell them about the dark cave, and calling the mere shadows on the cave wall ‘reality’. When will they ever learn. And did he not tell them to step outside of the little dark cave of the ego; and that there was more going on out there in light beyond the cave – the bigger picture? And when they see it they will me amazed. And when amazed they will be illuminated. And when illuminated they will then be fired up, inspired, and motivated. And so it is; and ever will be.

Even when I was a kid many things, if not most things, were made to last. But today things are made to be used for a few weeks and then thrown away – more waste and pollution. That way the manufacturers never go out of business – sell them crap so that they have to come and buy more crap next week. How many aspects of modern day life can you think of where no money corruption has crept into it? If you ever think of one then let me know, for it will be a first. They even corrupt human mystical/spiritual experience for a profit. At the beginning of this book I asked if we could ever get it right here; or if it is all way beyond redemption or repair. What do you think? Yay, or Nay? It sure does not look too hopeful at this point in time does it. Some see all this and commit suicide. Is it wise to try and talk them out of it? I am not really sure. But they sure cannot even help to put it right if they are not here; and that IS for sure. We may never get it good enough here; but we most certainly will not if we do not even try and work toward it.

Every town and city on earth, in every nation that is, was, or will be, contains the whole spectrum of all the types of human beings which exist at the moment on earth. There is no good or bad town, or good or bad nation, we are all the same. We all need the same things, and many even like the same kind of things, with a little variation thrown in here or there. And every nation on earth, and indeed even some towns, contain their own ‘personality’ as it were. So, amongst all this sameness there is also wide variety of cultures and dialect; and that too is good – and even a global village of the future would not alter that fact; and neither should it even try to. It is inevitable that one day, (if the world lasts long enough; and the air is still fit to breath) way off in the dim and distant future, the world will have only one over-all major governing body, and with some laws that apply in all nation states. But those nation states will still keep their own individuality and identity, and local rules – one hopes. And there is no reason to assume as to why not. For, in the final analysis, there is only the combined community of Mankind on earth.

But Mankind on earth will also have moved on by that time, and become aware of more than that which it is aware of at the moment; and their understanding and commitments to life will alter accordingly. And could anyone indeed stop it or prevent it even if they wanted to for some reason or other? No. The deepest spirit and essence of man (life itself) is indomitable, and will not be put down in the mire. The becoming process is as real and effective as is that of being itself. It is not just enough to be, it has to become what it can become, and is, in its essential nature of being.

And our politics of that time, and our societies on earth, will be a reflection of it, and as to how far we have reached in that journey of becoming the more that we are – in form, and in time, as it is in essence, and in eternity. And if not here, then elsewhere. If life can happen, then it can happen time and time again. And what is there to stop it doing so. This, is not all there is, has been, or will be. In the meantime you can I cannot know as to what is absolutely best to do in any given situation in social and political terms (and right for whom exactly, one has to ask). But we can feel and know as to what is wrong, not good enough, and holding that growth up. We do not have to know where a society is going in the long term (and we could not know that anyway) but we do know here and now some of the things which have to be made better here and now – and not simply pampering to wants; but real needs for the good of the consensus and those who play by the rules here. And those who do not play by the rules have that choice and make their own bed in so doing. And they will not like it that way for long.

As I have said, life, existing in that transcendent state of being, is easy for us, for we do not have to hold it all together and make it work – something else does; and I know not what exactly. But here on earth only we can hold a society together, and by caring about it and sharing in the work and responsibility. In the final analysis it is as simple and straight forward as that. But, would everyone agree with that here and now? Or even in the near future for that matter? I doubt it. But one thing is for sure – nothing else is going to do it for us. It is going to get much worse here before it even starts to get better. Wait and see; for they are sitting on their own time bomb; and of their own making – and sure enough it will go off. It is inevitable of one walks that road.

But it is a strange thing is it not; and they often say your vote counts (even in this kind of system) and that is true enough – if enough of them do it. But it is exactly the same as in that your wishes and desires also count in life. You can bet your sweet life that you are not the only one that wants a better world for kids to be born into; and are prepared to both work for it and pay for it – and most decent human beings do it seems. And are we not the stuff that dreams are made on? And are we not the stuff that has the power and will to do it and bring it forth? We are. And they always have been and always will be. For that is something which is innate in our being. If they want to believe it is merely in the genes, then fine, let them say it and think it; for it makes no difference to the outcome if they believe that and act on it. The mystics and gnostics know that it resides deeper than that in creation – but never mind, not to worry. For if they were but to follow that dream, and work for it – then it would work here on earth. And I for one am only concerned about the bit here on earth – the rest is not my job and not in my hands. But this bit is.

So, let us collectively do something about it. And there is no better starting place than here and now; today. And what is the point of a dream if you do not go for it. Dreams are not just for dreaming. Oh, they say, but that will never happen. It WILL happen if you want it bad enough, and make it happen. Who or what is going to stop it anyway? Nothing. Look at those guys who built pyramids with hardly anything but the toil and sweat of their muscles and backs. It did not matter how long the job took – getting it done was all that mattered.

Were they any better in those days than we are at working and getting a job done today? No way. They were made of the same stuff as we are. But today we know more and can do more. Why waste it. Why let an opportunity slip away. Why sit and do nothing when you can do something? You cannot do it when you are dead and gone. But life is with you now. Use it now. It might be there even after you are dead and gone from here – and it might not. But even if it is then you still cannot do anything about it here when you are not here. So do it now – for your children will still be here, and their children, and so on for we know not how long. And it does not even matter as to how long – it matters what you do here now, today; and for tomorrow. So, politics is a strange and complicated old game is it not. Priestcraft, although it still brainwashes some people, does not rule the political roost any more – big business does. But of course priestcraft was big business in those days, and that is all it was. It WAS the government. And true enough fundamentalism still creeps into politics in some nation states – even powerful ones. But by and large it is simply the money barons who call the tune these days and own the world.

But when this phase, and craze is over (if the physical globe lasts that long) who will call the shots next? Will there ever be a true democracy on earth in which every single vote counts and all elected members can speak the mind of those who voted them into power? It is often said that mystics will inherit the earth – but this is not quite what it seems, for they already have on the inside of their being and their relationship to the all. But I go even further,- will there ever be a world here in due course in which they feel at home in that sense of the word? Will they ever form a majority of people on this world? I cannot see into the future, but simply make guesses from what I see around me here and now and what I know of people. I think it will indeed happen one day – if it lasts long enough. But not yet.

But I would not hold my breath; and I think in terms of thousands of years hence. I am an optimist with streaks of short term pessimism I guess. But my optimism is more for life itself and not specifically with any one planet which it may crop up on. In the final analysis, as far as I am concerned anyway, it is more to do with incarnate life making the grade and becoming in form a reflection of what it is at its root. As to whether that will really happen here or not then that is in the hands of the sum of the people that live here, and nothing else. This globe could and might last for millions of years as yet. Then again some catastrophe could take it out next week. Then again humanity could simply kill it by its chosen activities. The only thing that we can be sure of however, and as I have said many times – if it does come right then it will be down to nothing else but humanity itself. Other than the simple fact that they have all they need to do the job already within them. But it is not compulsory to use it. That is their collective decision; and the effort or lack of which comes from that choice and action. So it is really strange is it not, for in simple terms in the final analysis it is all down to whether they care or not. Bit like the growth and wellbeing of their own children for that matter. In the meantime the mystics, as does life itself, can only say – here is the stuff my love – do with it what you will. That is freedom of choice. For the short time that it lasts that is.

* * *

Chapter 28

Other Extended Dimensions of Existence

This will be the shortest chapter on record simply because I do not know anything about the subject matter at all. Over the last twenty five years or so I have been asked many questions with regard to my views or thoughts on other dimensions, or external and objective dimensions of life forms or conscious existence. Everything which I have ever written about in books articles and poems has always been not only about us, the mind, its inward levels and dimensions; its relationship to the whole as revealed by way of mystical experience and particularly the gnosis event, but also about normal daily living here on earth as it is here up to now. And that is all I know a little bit about. Thus, normal daily consciousness and the inner dimensions of our own vortex of emanation and mind, as revealed by conscious existence and living life. And I know nothing of anything else – or tomorrow, or any possible further or future extend forms of life or even other possible dimensions of existence. I know nothing of them at all, and it does not matter to me one jot – for what comes comes. Or what does not come does not come. I am interested in this world, life on it, and what we can do about it today; and that is it as far as I am concerned. For anything else one had best go and discuss things with a.... with a what? A guy from the future or elsewhere I guess.

The reason they ask me this however, is because of that part of the Exegesis in which I mention the very brief episode in which I experienced what seemed to be some kind of more advanced life forms for a very short while. We all know well enough that if one reads the literature of, shall we call it modern day New Age thinking, then one comes across this kind of so called information about higher levels of life forms, beings, or aliens or whatever else they go on about. But none of this is my field of interest, knowledge or experience. And in all truth I am not even interested. If there are then there are and if there is not then there is not, and I do not know or care either way. And that is honest and straight forward enough.

I know well enough that other modes of life forms exist, for this world alone is full of them. I would be totally gobsmacked and utterly shocked to learn that there were not other manifestations of life forms out there in the universe somewhere, or sometime. It is incredibly unlikely that this little globe is, has been, and will be, the only place on which incarnate life can manifest. But then again we could never ever come to learn that this was in fact the only place that life can exist. For you cannot experience something that does not exist. All we could ever learn is either that we did find life out there or that we did not; and that is proof of nothing else beyond that. Mere speculation and imagination is not my ball game.

More often than not however, they will often say that they did not really mean that, as such, but rather higher modes, levels of existence. And the implication is, and some of them come right out with it, that they meant some kind of higher or more evolved spirits or souls that may not even exist in some incarnate form. And in this case then I am not even sure what they are getting at in all truth. If they mean some kind of being that has no self integrity, corporeal form, extant phenomenal and discrete existence, then I have no idea as to what they are talking about and find it all gibberish nonsense. Maybe they mean some kind of cognitive fog cloud or some such.

Let us first look at the question of other modes and manifestations of being and whatever is meant by their use of the term 'higher'. Let us for now forget all the other thousands of life forms on earth and simply use the term 'Cat' as one example. What is it like to be a cat, and what is cat consciousness like? What do they know and how do they experience existence? I have not got a clue to any of these things, for I have never been a cat to the best of my knowledge and memory – although I have known many cats, and I like them very much indeed – in fact they are my favourite critters, bar none. I have also said, and mean it, that to me at least, in my very limited experience of things, that domesticated cats seem to have the best deal that I have ever come across anywhere.

They get fed, pampered, spoiled something rotten, stroked; take up all the best spots in the house and garden, and around the fire when it is lit, and they live for up to fifteen to twenty years in our measurements of time on average – and I cannot envisage anything better on earth. And we ask and expect nothing of them. Wow, what a life! It is said that we are a higher life form than cats. But I am not sure what that is supposed to mean exactly other than we are taller than cats and stick up higher into the atmosphere. What does higher mean exactly? Do they mean more evolutionary evolved maybe? Do they mean that we are cleverer than cats? Do they mean that we have more potentials than cats? I am not sure what they do mean, and they do not seem to be too sure themselves when saying it. Do they mean that in some way we are better than cats? I do not know what they mean.

We truly are very different from cats however. Do cats have mystical and transcendent experience? Do they encounter that gnosis event? Obviously I do not know nor do I care – but I see no reason why they should not, for they are conscious living beings; and all life comes from the same place. I do not know in fact that they are conscious even, and I cannot prove it – but I would sure eat my hat if ever I found out that they were mechanical wind-up robots. So, who knows and who cares – other than cats. But as far as I am concerned they are living conscious life forms, just as I am. And invariably (not always) much nicer critters than us too. Met just a few real miserable and scum-bag cats, but not a lot. They had probably been treated bad.

But I doubt very much that they will ever invent or discover a way to land on Mars. And I do not think for one minute that they would be interested in doing so – or driving cars for that matter – although one did used to creep into the back of the car and come on driving lessons with me and a pupil on occasions. Likewise did it follow us when we went for walks. Strange cat indeed; and wonderful at that. But what goes on in its mind and consciousness? I have no idea. None of my business anyway. But it always purred and made a fuss of me when I came home – as all the others have also done.

So, are we better, or smarter, or higher or more evolved than cats? I have no idea and I do not give a damn. Observation would seem to suggest that we human beings might be more complex manifest life forms, and indeed with more potentials – but I do not know if it is true or not; and I do not care. But I am truly glad that they exist. Same too with the birds and all the rest of them weird things; frogs spiders and all. A world with just human beings on it would be rather grim would it not. Moreover, I do not see how it could work even.

But once again this is not really what they are on about is it. Many have asked me to talk about that part of the experience in which I experienced encountering what seemed to be other life forms for a very brief period of that journey. What were they and where were they etc? But in that Exegesis I mentioned everything I knew about it – and I know nothing more to this day. In fact, it is the only part of that experience which I never even actually think about – for there is no point. It taught me nothing, it revealed nothing, it has had no effect on me, and I am no wiser about it now than I was then. So, what is there to even think about?

It was experienced to be some kind of contact with the minds of many beings – not beings like us, but somehow it seemed that they knew far more than I did, and that they were nicer, wiser, and somehow far more evolved than myself in some mysterious way. And all I know is that I truly felt that I wanted to be with them, and like them. And I got the inner understanding that I could not be with them now or like them now – and that was it; and then it was gone. So, what was it? I do not know and I truly do not care. Was it in some way symbolic? It did not seem like it at the time. I knew at the time that the vision of the child (in the music made of light episode) was symbolic of something in some way – it represented something. But this other bit with these ‘beings’ experience was nothing like that – they sure seemed like real discrete extant beings which I was somehow tapping into the minds of. But I do not know if they were or not. And as I say, I do not care and I never give it a thought.

If it were the case that it was somehow symbolic of our own evolutionary potential, then why not just one of them? Why what seemed to be hundreds of them? If it were just some kind of deep Arkon Image emanation, then why has it never been resolved, implemented, potentiated, and understood, as have all the others? So, they then ask me as to what I believe it or they were. And I have to keep telling them that I do not hold beliefs about anything. If I know something then there is no need to believe it, and if I do not know something to be true then there is no point holding beliefs – no point at all – and if one did then they could well get in the way of things.

I know that I experienced that; and I know the experience was that they were discrete beings; that is and was the experience of it. I know too that it was inspirational. But beyond that experience of it, and its truth beyond my experience of it (in that they were some kind of real objective beings) then I do not know and do not care – and I cannot say it enough times or any more clearer than that. I do not know and I do not care – they are not my problem or concern. If ever I find myself among them then I will set out to learn about it all then, and only then. In the meantime I have this life and this existence, this world, and all these daily problems and joys to think about. Sufficient unto the dimension are problems thereof.

Coming back to cats and dogs etc, for a moment; then what is my extant conscious relationship with them all about? I have learned one hell of lot from cats and dogs; but I doubt if they have ever learned anything from me. They might, but I do not know and I doubt it. True, they must have learned that they can trust me – and they obviously do. They have brought a lot of fun and joy, and company into my life; and just a little worry and sadness at times – when they are ill and they die etc. But my animals have hardly ever been ill at all, and all lived for a long time; so that was good too. But apart from my feeding them, giving them a home, and making big fusses of them, and taking them for walks and playing with them, etc, then what could it be said that I have done for them – as they see it? Nothing can be said of it by me for I cannot know that – you would have to ask the critters; if you can.

But what of the experience of these other ‘beings’ then? What has that experience of ‘them’ done for me? Nothing. Nothing at all. I learned nothing, understand nothing, achieved nothing from the experience at all. All I know is that I might, or might not, have experienced some kind of beings that might or might not exist in their own right and objective and perhaps even more evolutionary advanced in some kind of way that I or we may or may not possibly rise or evolve to become like. And all that information could be written on a postage stamp and is as effective in my life as a small hill of baked beans – and not even hot and on toast. I am a pragmatist you see; and I doubt and question everything which I do not know. But I cannot even question them.

If ever I am made to know, then fine, and I will take it from there. In the meantime, cats, dogs, people, this world, and that transcendent aspect of myself (and the middle bits) play a part in my life – my daily life here on earth NOW. And that is all I am concerned with when it comes to beings and my BEING. Would I like to be with beings like that when I die? I have been asked that one too. I have no likes or dislikes about when I am dead or not here at the end of this life – none at all. If choice came into the matter then I would choose not to exist any more – but I am not that bothered about not existing either – because existing is good too. Would I want to exist in that transcendent realm in the ground of our being? No. For there is no point; and there is nothing to do there. And that is a fact – perhaps other than to get slung out of it again into another extended life somewhere. That IS the implication.

But that is what they are on about is it not – another extended discrete life of some kind. But once again I am not concerned one jot. But I would rather not if choice came on the scene. And that is hardly likely is it. And what is making this judgement here and now? Simply me, the personality – and that is not going to survive annihilation anyway. So, if ever I did have another extended life of some kind (and which is the implication of that gnosis) then I (the personality here and now) would know nothing of that one anyway. Neither would the new personality (in another life) know anything about me or this life – lucky IT ! I could well forget it all too and loose no sleep over that.

Reincarnation is implied in that paradise event and the gnosis which we have there. But that is not for me to worry about or even think about. However, some then go on to ask me as to how I feel about the possibility of not dying as such, but just me, this personality, continuing after this life on a ‘higher’ plane of being of some kind.

So I have to tell them that I do not fancy it at all thank you very much for the offer. No thanks! I want to forget this lot and this world, and humanity, and not cart it around with me for ever and ever amen. That would be bloody awful ta. Can you imagine what it would be like to exist for aeons, or millions of years, or for ever, and remembering it all? That truly would drive one mad. And imagine there being no possible way of ending it all. It does not even bare thinking about.

One does not need another life, to have known life and to have loved it and to have enjoyed most of it. One does not need another life to have known that transcendent state at the root of our being and this gnosis and the reciprocal convergence on earth – the paradise on earth event. One does not need another life to justify giving our all for and to this one. One does not need another life to care about this one. What the hell is the matter with them all !? If they know of another life and which is better than this one then let them bugger off into it – I am happy enough here right now; and with oh so much to do and to learn, and to take part in here and now – and sod anything else or any time else or any extended dimension else. Not my concern or interest thanks. So, then they finally quiz me on my assertion that one learns that one is never switched off, and that one cannot stay there, and that it implies reincarnation – so how do I square all that? The fact is that it is not my place to square it at all. I can only talk about what I know from experience and what conscious existence has revealed to me personally and thus far. I cannot talk about things which I do not know and have never experienced. And neither can anybody else. I have mentioned that this gnosis implies reincarnation simply because it does, and it is true of the experience; but that does not mean that I have to believe it or disbelieve it, or even care about it.

Moreover, I have never ever claimed to understand it all. And I have also said that I am interested ONLY in the facts of real effects here on earth NOW, and I have said that I am not interested in implications – and irrespective of where those implications came from and why. I can only digest what I have eaten – and I have never experienced another life – only the here and now. My personality never existed before this lifetime and I sure hope that it does not exist again after it. As for the other bit – the bit that one learns is not switched off – well – not my problem really is it, and I have no say in the matter (that I know of anyway). And if you got switched off (as in that annihilation) and never switched on again – then you would never know it would you; and you would sure have no problems to contend with. No existence equals no problems. True, it means no joys either. But then again how much does humanity create in the ways of real joys here? Not a lot. More tears than laughs.

As I have said many times, if I could live on physical world just like this one, but without memory of this one, and on which existed beings well in advance of this world, then fine; that would be good for a while. But the nature of reality does not comply to what I like – and one soon learns that well enough. But we learn that nothing is wasted, and it all gets recycled. Well, if I do too then one can simply keep ones figures crossed that the next one will be a little better and wiser than this one. But, if they want me to get mystical about it then I would say to them that irrespective of what happens to me – the personality (and I do not care anyway), that the real and enduring I will go on for ever; for I AM life, the resurrection, and the watcher at the gates of dawn. I AM that which is the first to be issued forth from the point of no duration and extension; and nothing comes before me, and nothing comes after me – and in the beginning I was there, like a child in awe and wonder of creation.

Mystics can and do talk from both parts of their being (synetic dialogue) and it is all true. But the non mystics think only of their personality, and their little ego, when using the terms 'I am me' or 'Self'. For they know no other as yet. But they truly do not understand these brain dead mystics do they. Ah, well they will have to wait until they are brain dead too, and then they will understand. For that is what the Mystical Gnosis is – the knowledge of SELF and the beginning and the end. But as for the middle bit, incarnation, and its temporal evolution and unfolding, then even the mystics do not know that. You can ONLY know NOW, and remember the past.

And so it is, ever was, and ever will be. And it is ONLY ever NOW, no matter where you exist. And they will come to understand that too. Past life, future life, is all irrelevant to I (I AM) for you can only ever live NOW and in the NOW – and no matter where that takes place. Memory is not living it; speculation and anticipation is not living it – living it now is living it. And you always exist NOW, and you are life – NOW, and it is always NOW. Consciousness does not exist yesterday or tomorrow; it exists NOW. Try it without memory, and you will KNOW. And neither does consciousness age or grow old; it is eternal and evergreen; and it is not from the physical world. You can never consciously exist yesterday or tomorrow. So, when I tell them that they will not be existing tomorrow, then – well, then I have really lost them it seems; and they have lost the thread and the plot. Tis fun though; and true.

But when it comes to other kinds of beings, or being, which are said to be more evolved and knowledgeable and wiser than we are, then I would first say to them – KNOW YOUR SELF. But if they mean other extended life forms out there in space or way off in some other dimension maybe, or in the future, then that is their problem, not mine; and I know nothing of it or them. And if they say that they know these beings then ask them as to what they learned from them which is useful to us here and now? You'll be lucky; and that'll be the day. Gnosis is not from here, but it is for the here and now. Nothing could be more useful and pragmatic here and now. From Eternity, for this purpose. And so it is, and ever was, and ever will be. Do not judge it before you know it. And that applies to anything else as well does it not. I have met a few who claim that reincarnation is an absolute experiential fact; and that they do not believe it but rather that they know it. But they are kidding only themselves – for when I question them they have not even known annihilation and the resurrection of consciousness as yet – and to say nothing of cosmic amnesia. An experience of reincarnation is not reincarnation and they are still living this life here and now.

Suffice then for me to say that the gnosis event includes the implication of reincarnation in some form or another. But this is not a continuity of personal consciousness, but rather a re-birth of it – a coming back again. But there is no implication (or otherwise) of a personal continuity of this person in this life – the personality or ego. But, as I say, implications (even from there) are not my concern whilst I am here. And after all is said and done, I can only live one bloody life at a time. And that is more than enough to cope with; and I sure do not want to remember any others – plus it might take the cutting edge off this one.

* * *

Chapter 29

The Gnostic Church

There have probably always, or for thousands of years at least, existed small gatherings of people (a church or gathering by any other name) who had this inner mystical unitary experience which in the West has been called Gnosis – the experience of the deepest mystical knowledge of SELF and the all. Hence the Mystical Gnosis. Until recently these have been secret gatherings or organisations for obvious reasons – continued existence here. But for the last half century, since the discovery of certain ancient texts (and by virtue of it), many thousands, if not millions now, claim to adhere to Gnosis and that Gnostic philosophy which comes by virtue of it; and the collective name for it has become ‘Gnosticism’. Fine, no problem with that as such. But once again, and by virtue of mass communication, the old band-wagon syndrome kicks in. “Oh that sounds good, I think I will be one of them, and maybe even take charge of it all kind of thing”. And so alas such things often go. Or have done hitherto anyway. But it does not have to be this way.

However, there are now many gatherings of people springing up all over the world which go by the name of Gnostic Churches it seems – and just as any religion invariably does. Indeed, if ever I were interested in such a thing then I would call it ‘The Church of the Mystical Reunion’. Why so? Simply because it is straight to the point and eliminates any ambiguity of stuff which it is not about. And of course Gnosis is that which the experience itself brings. And the effects of which (as I keep reiterating) are more important than anything which we decide to call it as a mere handle. However, that is all academic as far as I am personally concerned, for my temple is creation itself, and all the ‘company’ which I want or need is simply living it and with it. I do not need, or even want, to be with other such people – although it is good to know that they exist. But I guess that I am an odd-ball and loner anyway.

I have read the websites and literature of some of these churches which call themselves ‘gnostic churches’, and as yet, with one exception (maybe two), these folk are not talking about the phenomenon of gnosis at all. Likewise, as it does with all things, aspects of Christianity have even jumped on the bandwagon, stolen it, and call themselves followers of the gnostic Jesus (he was no gnostic – and assuming that such a person ever even existed – which I doubt very much. If he did then he was way off beam and lost in a self erected delusion of grandeur and importance). They claim that a gnostic is a person who believes salvation from the shadows of this vile world can only come about by following this guy and his so called words of wisdom. The stuff which they write therein not only has nothing to do with gnosis and its effects, but in most cases is a complete contradiction and fabrication of the truth of it. I truly weep for the folk that join them.

But nevertheless many people do want, or feel a need, to be with folk of the same kind, or at least similar to what they are in outlook and understanding – and maybe in even what they merely decide to believe in collectively. But I certainly cannot speak for them – and they can do that well enough for themselves anyway; as is plain enough. I think I may have mentioned herein somewhere that I was once asked to become a Bishop in a Gnostic Church (can you imagine it – I cannot – I would probably baptise them with real ale and a cigar). This church was set up and registered in the USA but was operating somewhere in the Caribbean if I remember rightly. It was being run and organised by two very nice people at its helm (I came to know the Lady better), who certainly struck me as being recipients of this mystical gnosis. They certainly seemed to be saying all the right things anyway. However, it is not my scene for I am a loner and always have been and will be, so it did not interest me enough to give it a second thought even.

However, and even long before that (and before email even) I had heard about a Gnostic Church in Palo Alto in California which seemed to be saying all the right things. It was via a four hour TV documentary program which was called ‘The Gnostics’ – and extremely interesting it was too. This particular Gnostic Sanctuary was being run by a Lady Bishop by the name of Rosamonde Miller; and who had also been featured in the TV documentary. And when I heard her talking I just somehow knew that she knew what she was talking about – by first hand personal experience. Being somewhat taken a-back by watching this young lady talking so openly about these things, and even setting up her own Church I thought I would drop her a line of congratulations and good luck. But there was never any reply and I probably got the address wrong even, or it simply failed to get delivered. And I never gave it another thought for years. Many years later I was talking to a guy on the internet and I just made mention of this Lady and her church somewhere in California. He replied that not only did he know her but was also partly responsible for her ordination. Well, tis a small world is it not. So, he kindly gave me her email address and I dropped her a line, and we got talking, as one does. Tis a pity that one cannot get an accent on emails, for that half Spanish half English (with a bit of French) accent always turns me on – tis like music to my ears – like Flamenco music indeed.

However, and be all that as it is and was, my point here is that although many of the folk that belong to these Gnostic churches (certainly not all of them obviously) are not recipients of this mystical gnosis event - I guess they simply feel a deep gut empathy with it all; and why not indeed, for they are made of the stuff. However, this particular Lady and her Church is nevertheless saying virtually all the identical things which are experienced, learned and understood in that mystical reunion event which we call the mystical gnosis. Or, from Neurology’s point of view they are coming out in favour of the brain dead mystics of this world – he says smiling. Hence, this is the only one I have found which is talking the truth of this transcendent mystical gnosis event. Hence, I would recommend it to folk who seek such a gathering for this purpose. The internet web address of this Gnostic Sanctuary in Palo Alto California is....

<http://www.gnosticsanctuary.org> and I would certainly recommend folk to read it. Also thereon is a FAQ which I have permission to re-print here, and take great pleasure in doing so; so here it is.....

*

FAQ - Gnosticism

These most frequently asked questions have been taken from actual e-mails received. I hope that these answers will cover your own questions about our Gnostic Sanctuary. If you have any other questions not addressed in this website, please send us an e-mail. Due to the volume of requests, we are unable to answer personally or engage in any debates on the subject; however your questions will be taken into consideration the next time we update this page.

What does "Tau" Mean? Is that a part of your name?

What do the crosses before some of the names mean?

How is Gnosticism practiced in your Sanctuary?

Are you affiliated with any other Gnostic church or group?

Is the god of the Old Testament a false god?

Is the Bible the word of God?

Who is "The Unknown God"?

What is your position on gays and lesbians being ordained?

Good and evil in Gnosticism vs. the Abrahamic religions

Do Gnostics believe that the world is evil?

Can I have an example from another system?

Is Gnosticism deviant from Christianity?

Is Gnosis an intellectual pursuit?

At what time did the idea of Gnosticism emerge?

Can you make a reference between Gnosticism and the traditions of the Bible?

What is Wild Gnosis?

Who is Sophia? A female deity?

How would you describe the Eucharist service?

Are animals permitted to the services?

Do you give a homily at sometime during the Eucharist?

How do you attract a congregation?

How does the Sanctuary support itself financially?

Q. What does "Tau" mean? Is that part of your name?

A. "Tau" is a traditional title given to Gnostic bishops.

Q. What do the crosses before some of the names mean?(✝)

A. A cross before a name means the person is a bishop. A cross after a name means the person is a priest.

Q. I have read your website and I find some different Gnostic groups have differed from one another in the early centuries. Can you tell me in a few words how Gnosticism is practiced in your Sanctuary?

A. In our Sanctuary there is no doctrine, no dogma, and no belief system. Ours is a mystical approach that has existed for centuries at the core of most major religions, even though that core is usually considered heretical. It is also found outside the confines of religion. Words fail to grasp the meaning of gnosis, so we use myth, stories, poetry, meditation and other resources as means to connect with the Ultimate Reality within us. When we bring that touch of the eternal back into ordinary consciousness, it usually translates (at least for a time) into serenity, love, tolerance, compassion, and joy to name a few outcomes of the experience.

Q. Are you affiliated with any other Gnostic church or group?

A. No, we are not affiliated with any other Gnostic or non-Gnostic church or group; however, we maintain friendly, warm hearted relationships with a number of other churches.

Q. I have read that early Gnostics rejected the God of the Old Testament and said that He was a false God.

A. In my view, it is clear that it was not God as Supreme Being that the Gnostics rejected, but the statements and stories that people wrote about God. They also rejected as false the worship and obedience of a portrayal created by human beings. Human beings, being flawed, projected a mixture of all their self-hatred as well as their loftiest aspirations even to a being they called God.

Q. Do you believe that the Bible is the word of God? How about the Gnostic Gospels?

A. No and No. They were written by men.

Q. Who is the "Unknown God"?

A. It is impossible to know Divinity by description, Divinity is Unknown until Divinity is experienced. The experience and the description are two distinct and separate things. Even in a genuine experience, the description can never match the experience. Furthermore, we explain our experience through the religious framework with which we are familiar.

Q. What is your position on gays and lesbians being ordained?

A. What is your position on human beings being ordained? What I mean is that sexual orientation is irrelevant to us.

Q. I'm interested in the dogmas and theologies of the religions of the "God of Abraham" (Christianity, Judaism, and Islam) some aspects of Gnosticism are left missing in my mind. First of all, all of the religions of the God of Abraham have a Devil: whether it be Satan or Iblis, and concern his fall from Grace and their role as tempters of humankind. Nowhere have I found mention of such an entity of good and evil in Gnosticism. I see no analogy in Gnosticism that follows these lines quite as much as Orthodox Christianity (by Orthodox I mean Christianities like Catholic and Protestants and Eastern Orthodox).

A. You write that all the Abrahamic religions have a devil and that you find no mention of such an entity in Gnosticism. You are correct. Depending on what you mean by dualism, many Gnostics—such as ourselves—are not dualistic, contrary to the insidious label that continues to stick to them like gum on the sole of a shoe. For the Gnostic everything is interrelated and part of a whole that eventually will be restored to the totality or Fullness. This is very similar to the great Kabbalist Isaac Luria's story of the sparks of Divinity lost in outer darkness that must one day return to their source. Another Jewish luminary, the Baal-Shem-Tov, who founded the Hasidic movement circa 1750, further pursued this story. You can find resonance to the above with the vow of the Bodhisattva, the most important pledge in Zen Buddhism, "Living creatures are countless. I promise to redeem them all." For the Gnostic, there is no eternal damnation, but all will eventually be redeemed. This is the Great Work of the Gnostics.

Q. What does it mean that the world is evil?

A. This phrase, rather than referring to the natural disasters, physical pain and death we find in the natural world, more aptly describes the view of the world and the concepts we humans have created by our ignorant desire to oppress and control. Thus we create heartless mechanistic philosophies that treat sentient beings as if they were inanimate objects; commit acts and create laws that restrict and objectify other sentient beings, all in search of an illusory idea of safety and survival. We find ways to justify our ends of obtaining greater dominion and control by maintaining our psyches in fear and convincing ourselves that our actions are righteous and that they justify the means we use. We deceive ourselves and indulge in revenge by calling it justice.

The Gnostics called these tendencies in the personal and the larger arena of the community and the world "Archons." For the evil deeds in the world the Gnostics do not use the word sin. We see a great tragedy unfolding, with ignorant humanity inflicting this tragedy upon each other and upon all of nature.

Q. Can you give me an example from another system?

A. "God saw that Babel was, for Hirsch and for Naftali Yehuda Tzvi Berlin, the first totalitarianism the first imperialism, the first attempt at fundamentalism. How am I defining fundamentalism here? I would say it is an attempt to impose a single truth on a plural world." This is a statement from a different system of metaphors, made by Orthodox Chief Rabbi of Great Britain, R. Jonathan Sacks, speaking of Babel, in an address to the Carnegie Council on Ethics and International Affairs in May 2003, in conjunction with his newly published book, "The Dignity of Difference: How to Avoid the Clash of Civilizations" (Continuum, London-New York, ISBN 0826468500).

Q. Where did all the conclusions that make up Gnosticism come from? I have noticed that they do not follow the traditions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, all of them having a dogma. Though I find Gnosticism to have much merit in its philosophies, it seems so deviant in its "mythology" from regular Christianity, I just wonder at what point did these ideas form and split?

A. There is indeed a lack of dogma in Gnosticism and that is because Gnosis is mystical or experiential rather than the product of a linear sequence of thought. Such mystical experience is not derivative of any other philosophy, although on occasion Gnostics may have used the frame of reference of already existing myths and stories. You are also correct when you say that Gnosticism "seems deviant in its mythology from regular Christianity." The Gnostics had a unique system of names and myths, as well sometimes using a combination of the different pagan and Jewish myths of the time. Each ancient religion today was modern at one time, when they first came up with their own names and stories. In popular myths today, we can see a reworking of one or more early stories, such as UFOs, Harry Potter, The Terminator, or the Matrix, among others. What the Gnostics wrote were metaphorical ways of expressing the universal mystical experience which, when genuine, crosses the boundaries of tradition and dogma. Their search came from being confronted with sorrow, injustice, and the brutality of the world in which they lived. Much like the experience of the young prince that discovered old age, disease, death, and sorrow and went searching for understanding and became Buddha, the enlightened one.

Q. I read in a the December 22, 2003 edition of Time Magazine that Gnosticism needs much time for intellectual study and you are saying something different. What do you have to say about that?

A. Gnosticism is better understood through art, music, and poetry and not through intellectual pursuit, as stated in the Time magazine article. It is better understood in terms of Buddhism than of Christianity. I find that one of the simplest, truest ways of describing the experience of Gnosis is found in the lines of the Tao Te Ching, "The Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao." Just substitute "Gnosis" instead of "Tao". In this instance the terms can be interchangeable.

Q. How then can I understand Gnosticism, when I don't have a frame of reference in other religions?

A. Read my answer above. I'll elaborate by recommending that you read the poetry of the Sufi poets Rumi and Hafiz. I particularly like Daniel Ladinsky's translations of Hafiz. They all point to the union of the soul and God, or what Gnostics call the Bridal Chamber. Perhaps one of the best, if not the best, poem about experiencing gnosis is I Entered Where I Did Not Know, by St. John of the Cross, translated by Willis Barnstone, editor of The Gnostic Bible. Having read the original poem often since early childhood, I can say that this is, without question, the best translation I have ever come across.

Q. At what point did these ideas form and split? It just seems so probable and improbable at the same time.

A. These ideas have always been and will always be, under many names and illustrated by different stories. Some of the greatest exponents of gnosis that ever existed never even heard of Gnosticism.

Q. I appreciate and understand a little of Gnosticism, but I am a Christian and someone who carries the traditions of the Holy Bible. So please, if you could, make a reference to that?

A. There is much that is Gnostic in the Christian Scriptures. There is Jesus on the cross, praying for his enemies and those that crucified him, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." For the Gnostic, evil springs from ignorance. If we truly knew, the compassion and empathy in our hearts would prevent us from causing harm. Jesus also said, "Do not judge so you won't be judged." "Love your enemies, bless those who curse you." When the self-righteous wants to proclaim their piety in public, Jesus said, "When you fast do not look gloomy like the hypocrites: they make their faces unsightly so that other people may see that they are fasting. I tell you this, they have their reward already. But when you fast, anoint your head and wash your face, so that men may not see that you are fasting, but only your Father who is in the secret place; and your Father who sees what is secret will give you your reward."

Another instance, "This is my commandment: love one another, as I have loved you." When the experience of gnosis is upon you, you can do no other but love. I often call gnosis the presence or gift of the Holy Spirit. When the ego is at rest, when thought is silent and time is still, the Divine Presence dwells in you, eternity present, NOW. Jesus also said, "Before Abraham was, I am." Author Matthew Scull wrote, "He who is unaware of his ignorance will only be misled by his knowledge." We need to know what we don't know and know how to ask the appropriate questions, not get sidetracked by red herrings that divert us from the central issue.

Q. I have read that you coined the term Wild Gnosis. How would you briefly describe it?

A. Wild Gnosis is the experience of Gnosis left without explanation or description. As if it were a natural animal seen but allowed to continue free, in its original state, never caged and never named. Never creating a concept of the experience or clothing it with the robes of any religion, but allowing this experience to make a home within us where it can continue visiting and interiorly rearranging us with its Presence.

Q. Who is Sophia? A female deity?

A. Sophia is not a deity, but an aspect of the Divine Presence or Being (We don't often use the over-defined term "God"). She can be associated with Chokmah, the highest Sephiroth attainable in the Tree of Life. Her name means wisdom. I mostly associate her with the Shekinah, The Indwelling Presence. In the Kabbalah and other mystical works of medieval times, the Shekinah is often treated as the consort of God who can only be reunited with God through human fulfillment of the Great Work or Restoration.

Her benevolence embraces even the lowest creature. We see the Divine Presence in the face of all creation, but Being is neither male nor female. From Being proceeds all that is. In the Sophianic aspect there exists no judgment, so there can be no sexism, racism, or any of the other "isms" that people use to separate others from themselves. There is no homophobia, xenophobia or any of the other ignorant, chaotic ills that perpetuate fear and violence within self and others.

Q. How would you describe your Eucharist service?

A. The ritual of the Eucharist outwardly represents our internal saga of separation and reunion. It dramatizes the feminine principle of Divinity, her descent and imprisonment into matter, and her liberation and redemption as well as that of all the sparks lost in darkness. It is her voice, which is also our own, that from the depths of ignorance and alienation manages to reach the Most High God, creating a bridge across the stars that moves within us, permitting the Divine Bridegroom to extend his healing touch and turn our blindness into sight.

While mainly based on the Gnostic mythology of the holy Sophia, it is liberally imbued with the Lurianic myth, with my own experiences, and with material derived from the Holy Order of Miriam of Magdala—all reminiscent of the Vow of the Bodhisattva, where the Bodhisattva vows not to return to Nirvana until all existence has been liberated.

The ritual includes both masculine and feminine aspects of Being. We have our own music written and composed to fit our ritual. Consecration and communion are the lifting of the veils that conceal Divinity, the revealing of the Bride and Bridegroom, face to face, and sealed by the bridge to the Most High. No one is excluded from Communion, regardless of their background or belief system. We have had visitors of different backgrounds, including Buddhist, Catholic, Jewish, Muslim, Agnostics and even Atheists. For us God is to be experienced, not defined or conceptualized into a belief system. We are a small sanctuary that holds maximum 36 to 40 people. Sometimes it is full beyond standing capacity; sometimes there are less than twenty people present. The ritual has to be experienced in order to see what it is about.

Q. Are animals permitted to the services?

A. We are an inter-species congregation; so don't be surprised to find a couple of dogs and cats present. They are either very well behaved or bored with the whole thing.

Q. Do you give a homily at sometime during the service?

A. We give a 20 to 30 minute talk before the Eucharist service. These talks are prepared as a keynote for the day and are also prepared as classes for our students to the priesthood as well as for all present. The statements made in the talks are not positions necessarily taken by the speakers or by the Sanctuary and are not to be accepted or rejected. They are made to provide different points of reference so that the hearers may step outside the confines of their own concepts. They are designed to jump-start the mind from a complacent state of comfortable concepts. Often, if even for just a moment, identity, time and self with all its criticism and judgment may become very still. In that silence we may hear the gentle, but insistent voice of the Indwelling Presence speaking through each individual heart.

Q. How do you attract a congregation?

A. People hear about us in a number of ways: word of mouth, articles that have been written about us, mentions in books, the internet, a couple of documentaries and sometimes even through the phone book. We do not proselytize. Our Sanctuary was created to serve as a "shelter for travelers," to use metaphoric language. Some remain indefinitely to keep and tend it, others come when they need it to continue on their journey. That's why we have no membership, beliefs or dogmas. Another metaphor I can use is the oasis, where one can come and refresh oneself while traversing the desert—others remain as Keepers of the Sanctuary to be of service to other travelers.

We have only the minimum essential structure to function as an ordered whole. For us spirituality or religion is something that can only be experienced, not believed in, as belief would be just another name for opinion.

Q. How does the Sanctuary support itself financially?

A. The Sanctuary is supported exclusively by voluntary donations, although no basket for money is passed during the service. There is a small basket by the door where people may feel free to leave a donation if they so desire. Currently we need to move from our present location, home to the Gnostic Sanctuary for almost thirty years and are hoping to find a building that we can purchase. There is a building fund to which contributions are gratefully accepted.

3437 Alma, #23 in Palo Alto, CA 94306

phone: (650) 494-7412 fax: (650) 854-0355 info@gnosticsanctuary.org

*

Who Are We.

This is a group of people with a sense of humor. Life is too serious for us to take ourselves seriously. We enjoy life and all it has to offer. We rejoice in the discoveries of science: the decoding of the DNA, the functioning of the brain, the wresting of the mysteries within the heart of the atom itself, the new physics, modern technology, and the computer age. We rejoice in poetry, music, and dance. We rejoice in nature.

We also remain aware of the past and its traditions. We do not follow the traditions themselves, nor do they bind us. Rather we acknowledge them as part of our cultural past and as a source from which much of our present civilization springs forth.

The same applies to all scriptures. The Hebrew Bible, the Gnostic Gospels, the Christian and Apocryphal Gospels, the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita—we use them and others from more recent sources. We never take them literally. We do not consider any of them to be "the word of God" or a final authority. We do not see them as "God's laws," but as men's laws. They are many voices with varying degrees of consciousness expressing, with whatever they could, their vision of the universe and its source. Each the voice of its culture and times. Each colored by its political and social condition—often tainted with fear and the effort to demonize enemies or to justify actions and the establishment of new beliefs. Each a cry for hope. All longing for God. Much in them is of great beauty and wisdom. We recognize and acknowledge the value of these ancient mythologies.

By mythology, we mean something that while not necessarily factual, is nevertheless true. They point not to one time and event in history but to the ever-recurrent realities of the soul. As we discover more about evolution and the universe, new meanings arise. The old mysteries, as they unravel, eternally disclose new ones to be unveiled. Therefore we can hold no beliefs—only hypotheses; open to be discarded or changed at all times.

We acknowledge and celebrate ritual—so deeply ingrained within our own primitive natures. Since primitive times and against all rationality we continue to search for the Unknown and Unknowable within and beyond perceived reality, the Great Mystery beyond birth and death. The rituals that we celebrate in our Sanctuary, with their flow of poetry, music and rich metaphor often lead us beyond ordinary reality. When consciously celebrating their mystery, a paean of joy often bursts from our souls that connects us to the root and totality of our beings—as well as with that which has been, is, and is yet to come.

We are not dualists and do not follow any one school of Gnostic "thought," ancient or modern, such as Valentinian, Basilidian or Marcionite, among others. We today, as did our early Gnostic ancestors, maintain our freedom to inquire and explore all levels of existence, unfettered by the consensus beliefs of our society and times. We do not follow "Gnostic doctrines," the term amounting to an oxymoron, any more than any other belief handed down through the centuries. Gnosis is a matter of experience, not belief. Gnostics are a paradox. We do not embrace beliefs or form concepts, but are deeply committed to that which moves us. We hesitate to call it God because of all the dogma and theology the word implies. That Which Is defies explanations. We hold ourselves open for that Supreme Mystery to manifest in all its life and splendor in each blinding, eternal moment. This is not a goal—something to reach and obtain, like a degree—so that we may call ourselves "enlightened." We strive to be intensely aware at all times, free from conditioning and expectations, for Gnosis cannot be coerced, only invited, so it may move and dwell in us.

We reject all prejudices. We stand for the dignity of all sentient beings and their freedom to choose and inquire deeply within; to question all formulas; to explore without assumptions or taking anything for granted. We stand for our right to find our

way out from all conditioning; to make our own choices and decisions, be them of faith, of lifestyle or of anything pertaining to us as individuals. We stand for our right to face life without fear and to look at the unknown with courage and joy. These Gnostics are not pessimistic, but see life as a great adventure.

© 2000, Rosamonde Miller

*

Email (May 2005).....

Dear Rosamonde,

OK there, fine, I would love to use some of your stuff, (one does not seem to come to find many genuine recipients of gnosis alas) and I will make it the penultimate chapter, and call it 'The Gnostic Church'. And I will indeed use your name as you wish it to be. Oh, by the way, I will have to watch it again but I feel sure that they called you Rosa in that TV program – and I thought what a gorgeous name, so it kind of stuck :-) Anyway yes, please feel free to make a link to my website – we want people reading about this gnosis event in order to at least make them think – and indeed give them something other to think about do we not. That is why I do it. Even in this day and age it could never be said to be fun doing it – but it sure is important to do it.

Yes, I have often THOUGHT about going to the USA and California (and I have oh so many email friends there) – indeed I seem to have more friends in the USA than here in Britain :-) But then again I am not the sort to go looking for friends anyway – and all the best ones just happen naturally (like gnosis eh). But there is no way that I will ever have either the time or cash – been too busy working and living (and bringing up five kids – and writing) for simply sight seeing different places on earth – plus the fact that I love this place (Exmoor – 200 million years old you know) so much that one day spent away from it is a day wasted as far as I am concerned :-) Oh yes, except for the mystical transcendent trip that is :-) And what does one need after that trip eh :-) But having said all that, if ever I win about £15,000,000 on the lottery then I might think about it again. Oh, and you could have your new building too :-)

There is one question I would love to find the answer to, and you are in a position to actually know this – I wonder if you could find out for me. It is this....

It is plainly obvious that since the discovery of certain texts over the last fifty years that many people have moved over to gnosticism (for it keeps popping up anyway, and naturally enough). But there must be many people now who belong to a Gnostic Church (no problem with that) who are not recipients of this gnosis event – the experience itself. Now my question is – why then do they join a gnostic church? There are none that I know of over here to even ask. Presumably, and even if they do not know it, they must feel some deep subconscious affinity with it (for it is inside everybody anyway) – but I want to hear it either first hand, or from somebody close to them – like you are. Have you ever asked any of them as to why they do so? I know I am a bit of a nosey so and so, and I ask questions that most people would not :-) But there you go; that is me.

Everyone that belongs to a Gnostic church, or claims to go along with Gnosticism at least, do not all have this gnosis; and I know that well enough from thousands of email discussions over the last seven years. And yet when asked they say that they are Gnostics, not merely believers of it. So, I could do with some help on this question if ever you get the chance or inclination.

Anyway, much love, many thanks, and sincere best wishes – and they will not get rid of the Gnostics this time – and that is for sure :-))) For that which is within is coming out – and fast. As it is below, in the ground of all being, so too will it become in our top side daily conscious awareness – the unfolding of the implicate order of all things brought forth – and we will all know our SELF (in essence), and that which is not our SELF. And one fine day they will not need religions and beliefs, for they will know, and they will live it and be it. And the duality (which consciousness itself sets up) is ONLY a duality (a dance) in the fullness of the ALL. Hence, not an alienating duality, but a unifying one. And as you say at the end of your emails 'sin' or 'evil' (stupidity) are merely actions based on ignorance - and probably the fear of feeling alone - and which they could never be anyway.

Regards, Dick.

.....

Dear Dick,

You are correct, they called me Rosa in that first documentary. It was cringing at the nick-name that drove me to revert to my full name. In the documentary that came out in the nineties, where I had ninety minutes with June Singer and Elaine Pagels, I had already taken steps to reclaim my name. That one was made by IKON television in the Netherlands and it was called Passions of the Soul. We are in the last part of the documentary.

I agree that some people who describe themselves as "Gnostic" rarely have had any true gnostic breakthrough. They mostly use words and intellect—often to impress others, but succeed only in impressing themselves. They tend to get lost in all that ponderous mythology and trying to prove why their system is more enlightened than others. Same old, same old. They are not *gnostics*, according to what that means to you and me. I can mostly speak of what those that come to this Gnostic Sanctuary say, and I will try my best to explain it.

If we define gnosis as a direct experience, and gnostic as someone that experiences gnosis, most people aren't really gnostic. They can't even imagine what that means unless they have experienced it. Still, they use the term because when they look at the Gnostic gospels they see a different frame work from what is familiar. They recognize a more experiential thing and, even if they haven't experienced it, they recognize something more real, they recognize what their hearts are waiting for, what is already there but that they don't know how to open up to. Most haven't experienced it in a discernible manner, and yet they come. Why? Because they find something different from what they are familiar with. When visitors come to the Sanctuary, for whatever reason, many cry without knowing why. They tell me later "It spoke to me," "I felt like coming home."

Most say, "I don't even remember what you said and what the words used in the ritual were, but it spoke to my soul." An Atheist said, "It spoke to a soul I didn't know I had." Many also apologize in embarrassment later on, saying, "I never cry, but I couldn't stop when I was there." I feel that some pathways become open. Maybe it happens when the words, the readings, and the rituals are said by one who is living in that gnosis at the moment of speaking and doing those things.

Most so called Gnostics leave disappointed when I'm not willing to engage in debate. I only discuss their systems with them when they truly want to know, when they are asking because they know, at some level, how full of clutter they are, mentally and psychologically. Some need at first someone else to encourage them to keep looking, to step out of their rigid assumptions. To seek, but not in the habitual manner and with the usual expectations dictated by the consensus reality or belief systems of the world. So I mostly tell them what is not, and perhaps open a way for the true experience. What gnosis is, they have to find out by themselves; but it is easier when they know what is not. Ultimately, it doesn't matter what they call themselves as long as they are open to it.

In summation, I was told by June Singer, and I agree, that my role is rather as a "mole" or secret agent of transformation within the world of religion, or like a powerful antibody in the bloodstream of the world in order to heal or facilitate a radical revolution within the psyche and consensus of the world. I have attached a poem by St. John of the Cross who, naturally, got in trouble with the Catholic authorities in his time. He writes with great simplicity and clarity of the experience of gnosis, even though he may have never heard that word.

With warmest regards,
Rosamonde

*

So there you have it. The only one which I have personally found which is telling it as it is known to be by experience. Almost a twin or clone of myself it seems – what a coincidence indeed. Since meeting this Lady I have occasionally added her name (email address) to some of my articles or simply long emails which were sent out to many people all in one go – as one does. She acknowledged receipt of these mails whilst stating that there was nothing she could add or subtract from what I had said on this or that topic; and likewise is there nothing which I can add too or subtract from the above. There is of course much more of other peoples books, articles, poems, letters, emails, that one could use in a book such as this. But they can speak for themselves well enough, and there is much of it to read these days if one searches it out – and this book is long enough as it is; and albeit that one could say so much more – and forever. And thus it is that people who have never met each other, never even heard of each other (or Gnosis or Gnosticism for that matter) are all saying the identical things, and have been doing so since at least the beginning of the written word; and I would suggest since human beings lived in caves and were even developing languages and metaphors with which to communicate the things we find around us and within us. And these people got none of this from books.

Just as I myself after the poems escaped and was asked to write about it all in simple prose was told that I was writing and talking about the most profound experience known to man and that some call it Gnosis – I did not know that at the time. And to be quite honest I did not care much either – for each of us can only talk and write about what we know. And we can only KNOW anything from personal experience and the mystery of the flow of consciousness through our being. Anything else is either hearsay, inference, deduction, theory, speculation, hypothesis, guesswork, or simply that which people choose to believe – and for whatever good and effective living result any of that is. We exist in ignorance until living experience lightens that darkness – and we grow and become by virtue of it – and nothing else.

There is nothing wrong with ignorance, for it is all a part of the divine and mysterious nature of reality – and so too with knowledge and understanding which flows through us eventually; and does what it does. But acceptance of what we are and where we are each at is the Dignity of Man Incarnate; and long may it live and be so – for it is good. Hence the name of the edition of this book which preceded this one – Psychognosis and the Dignity of Man. And needless to say that when others come to find the same, identical things, and with the same effects, and virtually the same identical philosophies about living our lives here – then you, the reader, can judge for yourself as to whether they are all suffering from rapid brain deterioration (and wrong), or otherwise. And if some wish to belong to a church or gathering of like minded people, and they interfere with nobody, then I for one would live and die for their right to do so; and these Gnostic gatherings dictate nothing to anybody. That is the way to go.

It is plain enough that many, if indeed not most people, either simply want to, or perhaps feel a need, to join groups of like minded people in this or that thing, field or activity; and many millions do of course; all kinds of clubs and gatherings. And if this thing happens to be - and whatever one wants to call it – spirituality, the metaphysical nature of our being, or ‘religion’, then it is often called a church. Joining groups of like minded people has never interested me personally, perhaps with the exception of chess, for you needed other people to play the game in those days; and even that was only for a few years. But I always personally found it to be more worthwhile to be with folk who were different from oneself; for in doing so there is something to talk about and debate. Mystics and gnostic do not have much to say to each other really – and perhaps this is also why they just mess around and have a laugh – for they know the same things anyway.

But with gatherings such as these, or churches, then if such people who truly were interested in the truth of human mystical experience, and felt a need for being with others of that ilk; and in particular this gnosis event, then they truly would be better off going to such places as the above mentioned. As to how many genuine gnostics would put themselves up for running or organising such a meeting place or gathering, then I have no idea – but I have met just a few who do – then good for them. And as the Lady rightly said, when these things are being spoken of by somebody who knows it (by experience) then something a little different from the norm happens. I cannot put my finger on it or put a word to it, but she is right, there is some kind of ‘magic’ which takes place; an empathy and feeling; and even more at times. People seem to recognise a truth, to feel it, regarding these things at least, even when they do not actually consciously know it. Well, it makes sense to me anyway.

People have even told me the same when I have simply been talking to them of it face to face, and even in letters and emails at times too, strange as that might seem; and many times at that (and including the tears - even by email). But if it does work on some (and I know it does) then nothing of it is wasted after all; and the time is well spent. I too have known them cry whilst listening to it or reading it, as I said – what a coincidence indeed! True, I have many times also known the opposite effect too – and rank abuse (even death threats) but that is because I am of the Hawk variety, not the Dove type. But then again that was only in the cases of mere snippets of information, for they did not listen like some of these other folk did. And I guess some of such folk are simply not into hearing or listening to anything at all anyway – we all meet them do we not. But I guess that would not happen in a church, for they have in fact gone there to listen have they not. That was one of the advantages of being a driving instructor – for everyone came because of one thing; they wanted to pass the driving test and also to learn how to stay alive whilst driving, and enjoying it at the same time – and I could not only sell them that but I was good at doing it too. Pity that I cannot do the same with this gnosis too :-) But there is only one way to know it – living the event itself.

I will now have to close this book with the next chapter, and with my own conclusions thus far. But as I say one could talk for ever and about oh so many things in the nature of being. The things mentioned here merely scratch the surface of all the things that one could indeed mention, and talk of in some depth. So, to say that one has to be selective in such a volume as this is the greatest understatement of all time. One could indeed go on for ever. But I have, I feel, covered the most important aspects of it at least, and some of it in some depth – and in my own inimitable useless way - and briefly touched upon other pertinent aspects which relate to it also; and also a few things which interest me personally; plus a little fun and humour I hope. Indeed one could write a couple books on psychic experiences alone; or politics, or whatever. But writing does not interest me for itself, and I am no writer anyway.

I do this, and about this topic, simply because I have to; and want to; for it is important. For I can never sit and simply contemplate in memory of that divine and wondrous gnosis event, and all that it reveals, and its effects, whilst without thinking about what religious political priestcraft has not only done to so many psychics and gnostics over the years, but also as to how they have mangled the minds of so many millions of people, and children, and for so long; and to say nothing of wars, hatred and alienation of man from man – and alienation of course from these other things. Maybe some gnostics/mystics can shunt this aside, and forget about it. But I cannot – not whilst I can remember that they have done it at least; and feel that pain. For as I have said, my interest is in this world, and the people and life on it. And this of course predominantly brings forth the Hawk in me, as opposed to the Dove – and I guess the world certainly needs both kinds at the same time, at this point on earth anyway. But one day the Hawks will not be needed here; and that will be a good day. Maybe in a few thousand years that day may come on this world. I feel sure that it will come; and people like me will not be needed. But not yet.

*

Within and Inward.

Before closing this book I had best mention something which should be a clear enough concept; but might not be for some. Hence I will say a few lines on it. It does not require a chapter of its own so I will attach it to this penultimate chapter; and which, in a way, is quite fitting also, especially by virtue of what has been said above – and not by me; but as true as it comes.

Every genuine mystic/gnostic that has ever existed (and those that decided to talk or write about these things obviously) have all said, and suggested, that people must search within themselves for this ‘seed’ of eternal wisdom; and rightly so, for that is where it is. I have however said that it is not ‘in’ us, but rather inwards (through the soul and psyche) and out the other side of inwards. But obviously inwards leads to it and is somehow connected to it – and do not sparks jump gaps.

Now, let us first say that this seed would work whether it was IN us or outside of us so long as it could be got at and known whilst alive on earth. So, in that sense it would not matter a damn where it was – up, down, in out, or whatever; so long as it worked. However, and there is a big but. If this seed existed in time then it would go the way of all things in time – extinction. Our psyche (the system of our dynamics – the Double Vortex of Emanation) runs far deeper than initial assumption might like to assume; hence it is very deep in both space and time. But nonetheless the psyche is still a phenomenon of space and time – it does not exist in the ground of being; and albeit that it goes below the level of physical space and time. But that is still not the womb of eternity; home.

So, for those who might like to think in terms of this seed being perhaps one cell in the human brain, or a collection of cells, whatever; then of course it would still work. In that sense one would have to think of it as a kind of ‘photo copy’ of the real thing which DOES exist in eternity (paradise). So, that would mean that the transcendent paradise which the mystics talk about by experience (even the genuine half baked mystics) was not really transcendent at all (in the deeper sense – although still experienced to be) but located in the head, or in the toe, or wherever in the physical body; so long as consciousness could get at it. But I have to smile when saying that photo copy machines are not made in paradise – they do not last long enough for a start.

But, if one has access to the real thing then why bother with a copy of it? Or, if one experiences a copy of this seed then why not hit the real thing anyway? And could even a copy of such a thing be made, and work? It would be like making paradise twice. The nature of reality does not go about things in the same way that we do here. Moreover, anything constructed in time or space can go wrong – and we all know that well enough. Look as to how some kids and animals turn out. The genes do not always knit well do they; nor the brain cells it seems. If you wanted to plant something to endure and be safe eternally then where would you hide it? In time and space or beyond?

Like others I have said herein that the mind of man is tied to the cross of time and eternity; but not tied to a copy of it in the brain. Imagine a bullet flying through paradise eh :-) Oh dear oh dear, we do have fun do we not. Here am I (or you) floating around in paradise when we suddenly realise – watch out chum there is bloody missile heading our way. I do not recall any mystics ever saying that they were shot whilst in paradise. Oops, there goes by baby, plastered all over the kitchen wall and in the soup; splat ! Don't drink it son.

However, if paradise were in the brain as a collection of cells, and not even a copy if it – but the only thing. Then it would rot in time. True enough, it would be there all the time that brains existed and were working; but it would be a con would it not. Leastwise the experience would not be a con and the effects would still be what the effects are; so that would not change anything. But the implications which it carries would, or might be a con and a lie. Naturally, you and I cannot prove any of these things either way – we cannot even prove that the experience exists to be experienced; and nor the effects which it has. But nevertheless ultimately it would still be a con and not revealing the truth of things.

Personally I have said that the implications do not bother me anyway, so it would not make any difference to me if that were the case. But it would to many people, and to truth itself. And what if those cells got cancer or rotted whilst alive? One can only talk of these things as they are experienced and as to what they reveal and what it implies (which we learn there). Thus it is you see that the genuine mystics who say it as it is, that paradise is inwards, also offers gist to mill of materialists who then say – there you go you see, it is all stuff of the brain and an hallucination. For they know nothing about the truth of inwards and within anyway. But the mystics have to tell it as it IS – whether it gives gist to mill of materialists or not. For that is how it is. One could of course say (to counter this), oh no, it is all up there and out well beyond outer space where human beings cannot get to – so therefore it lasts. But that would be a lie; for it IS inwards and down there – but also where tools cannot get at it – except the stuff that comes from there in the first place of course.

But given that you and I cannot prove any of these things anyway, and that only life itself can prove it to you, then there is little point in saying anything else on this issue. Just wait and see. And keep in mind that during most of the journey home you can still remember this world and this life – memory is the last thing to go and along with the personality – and time. Thus, during most of that journey home you WILL remember what you have heard about these things.

Unfortunately I had heard nothing – but never mind eh, for you find out anyway. But that is partly why the mystics write and talk of these things, for it can take the fear away. But that is not only why they talk and write of it all – for they want the job done here on earth too; and a better place for life to come into here; so they try to inspire people and to get them looking and feeling for themselves. Nothing is for nothing. This book will cost you nothing for it will be free on the internet – but living life itself will cost you something – in fact it will wear you out and kill you. But never mind eh; tis all in a good cause – and for a good effect.

But as they have all said, and as the good Lady above also said, that when people hear about these things (usually from the mystics themselves) some of them at least own up to feeling something there that they were not sure about; something which they did not realise was there at all. And I have known many say the same to me too. But they sure could not feel something if they were not connected to it could they; or did not exist in there to be felt. And if it were all up there and out beyond outer space then they sure would not feel it would they.

So, all this stuff is not only hidden away quite well but it is still accessible to the mind (not the body, the eyes and the hand and their tools). But that which is esoteric is also axiomatic. And the irony is that it is also later seen to be exoteric and out there in the world itself as well. But you will not go home that way. For outwards is the back of inwards – ah, but I am not going into that one.

The real question of course, from the mystics point of view anyway, is not really as to where paradise is and as to whether we go there, and if it is real; for they know that well enough. The real question for them is as to whether we really do ever come out of it – and as to just how REAL the actual physical world and temporality is. I have met a couple of what seemed like genuine mystics (but rather new ones I have to add) who thought that this world and time and space was an illusion – not really real; albeit a real experience. I can sure see why new mystics might think that. I wondered about it myself over forty years ago, and for a short while. But not for very long. For true enough we ‘could’ be in that mode of existence all the time while having our conscious experienced changed to experience a physical world and all that goes on here. And truly would the effect and result be the same anyway.

I am not going into why I state that this world is real (albeit transitory) for that would take up even more chapters, and that too cannot even be proved. So there is no point, and we all know the world well enough anyway. But suffice to simply say that there is enough energy for all this stuff and all the layers of emanation which exist or needs to exist. And the nature of reality does not waste energy on creation or copies of paradise and eternity. Or models of a physical world which does not really exist. The thing itself, in fact, is easier than an illusion of it, in fiction. Let alone a mass illusion.

But, as I have also said before, there are those who seem to love to think of some things as being real and some things (which maybe they do not like the idea of too much) as being an illusion. If somebody is unfortunate enough to have just had their child or spouse raped and murdered, then who is going to be insane enough to look them in the physical eye, and hold their physical hand, and tell them not to worry for it is only an illusion !? Not me chum; not me. The child or person is gone, and they will not be coming back. And that ain’t an illusion. That is real. And up with it we will not put will we. Well, I hope not anyway. This world is no more of an illusion than paradise is, and paradise is no more of an illusion than this world is. And in existence we play the hand which we are dealt. And no matter what it is made of or how. Paradise is inwards, the world is outwards; and rain is wet. And I am tired and going to bed to sleep, to forget the lot of it for a few hours.

* * *

Chapter 30

Beyond Utopia, And In Conclusion.

Imagine a physical world such as we have here except that it was Utopia; perfect in so far as one could imagine incarnate perfection to be. A world in which we each lived for as long as we liked. With no illness, no problems, nothing which we did not like. A world in which everybody owned their own house and private garden of their choice, and in which there was no money needed, no violence, no problems, no hassles, no crime. Let us say that the food and drink of your choice grew on tree's or was churned out by robots to satiate any need or desire as and when. A world in which everybody knew and agreed on all the facts of life and reality and they all wanted the same social structure as then existed; and there was never any argument or disagreement. A world in which we did not age beyond that of adult maturity, and there was never any sickness. Add to all this anything which you can imagine incarnate perfection to be; and that it could even last for ever if you wanted it to.

The question then becomes... What would you do? For this would be a world in which there was nothing to strive for, nothing to aim for, nothing to work or fight for, nothing to compete for. What would we then do? Some young folk would answer that they would simply enjoy it for ever. But they are, as I said, young people. It would certainly be good for a while would it not; maybe a long while – but what then? What comes beyond Utopia? For a world which really was an incarnate perfection, a Utopia, for as long as one wanted it, would be the end of becoming. It would be BEING but without BECOMING. There would be nothing to become, for it would have arrived – job done.

Strange really, for that is exactly what the transcendent mystical paradise is – perfect being but without any becoming, without any change, without anything to want or need – utter perfection. But that of course is not an incarnate world as is this place. As I rightly say, it is the beginning and the end – but no the middle (the incarnate bit in time and space). This is truly worth thinking about is it not. So, to ask as to what you would do in a perfect physical incarnate world (for ever) is a good and serious question.

Many a time I have openly stated that I do not want to spend 'for ever' in that transcendent mode of being – for there is nothing to do. True, it could never get boring there, for there is no thinking; no conscious being as we know it in this world in space and time. However, in a perfect physical world as described above we would indeed get bored eventually – too much of a good thing and nothing to do beyond incarnate perfection. I have stated (albeit that some or most might not agree) that the most important thing in life on earth is inspiration and motivation; and that without it life is not worth living. Some might argue that love is the most important thing; but I would argue that love is the catalyst for inspiration and motivation and not an end in itself.

Love is directed to something; to do something; to achieve something. To be just in a state of permanent love but which goes nowhere, does nothing, not directed toward something – is not enough. And is that not why we do not and cannot stay in the paradise of eternity? Imagine that we were in that place yet whilst having a choice and the power to think? We truly would, eventually, decide to bugger off out of it. And yet that is done for us ! Why? Keep in mind that this is not an hypothesis, for that realm truly does exist to be known and existed in – fact. It is not a figment of a deteriorated brain or psychological sickness – it is real.

Observation might suggest that some people live simply to eat, or to show off, or to own all the money on earth, or to keep being the winner of this or that, or to be the big boss or world dictator or president, or to be the best looking and fittest human being on earth – it is all kids stuff. But in all truth, deep down, nobody lives for those reasons. They live to do something and BECOME something. They live for a dream, a goal, and inspiration. But, suppose everybody got exactly what they wanted, desired, and needed; and that they could have it for ever. What then? What comes beyond the Consummatum Incarnate? What would you like to come beyond it? Or could you truly live in that reality for ever and ever and ever, amen? Are you sure, and beyond any shadow of doubt? For forever is a long time.

Whether you accept it or not just simply imagine for a while that the physical universe was the cosmological product and means to become in form as to what creation is in essence – from essence into incarnate form. Then what when it was achieved? What then? Imagine if you like that YOU were a personalised thinking mind behind all this project – what would you do when it was done, on earth, as it is in paradise? What then?

What would I do? Oh dear oh dear oh dear, that is a hard one is it not. What would I do? And why would I do it? Suppose that choice and that potential truly was inflicted upon one? What would I do? I guess, I would let that incarnate perfection last for a while – a few thousand earth years maybe. And then I would scrap it and start all over again, all over from scratch – and maybe see if it could all be achieved a little quicker next time around. But, I would also take all that wisdom and past learning into account and put it all into a safe place – an Arcanum of Wisdom; an ark buried deep where it would be safe beyond time. And when I created little life forms to go and achieve this all over again I would plant a seed of this Arcanum of wisdom, drive, inspiration and motivation, deep within all these little beings, in order that it could all be done again. And with that seed within them then I would know that they could not fail in this task – for it is not an option. And I would know that the journey is more important than the destination – for it is good to be, and it is good to strive to become. And there is nothing else to live for; nothing else to do; nothing else to want for; nothing else to love. Time and again my love, time and again.

But if you were in that position then what would you do; and why? Ah, but you are not are you :-) Something a little wiser is. In the meantime why not play at religions and argue about all the thousands of them that have ever existed; and as to how right you are and how wrong everybody else is. That will keep the pot boiling whilst I sleep. But in the meantime, sssshhhh, it is a secret. Let us call it a mystery religion shall we ;-)

In Conclusion

Little did I know that when I sat down for a few minutes in that old cottage in Pilton Street, Barnstaple, all those years ago, that the next three hours would not only change my life for ever, but also come to dominate it and bring people to my door for years to come. Little did I know that the worlds greatest physicist would come asking questions and wanting to hear it all and demanding that it was all put into simple prose and made available for people to read – and along with many others. Little did I know that what I came to write about it would prevent some folk from killing themselves, and give many others inspiration and hope. And how little did I know about anything at all when I sat down at that moment. And in a moment our life can be changed for ever. And we never know as to what is going to happen in the next ten seconds of our life here; and any time yet to come. How mysterious it all is to be sure. Once started I could go on for ever, as I said in the beginning; and on many topics. But I must close this volume, here and now. But I have no idea as to how to do it. It will just have to flow as it does, and come what may. I suppose one could therefore begin with the obvious in saying that Evolution equals Revelation equals Revolution equals Evolution. And where does it all end incarnate, in time and space ?

So, we are confronted with the question as to if there exists a great eternal love and a transcendent order, and which reveals the purpose of life and all existence. Does such a thing exist? Well, it exists to be known, experienced, existed within, loved; and it not only motivates one for the rest of their existence here but also changes one. So, from our experiential point of reference the answer is categorically yes. How true is any of it independent of human experience of it? The question to me at least is irrelevant, for my concern is with the here and now and this world – not others. So, implications are no big deal from my point of reference, and I long for no more than I have already had in this lifetime; and whatever else comes, if anything, then it comes, and if not, then so be it. But, that it can be known and experienced whilst alive here and now, then where is it? Does it matter! Where is anything!?! But it is known to be within, and at the base of all things. What can we do about it or for it? Not a lot. All we can do is to try and become, on earth, a living incarnate reflection of the part of ourselves which exists within it; and as revealed by inward vision. What does it demand? Nothing. What does it ask? Nothing. What does it need? Well, seemingly to become in time and form as to what it is, and what being is all about, in essence; as found in that silent song of the celebration of life and existence in the chorus of that choir invisible.

What does anyone care? I do not know, for I can only speak and feel things for myself. But I am in wonder and awe of what exists and what has been done. As to what will be done in due course, then I do not know and cannot say. But I marvel at as to what has been done already , and as to what exists now. And how is it all done; and how does it all hang together? I have no knowledge as to how it all works; but it just is and it does; and that is an experiential fact. Should one make a symbolic mythology about all this? No, for it is not necessary, and it is potentially dangerous to do so. Just tell it as you know it and live it to be.

And what of those who have not known it? Well, they can listen if they have a mind to; or not; whichever. But hearsay of these things, is all that it is; hearsay. Nobody can digest a meal which they have not eaten. But hearsay, is at best like a bell that rings; and at best it can be food for thought and contemplation. Words, like music and poems, can even be known to cause an inner stirring of our deeper dynamics. But, irrespective of all that, what can we each do to try and pay back something for something which came free? Only our best as we see it and feel it; for there is no written book that you and I can read to learn that, and understand it – and there never will be. Life and existence is its own book; and living it day by day is turning the pages.

In an ideal world thanks could only be given, as I have said, by oceans of joy and mountains of laughter on earth. To sing and smile through life, and to live it, is to pay it back, and give thanks for it. To try and feel an empathy with all things and all being, and to assist if and where assistance is needed, is all we can do; and that would be enough. But, unfortunately or otherwise, the poor old brain deficient mystics come to feel everybody's pain and suffering; not just their own – the negative side of sensitivity. So, there are swings and roundabouts; perks and pitfalls. And, as I have also pointed out, (most folk know it anyway) is that in the final analysis, life, existence, is not about seeing it, hearing it, smelling it, tasting it and touching it; it is about feeling it. And what is humanity without the power to feel? All weeping and all joy is found therein; and so too is life and existence.

And how much we each cram into one short lifetime here indeed. And each day is a new page of the becoming process. And each morning is a new dawn, and a new start for anything if we so use it that way – a mini resurrection of the flow of consciousness from oblivion – as it is below, so too is it above. As I look back from the hindsight of over forty years ago it is as though one has lived two or three lifetimes in one go. How do we do so much in one lifetime? It seems impossible from hindsight. Hindsight concertina's the years and decades into mere moments, and fleeting flashes of memory; and yet the living of each day at the time seems long enough. 'Tis very strange as to how time seems to speed up as one gets older; and not enough time in each day to do all that one has to do, let alone all that one would like to do. 'Tis also strange that when we have truly done something, no matter how much we liked it, or were interested in it previously, then once done and put behind us, we could not go back and do it all again. Much like some of the jobs we do in life, or vocations. Once done, and we move on to new pastures; there is no going back; nor even the desire to.

Imagine what it would be like to live one unbroken life – for ever. We would reach a stage where our only desire would be to be able to end our life and forget the lot of it. Young people will not be able to understand this; and rightly so; for this life is all in front of them as yet. Life is clever is it not. And what would be even far worse of course would be if one were to live forever and whilst being the only one doing it. Imagine if you never aged and grew old. Imagine what it would be like if your appearance was that of thirty year old for the next million years. But as you grew on the inside by way of experience then your inside would not be that of a thirty year old. I think that would be a kind of hell to live with. All the people coming and going, all your children and their great grandchildren coming and going. And the world changing a little every year. And you were stuck with it. That would be torture unendurable. Death is a blessing; and cosmic amnesia is a necessity; life has got it

right. And fools turn around and say as to how horrible it is that once young fit intelligent, strong and healthy people become old and frail and begin to fall apart at the seams. No, it is not horrible, it is good; and as it should be. A human lifetime is long enough for a human lifetime; and the mind needs its rest, tranquillity, and the restitution of repose – and it seems, its renewal. Ah, life is clever and mysterious is it not. Leaving this world is as natural as coming in to it is; and all a part of the all. True it would perhaps be nice to live here for a hundred years if one could keep well enough, active enough, interested enough, motivated enough; and providing we were all doing it together.

But on looking around this world as it is here and now there seems to be little real love of life anyway, and no real quality of life for most people on earth as yet. It may be fun for the few thousand or so who do not have to scrimp and scarp for their next meal, or wonder where some small gift is going to come from to give to their child at Christmas. But these few thousand or so do not know what it is to live the life of the many millions who prop their world up for them – and at their own expense. No, it is not the amount of time one has in life, it is the quality of it which counts. Ten good years is better than a hundred miserable ones; and pain is not a celebration of life. And most of that pain here is caused by human beings greed and fear. Truly does fear reside at the base of most human problems.

And the way the world is today then why bother to even think about trying to stretch it out for a few more years when the quality of most lives on earth are at a rank minimum; and so many even starving for the lack of a daily loaf of bread and a cup of clean water to drink. This world is very sick; and many seem to ignore that fact today – somebody else's job you see. So sick that it does not even notice its sickness; or prefers to turn a blind eye to it. They say that the insane do not even realise their insanity. Well, that seems to be true for sure. It has often occurred to me that if I were sixteen again and know what I know now then I would never have had the heart to help bring five children into this world such as it is now. Why bring a child into an insane world? No answer to that is there. Hence another benefit of the bliss of ignorance. And maybe, because of human volition, evolutions takes two steps forward, and then one step backward each few steps of the way.

But then again, if we did not have children then there would be no people on this earth to fly the flag of this world, and to come to make it a little better place to be; and to become. And I had never thought about it until I wrote that last line – the flag of this world. Now there is a thought. The world has hundreds of flags, and most of them do not get on with each other. But if the world had only one flag; the flag of humanity on earth... ah well, a dream for dreaming on with a fag and a pint of beer. And are we not the stuff that dreams are made on? And what would that flag look like? I would hope to see it as a plain sky blue background with a white bird on it; its wings up and almost enfolding its own compass. Yes, that would be the flag indeed. The flag of humanity on earth. Will we ever arrive? I do not know; I can only hope that they do.

But I know well enough that they could if they could but find their true inner and deepest self, and live in accord and harmony with its likeness on earth. For then it would be a certainty and a forgone conclusion and culmination. And when the flag went down on this little globe, which it will do one day, then at least they could say that it did come to fly on it whilst it lasted, and before it went.

And even if you can envisage nothing else then we owe it to the earth itself. A little globe in which the life there could become a divine incarnate wonder to behold. I will dream on that. For it beats dreaming on any alternative to it. And there is no acceptable alternative to it.

In the meantime we can each have many little goals for ourselves in one lifetime here; for there is so much of interest, and need, to do. But the top one of which should be the same one for all; and that being that no matter what it is we each do with our life, is that it can be said that the world is a little better place because you existed in it. There could be no better epitaph for any person; and indeed for humanity itself. And that, is what I personally hold above all other things as an imperative – the Dignity of Man: and imminent, just as it is found to be transcendent. Hence, Let us make man in our eternal image is my war cry; and goal; and hope. And from whence does it come?

But what can a man do when there is not even any bread to put in his mouth? And by virtue of it what would come out of his mouth from his heart? And to what can they aspire whilst starving and alone? Only for death itself, to relieve them of it. A slave has nothing to lose but his shackles. If a million are wealthy and ten million are suffering because of it – and the globe itself is suffering because of their wealth, then truly should there be an uprising of the spirit to overcome this corruption of being. Better that everyone should have two loaves than a few to have a hundred and some to have none. The world belongs to no man and no nation; it is for feeding them all with the sustenance and inspiration which it contains.

If the million claim that they have earned their privilege and worked hard for it, one simply has to point out that they did so on the backs and blood and sweat, and the exploitation of others. And it is so, from the beginning of humanity it was so. Every empire has been built on the tears of others. Little islands floating on oceans of blood and tears. But man can become more than this. For it is not written that that which was done in the past has to be done again in the future; for we have volition and aspirations. Do not wait for the genes to put the world right; for they will never do it. But you can do it; and the genes may follow where you lead the way. Did not some little critter crawl up out of the sea and grope its way around on the land? And if it had not then empires would never have existed on earth. Think about it. And think also that if that little incarnate life form could do that, then what more power do you have now. And give thought to that part of your deepest self in its original mode of being (and irrespective of where you believe that it is; for it is what it is anyway); and give thought also to the incomprehensible wonder which brought it about. Give thought to it all. For there is more than just you that is involved here you know.

In the nature of the way of being there is something which is greater than ourselves. I do not believe that, or assume it, I know it. But I do not know what it is exactly, or where it is exactly, or how it is exactly, or why it is what it is. So I am ignorant. I cannot attain to the perfection which even I can imagine. So I am imperfect. There is so much that I do not know and do not understand. So I am ignorant also, and KNOW it. But so what, for it leaves much room for improvement all round, and that gives me something to do and to work on. To be perfect would be a dead end; but one can try to become a little more than one is at any point. And why exist if we do not try. I have however, learned just a few things in this lifetime. One of them is that creation and being is worthwhile; and also that it is a wondrous mystery and profundity par excellence. So it is fortunate

for me that I have always loved mystery; and thus I have not been disappointed. Indeed my cup of being has run over the brim with the stuff and continues to do so even now. And would that it did for all here. And as far as I am concerned then it must come to be so for all – not just a few. For a world in which not all people are equal is not a world for me – or the spirit of being itself. But they like to believe that it is not of their doing.

There is a part of me which would love to come back to this world again, for there is so much to see, to know and to be done yet - and I have not had enough of its beauty yet, and I don't think that I ever could. I would like to sit again on the cliff-tops overlooking the sea with the wind and rain pounding against my skin. I want to walk the quiet hills and the valleys once more, and to sit under a tree in the sheltered combs whilst listening to the song of the impatient streams and the skylarks dancing on the air. I want to sup that pint of best ale when hot and thirsty and to smell bacon and eggs sizzling in the pan; and to dream dreams. I would like to experience again the joy of showing young children new things, and also laughing with them. For these are the important things in life. They are the real wealth.

But there is another part of me which does not want to come here again: the part that has seen enough tears and suffering on earth for ten lifetimes, or indeed forever. I do not think I could face that again; to go through it all again. But I would not know it would I, for I would not remember them. But if the world at such time was less conducive to tears and more favourable to the spirit of the thing then that would be grand - and only you can make that better world for children to come into; only you, by your own volition, caring and work. I would not ask the creative principle for that, I would ask you for it; for it is in your hands alone. You have dominion over this world; and YOU are its caretaker, nurse, and lover. And above all other miracles, you, we, have the freedom to think and make decisions; and then endeavour to put them into active effect; and that is power. And what other critter on earth has such power – none. Therefore the responsibility is YOURS. Be aware of that fact; and be worthy of the privilege; and be up to the challenge.

There is one institution which I think we should always keep on this world, and that is Christmas, (perhaps best change the name however – to Yuletide, or Remembrance), or the mid-winter festival of the return of the light; the celebration of the return of the light, rebirth, renewal and growth. Those few days when work is put aside and the family gathers together to play games and tell stories: to give each other a few silly little presents and make each other laugh whilst in the deepest depths of the darkness and winters gloom. But at the same time, to give thought to the spirit of being, of paradise, and of the eternal light; and resurrection event. But above all - of love itself. Sing in celebration of that light and rebirth - sing that little 'Silent Night' song, and to my words not the old ones, for they are fitting; and the others are meaningless.

Sing it with passion and meaning; feel it, know it, become it, until you weep and your voice chokes up with passion: and then you will understand prior to knowing. Music and song is the celebration of life, and the giving back you see. One song from the heart, just like a tear of joy, can say more than all the words in all the dictionaries in all the worlds in the universe. Remember that life is for the feeling of it, not the talking of it, but the living of it and being it. And that IS how you celebrate it, and give thanks - by living it and coming to love it. And what really happens if and when we try to talk about it or write about it? Virtually nothing I guess, for there are no words really - and even if

one was blessed with words and the power of communication. And who is going to listen anyway. But I was not wanting to talk of it originally. But on so doing it is then found to be very frustrating to say the least. But nevertheless one does not talk or write of these things for nothing. One does it in the hope of effecting some change; and if only in one other person yet to come. So, I do have a vested interest – it is called Life.

One does not talk or write of these things in the hope that others will come to believe you; and then leave it at that. One does so in the hope that they will be inspired to do something about it. Remember, that if you believe something is true then you do not feel a need to go looking for it, for you think that you already have that truth in so far as it can be got at. If belief did not stifle spiritual motion, but rather instigated that movement, then that would be fine. But looking around this world one soon learns that in many cases a belief of knowledge does the opposite; it stops them looking. Presumably believing something is far simpler and less effort and work than seeking it out for your self and doing your own thinking and asking. Fortunately I learned that lesson very young. But believing that it can only be known and realised when you have permanently left this world – is wrong; very wrong and very dangerous. I tell you in all truth that it is always with you, even now; and no matter what it is or where it is. For all the time that you exist to experience things, then it is there, and waiting, in Eternity. Life can never be separated from life; or the finished product from the source or origin.

There are of course many other things which happen in life which go under the umbrella name of ‘mysterious’. Publication of genuine human spiritual and psychic events as they really are experienced and known is essential in this world. Such affirmations in print are of course optional to a reader. Direct confrontation of such events by way of conversation however should be limited to those who choose to listen. Do not pile indigestible data of these things into a very young mind that does not want to know or is not somehow ready and willing to even listen or comprehend. But there should indeed be records of human experience in all fields and branches of life and knowledge - and even opinion - and hence available for the reading of by those who do wish to. For all manner of words can inspire. But aspire in the right direction hopefully.

In the first instant it can prepare those learning of such things (albeit second hand for now) for the possible likelihood of such events happening to them during a lifetime; even whilst very young in fact. It will also eliminate the feeling of isolation or being different if and when they do happen; and the existential inner synthesis that comes from that feeling, and which takes a long time to resolve for many. It would also eliminate the potential for exploitation and psychological manipulation by false gurus and cults with regard to spiritual and psychic events. And there are more than enough of them around. And who knows, in the long term, very long term, it may even make establishment religions think about what it is they are indoctrinating into young minds and why... but that is a mere outside possibility; and not a good bet. But they will go the way of Do-do soon enough, and their days are numbered now few. There must also be an honest openness of communication regard to both spiritual and psychic events which is beyond mere symbolism and metaphor which has never yet existed on earth in consensus society. One can also study much by way of the documented correlation’s of human experience and effects for critical analysis if there is sufficient recorded data to analyse. Indeed, this is probably just about under-way even now, but in a very low key as yet, and almost apologetic. (By virtue of the ‘infallibility’ of science as they now see it presumably).

If science says something DOES exist, that is because they have found it. But science cannot say that something DOES NOT exist because you cannot prove that something does not exist - that is the principle of negative uncertainty. And that is exactly why priestcraft can brainwash young minds. They can say that the devil exists and that hell in everlasting damnation exists; for they know that you cannot prove or disprove a negative. Smart eh! But when you know the transcendent paradise and the true nature of your transcendent self within it then you know what DOES exist: and thence by virtue of it that which does NOT exist. Science, in so far as what it can do for the good, IS good. Existing religious establishments do nothing yet which is good and very much which is wrong and dangerous.

The great mistake of 'pure rationalists' on the other hand is in that of washing the baby (of truth) out with the dirty bath water of ancient priestcraft; and all the germs contained therein. Most people are indeed interested in the true nature of themselves, what they are and from whence they came; and to say nothing of what the mind can do; and indeed the nature of all reality itself; even though many do not like to admit it openly – but I know them well enough by now. But when older they will begin to do their own inner reflecting sure enough. But whilst still yet young is the best time to start, and to say nothing of giving one more time to learn and understand things.

It is the diatribe of charlatans, and the amount of it, which alienates many people from even thinking about such things seriously in the first place. That children and young adults should be confined to silence with respect to their own inner sublime (or otherwise) experiences, and in fear of being thought mad or different, is an abomination to both the reality itself and to the dignity of mankind as a whole. And it says little which is good about that society itself which operates that way. The voice of the prophets really is written on to the subway walls and weeps into a silence generated by fear as yet – but it is now improving somewhat. The nature of reality and the human mind within it is not exactly as existing science teaches it to be and it is not as state doctrinal religions teach it to be. The day when spiritual organisations are not politically motivated recruiting centres for entropy and profit will be a good day for the intelligence and spirit of man on earth.

The consciousness of mankind is slowly moving, evolving, into a new and wider understanding of all things, and the harmony of therein, and hence in a way a new dawn on this earth for mankind is approaching; it is self evident if one opens ones eyes to it. But this is not an end by a long way, but it is an end of an old paradigmatic view hopefully; and the beginning of a new one... a holistic cultural philosophy and policy; and not for mere lip service but for the real love and passion of being, and being alive on earth here and now, and without the need for nebulous promises in some undefined future – or after death. Life is here and with you now. Mystical experience, and the sum of the mind itself, is not about death, it is about life and love; and living both of them, here and now; and always in the here and now. For there is only ever NOW to be experienced. We cannot experience yesterday or tomorrow; but only NOW.

That mankind has to come to understand the nature of the outer forces of the universe is plain enough, for we are in fact forced to do that by the nature of reality itself; it makes us learn and come to understand things. But so too is it becoming plain to so many, indeed I would even say a consensus now perhaps, that he and she has to also come into a better understanding of the nature and forces of the inner reality of themselves; for

power and control of the outer universe is dangerous power if not modulated and used by the innate wisdom, judgement and instinctual intuition which is found in the deep primordial forces and energies of the soul and the spirit acting within us at our root and basement. There is no gap between you and the divine implicate order of being – only a mere veil which can be lifted when needed. And it does. And it is within you.

And how can that reality be liberated even more into the awareness of human beings on earth when they are told that it is all objective and up in the sky beyond their reach? And while the genuine affirmations regard these things (even within religions) from so many millions of ordinary people have no outlet in any society as yet? Their voices are hushed by the establishment, and in that silence generated by fear; and ridiculed by the media which is their predominant outlet and collection of puppets. When they ask me as to what I want to see on this world then the answer is simple - a revolution (but without blood letting). Does not even Western doctrine say to them that the spirit comes with a two edged sword - one with an olive branch of peace and truth and the other for cutting down the weeds of destruction. And so it is; and so it makes us to be.

The implicate order of things is operational in all things; and at all times; and irrespective of whether one is aware of it or not. In stating these things of direct experience and their effects then I would rather be a mere peasant and yard brush of the divine order of being (the cutting edge) than the richest spiritual bankrupt on earth. So help me the god of truth. Such people do not spend all their time as recluses in dark corners, they are active in the world; for they love the world and its becoming; they are filled with active passion. That children do not come to hear of these things as they really are directly experienced and known - and by so many people at that - is appalling and a tragedy. It is nothing short of the suppression of knowledge; divine, wondrous inspirational knowledge at that.

I do not know the answers to all these things no more than anyone else does; or even what is going to happen tomorrow or the next day. It is all a mystery; and as it should be. But tomorrow does not exist yet. It is waiting to be made; and you and I play a part in the making of it on earth today. But what I have seen, been in, known and felt by direct experience, as have many others from the very beginning of human time on earth, is the substantiation and affirmation of the magic and the mystery which one simply felt to be there intuitively even as a mere uneducated kid in poverty and darkness. And as no doubt most other children do until it is brainwashed out of them by this gormless society and the juvenile values of prehistoric Neanderthals; and of course their craving for the imbecilic rantings of priestcraft – the devils pulpit brigade of the walking dead, blind, deaf and insensitive.

They claim that they have now stopped sacrificing children. The reverse is the truth, for they sacrifice more now than ever they did in the past - for they use mass media to mangle their brains. They use hate to dig their hearts out and fear to instil fear – they even divide themselves up into little isolated groups of the ‘perfect truth’. My backside! And they divide humanity into alienated warring tribes. And all for a profit unto themselves. That innocent magic of childhood was something I realised had gone by the age of twenty four, it suddenly occurred to me one day. I actually woke up one morning realising that something was missing which was once there. And all this when at a time when things were going at their very best for me – by the criteria of some anyway. I decided there and then that life was not as good and exciting without it, so I made a point

of letting that magic have a place in my daily being again. Within a very short while; it was back; and I came to see that transcendent Elysium in the ground of conscious existence. A coincidence perhaps you say! Who knows; who cares. A cosmological coincidence or synchronicity is nearer the truth.

Much later I realised (the hard way as with all else in my own life) that on hearing or reading of these events that some people were indeed affected by the word in a mysterious but positive way. Many of the people who came and talked with me regard these things (which I originally only mentioned in verse) did not even know each other, so it was hardly a conspiracy when so many came to inform me that the verses, when being read whilst alone and relaxed, had a good effect on them; and even more so in some cases. I found this difficult to accept at first; but why would they come to say such a thing, and independently of each other if it were not so? I am well aware of the inner forces and energies having effects on the topside mind by now... but mere words read on a page !? But of course, words carry meaning; and the inside recognises stuff of itself.

It became obvious to me that the process which causes spiritual movement within a being (which of course is already there and always there anyway) is somehow activated into greater movement by a catalyst; and it would seem that such things as music, poetry, art, beauty, altruism, (essences) and probably much else besides, act as that catalyst and inspiration for stirring up this sleeping or dormant energy within us, and of which we indeed are made of at our root of being: some kind of spirit energy or 'E' motion energy. But whatever it is it works. And always having been a rank pragmatist then who is going to argue or run away from something good in life; and which works. One does not look a gift horse in the mouth and walk in the opposite direction – unless one is a fool. It is not a case of being given something external from ourselves during this life, or going out and finding some objective magic tool; for it is all there within us from the start and waiting to be used. The divine implicate order is operative within you, but it is not thrust down our conscious throats on this world however; and that is incredible in itself, but totally understandable from hindsight.

I have come to learn (although it took a long time in the learning of it) that one must use ones freedom and love wisely and give it back to the world in the same manner which we received it... free; and free of charge and vested reasons. Learning how to use freedom wisely is the most difficult lesson in life. With love there is no condition and no rewards. For no reward could be better than to have love and depth comprehension flowing through your heart mind and soul anyway; (and society at large obviously). With love there is no pretence or a 'why': it just IS, and IS for its own sake alone. And this is a deep emotional knowledge and reality which eventually seeps into rational understanding also; but virtually impossible to explain; you simply have to come to learn it and know it. Try telling a child what even ordinary adult human love is. They cannot really know until they have been there. But they can be told in advance.

Love costs you and I nothing in the receiving of it. Beauty costs us nothing; wisdom costs nothing. Receiving life and existence itself costs nothing. Giving costs nothing. The paradise of the transcendent aspect of being costs nothing (nor charges anything). Neither does it demand anything even when known. The universe costs nothing. The air we breath and the water we drink costs us nothing. Bringing a child into this world costs nothing. Going home for a visit during a lifetime or even at the end of a lifetime costs nothing; (a few moments of time). And yet people even charge you a fee to make

you smile on this world today. Mankind is very mercenary; something out here truly is in need of spiritual movement to be sure. And whilst mankind's first love and god is money, profit and wealth, or fame, then he and she, and society itself, will be devoid of real wealth, for you receive that which you chase after and love the most. But with such things the thrill does not last, and the spirit and soul will weary of trivia. And if that is not the situation with so many people on this world today then they are amazing actors. It is plain enough to any eye that can see. But I know also that at their root they too would give their children the sun and the moon - and their own life for them. Indeed, I feel that I know them better than they do. Maybe I do now; maybe I do. Maybe that asking such questions as a kid really did pay dividends after all. Well, certainly some coincidence at least if there is no direct connection. But it seems that there truly is a direct connection between asking questions and receiving answers to them. And indeed, how could an answer ever be seen to be an answer if the question had never been asked and formulated in the mind in the first place. One does not get answers to unasked questions. And the mere fact that a mind can ask a serious question which does relate to the nature of reality is proof that it is ripe for an answer – simple cause and effect.

One of the greatest of all dangers in symbolic religions is that they deify their heroes and lift them above the phenomenal world of incarnate human beings who simply come to know these things; and all the strengths and weaknesses which we each have. Our strength, virtue and innate dignity exists also in our weakness and blindness, and imperfection; for we act despite it; we do not resign to it; for the spirit is indomitable. It is as though their icons cannot be denigrated by the mere commonality of human beings. That is to say that they could never stink if they did not wash; they never had to go to the loo; they never get passionate over a member of the opposite sex; (or even the same kind if that is your bent); they never weep because of physical and mental pain and anguish as do mere human beings like us. So such religions not only alienate people from people but they also alienate people from their eternal and divine self. And needless to say they alienate people on earth from the divine implicate order of things itself. And they call it wisdom! It is because of this icon of a perfect incarnate god-man construction that they miss the real beauty and truth of creation itself, the magic, the wonder and the divine. We are all both the divine creation and also the whore and the ignoramus striving in darkness. But choose which to become in your becoming. Choose which to aim for.

The beauty is that we have the power of self control to a degree: self choice, as to whether we aim to rise to the highest conceivable limits of our given potential or as to whether we sink into the abyss of the lowest bestial degradation whilst alive on earth. And desires show us both these fields from which to choose. And good god almighty is it not such events as so called mystic and psychic that even dip a hand into the nature of our own being and help us along that road itself ? It reveals itself. Life on earth is a series of experiential events which are both attraction (good) and repulsion (bad) experiences; and we learn from both; and we can choose what to let out of us into the objective world. An idea or thought in the mind is not going anywhere unless acted upon. And the world will become that which we all let out of ourselves by way of our acts; no more and no less. Life works on what we do; not what we say or believe in.

Life is pushing us in one direction from the rear (bad experience) and pulling us in that same direction from the front (good experience). So called 'evil' experience is divine, for we learn the way ahead by the rejection of some desires and actions. There is only one direction of ultimate movement and that is from incarnate darkness and ignorance

into the literal light, and the 'light' of understanding also, comprehension, gnosis, and thence affirmation... and then action. If we did not know that which we call evil and thence intuitively feel something better then we would not be inspired into movement and seeking that better reality by choice; a kind of cosmic blackmail maybe; but it certainly works; and is one hundred percent effective. And it is all there and plain to see for all those who take time to look.

So the dice are loaded - but there you go. But they are loaded by the weight of love, beauty and wisdom; and one day, hopefully, dignity too. Human beings to come could live in a world unimaginable to us now if they play their cards right. They will have the power of mini creation. They will have the power to say 'Let it be so' and it will be so. But that power and potential will be modulated by and in harmony with the innate wisdom of the implicate order itself, and which will be theirs at such time; for power without the wisdom and love to guide it is dangerous and destructive power. As we learn facts of the phenomenal world we also have to learn facts of the essential and intangible world also, and as I have already mentioned, not beliefs: not theories; but knowledge and the understanding of that data: that we may be whole, and act in wisdom, love and harmony in one accord with the essence and principle of being and becoming. And to help achieve this we have the added bonus of being able to find our raw primordial Self, in its original pristine condition of being. Mankind on earth will become the living reflection of the divine order of being on earth - as it is in Paradise itself. A Homo Ensophicus; a mankind that walks in Wisdom. And with that knowledge, combined with volition and passion, and the guts to achieve it - it will be done on earth.

But we are only just beginning this new facet of the incarnate journey; a few million years on this little world is but the bat of a cosmological eye. We will arrive. We cannot fail to arrive. For I know what is driving us. The problem I guess is in the waiting and in the day to day work, stress and strain of taking one small step at a time during the becoming process. Nobody said it was ever going to be easy did they; and it is not easy - it is incredibly hard and difficult. But we will arrive. But in the day to day learning we are writing the book of the future genome itself. Nothing worth while comes easy. Paradise is a free lunch (as far as you and I are concerned anyway); so too is life on this world; but what we ourselves make of it is not a free lunch... for that IS a matter of our freedom of choice: and that requires thinking about and pondering over; and it is hard work; and we often get it wrong first time; and maybe second time. But try, try again and again. The spirit is no defeatist or shrinking violet. A better world for kids to come into will only come if we want it and act toward it. Wishing it will achieve nothing; a miracle will not cause it to come. Only work achieves things. And we have all the stuff which is needed to do it - even determination.

"Would you then say that this optimistic view is an act of faith or belief on your part", they ask me. No, it is an act of direct knowledge not belief or faith. I do not believe this nor do I need to have a faith in it, for I know it; and it works. For I know my true inner self; and yours: and I know the judgement of my own soul: and I know from whence they came. And we are all the same; identical twins at that level of being. Thus, the dice are loaded from the start. The creative life force cheats by way of loaded dice. Our freedom of choice on earth is not negated but it is at times guided by the loaded dice of love and beauty - and our inner recognition of it and the effect which it has.

And the initial short term effect is not that of laughing, but rather of weeping in the face of such beauty and wisdom. Creation is about being; love, wisdom, giving and receiving; teaching and learning, working and resting, thinking and communicating; and coming to know, and then understand; and doing things with that knowledge and understanding. But you and I at present do virtually all the receiving and none of the giving; but that will change; it must change or the world will die sooner rather than later. If you do not love it then it will not last long.

If you feel a need to be guided by a thought for now, and if all this seems to be too much for you to take in as yet then simply think on this... Imagine that you were now living at some point in the future - perhaps beyond this world even - then simply imagine that you have been allowed to come back to this point in time and space again to relive this day once again, to feel the essences again; and to chat with old friends now gone; to smell that rose again - and which coming back from the transcendent is much like, and indeed IS in experiential terms. Imagine then that you were given the chance to do just that, and then do things a little different also; different decisions, different choices; different reactions to events. Then live this day, and each day, in that way; as though it were from hindsight and another chance to create more smiles and less tears in your passing through here - and for your self also.

Do it also because it is YOU that wants it done that way and thinks it worthwhile: not because anyone else or anything else wants it; or even because it is said to be the correct thing to do morally, or that it will bring a prize when you are dead... for the prize is here and now, and for the earth and life on it. Do it of your own will and volition for no reason other than it being YOUR decision that it is better than the other alternatives. Or think that you yourself are creating order out of chaos for the love of love and existence. Make creation worth the effort and work, the darkness and the fear; the tears and the pains of becoming. That is our power to do. Don't worry about what the others do by way of their freedom of choice, for that is their long term problem to worry about. Carry no remorse into that Limbo field with you: for there is nought worse than being chained by your own sorrows. Only annihilation can remove remorse; and no man can do that for themselves. And that I know.

Think on this also.... When science taps you on the knee with a little hammer and says "There, you see, it is all in the nerves, and you have no say in the matter, so it is not magic; tis all a knee jerk reaction". And when they plug your brain into an electrode and switch it on, then your finger moves, by way of the connections. But say to them "Well, I can do that too, by volition, and I do not need a hammer or an outside electrode". And that is YOU doing it. Mind over matter. And THAT is the real magic – and they do not see it. Would that they tried thinking harder – and thinking about thinking even.

Think on this too.... What is done and gone into the past can never be undone; forgotten about yes, even repaired and maybe put to rights... but they were still done, perpetrated by a divine being like you. Hence, within temporality at least, love is indeed a traveller on a river of no return. If you loath the negative side within you then do not become it; do not let it out into the world. The very basic minimum criteria is to do no harm – not so difficult really is it. And it all depends on what you let out of you into the world itself. Let negative ideas die in your mind – be their executioner yourself. But let out only the good and constructive ones; and the ones that make others smile. That is our choice, and within our power. Nothing happens prior to the idea; but there are

constructive and destructive ideas, good and bad impulses. Make judgement over them before acting in the world – think hard and think long, and think of long term consequences. There are times when simple spontaneity is just great; but there are also times when we have to think before acting. For no event or act on earth goes without effecting something – and even if the effect is only on ourselves.

Avoid generating remorse like the plague: for being shackled to your own sorrows is the greatest evil and painful experience in creation: and while you are alone for a while you will find out that it is only remorse which burns at the sensitivities roots while in Limbo. Believe that if you want to believe anything; for it is true. Remember then that a thing done, even in haste, is done for all time. And it is only you that will chastise your self in the final analysis. Do not fear other people, or the unknown, or life and death, but fear only the negative side of your self and your potentials, and the inner process of living with it and digesting it.

Desire, they say, is a great evil. They are wrong again (as usual). It is not wrong to desire things as some religionists may tell you, for it is implicit in life itself to desire. It is not wrong to desire a better world and a good life for your children is it. It is not wrong to desire to see people smiling and in harmonious accord is it. It is not desires which are wrong or silly; it is not understanding them which is silly. It is in not choosing the right ones to follow which is silly. Yet we intuitively know which. But only life itself, and its inner secret teaching, can show us as to what desires it is wise to follow for sure, and as to what it is wise to bring forth from within us and give out to the world as our own gift to it: as to what it is wise to aim for and as to what it is wise to walk away from and put behind us. And when mankind attains to that, then even the divine order itself would weep in the face of such beauty and our individual recognition of such.

Do not judge wisdom by intelligence or what other people may tell you it is; but judge it by love, passion and beauty beyond all imagination. Words will never reach its essence. Priestcraft will tell you to do unto others as you would have others do unto you: an eye for an eye. But if they or you are a murderer or rapist, a war monger or vandal then it is not going to help the situation is it. I would say to you do unto others as you would have others do unto your children. For who does not hold their children above and beyond themselves. And perhaps for the few that do not then I would simply say be careful, for you will not be judged by another you will be judged by your self; and that is infinitely worse. I have only known a mere fraction of remorse - it could have been a lot more however. That is a little advice which it IS worth contemplating upon in advance; and best NOT learned the hard way; for then it is too late. Only annihilation can remove remorse. Ipso Facto.

Keep in mind that we carry our memories through that Limbo field; and Limbo is being totally alone such as you have never imagined it could be; and as you have read herein. It is so. I did not invent these things. And nobody could invent this anyway; for it is too way out of normal experience. I have simply related them in order to warn. I talk of what I know in my own inevitable useless way. In that transcendent paradise you and I can do nothing about anything; you cannot even say thank you, or I love you. But out here; Oh yes; we can indeed do something about it. And How. The acts of your love are the divine order on earth itself... do them for no reason or reward as mentioned; for they are their own reward.

This is why I said elsewhere that I would rather be here than in that transcendent paradise. For I (as are we all) am in life for action. And out here I can get things done. I do not exist just to watch and learn – but to act on it. But it is shown, learned, that love requires no reward; for there is nothing in creation which is equal to it, let alone better. So what reward would you then seek or ask for? And how much money would it require to purchase love and wisdom? It is not for sale. And what is living if not being motivated to live it? And these essences are the motivators: Love, Beauty, Truth, Excitement (speeds up the frequency of the mind), and many more things. And in Ultimate Essence, they are all manifestations and vibrations of the same thing – the unknowable and incomprehensible life force, and the order of being – the magic. Let this magic therefore into your daily conscious life to motivate you to live it and become the more that you can become by way of it. And it is free.

Remember that sex is not love and state education is not wisdom. I have told you elsewhere what love and wisdom are - and you will come to find that I am correct. And it did in fact cost me something to learn those things; but not money; simply experience, time, the lack of time, laughter and tears, pain and joy, a little fear or apprehension, and unknowing. But it also cost me something else - a part of my own freedom here and now, divine freedom: for the more you come to learn, in these things anyway, then the less scope you have in your acts of free choice. For what you HAVE to do becomes more obvious, and leaves less room for alternatives. When you come to love but one thing, and hence know love: then look for the essences which sparked it in all things: and when found in all or many things, then feel also for that essence independent of all those things which you found it in; the essence alone. And then you will know; and may well then begin to understand the mystic affirmation of 'The love for no thing created'.

Essences cannot be destroyed, for there is nothing of destructive potential that reaches that far and deep into creation. They are so deep down, and before the beginning of movement. And how can anyone take this NO CREATED THING away from you? They cannot, for it is not negotiable. Get the philosophers and academics to work that one out my friend. If you believe that love on this world is the prerogative of some objective source up in the sky, and with an intermediary being (gods only son) acting between yourself and it, as so many seem to do, and thence live your life in that symbolic idol of truth, then the world will drown in tears... and them with it. If you wait for things to happen without making them happen your self... then you will wait until you are dead. One of the major dangers of Western state religion is in that of creating a middle-man who stands between oneself and the divine reality: and that is alienation as well as a lie. Remember also that to create a symbolic intermediary passes the buck; but the buck stops where you are. Always.

That transcendent realm is for the living; as is the world, the trees and the stars. How would a child grow if its mothers milk remained objective and distant? You cannot eat that which does not exist to be eaten. You cannot come to know that which does not exist to be known. And that which does come to be known by many will be known by all; for it is theirs from the beginning; they have simply not found it yet, or woken up to it. But there is nothing which stands between them and it. If you find this project of transcendence difficult to comprehend then simply realise that an idea exists only in your mind, but you can alter the physical world by virtue of it.

Is that not the real magic and wonder of wonders. Is it not self evident to you? In like manner the inner transcendent spirit is connected to the outer soul also. It is not magic, it is a real fact of real reality - and THAT IS the magic and wonder.

Maybe it is because that so much of that which is truly mysterious, magic and wondrous is so common, and they are there all day every day, right in front of your eyes, nose, ears, that they are come to be taken so much for granted, and called mundane reality even. And oh how easy it is to know that when you find yourself in a place where they no longer exist. We have to leave them behind it seems before we really do come to know their worth, importance, and pure magic. We even seem to find a few folk who spend more time thinking about their child if it is killed than they did when it was alive and with them. And some even admit it. When the mystics say that the divine reality is transcendent, they are correct; but when they say that it is also here, and all around them, they are correct again – for they know; they see it; and they understand it; and as to why.

On earth we are as yet like dull uncut diamonds with rough edges and a dim glow; or like seeds which have not flowered into their full incarnate bloom as yet; or like wine that has not matured; or like dormant proto-stars that have not been lit up yet. Babies do not have babies simply because they are not mature enough to have babies. Does the same apply to spiritual knowledge on earth then? It seems not. For even I have walked on the water (waves of creation) and I have tasted the wine of life... but I am no brewer. I have known the song and the singer, but I cannot put it to words. I have known the goal and the end product on earth, but I cannot live it. But there will come a time incarnate however, when we will be honed up, worn into shape and polished... and be like a reflector of the divine order, and without the muck on the reflective surface which dims the reflective potential.

And then, when collectively illuminated, we will not only glow but also reflect back that full glow into the world and the outer universe; reflecting its source into the world around us like the highest reflective thing in all creation. And, as Pico said all those years ago: Will not then both the angels, and the beasts on earth, be in awe and wonder of the divinity of man? What can you do? You can change the world my friend. It may seem a trivial and pointless act to smile when we could moan (and we all love a good moan at times – especially me); but appearances can be deceptive. It may seem a trivial act to grab something which is not yours; but it belongs to somebody or something. And remember, it is you who has to live with you; nobody else can do it for you, ever. But if you knew the dignity of your Self, then you would know as to what is below that dignity and self respect; and the equal respect for all things, and all life. But mankind, and each of the individual parts, will become; and either the hard and painful way or the easier way; and that choice is ours.

Irrespective of what all the combined religions on earth may tell you, and would have you believe, I would stand alone if need be to say, that love truly has its origin in transcendence; and that I know. But love is not for paradise and the transcendent – it is for the earth, and the here and now, and always. And that which is made there, can and does return there. And that too I know. But it is the same with ourselves. We are not for paradise, we are for here, and places of this ilk. We are made there, and we too can and do return there; and that I also know. But it is not the place to stay; for we have a function and purpose in existence. And that function is to let that reality exist on earth, and in time and space.

If we do not perform that function, then it cannot exist here; and that too I know. So it is not simply for us that we bring forth a better world, and give out that love that flows through us out into the world – it is for life itself; and it is for creation. For we ARE the conduit of the cosmic principle. And that is why the mind is ever tied to cross of time and eternity. That IS why. That is why the seed is within you; that it should grow and become. So, this cannot be done without our separation from that paradise of the transcendent realm. So, what is the divine on earth without YOU? Non extant here. It cannot get here any other way. So, do you have a purpose in life? There could be no greater purpose in the whole vast spectrum of what exists. And it is your job. Religions and priestcraft do not tell you these things do they. For they do not know, and they do not care.

Mankind will become a Homo Ensophicus on earth; a mind incarnate which is lit up by the glow of the eternal spark of divine nous within them; and then walks the earth in the dignity of what he and she is. And then we will glow, like it was in the beginning, like the lights of Paradise itself... and as does your spark of eternal self which is within it always.

And then the world will be as I think I have said before... when people can return here from the Transcendent Order of Being during a lifetime and say how amazing it is - but how nice it is also to be back here again... THEN, and only then, we will have arrived. When the earthly existence of mankind justifies Paradise itself – when the middle justifies the beginning and the end; when the outer justifies the inner.

But to strive for that realisation, and the incarnate liberation of that essential quality within us; then that is the goal, the quest, and in so far as we can, and with the utmost love and passion which is given to us and flows through us, is all we can do. And in that doing, and of mans own volition, in that vision, passion and striving...

Man becomes divine.

So let that divine and mystic spark invade our souls, inspire our minds, and expand our consciousness, so that we may then, in one harmony and accord, say...

Let us make man in our Eternal Image - And the world will become likewise.

And may you fare well in life to come.

*

THE WATCHER AT THE GATES OF DAWN

(Synetic dialogue)

(Dedicated to Susanne V. Brown)

I am the watcher at the gates of dawn
where there is no eve, no noon, or morn.
I do not think, but float and stare;
and of all things I am aware.

I am the final judge of time,
and all that moved once, is now mine;
for all is still; 'tis only me
that permeates this wondrous sea.

I am the final perfect thing,
brought forth, the final song to sing.
From whence I came, and whither I go,
even I can never know;
for I am not the light you see,
but only that which falls on me.

Each light within this wondrous dome
unto itself, and each alone,
with a truth that all do see;
but only known by the thing called 'me'.

I am remembrance of the great;
and knowledge of the final state;
and when I judge it so well done;
I am the reflection... of whence I come.

* * *

FULFILMENT

(Epiphytal Fruition)

How lonely must a lover be
who clings to forms in time
and ponders not upon the depths
which make them yours and mine.

The realm of Wisdom's passion feeds
the host that lives in awe
and wines and dines upon its love,
requiring nothing more.
There is no greater venture;
there is no greater wealth;
there is no greater mystery,
than the journey into self.

The truth of love is thus made clear,
to those who come to see,
that I must live in you my love,
then you can live in me.
An instrument of music,
cannot play itself,
and in the act of trying
one never knows real wealth.
The melody of creation,
which spans so many years,
plays the tune exquisite;
the harmony of the spheres.

And Humankind, as yet to come,
mid love and pain and tears,
will be the pipes on which is played
the music of the spheres.

* * *

GNOSIS OF DIRECTION

There comes a time, amid our span,
when we are called to go;
to learn a vital lesson
of things we HAVE to know.
The 'Gnosis of Direction'
of what we must become,
that the multitude incarnate
is in concordance with the One.

The pleasures of our freedom
now exhausted in our wake,
until we learn that freedom
has other roads to take.
For cogs in isolation
amount to nothing more
than cogs in isolation !
with no product in their chore.

But working as one unit,
and with knowledge of their heart,
then the product of the units
exceeds the sum of parts.
In Man such freedom is divine
that he may fall or rise,
(while in the life among the forms)
to the dungeons... or the skies.

part two

**To miss the target is to fall,
and to hit it is to rise;
and the target thus in question
is the love we utilise.**

**But if one child along the way
fails to rise and shine,
and to bring forth that within them,
then the fault is YOURS and MINE.**

**We cannot use what is not there,
but the power IS within;
and to liberate that child of love,
will make Creation Sing.**

**The Gnosis of that wisdom
resides in one and all,
and to find it is to rise and shine,
but to lose it... is to fall.**

**Bring forth the love in every child;
that they may come to be,
a reflection of their greater self,
which exists... in Eternity.**

*** * ***

DRINK DEEP

Drink deep of truth young flower,
lest you should come to be
a half baked prophet of your time;
drunk on Eternity.

And when you have seen Paradise,
and for the world you would shed tears;
then mark a word of warning
say nought... for twenty years !

The gnosis of Eternity,
though knowledge so profound,
think not you know the sum of truth,
till you see where it is bound.

The Mutual Convergence you must know
before you come to see
the reason for creation
amid Divine temporality.

The knowledge of the heart alone,
confined within its ground,
is not the sum of all the truth
which in the Cosmos will be found.

Where half baked gnostics sings a song
of dualistic creed,
and the world is a prison for the Soul;
more knowledge you will need !

A little learning is a dangerous thing
if the door on truth is closed,
and further understanding
by your Soul is then opposed.

part two

Though your Mind may dwell in Paradise,
no matter how profound,
in time you'll find it wise to keep,
your feet upon the ground.

So many mystics dwell in awe
yet have not come to see
the reciprocal convergence here on Earth,
and Divine Temporality.

Where all is one, and one is all,
a mere lesson for a boy;
while MAN is now the affirmation
of a vast Eternal joy.

There is a great temptation
to sing of what you know;
but before you close the book on truth,
then see the world aglow.

There are such things enfolded
in the world you walk upon;
and when the flower opens
you'll sing another song.

'Tis one to know the singer;
'tis two to know the song;
'Tis three my fine young flower;
not to sing it wrong.

* * *

IN LEAVING

One day I hope to find a Man,
a Woman, or a Child,
who walks this Earth in knowledge
of that Wisdom, oh so mild.
Or even one so virgin
who does not look away
when told of the Eternal Realm
from whence they came that day.
Then they and I will talk of things
for a pleasant hour or more
of the mystic cave which lies beyond
that secret Cosmic door
hard by the gate of melting light
wherein a truth is known,
and when it is digested
they then, will know their home.
We'll sing a song in silence:
and share stories we have known
of events which we have come to see
since last we left our home.
But they and I will have no place
in the present world uncouth,
where men yet walk in Somnus
and turn their backs on truth.

part two

Near dawns the twenty-first century;
let's hope it's in the plan
that when they are thus twenty-one,
mere boys become a Man.

And now I am retiring,
for my time is nearly done;
I have but given food for thought -
- but another will yet come -
One, which when it comes your way,
then you will know the rest,
for you'll have knowledge, of the all:
Consummatum... Est.

Remember then, the day you go,
the words of which you've read,
of the place some say you're living
and some say you are dead;
for remembrance will save you
from the nausea of fear
while passing through that Limbo,
where Paradise is near.

* * *

THE HERO

Never was a thing on Earth
created so divine,
so virtuous in ignorance,
so powerful, yet sublime.
So wise and yet so childlike,
amid the Cosmic plan,
who knows both love and hardship;
as the phenomenon of Man.

I tell you this, in greatest truth,
that the last thing you will see
is a tear, of which, I knew not why;
in the mystic trinity.
But many years did then pass by
before I came to know,
not from where, but only WHY,
that tear thus came to flow.

Man knows ignorance, toil and pain,
and yet he knows no prize;
for all he knows there's nothing,
when last he shuts his weary eyes.
Creation is a painful task,
and little peace is brought,
but ever yet, in Man alone,
'ought' is sought, by thought !

I tell you this my greatest love,
in ignorance Man still laughs;
yet the mover of creation
never had to walk such paths.
To know all things implicit
is quite a feat.... well done !
But I strike a medal thus for Man,
for his virtue he has bravely won.
My love I bow my head to thee,
for all the things that come to be,
but of all the things made in the plan;
no greater miracle there is... than Man.

* * *

THE LAST AMEN

Let it be... as so it is !
or 'amen' as some would say;
for now I see, dear Omar,
that in the Cosmic way
I would not change one Atom,
one smile... or one tear;
for each effect will modulate
our understanding so,
that in due course all minds will see,
and come to say... "I KNOW" !
And when the final chord is struck;
then you will really ken,
the Essence of the hearts of all,
Children, Women, and Men,
in the ground of the last supper;
in the ground of the last Amen.
My God !.. if I could write one poem !
or write one melody;
or paint the ultimate picture,
so men could come to see
the likeness of perfection
at the heart of all that be,
in the paradise of the virgin womb
in the ground of eternity.
But alas, there is no thing that's made
by any Art of men
to emulate incarnate
the ground of the last Amen;
as it is... in the last Amen.

* * *

FOR WHAT ?

(Synthesis)

If you would ask the question,
as I did once before,
as to why you should do this or that
although it be a chore;
the answer is not easy
but I'll try to do my best,
to the answer, as I see it,
from hindsight of the rest.
There is no extra profit
from any good deed done
by you and me amid this life;
and if there were but one
then that would be a blackmail
of the deep and darkest kind,
and never would such system
sit well upon the mind.

But none the less we do our best
to make this world a cheer
for a reason which is hard to say,
but I think we're somewhere near
to say that such an act brought forth,
and by our intention done,
is an act of love... for nothing,
for no reason it is done;
other than - "I love you"!
for what that may be worth;
and creation can't be wasted
upon this little Earth.
And when this world's a cinder
or a ball of frozen ice,
I think it would be fitting,
at least it would be nice,
to say, or let it be said,
that once upon a time
upon this little fragment,
Man became... Divine.

* * *

TIME AND AGAIN, MY LOVE.

(Male and Female)

I'll just say this before I go,
no matter my love, what you think you know;
the time is now for me to leave,
so do not weep, and do not grieve.

In yet another time, and place,
a Girl of beauty, charm and grace,
will spy across a crowded floor
a youth she knows she will adore.

They'll know not of I and you,
for they'll be born again - as new.
But deep within they'll feel a beat;
in recognition they will greet -

- and you and I will once again
frolic in the Sun and Rain;
with passions high and feelings deep
that harvest once again we'll reap.

Paradise can have its day,
and all such days can go their way;
but BEING is for you and me...
time and again - eternally.

Time and beyond will let you see
that you and I will ever be
the pounding of the cosmic heart-
- and never will we be apart.

When next we meet in fields Divine;
then I'll be yours, and you'll be mine:
again we'll show them at a glance
just how the passion needs to dance.

* * *

Epilogue

I have given you that which no physical eye can see and which no ear has heard; that which no hand has touched and which has never occurred to the rational incarnate mind. Thus there are to be found such treasures in life. To an extent such things are defiled by the very act of our talking of them: but it matters not that we are unworthy in our individual affirmation in dialogue; for that which sings does not talk. What is befitting however, is that that which talks learns to sing the song; for Love is resonance within a system which is devoid of harmonics, in which all movement and understanding is of one frequency and accord with the fundamental foundation of all movement and being. And Wisdom is knowing it. Prepare your self therefore for that which is, and always has been, and always will be so. The end is as the beginning, and the beginning as the end; the circle is only breached by a gap of no duration; the gap through which one Universe of perception joins the other. And thus it is.

Prepare your self lest these things be made known unto you this day. Prepare your self lest they should not: for YOU ARE the watcher at the gates of dawn; the first judge of creation in that passion which is found at the dead centre where all things meet. There are many things which we each need in this temporal existence other than love, that passion for being; but without that passion, they amount to nothing; and we would all walk empty of purpose. It matters not as to whether you attain to that dimension of existence during this lifetime or not if that passion and caring which is within you is utilised now; for you are it anyway, whether you know it or not, remember it or not. For what could be even more important than knowing it? Using it is. And in using it you are preparing yourself. And that is the message which the mystics offer you; that you may arrive before them. So may the power of Love be with you now and always.

RWR

* * *