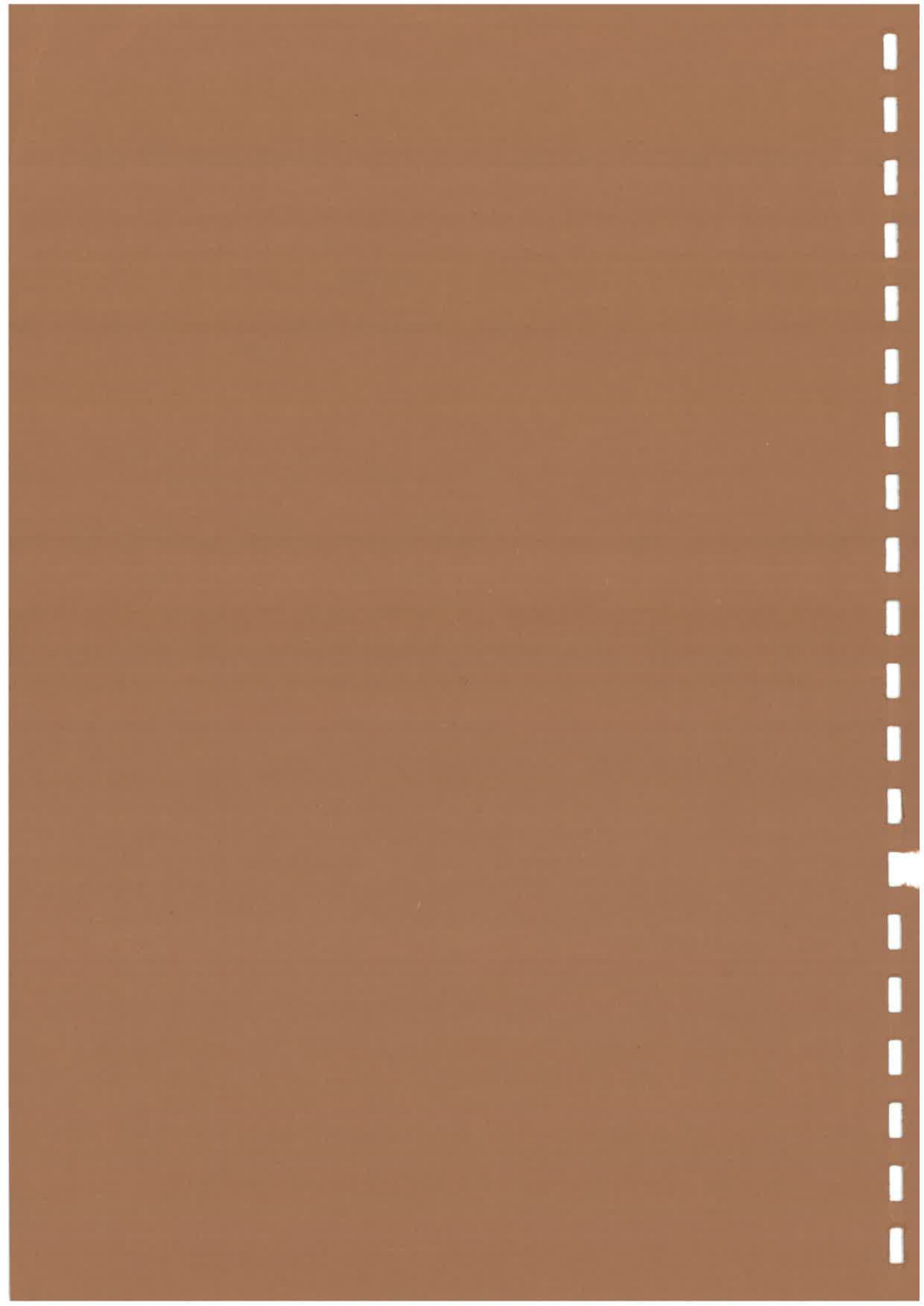


THE IMMORTAL MOMENT

by BARRY LONG



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"The Immortal Moment" is an investigation into the science of self-knowledge.

The long poem "The Glutton Eye" has a didactic purpose and should not be read before "Cry Mars" has been thoroughly studied.

Introduction

This volume is about you and it is all true. It contains no theories and no arguments but you must not believe me for I might be a liar or a fool.

No man can teach another wisdom. He can only lead him or her up to self-discovery which is the source of wisdom. You are either ready to discover wisdom or you are not. Ready means you have been knowingly or unknowingly practising self-observation. The beginning of self-knowledge can be confusing and even painful and there are few who can help.

It is a little known fact that truth cannot be memorised. Truth has to be discovered now, from moment to moment. It is always fresh, always new. It is always there for the still, innocent, mind that has experienced life. Such a mind never ceases to marvel at truth's consistency. Truth is always the same. The language, the presentation, the style may vary, but the essence cannot. Wisdom is of truth and the moment - never of the man.

BARRY LONG

PART I : CRY MARS

CHAPTER ONE : WISDOM

To be really wise is to have experienced being God, and to have access at any moment to the knowledge that this tremendous experience reveals.

The experience gives the continuous certainty of being responsible for every moment of your life, that whatever happens, the good, the bad and indifferent, is your own will. Within this all-sustaining experience is the unquestionable certainty of unlimited immortality, but at the same time it is also possible to experience responsibility for the immediate environment and finally for the entire universe including the earth's apparent discord of war and suffering.

What is described here is not intellectual possibility, but living experience, more intense in its reality and perception than the experience of being alive. But, of course, you must not believe it, for it is beyond words and thinking. It has to be experienced without recourse to drugs. Then, like everything that is true, the path towards it can be put into words for those who are ready to receive its wisdom.

The first barrier is that man thinks like a machine - we are for or against or switched off, not interested. No-one wants to listen - everyone wants to talk.

We are a world of robot thinkers, programmed by robot parents, robot teachers and a robot society. We know little outside what someone else has taught us or said. The little else we think we do know we churn out with a monotony that sends us rushing to the television set, the bottle or the radiogram to drown our own screeching mediocrity.

Every generation of youth seems to sense it and tries to rebel. But to change the robot world we must first change the robot patterns of our own inherited thinking. Revolution without this fundamental change is the substitution of one evil for another - precisely what man has been doing for five thousand years. The young rebels soon put out their wrists contritely to be chained to the rest of the shuffling, mechanical throng.

To be different permanently - and not to be a misfit or an eccentric - you must first understand what has to be changed. This is what self-knowledge is all about.

The robot in us is clearly the enemy. It is the cause of most of the worry, suffering and unhappiness in everybody's life. It is the thing

we have to understand by becoming conscious - by observing our own mind in action. People are unconscious for most of their lives and they seldom see themselves as they are except by accident. And when they do they usually run from the fact in horror. They sleep from birth to death, enmeshed in the robot's thinking which they imagine is themselves.

But, I repeat, you must not believe this. To believe anything someone else says about yourself is unconscious, robot thinking. Nothing is true in this science of self-knowledge unless it is true in your own experience. This is the only protection against the robot levels of the mind.

Truth does not need argument, agreement, theories or beliefs. There is only one test for it and that is to ask yourself "Is the statement true or false in my experience?"

The ability to distinguish between true and false depends upon your understanding of yourself which in turn is dependent on how long and how often you are able to remain conscious. Any source that would claim to teach wisdom has to be tested in this way. Wisdom cannot be taught but it is quickly recognised by the person ready to discover it.

There are two kinds of knowledge. One is worldly knowledge, the knowledge of things outside yourself - what you learned at school, how to drive a car, your work, every activity that makes up the world's and your daily life. This practical side of living gives varying degrees of success, wealth and fame. It produces cleverness, business acumen, lots of words and lots of good advice - but it cannot produce real wisdom.

The other knowledge is self-knowledge - the knowledge of relationships, of fear, love and all the things that make up the me in us.

The robot mind manages to mix these two worlds into an amazingly convincing confusion that leads man nowhere.

If you look at your aims you will find they represent the desire for power, position, prestige, possessions and permanence (to hold what you have). The desire for success in any of these aspects is really the desire for power.

Everyone pursues them in one form or another in the belief that their fulfilment will result in happiness or contentment. They won't of course, and our terrible inner contradiction is that we secretly realise it.

We know we are only happy for a while no matter what we attain. We are happy with a promotion which gives us the prospect of more success in the future, more money now, and immediate prestige. But, if we fail to be

promoted next time, or have to wait too long, we will be unhappy. Real happiness and contentment must be a constant, unchanging state that does not depend on the swinging pendulum of success or failure. But everyone keeps chasing the same things because the robot mind cannot pause long enough to look for a source of happiness beyond acquisition.

Are you being told to give up your ambitions, to give up the desire for success, fame and fortune? No. Get out there and acquire the whole world if you can. Out there in the thick of it is the easiest place to discover yourself. No aim, no ambition is too high if you have it. Do not let anyone infect you with their deadening fear and curb your desire for glory and attainment. Get out there if you can and be one of the few in every generation who clamber above the heads of the masses and wave their hands with a laugh, shouting "Look at me world - I made it". But on the way up see you stay conscious. It is the conscious man who finds happiness and contentment - and that, surely is the ultimate success.

Self-knowledge reveals rather startling facts. When these are faced you begin to discover what is true and false in the world. If you think you know yourself, you are wrong. If you think you know what is true and false in the world, you are wrong. Nor do the other two billion or there would be no worry - and everybody worries because everybody thinks the same. To listen, to learn, your mind has to be still.

Have you ever observed that you can have only one thought in your mind at a time? If you are sitting down planning what clothes to take on holiday your mind is on selecting them. If someone asks where you are going that afternoon the holiday planning has to go out of your mind so it can be directed onto the afternoon programme. While you are thinking you cannot listen or absorb anything because your only avenue of awareness is occupied.

When a person is told they are unconscious most of the time it is the habit of the mind to judge immediately and declare: "That is silly. I am conscious. I know I am conscious. If I were unconscious I would not be able to do these things". Can you listen when you judge? Can you learn anything? Or do you only receive your own worn-out opinions, the product of a tiny bit of life that you happen to have experienced or read about? But if the response is - "that may be so" - you are in a state of receptivity and ready to receive what is new. The still, receptive mind begins with the state of "I do not know so I will listen". The busy, rigid, mind begins with "I believe" or "I do not believe" with judgement and opinions.

The pursuit of self-knowledge takes great courage. Not the kind of courage that impresses with its daring, but an inner courage that if you have it will eventually give you willpower. Very few of the earth's two billion have willpower. They mistake desirepower for it.

The movement each day is for your opinions to grow stronger and more numerous. This is especially true of youth as the robot thinkers gradually sew them up in a cocoon of imagined rights and wrongs and good and bad which all proclaim yet ignore when it suits them, and are insulted if told so.

To break through you have to be in a constant state of listening, for truth is discovered at the most unusual and unexpected times. You have to resist the terrible, crushing, at times almost unbearable pressure, of the robot world about you that will do anything - expose you to hate, vilification, tears, ridicule, taunts of insanity, even psychological crucifixion - to make you conform to its way of thinking, to get back into line, to join the dead who bury the dead.

While the mind sees things through opinions and judgements - and it will as long as they are there - you can never see what is true. For example, the belief that God does or does not exist, has to be discarded. You don't know. That is the fact. But you can find out through self-knowledge.

The robot minds will try to convince you God does or does not exist, that you should believe even though it is self-evident that you cannot believe anything by an act of will. You have to know to believe, and then you do not have to believe - you know.

Half the world says God exists, the other half disagrees. One of them is wrong. You might believe the wrong one. To believe either is robot thinking because neither know.

When self-knowledge reveals the answer it will be a living fact in your own experience. At any time you wish to experience the answer it will be there, just as you can say "It is night" or "It is day". You will know while the rest of the world is arguing and speculating.

From this point on you have to discard your opinions of whether another person's behaviour is good or bad. You can judge no-one because you will always perceive them through the slightest distortion of your judgement. Where strong emotion is involved it is not unusual for you to see only your own judgement and not the man at all. And there is always the terrible possibility that you might be wrong.

The point of this is that while you are concerned with an opinion about a person you cannot listen and might miss the truth. If a person offends you, you can avoid them as much as possible - which you already do anyway - but without thinking about it. Judging someone to another person is this kind of thinking in words. It is the heartbeat of the robot mind.

CHAPTER TWO : OBSERVATION

What are you? Every answer to this question comes from the robot mind which lies like a great brick wall between us and the truth. Every answer it gives us about ourselves is but another question, a reaction bouncing back off the same superficial knowledge - an amalgam of what we already know. So we get all the answers but no solutions.

The only way we can ever get through to the truth is by finding out what we are not. We do that by looking, by observation. It is by observing we are not the things about us that we get our sense of duality. So by observing the robot mind in action we gradually dis-identify from it and finally realise we are something else. That something is beyond the reactions of the robot and it is there we find the truth.

The robot in us is memory. Worry, fear, every thinking reaction comes out of memory. This must be understood first, and the easiest way is for you to ask yourself a question and follow what happens.

This process of self-discovery is scientific and the invariable rule of science has to be applied - experiment and observation. The experiment is to ask the question, the observation is to look at yourself and see what happens.

Being a science the laws cannot vary. Any apparent variation is in you: you will have stepped off the way of facts into conclusions. The sun is either shining or it is not. You do not have to conclude, you just look.

Sometimes as you peer into the magnificent unexplored depths of yourself your very being will sing at the beauty of a truth discovered and you will exclaim with all the triumph and certainty of a scientist "It is right". But do not imagine that you can share your jubilation with everyone. Unless they are explorers of themselves they will not understand. They may say they do but they cannot, and you will know that they do not. The rewards in this process go only to those who make the effort - that is the superb justice of it.

Men have wagered their lives on a precarious thing like their memory of a date. We do it in a smaller way every time we have an argument. Men declare, with massive all-excluding conviction, that such-and-such a thing is true. "I know it is" they cry. Who knows it is? On what immovable ground do these great declarations of truth rest . . . on the vapour of memory which might have stored the wrong information.

You must forget any theories, any facts, you have read or heard. We are not concerned with intellectual thinking or arguments here. You do not need to know psychological terms, what Freud said and the rest of it.

When a research scientist enters his laboratory to try to discover something new he leaves outside all his opinions, likes and dislikes. He sets up his experiment, begins the action and observes the results. You have to be a scientist, observing the challenge that life throws up. The beauty of it is that the experiment is always working. You do not have to set aside time or interfere with any of your activities. The hardest part is to make sure the scientist, the observer of yourself, is there.

Memory is the product of experience and it contains the facts you use to cope with the practical side of life. But it must also contain something else otherwise we would all agree on the facts and there would be no dispute. You cannot sensibly argue about how many legs a cow has, yet our lives are spent in almost continual dispute and disagreement.

The greatest part of memory consists of impressions. These are the results of conditioning - the religion we were brought up in, our political, family and social environment. It is the most subtle, cloying, form of all experience. Impressions are the source of all our opinions and arguments.

When you say God does or does not exist, or that someone is good or bad, you are drawing on impression memory. When you say you "feel" or "just know" something you are using impressions. It is unscientific to say you "feel" something. It really means you have not made the effort to find out the fact.

You lost interest in fairy stories very quickly when you found out that magic wands were not a fact of life in your experience. But in the days when you listened to them you were not so sure. You did not have sufficient experience of life to prove them false.

As an adult you can read a novel, but only if the author represents life as it is. The plot does not matter, for you know from history that just about any conceivable plot has happened. But unlike the Greeks you cannot have a God suddenly shooting an arrow from heaven to get rid of the villain in the last act. The action has to conform with the fact of life. Some men are extraordinarily clever with a gun, knife, karate, gymnastics and the rest - so for your entertainment you will accept all these things as possible in one man. There can also be twists of fate as long as they remain within the reasonable possibility of life in your experience, otherwise you discard them as childish tales.

The child does not listen to fairy tales for entertainment. It lives them, and it believes them as though they were life itself. The developing

mind is so devised that before reading and writing occurred, even before the advent of language, it apprehended all experience in living. With language occurred the first corruption, the first lies and the first fairy tales. So the child continues to believe such things are true until life itself, through growing up, proves them to be false.

You can make a child believe anything, even that you are magic and wise, but the pose is doomed for life will instruct him by experience that neither is true. Although the child may never find what is true in himself he will discover the fact that you have deceived him and are not wise, and eventually he will not listen to you or consult you. And, having failed as a man to find wisdom in himself he will then pretend to his own child that he is wise - with the same tragic results.

Man will give an opinion on almost anything. He does not stop to observe that the source of his opinions is what someone else has said or written, or that it is a synthesis of the past from outside. He is completely identified with his experience. He takes other ideas as his own or rejects them outright according to his conditioning.

The first conditioning that man is exposed to, irrespective of community or race, is that he is the body. Then, that he is an individual. Neither can be proved. But we are not going to draw any conclusions, for he who looks and looks long enough must find the truth.

When you next reply "I don't know", to a person observe the state of no-thought, absence of busy reference to memory, to conditioning and impressions. You are like a photographic plate exposed in a dark-room, absolutely still yet perfectly poised to receive the light, the new.

So far we have seen that man has a factual memory and an impression memory. With factual memory he gets things done, with impression memory he argues. Impression memory is the cause of all the ignorance and most of the pain and misery in your life and everybody else's.

A billion men and women before you have paused briefly in their burrowing in the past to sigh with an intensity beyond knowing "Where am I going . . . what is it all about?" And received no answer. Before you can escape from your burrow you must know you are trapped. Then there is a chance.

CHAPTER THREE : THE FACT

Imagination is the main obstacle to self-knowledge. Yet without it man would not be man. The trouble begins when we allow imagination to use us, and this occurs whenever it draws its images out of impression memory and not factual memory. Then we suffer and if we use our misery to observe ourselves we discover that this type of imagination is the curse of man - the thing that separates us from God, if there is a God.

Self-knowledge is the process of becoming de-hypnotised. When you are hypnotised you see things as they really are not, mistaking the false for the true. A self-deluding process is required - a robot imagination.

Things get done through factual memory. Through it the world progresses materially. From medicine to space-ships, every new device and practical service to mankind has its origin as a progressive development of factual memory. Man always uses it in his work or when there is something important to do. But as soon as he finishes work he switches over to impression memory. This is where he keeps his imaginings of the significance of experience, of what he is and what others are. Here he is no longer concerned with facts. He enters the world of imagination and opinions - the world of the false. Yet, when he had an important job to do, when he could not afford to fail, he dealt only in facts.

Countless men and women have each contributed in their own way to progress but have not contributed one fact to answer the question "Where am I going - what is it all about?" Are the ones who came before you your hypnotists? Are you in turn the hypnotist of your children? There is only one way to find out. You have to see yourself exactly as you are, not as you imagine you are.

When you observe yourself you must not condemn or approve what you see. If you tell a lie there is no need to judge yourself. The judge cannot be the judged, and even to accept is to judge. The fact is that you lied - there is no need to tell anyone else, just face the truth alone.

As you continue watching yourself you will observe you are an habitual liar. Even if you are recounting a simple happening you will observe yourself lie for no reason. If you try to find a reason you are judging again. You will be amazed at what you see. The scientist when he is observing the results of an experiment is often amazed at what he sees, and he can laugh at it too, without changing the result.

If you try to change what you see you have failed again. You are back in your burrow with your back to the light. To succeed in any endeavour you have to keep coming back to your object. Your object is to see yourself exactly as you are. You are not just a liar, you are many other disagreeable things. If you try to change them all you will not have time to know yourself. You will neither know yourself nor change yourself and you will be back with all the others before you who tried to change themselves and yet never succeeded.

If man could change things easily by opposition what a mess we would be in. What is good to some is bad to others. Some would change the good, others would change the bad. There is no escape in the old or we would all be free. Self-knowledge is the discovery of the new - it looks beyond the world that has all the answers and no solutions.

A man or woman has a diamond ring. It cost a lot of money and for two years they have worn it with the satisfaction that can go with owning something beautiful or valuable. One day an expert proves to them that it is a worthless imitation. Does he or she continue to wear it? Of course not. They throw it away or give it to the children to play with.

The truth is that once you discover something is false you lose interest in it. Man no longer treasures what he thought genuine once he discovers it is false. In this way truth is its own solution.

Self-knowledge is the discovery of the false. You do not have to find what is true: when the false is discarded truth is there. It always was. Just keep observing the fact and the change will come automatically and will be lasting. When you discover you are a liar and face the fact without excuses you will begin to stop lying. Lying will drop away like the dead leaf that is no longer part of the tree.

You are also a hypocrite. You are cruel, selfish, covetous and envious. You do not live up to the standards of behaviour and thought you profess and expect of others. You allow yourself the indulgence of anger but condemn it in others. You will cheat in a business deal and excuse it as business, talk about and defame another man or woman to amuse yourself in conversation and then go home and say you love. If this is love there is no hope. Love, if it exists, must be a constant thing and not the plaything of inconstancy.

Life is an everflowing circle and the facts are like immovable rocks in the middle of the stream. Face the fact and rest - and the stream carries you around and beyond. Struggle away from the fact by not facing it and you fight against the stream of life and suffer. It is the law. You have no choice.

It will help in piecing together facts when the link is not apparent to remember that life is always moving. You cannot separate the part from the whole; and as above so below.

If a man wants to find out what is in a valley over the hill he climbs to the top of the ridge and looks. He does not say the river at the north end should be at the south. He does not say what should be and what should not be. He looks. He sees first only what is - the valley and all that is in it - as it is. If he moves on to a new aim and desires to live in the valley things can be changed if they are changeable. The fact will change them though, the man will be merely the instrument.

To face a fact is to look at it full on, no matter how ugly or painful it is. Then it dissolves like the smashed atom and releases a tremendous energy which we apprehend as the moment of decision. The man may have a great desire to live in the valley, but his desire is not the fact. Desire is only the path that leads up to the fact.

If the river is too far away to water his land and cannot be diverted the man will face the fact, perhaps even weep at the frustration of his desire, and go elsewhere. If the river can be changed he will face the fact and divert it. He does not have to judge anything as long as he keeps facing facts.

The fact comes first. It is always that way, but it cannot be seen unless the mind is very still. At first it is seen as a glimpse but the insight will return, stronger, when you have worked more.

The opposite, the lingering misery of life, would occur if the man did not face the fact of no water and moved into the valley on the strength of his desiring and its blind optimism. That would be imagination, dreamland with reality's agony.

Why is it that most magazines devote the front page to a photo of a pretty girl although she may not be connected with the contents. And she is always smiling, looking happy or sexy.

The answer is obvious to the robot mind but it is not understood. If everyone understood it the advertisements would not work. But the fact is that the manufacturers and advertising men who deal in these things know that the treatment pulls. The aim is to create desire for the objects by planting an alluring image of possession in your mind so you will buy on desire alone without facing the fact of whether you can really afford them or need them. The attempt is to manufacture the idea that elusive happiness comes from using or owning these things.

This one-sided presentation works because happiness and contentment are not known. If they were, any attempt to even suggest that something was a producer of it when it is not, would be ridiculous. It would be like trying to convince you a feather is the cause of happiness because when someone is tickled with it it makes them laugh. Laughter is not the indicator of happiness, as we all know,

Man imagines happiness is associated with possessions, whether they be money, houses, cars, radio sets, pretty girls or handsome men. He never ceases imagining this even though the happiness of possession in his own experience always wilts and droops. So, the false is tolerated and believed because the fact is not faced and therefore is powerless to bring the new.

Our object is to discover what is false. By observation we have discovered that imagination is false when it separates the part from the whole and builds on only one aspect of a fact - an impression. So if you separate yourself from this imagining you separate yourself from the false. If you identify with it you identify with the false and you are unconscious, robot thinking. When you are identified with a state you are that state. When you are angry you are anger. When your thinking is unreal so are you.

It has been suggested that it takes tremendous power to remain the observer whatever the provocation. You certainly have to use will-power and it is a tremendous power. But only the master, not the slave, can find it or wield it.

You can never, by a decision, stop anger. Anger is the same monster every time. Its energy is emotion and emotion is the result of conflict. Conflict is the product of robot imagining and that is the result of the desire to change what is without facing the fact.

Anger, like all the other corrupting identities in you has to be observed and understood and then it disintegrates and never returns. You cannot be anger and the observer at the same time, but you can appear to be angry and still be the observer. Anger, being false, cannot exist in the spotlight of intelligent observation.

The truth, which is the real good, can be discovered first only in relation to your self. To do this the mind has to be very still. But to see truth, or what is good for other objects, especially other people, requires a great amount of work on yourself.

Stored away in your impression memory is what you imagine to be good for you and the various people in your life, for humanity, for the world and all things generally. But you do not even know the truth in relation to yourself yet. To see the truth in relation to someone else is absolutely beyond your capability. So our attempts to live together are a constant collision of everyone's imaginings of what everyone's needs are. You do not know the fact about yourself or them and they do not know the fact about themselves or you. What a circus.

"Why can't I find happiness", man asks. "Why are there quarrels, greed, murder, suicides, wars? Why can't people live together in harmony? Why am I never really content, no matter what I acquire, whether it be man or woman, gold or power?"

It is quite simple. You do not know your need, and you will never know it unless you know yourself. You see all needs through the eyes of the ephemeral robot, not understanding that the purpose of need is the need of life to experience itself as a totality beyond the apparent individual needs of men and things. So there is the mystery of death and destruction and birth and life - a structural justice, an integrity of opposites, a being of all things called immortal life.

You still imagine another's need as do the do-gooders - and that includes all of us at some time - and professional reformers. The latter will reform anything except themselves. The do-gooder and the professional reformer never solve anything. They work on the outside on what appears to be a need. They deal in appearances, not understanding that every appearance is an expression of a cause beyond itself. They relieve a pocket of poverty in the might garment of the world but only for a moment in the majesty of its years. Everything they touch falls back to what it was when they discover a more "needy" cause. They sometimes leave bitterness and misery behind, for those they fed hunger again, and those they saved fall again. They have given of their time, perhaps of their possessions, but not of themselves. You cannot give what you do not know, or you are not the giver. And what is it to give of your possessions - one day you may lose them and you will have nothing to give.

CHAPTER FOUR : LOVE

For the moment you must forget anything you ever thought you knew about love. If you look through the screen of the old you cannot understand and you will not be listening.

You cannot love a person, a thing, or an event. But you can be in the state of love in relation to it. Then you are the object's need or it is your need, and your love will continue, but only as long as your need lasts.

If the object does not, or cannot know itself, it might not consciously recognise its love, its need. An example of this is the air you breathe. It is in a state of love in relation to you. It is your need and without it you will die. But you are not consciously in a state of love with it - when you know yourself you will be. Just now someone has to put a pillow over your head for you to see your love - air. When they remove the pillow you go back to sleep - which you call living - oblivious of the delight of knowing this love. You are alive according to your knowledge of love.

Love is choiceless just as the air has no choice but to support your life, and you have no choice but to breathe it. A real reformer is a person in love. They have no choice, they act because they have to.

The mind draws only on the past - on your experience and on the experience of others - which is stored in memory, books or records of some kind. Any product of the mind is a reaction of the past, a synthesis of what is old. So mind is not a creator of the new, it is a modifier, a reactor, a renovator, but it cannot create one new note.

The composer produces new combinations of notes which are a new melody for himself and man, but in relation to the piano the composer has produced nothing new. The combination of notes, the melody, was already there in the potential of the keyboard. As the piano cannot produce the new in relation to itself, so the composer cannot, nor can anything else.

In the state of love you have to be creative - you have no choice - and you want none. Love is beyond description but not beyond illustrating. It is beyond the mind because it is always new. The mind cannot know love. Where there is thought, love is not. Awareness can know love because you can only experience the new when you are aware, when you are thought-less. We are however, seldom still enough to know what we love especially in relation to the work we do. Even if we knew we would probably choose the career that seemed to promise success and money. Thus in our jobs we are mostly unhappy or only reasonably happy - which means dissatisfied, and we are mostly mediocre and

uncreative in them. Love's movement is always towards union. It is the unifier of creation, the destroyer of division.

When the robot mind is mastered, undisciplined thinking ceases and is replaced by awareness. When the robot mind is active it thinks all the time and is the master. When the leading architects of the world, the most original designers, the most gifted writers, create their minds are in a state of meditation - or stillness - on their "love".

And out of the silence, the beyond, into the silent waiting mind comes the fulfilment of the need, the fact, the refreshing new that sets the rest of the poor, mediocre, thinking, world agog with its brilliance and its genius.

Man's needs are ever being filled, therefore ever changing. When a need is filled there is no longer any need. That is why love as we know it never seems to last. It is not the love that changes, it is the need.

It is the action of the mind to cling to what it has known even though the fact is that there is no need. The mind imagines that love is for ever as it has read and heard and wants so much to create - and never can.

Love is for ever, invariable and changeless, but not in relation to any object. For all things have a need and when that need is satisfied the love that provides it must change and appear as another need.

The fact is that you love for yourself. You cannot change anything by loving it. You only change yourself. That which you imagine can change things by talking or doing is the body, and the body is not the lover. Or would you try to say that he who is paralysed and dumb cannot love? The final need is love itself. So if you loved something as your one remaining need you would have to die. Not die for - which is the robot mind's imagination of the ultimate in love - but die into. Then you would be one - no lover, no beloved.

CHAPTER FIVE : CRY MARS

In Eastern countries, especially in India, they pay a lot of attention to astrology. Astrology is studied as a predictive science and they believe that the nine planets which revolve with the earth around the sun govern the lives of everyone in the world and that the future can be foretold from the positions they will occupy. Astrologers have made some amazingly accurate predictions and many blunders.

We are not concerned with astrology, but astrology contains a principle which we can use in the study of ourselves.

According to astrology each planet possesses certain characteristics that cause specific events in people's lives. We will look at only three planets, Mars, the astrologers say, is a fiery energetic planet which causes accidents, violence, fire, blood, hate, war and anger. Mars is quick and hurts like a punch on the nose. Saturn is a slow-moving planet that causes misery, sorrow, poverty, sullenness and delay. Jupiter is the great benefic of all the planets and is the giver of all good, according to astrology. We will look at it later.

Round and round the planets go and because they are at a certain point in relation to their position when you were born so you hit your thumb with a hammer, get off on the wrong foot with your new boss, no longer make progress despite increased efforts, win a lottery or get a raise.

Let us now forget astrology and look at life in relation to the Mars and Saturn elements.

Very few, if any, of the things we attempt go according to our expectations. Not only big things but everything. The things that go wrong are the Mars and Saturn elements in life. We will refer to them from now on as the Mars element. The robot mind treats these things as separate from life, as unconnected happenings that interfere with or spoil the enjoyment of living. They are bad luck, bad news, a sad event, a cruel blow, a setback. They cause worry, tears, anger, hate, fear, discontent - most of the feelings that are the opposite to the feeling of happiness and contentment.

What we are leading up to is a device to help you keep awake, conscious, while the robot minds around you snore on, imagining they know. But remember the mind will fight you with its biggest guns - judgements and opinions about what is being said - and you will be unconscious again.

If the Mars element were absent you would merely desire something and it would be yours. There would be no interference, no competition, nothing to overcome, nothing to deflect you, no sorrow, no challenge, no disappointment, no accidents, no hospitals, no pain, no debt, no death.

Do you see the stupidity of this division by the robot? Follow its thinking through and you mentally destroy the fact of life and create what must be paradise. But life is the fact, or would you deny it?

Whenever the Mars element strikes you are upset to varying degrees. Whenever it appears to be absent you are happy or undisturbed. If the Mars element were absent forever and everything went smoothly you would imagine that that would be the secret of happiness and contentment. Obviously it is, but as we have seen we would have to destroy living as the intelligent mind knows it to experience this state. Unless - and this is the only alternative - unless you could accept everything that happened as a part of life and did not react to it. That would be the practical secret of happiness and contentment.

The robot mind pursues everything it sets out to do with the attitude that there will be no interference from the Mars element, that life will actually suspend the essence which is its existence. You might say that people expect things to go wrong. That is saying something and not living it. If you expected things to go wrong or differently, if you had a mental attitude that acknowledged the ever-present possibility of Mars, you could never get angry or upset when it struck.

You get in a friend's car and smash the mudguard as you drive up the street. Your reaction is a degree of worry, anguish or fear. You are shocked when Mars strikes otherwise you would have no reaction. Look at it closely but do not look for contradictions. If you see this main fact the side issues that your mind wants to raise will become clear. The mind is your greatest enemy. Its very function, its purpose, is to keep the truth hidden. You smash the car and mentally suffer worry. But if you were conscious of the fact that the Mars element is there you could not worry. To worry or suffer mentally about the fact of life is ridiculous. Why not worry about all the other people who will smash their cars today, who will lose a limb, the children who will be crippled, the fifty thousand who will die of starvation? Why not worry about all the rest of life that life itself will afflict today? You cannot worry about them can you? It is impossible.

Worry is a purely selfish expression. The fact is that to worry or suffer mentally you have to have an opinion. You have to say "that is bad in relation to me". That opinion will prevent you from seeing the truth. When you smash the car the only fact in your experience is that the car is smashed. It is your judgement that it is bad. Most people you might say, especially the owner, will agree with you that it is bad.

No they will not. The smash will be good for the man who repairs the car and all those he employs - without car-smashes and breakdowns they would be out of work. It will be good for the company who make the spare parts and if the car is a write-off it will be good for the car manufacturer and all the people who work for them - and they all pay taxes. You may imagine it is bad for the insurance company but it will be good for the bank which provides the insurance company's overdraft at a profit out of which it pays wages. It will be good for the typewriter and stationery people and the post office because it will involve letters, documents, stamps and phone calls, and so on. In fact it appears to be bad only for the owner, the insurance company and you. But the insurance company exists because of the profits it makes on such risks and if there were no accidents there would be no insurance companies. So it is not bad for the company. For the owner, the smash is the Mars element, which is life, and he judges that life is bad because the smash is bad for him. If he would eliminate this from his life it must be eliminated from all lives, and that as you have seen, would be the end of life. Everyone you know wants to eliminate the bad from their lives.

Life is composed of the coming and going of money. What money is spent on matters not. The bloodstream of your life is the coming and going of money. Some things like smashes do seem unnecessary but this is because you live on the surface. Has anyone ever succeeded in avoiding such things?

The movement of money is a total act of life and not of the individual. It is like the tide - it sweeps in and out leaving behind numberless small puddles of various sizes and capacities which it will destroy or refill at will when it flows again. All of life depends upon this constant regular movement, and all the little puddles which make up the container of the full tide must give back continuously so that the puddles on the other side of life can be refreshed - and the bigger life maintained.

The only reason the smash is bad for you is because you fear what the owner will say or think about you and you do not like the Mars element in your life of being blamed and feeling guilty. So it is not really bad for you except in your imagination. To fear what the owner will say or to feel uncomfortable you will have to separate that which is life from your life. This can only be done in imagination. Worry is a fact only in relation to you, the individual, and you can observe the thing that gives you the greatest pleasure will give you the greatest sorrow. To dodge the Mars element - which is life - you will have to die.

Do you see the stupidity of being surprised when life hits you? Only death can save you, but you, the robot mind, regard the inescapable fact of death as the worst blow of life.

CHAPTER SIX : DESIRE

If you are only the body there is no hope of life after death, reincarnation or heaven, and Christ, Buddha, Abraham and all the prophets were fools.

Yet, if you are not the body, what are you? What drives you on to use the knowledge in your memory? What makes you strive so hard, and why do you keep going when you are already under sentence of death?

Man is what he believes he is, and according to that he lives, enjoys and suffers. It is identification again, but this time it actually dictates his life and his destiny. Very few men can say what they believe they are. They will say what they imagine they believe they are.

The truth, as always, lies in the source of all truth - life. What you believe, you live, or you do not believe it. Your beliefs can never be separated from your daily life and what you parade as your beliefs in discussion and argument is what you imagine you believe.

Your body is yours. Pinch it and it hurts. Pinch someone else and you feel nothing. But that does not necessarily mean your body is you. It could be an expression of you as the note is an expression of the bell. When the note has died the bell still is. So your body is yours but not necessarily you.

The body exists because of desire. If there is no desire to eat or breathe it rots and vanishes. Remove desire and the body does not exist. When you are asleep you are unconscious - you are absent. You exist only because you wake up and regain consciousness. While you are asleep and absent the body must breathe because it is alive when you wake up. It is not your desire that makes the body breathe. Even when you are awake it is not your desire that keeps the body breathing. You only appear and act when the body's breathing is impaired. So it is the body's desire to breathe.

It must be the body's desire to eat too. You do not decide you are hungry. You become aware of discomfort in the body and after the sensation you realise you are hungry. In the same way you feel well or sick, hot or cold. You do not decide any of these things. You always appear after the sensation and then decide the action. So you cannot be the body.

Unconscious and subconscious have no place in the science of self-discovery, except to spur us on. They can only mean there is something about ourselves we do not know, and that is intolerable. What is unknown might contain our freedom or immortality.

No man has ever discovered an unconscious mind in himself. What he has discovered is his own unconsciousness, his lack of self-knowledge. If you are conscious of the unconscious mind it is no longer unconscious. If you are unconscious of it it is not you. Anything between is a theory and a theory is a partly observed fact. If you do not know the source of your desires and motivations that source, obviously, must determine your actions and is not you as you now imagine yourself to be. So it must be the real you - undiscovered. To label this ignorance an unconscious mind is just another way of saying you are not all there.

A man wants to study plant-life must study plants. But the man who wants to study the mind has only one mind on which to work - his own. He cannot study someone else's mind as he can study a plant. He only imagines he can - no matter how hard he looks he will not find another mind, he will only find a body.

Any mind outside your own acts through a body and you observe those actions through your body. If you try to study a mind that way you end up with your mind's impression of your body's impression of the other person's impression of their mind! This is obviously unacceptable scientifically, yet it is the basis of any psychology that depends on the study of other minds.

Everything has consciousness because everything has knowledge. Unless there is a knower - consciousness - there is no knowing. Where there is no knowledge there is no thing.

Man is the only thing that possesses the capability of becoming fully self-conscious. He seldom does, but all things, like him, have degrees of self-consciousness. The degree is the thing's knowledge which appears as its function or behaviour. To exist, a thing must first possess the knowledge to function as itself.

If consciousness has only the knowledge of a worm it appears as a worm. If it has the knowledge of a dog, as a dog. While it has only the knowledge of a worm it will always behave like a worm. As consciousness knows so it appears and behaves. The study of the behaviour of a thing is the study of its knowledge. If we can find out what it knows we can predict its behaviour, and that is exactly what the scientist does.

Now, we can see why man lives what he believes. He functions according to his knowledge of himself - not his knowledge of other things. If he does not know himself he does not know his knowledge or his function. To know your function is the end of the search for wisdom.

The knower in you cannot be the known. What is this knower? Is it consciousness, the supporter of knowledge? Knowledge varies but consciousness cannot. Consciousness cannot be known but it can be experienced. You can experience consciousness now by experiencing that fact that you exist. The difference between this and any other experience is that it is done

independently of any state or thing. It is the only complete, independent, action that man is capable of. In this brief moment you will notice you do not have to know anything. You do not even have to know you exist. You just are, or as you would say yourself "I am".

You cannot hold that state because you start to think. Not about anything in particular, but your mind runs off on an association produced from outside by one of your senses. So you think, you become that thought, and consciousness, the state of pure awareness is lost.

It is the way of things in this creation that all states exist because each is the opposite of another. There is always hot and cold, high and low, birth and death, pure and impure, gross and refined and so on. The movement of life where it can be distinguished, always seems to be from the gross to the refined, from the impure to the pure. This eternal, seldom-apprehended progression is what man knows as hope.

Knowledge follows this law. At one end it is gross, at the other refined. The lower end in relation to existence might be the knowledge possessed by a stone. In relation to man the lower end might be the knowledge of a brute, the higher end the knowledge of a Christ.

There are two links between man's consciousness and his knowledge, whatever its quality. Reason links him with factual memory. Imagination links him with impression memory. The highest knowledge man can possess is that which is true in his own experience. If his experience is limited, so is his knowledge and he behaves accordingly. A brute of a man cannot have had the same experience as a Christ. But a Christ must have had the same experience as a brute or there is no progression. The highest knowledge must be the most reliable too, or the law falls down.

If someone tells you it is raining and you look around and see it is not you say it is not. It does not matter what authority the person has, he cannot convince you otherwise, because in your own experience, at that moment, you know the fact. You know it in the same way as you know you exist, and that is the absolute certainty of all experience.

The faculty you have used is reason. Reason first uses the facts of the individual's own experience. As it moves away from that living moment into the experience of others it becomes imagination, and the likelihood of error is increased enormously. For reason is only the Christ end of the brute imagination.

Do you see what you have to do to talk about an unconscious mind which in this living moment you cannot experience? You only use the term in retrospect as an excuse for your ignorance or in a sympathetic exchange of confessions of unconsciousness with another. If anyone were to suggest at other times that you were not responsible for your actions because of your unconscious mind you would be fiercely insulted.

Do you see you have to begin by inventing something you do not know exists. You have to indulge in a tremendous amount of complex imagining to describe it and at the same time continue the farce by trying to excuse your own implied stupidity.

All you need to say to explain the whole thing is "I do not know myself". That is the fact. Perhaps you could add "But I am still learning".

The fact is always simple. The trouble is in seeing it through the mind which until it is stilled always takes the imaginative way. The mind knows it is the master in imagination and the slave of the fact. It will fight you all the way to self-knowledge - and why not, it is the only enemy.

Hunger and breathing are body desires. It is obvious from man's behaviour that he identifies himself with them because he has never bothered to observe their origin. There are other desires that are not of the body, but man, again, seldom pauses to observe these desires in himself. So if he is ever asked to explain them he will probably eventually resort to his faithful old standby - the unconscious mind.

But for us who are observers of ourselves there can never be a hidden desire or hidden motivation. If we are always observing ourselves nothing hidden can come in without being spotted, and nothing hidden can get done because we, the master, are always there.

All desire in this creation arises from the first desire, and that in our own experience is the desire to live. Nothing desires to die before it desires to live.

To know something in your own experience, just as you know you exist, does not require imagination. All you have to do is observe. You need no outside knowledge, no techniques, no talents as the world applauds them, no authority, no university degree, no books, no assistance. It is the only complete action you can accomplish in the world without dependence. It is the simple, beautiful experience of aloneness - which is the opposite of loneliness.

To know something outside your own experience requires imagination. Another cannot feel your headache. To know the pain you suffer he or she has to use imagination based on past experience of a headache. You could be told that it was your unconscious mind aching, but that does not change the pain of the headache or enlarge the experience. You still have no experience of the unconscious mind so it does not exist for you.

Motivation is the action of a desire and desire always produces its own energy for its fulfilment. The energy is produced by conflict and conflict is that you want to change what is. You can desire to go to the cinema but the desire-energy-action does not begin until the moment you desire

to change what is - now. What is only exists now. Tomorrow is what may be. Yesterday is what was. If you do anything there has to be a desire and as soon as the desire arises in your consciousness it exists and you can see it, observe it for yourself because it is then yourself.

There are no secret or hidden motivations for an intelligent person who knows himself or herself, but you will go to absurd lengths to take the imaginative way.

You touch a hot iron. You withdraw your hand instantly; there was no thought or decision in the reaction. The body protected itself and withdrew itself from the abnormal heat which would cripple or destroy it.

It is the same with abnormal cold. Sometimes when the hand sticks to something abnormally cold like the bottom of a refrigerator tray the mind is not at first sure whether the sensation is a heat or coldburn. Both sensations are the same to the body. All it does is withdraw instantly from that which would destroy it. Heat and cold have no distinction - the desire for preservation is the motivator. The body acts, performs, without your assistance - or rather without your thought. In fact, if you consciously try by thought to regulate the breath it becomes irregular.

When the body smells toxic fumes in the air it uses its mobility to escape. If it did not have a sense of smell it might be destroyed. In the same way taste and other senses are a defence system - they are self-preservation senses. The animals seem to act in the same way although they do not seem to try to interfere by thinking.

It is man's habit to see things in relation to his interests. If you see a snake and you perceive it in relation to self-preservation you will fail to see it as it is. You will not see the superb artistry of its skin pattern, the cold yet vibrant lustre, the wonder of its coiling movements, the brightness of its eyes, the nervous movement of its fine forked tongue. A snake is a thing of beauty if you look at it in relation to itself after reason has satisfied the desire for body protection. Beauty is not an interest - beauty is - and beauty is in all created things if you can put aside your interests and see them as they are. How else do you think you see beauty on the few occasions you do in your busy thought-full days? Unless beauty is you could not spare the time to manufacture it, and there would be no beauty. Beauty is despite you.

You are off to a business appointment. You take a short cut through the park. Your interest at the moment is in the appointment and you see the trees and flowers in relation to the appointment so you are careful not to walk into the trees or trip over the bushes and flowers.

As above, so below, is one of the pivotal facts of the science of self-knowledge. In relation to the tree our body possesses mobility and the sense of seeing and hearing which the tree apparently does not. A tree will send its roots very deep, and even under a road if necessary to find food or sustenance. It has the desire for food and because of that it lives or is. If there is waste oil the roots will avoid the place and if you keep chopping a root it will go in another direction. When you wound a tree the sap congeals protectively around the wound, like blood. From this you can see that the tree combines elementary states of the senses of smell, taste, and touch-feeling. It would appear from the facts in our experience that the senses of smell, taste and touch-feeling are primarily associated with the desire of an organism - a body or plant - to preserve itself.

The tree does not apparently see or hear but the animals do and the result is a natural movement towards leadership or dominance by the fittest. This is where you come in, where man begins. The senses of seeing and hearing are the beginning of the desire for power apart from the desire for preservation of the organism and species. The desire for power for power's sake is the beginning of the individual existence - the robotman.

CHAPTER SEVEN : POWER

You are an expression of the desire for power. You devote your life to this desire. All your ambitions, all your strivings, are directed at satisfying it. When you imagine you achieve it you are happy, when you fail you are unhappy. The individual lives according to what he really believes will make him happy.

Yet Christ and the rest of the prophets also said that only the poor in spirit can enter heaven. You are not poor in spirit, you cannot be, for the opposite to being poor in spirit is to desire power. So even though you are not the body you still cannot enter the kingdom of heaven as you are at present if Christ and the rest of them were not fools - unless you are in fact not the thing that uses your body and your life in the pursuit of power - unless you are not the robot.

The body only wants to be at ease, and ease includes exercise when it desires it. The body does not want company, it needs food, water, air and a few other simple things to keep it at ease. If it itches it will scratch itself without any decision by you, even when you are asleep.

Your memory is filled with uncountable experiences, a teeming jumble of unconnected matters right back to childhood. Yet when something comes up for discussion only the absolutely relevant details present themselves to consciousness and you express them.

You meet a person you have not seen for twenty years. In the second it takes to shake his hand you recall his name and most of the things you know about him and experienced together. This surely is a miracle. Perhaps we have never observed it because we are always too busy, too thought-full looking for the miraculous.

This miracle is the unifying principle of individual experience in this life. You have probably heard it termed the ego, but let us look at this amazing unifying principle of your experience. A principle is a fundamental element, an indefinable fact that can be illustrated but not described. Unifying means reducing to unity, which in time means continuity. This principle unifies all your individual experience of life into one amazing, intelligible, continuous expression which is you.

It is the desire for preservation that keeps the body alive. To enjoy power as a happiness you have to see it exist in relation to yourself, the powerful, and someone else, the powerless or the impressed.

Your desire for power is partly fulfilled when someone praises you, honours you, obeys you, serves you, works for you, quotes you, borrows from you or listens to you. This desire for power is seen by possession

of a bigger car, house, bank account, clever children, more servants, more or bigger anything - except humility, innocence and poverty.

You are also more powerful in your imagination than another when you can tell him something he does not know, when you are first to break the news, when you discuss in his or her absence their failings or excesses, especially in relation to your own morality and respectability.

If you doubt that the pursuit of power, position, permanence, possessions and prestige occupies most of your life you must ask yourself what causes you the greatest worry and anguish in your life. You will find it is the anticipated loss of one or a combination of these five things, in other words, your power as an individual, which is death. The loss of a loved one can cause anguish but it will not interfere for long with the pursuit of power. Your motives for pursuing these things are secondary and in fact are imaginary. The pursuit is the fact. The motives are the excuses for the unending pursuit you cannot explain. For the youth - the motive applauded by all - is the desire to meet the challenge, to pursue fame and fortune. When he is a man and gets responsibilities he pursues exactly the same things, but now it is his duty. Now and again there is the exciting challenge and he forgets his excuses or motives of duty and pursues success or power with zest, but always the movement is back, back. A sort of weariness begins to show through but this has to be quickly covered up.

In middle age the motive becomes security or something like it. In old age, when the pursuit is old and has lost its vigour but not its virulence, the moments are more frequent when a man asks himself "What is it all about?" "What did I gain?" But it is too late, for soon he or she will die and anything gained will be taken. The pursuit never varies but the motives, the reasons, the excuses are endless.

It is no use having a million pounds in gold if you are alone on a desert island. The gold or money is only valuable for what it will buy, which includes respect. If you inherited an island teeming with people and wealth but you were born deaf and blind you would get no elation of power, no feeling of success. If you possess you have to see your possessions or the power-producing effect of them. If you rule you have to see or hear the power of your authority. Imagination again is the key.

The sense of imagination is almost totally absent when the senses of seeing and hearing do not exist. These two faculties mark the beginning of what we term intelligence, which in man, includes the tremendous faculty of reason. It is only by reason - the power to assemble facts in cogent form - that man can overcome the all-enveloping falseness of imagination. But it is so difficult and the forces of imagination are so powerful that few individuals ever succeed.

It is an aspect of this unifying principle of your experience in this life that every desire is pursued with the feeling, the conviction, that you are

permanent, that it "cannot happen" to you. But it does happen to you. It will happen to you. There is no more obvious a fact than death, but it makes no difference. Reason is a babe against this giant of imagination that keeps the poor, shuffling, robot world in chains. You imagine from moment to moment that you are permanent. You are identifying yourself with the desire. But it is the desire that is permanent - not you. Look around you, look at all recorded history.

When you are forced to look at death in relation to yourself you fear death. The operating doctor does not feel this fear as he is looking at death in relation to another. But he, too, fears death when he is forced by circumstances to look at the fact of death in relation to himself. Yet it is not death you both fear because you do not know what death comprises and you cannot fear what you do not know. You fear death because you know in your own experience it will take all your power, position, possessions - everything you imagine you are.

CHAPTER EIGHT : GIVING

If you look at the totality of life on earth you will notice that everything exists for something else. Everything is like a tunnel - at one end it receives and at the other end it gives. Inbetween it converts what it receives into a suitable form for the thing above or below to receive. This is not a giving or receiving of choice, it is choiceless. There has to be giving as there has to be receiving. Death, preceded by unconsciousness, is the only terminator for the failure to give and receive.

Why is it that so often when you give to another with a generous smile and gesture, you at the same time feel the stab of selfishness and know you really do not desire to give? Why is it when someone gives to you you often notice that your torrent of thanks does not carry the sincerity you express? That for a strange, almost frightening, reason you are not moved at all and you could just as easily take and walk away? You go through the act of gratitude because your mind says "everyone would be grateful in the same position".

Gratitude is, but it has another name which is beyond the robot mind but not beyond experiencing. It is a state that can only exist when the giver gives because he would die if he did not and the receiver receives because he would die if he did not. In the moment neither thinks and neither speaks and neither feels he is the giver or the taker and the experience is sacred because in the moment both receive love.

You have to receive what you need under the unbreakable law of the universe. Here is the tide that knows no individual. The mind will always come up with a reason why you gave or received. It will say you wanted to or that you were a fool to give and won't do it again. But in the massive sweep of life the fact remains that you had no choice.

When your mind imagines what you need or imagines that you are giving you can experience in yourself at that moment the lie of hypocrisy. For that moment - if you see it - you are conscious.

All life begins with our sun. The sun shines and gives of itself, it has no choice. Heat from the sun evaporates water, clouds build up and when they become too heavy it rains and they give of themselves. The air must give of itself to man's body as breath, and man in breathing converts the oxygen to carbon dioxide to give it to the trees so that they can breathe their need and in living convert it back to oxygen so that man's body may breathe again. The earth must give of itself to the trees and grass and they give of themselves to the animals and birds who give of themselves to man. And when all things die

they must go back to feed the earth and the earth receives and gives so all things can receive and give - none has a choice.

If you would try to stop anything giving or receiving, by the same action you will summon to it unconsciousness or death. For unconsciousness is the next to last need of all things with a brain, and death is the final need of all unconscious life.

Man alone of all created things possesses the potential of choice, to give by choice, the thing that all creation is waiting for, the thing that only man can give - the awakened state of consciousness. But man would separate mankind from the rest of creation and consciously contribute nothing except to himself. Although he has received and possesses the capability to give the most precious, the final need of all creation - consciousness - he does not give it. When man, by choice and effort begins to know himself, he begins to become conscious, to wake up, and he begins to give. He begins to see life as it is and not as he dreams it to be in his present unconscious state of thinking and imagining. The more man gives in the only self-less effort he is capable of, the effort of knowing himself, the more conscious he becomes. Man conscious is man immortal. Man conscious gives to the creation as no other thing can give and is beyond death which is the final need of all things unconscious.

CHAPTER NINE : THE KEY

There is a key to the kingdom of consciousness because by the way of things life always contains within itself the means of achieving its demands. To wake up, to see yourself and all things as they are and not as you imagine them to be, you have to have an alarm-clock. There has to be a bell to keep disturbing you. At present you will find it impossible to stay conscious for longer than a second or two at a time. It is a tremendous effort in the beginning to see yourself seeing what you are seeing. The drag of unconscious sleep will overtake you just as ordinary sleep pulls at the lids and overtakes the exhausted man.

The Mars element is your never-failing alarm clock. Whenever Mars strikes say to yourself "Mars!" and observe your reaction. If you just cry "Mars!" and do not look at yourself reacting to it you are wasting your time. If you do not see at the moment of the challenge how can you know what you are?

In the beginning you will have to rely on Mars but if you can remember to observe yourself when Mars is not hitting that is very good. But you must never condemn, approve or judge your reaction. It is vitally important that you just observe. You will find that you cannot live with a fool once you see he is a fool.

An unconscious man separates the Mars object from his life by judging it as bad in relation to him. This creates conflict or friction - his judgement that it should not have happened to him against the fact of life that it did happen. The conflict or friction between what is and man's idea of what should be generates emotion, and this emotion is the energy that powers temper. The same Mars situation happens to two men. One is unmoved inwardly, therefore conscious of all about him and able to take any intelligent action that might be needed. The other is a raging machine, quite unconscious because he can have only one thought at a time and his mind is aflame with exploding or simmering emotion. He is incapable of intelligent action and himself becomes a potential instrument of the Mars element.

It is an inescapable fact that only the moment, now, exists in relation to you. The future exists only in your imagination and that is why, no matter how hard you try to imagine it, you will not be able to tell the future.

The Jupiter element I mentioned earlier is the opposite to the Mars element. It is good luck, the fortunate occurrence, success, the unexpected win, the end of delay, the miraculous escape and so on. The Jupiter element is not a reliable alarm clock. Strangely, good fortune is like an injection of morphia - it puts you into a deeper sleep. That

is why a man once said it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. A rich man has too much to lose before he really suffers and turns inward. As you become conscious you will be able to see Jupiter as you see Mars. It is a Mars situation when a plate slips out of your hand, and a Jupiter one when you catch the plate an inch from the ground.

There is no mystery about pain, mental or physical, its purpose is to drive you towards consciousness. If you see this, pain has a purpose, otherwise you suffer for nothing.

If you want to see what is inside a room you open the door and look in. To see everything exactly as it is you have to be in a state of awareness, in the mental attitude of listening, and this state is possible only when you are not thinking. You can only see things as they are when you do not think.

All your opinions, dislikes and most of what you call your likes come out of memory. They are the result of some past experience gained through personal experience or through reading, hearing, being influenced or conditioned.

You cannot know what you have not experienced, and what you have experienced is all past. Every moment is new. If it were not you could tell the future by the past. If you look at what is new through the screen of the past - your opinions - it is no longer new.

If you say you do not like the type of table in the room there are two possibilities. One is that it resembles a table you have seen in the past and stored an unpleasant image of in your memory. The second is that it is in some way new in your experience. It is the habit of the robot mind to reject the new. The mind hates change and you will always resist the new if it conflicts with your opinions, especially with what you imagine your interests to be.

Quite often you find that the new leaves you rather indifferent and it is difficult to decide whether you like it or not. You find this embarrassing at times because you cannot form an opinion, and everyone is expected by the intelligent robot mind to have opinions. But after your mind gets used to the sight of the new, such as the design of a new car or a new look in clothes, you will probably find yourself saying you like it or you will make up an opinion or steal one.

Before introducing a new look experienced designers and manufacturers condition the public robot mind by publishing photographs and impressions as widely as possible. In politics also they seldom move without conditioning through a leaked newspaper or magazine story before introducing the new.

So if you say you do not like a table your opinion is based either on the past or on the habit of the mind - which is mechanical. Neither is an intelligent state. A sane person cannot dislike anything for itself. The object has to be associated with another idea. Dislike is a judgement of the robot and a negative interpretation of the natural state of preference. Preference, being the natural state, does not require thinking and that is why you like things without knowing why. What you mean when you say you do not like the table is that you would not choose it for yourself, you would prefer another. It is not your moment to choose, you are judging someone else's moment, their choice of table, and by doing that you divide yourself from them and division is disharmony. This does not mean that you dislike tables you do not choose - you just choose the one you prefer, and at that moment you are aware.

The state of awareness is the state of wisdom in which you see things as they are; the precious facility that life has given to escape the mastery of the robot.

It is the habit of mind to destroy as quickly as possible the state of awareness. It does this by judging, for judging is thinking.

CHAPTER TEN : REASON - THE EDGE

Fear is not a fact. It exists only in imagination and it is your constant companion and merciless whip. You are afraid when you think you will lose your life, your power or possessions, but not in the moment of losing them. The most ever-present of these fears is that of what people will say. You are always in fear thinking, imagining, before the moment of action. No man or animal ever knows fear when he is aware and not thinking. Fear has no experience outside imagination.

If your imagined fear of going into action in the front-line trenches during a war is momentarily greater than the fear of what people will say if you do not you will not go over the top when the signal comes. The army knows by experience that something can happen to a man with time to think so its training and discipline is aimed at making him obey instantly without thought.

The body does not know fear, only the desire for self-preservation at the moment of threat, and it acts within its limited capabilities. But you, the unifying principle which is the memory, the monitor of the senses plus the faculty of reason, use all these powers to protect the body before the moment of danger occurs. The problem is that as soon as this chattering chimpanzee of a mind sees or hears something it plunges into the jungle of associated ideas that are limitless in number in your memory. If you have one matter that is causing you concern, mind will use every association to bring you back to it, to suggest unending possibilities, and most of them will be unfavourable or bad for you because you are concerned or upset - which means you are expecting the worst. It is the unifying principle's job to bring out of memory what you want - this is the ceaseless agony of worry.

If the desire for power, prestige, permanence and the rest disappears your body will not die. But only you can find out what remains - and you will find out at the same time whether Christ and the rest of the prophets were fools.

If God exists God can be experienced, but only by you. If all the prophets swore on a stack of bibles as they have that God exists, you are no closer to experiencing God.

If you have found God through worship in a church or temple, through ritual and ceremony, through the teachings of a religious order, then that is good. But if you do not know whether God exists and you have a yearning you cannot explain let us try to discover the answer together.

You know you exist because at any moment you can experience the fact in relation to the world about you. If anyone tells you they have seen

a ghost, no matter how much you want to believe in ghosts you will not really accept it as a fact until you see it with your own eyes, that is until you experience it.

The other way we accept things is by reason. We live our lives in reasonable acceptance that the milk-man will come, that the train will arrive, that we will be alive tomorrow to carry out today's planning. But the milk-man might not come, we might die. These things are unlikely and reason will tell you so, but they do happen, every minute, somewhere. Reasonable acceptance includes the element that the unlikely could happen. But as you will have seen this does not mean everyone sees or understands the presence of this inseparable element in living; most, obviously, do not or the unexpected would not shock. Reasonable acceptance, which is our living, is imperfect. But God, if God exists, must be perfect, and beyond reason.

Reason is the mightiest of faculties but it is still below the state of awareness, of experiencing, which is the state you are in when you look at yourself and know I exist or I am.

Obviously to go beyond reason we will have to use reason, like a ladder of reason climbing to the top of itself. That will not upset reason as reason is interested only in assembling the facts, whatever they might be. It is an ever-loyal tool, imagination an ever-failing fool.

At the top of reason is awareness and pure experience - and possibly the beginning of God. Imagination has been left down below a long time ago. Reason begins where imagination ends. To go to the edge of yourself you will have to discard every idea, every image, everything you have ever read or been taught or heard about God. To begin with, God is not good as you know good. If you think God is good it is imagination - you are deluding yourself.

Instead of using the word God let us for a moment change it to the X-principle. We cannot create of ourselves, we only rediscover the created. We just mix it up and change the label. That is why we cannot know or rediscover the X-principle, if it exists, because it is not created.

There can be no lasting happiness in imperfection and perfection in the world is not the object. If the creator wanted the world to be perfect for us it would be perfect. So happiness is not the creator's object as you may have noticed. All living things are born and die. In relation to the X-principle there can be no accidents within the creation or it is not the X-principle's creation. The X-principle is the creator of murder, suicide, plague, the insane, the crippled and the ruining devastation. The X-principle destroys the innocent child, the humble saint, the loving husband, the devoted son and daughter, the wise and good ruler. At the same time the X-principle allows the murderer, the cruel, the merciless, the torturer, all the so-called evil ones to live. So the X-principle

is not good as you know good. Or is it possible you don't know what is good?

Whatever is good must surely depend upon the aim. But you do not know the X-principle's aim, so you do not know what is good.

If you are fighting a war anything that helps you win is good, any setback is bad. Do not men of "god" on either side ask God to bless his own creation by doing good which is bad and bad which is good at the same time? Such is the stupidity of the imagination. Robot man's good and bad must forever follow this crazy pattern of inconsistency while he imagines the object of his life to be separate from the object of all of life, the entire creation. But if God does not exist - if there is no overall object and no overall good in relation to the entire creation - it does not matter anyway. What is good from the creator's standpoint must be what is good for the entire creation and every individual thing must exist to contribute towards the overall object irrespective of its personal idea of good. What is, is best.

The creator has to be experienced beyond the five senses and the only instrument that can experience in this way for you is yourself - in the state of thoughtless awareness in which you declare I am, and hold it.

The fact is that unless you experience something for yourself it does not exist for you. Anything else exists in imagination first and then within reasonable acceptance. Imagination is unreliable and reasonable acceptance is imperfect. If God exists you must have the experience of it at the moment otherwise you are absent and God cannot exist for you.

Many mystics have said, and it is true, that anything you see is not God. Anything you think is not God, neither are visions, lights, moving objects or anything else. Any sensation or feeling is not God. They are all the products of the creation or your imagination.

You may have visions and experiences and you will be excited about them. You will think you are making progress - but it will be down the hill if you busy yourself with them. You will have taken a false trail made by the creation or imagination. If you experience the creator you can be sure there will be no room for doubts or conclusions.

In the beginning the entire creation will seem to hinder, obstruct and try to keep you away from experiencing the creator. It is the way of things that only the unrelenting, the indomitable, individual can escape or experience God. The curious masses always fail, but later on all things help, not hinder, the valiant ones.

There are plenty of people and books which will tell you about psychic experiences. They do exist as part of the creation. If you want to talk about them you will never be short of listeners or advisers, but God is an infinity beyond them and God is our object.

God can be illustrated in your experience but it will still be a corruption so it will not be God, but it will be as close as we can get in words to God: On the way to God you will have to pass through beauty, pure beauty, and if you do not pass through beauty it is not God you have found. Beauty stands at the gate of the kingdom of heaven. It is of the creator, but not the creator, and it is all-mighty. Beauty is the only uncreated thing you can experience in this world apart from God. Everyone has experienced it but only those who have experienced God can hold it continually.

You experience beauty when you look at a sunset, the sea or the forest and an indescribable thing happens within your whole being for the briefest of moments. Then it is gone, and no matter how much and for how long you continue to look at that beautiful thing beauty does not return. But you can turn away and without thinking suddenly look again and beauty will strike your deepest note and be gone again.

Beauty is and always is, but where are you? You, not beauty, are absent. Why are you absent? What keeps you from this indescribable ecstasy, this love, this truth, this peace? It must always be there because others experience it just as fleetingly while you do not.

Your robot mind again is the problem. It will not stay still and you cannot make it stay still. It is your master and it separates you from beauty and God. Beauty is experienced only from moment to moment. It cannot be held in memory and it cannot be willed. You can also only experience awareness, the highest state, from moment to moment, when there is no object, no reason, no action, no mind. So to experience beauty, love, truth and peace or God your mind has to be stilled.

CHAPTER ELEVEN : BEYOND REASON

Imagination

You spend most of your private life imagining. It is the compartment of wishing, worry and your impression memory. You can be ninety per cent certain that when you use the words if and should you are about to enter the imagination department.

Imagination is mostly desire without action and without the intention of action. When you do act on imagination it presents itself as an impulse and you nearly always fall flat on your face. You experience this mostly in personal relationships. This is the department where you use half-observed facts and personal impressions.

Imagination is where you build on what someone told you about someone, where you impute motives, infer insult, and where you imagine what a person meant by the inflexion of their voice. This is your lowest level.

Planning

Planning is reason with the intention of action. Reason presents the facts but there is no action. There is a reasonable acceptance, but go beyond reasonable acceptance and you drop below into the compartment of imagination. This is the line between the intelligent and the unintelligent person in the world; the sought-after man with his feet on the ground and the fool with his impractical schemes who worries himself into ill-health and calls it nerves.

Reason does not need thinking. If you observe yourself in the state of planning you will notice that having fixed the object the facts just keep coming, linking up into a chain of proposed action. When you are in the state of imagination, beyond reasonable acceptance and building on impressions, you will notice you build outwards, away from yourself. Worry has no object; you only imagine it has. The process is most dissatisfying and you know it is stupid even while it is going on, but in imagination, the mind not you, is the master.

Awareness

The beginning of awareness, or experiencing from moment to moment, is reason with object and action. But reason acts quickly in awareness - a thousand times faster than thought - it is like a finer faculty of reason, a super reason, and you do not even notice it is operating. Driving a car is an example of this.

You are always in the state of awareness when you love what you are doing. You are aware all the time for love keeps you awake and in union with the action. You are also creative in this state, but the state of awareness diminishes as you get used to a job, and you go back to sleep.

If you reach the object - the moment of attainment - it cannot be held. The moment is part of the creation so it is in time and it must die as everything in the creation must die, so that the next moment can be born. The moment is the last created thing in relation to you.

The state of awareness lasts as long as the action. When the action is over you begin thinking and you are out of the state of meditation, which is what awareness is.

The Edge of Pure Awareness

A further state of awareness is the beginning or edge of pure awareness. For description purposes it is awareness with reason, without action but with an object. The object disappears with the experiencing of the state. You are in this state at the moment you experience that you exist, that I am. It is a higher state of meditation, but the actual state of deliberate meditation and self-observation is a little higher.

To experience you exist the mind is momentarily stopped. You draw all your faculties into yourself, you meditate on the moment and you experience I am. But only for a moment. You are still in time, and still in the creation, so the moment of attainment must die.

Pure Awareness

At the moment I am there is no reason, no object, no action - just I am. If you could hold the state even the I am would disappear and you would be in the silence on the edge of time. For this split second you are at the apex of consciousness, just beyond is where God, the timeless or the uncreated begins. The moment as we have seen is the last thing created.

But you can remain there only long enough to experience I am. You can repeat the experience but it will still last less than a moment and be

gone. You cannot hold this state in the present wandering, ever-desiring, condition of your mind. If you think you can, look again. You are imagining it and you will see you are in a state of no-apparent thought but you are not aware of your environment. It is like when you stare into space - you are not aware, you are absent, you are unconscious of your existence. You can only get next to God with the effort of preparation.

To begin experiencing the uncreated, the state that begins with I am will have to be held for several minutes. If it can be held for minutes it can be held for hours, then continually. You are then between time and the timeless waiting for the unknown which will come but cannot be willed. You will then understand why a man once said "I am in this world but not of it".

CHAPTER TWELVE : THE MACHINE

A machine always functions in a predetermined way. You can predict exactly what a machine will do if you have sufficient knowledge of it. A machine cannot go beyond the limitations of its design. It can stop or run inefficiently but it cannot, of itself, change the pattern of its function.

Trees and plants have different appearances but they all use the same mechanical process and their performance, according to your knowledge of the plant machine, can be predicted. Even a layman can predict that they will absorb sustenance through a root system, form branches and produce flowers, fruit or leaves. The cow machine will give milk if it is fed, will produce young in a certain time if mated, will run away from an outside cause of pain, will attack you if you threaten its young.

Similarly, with small variations, the dog machine, the elephant machine, the water machine, the light machine, the sound machine, the sun machine, the moon machine, the earth machine - the performance of all can be predicted according to your knowledge of the machine and within the confines of the Mars element.

The direction the man machine will always take is one of the easiest to predict. He will devote his life to the desire for money, power, prestige and if he possesses any of these things and loses them he will be unhappy. If he thinks he is going to lose any of them he will worry.

If any of his desires are filled man will be happy, but only while he is thinking about or experiencing the fulfilment, otherwise he will be discontented or restless because of the non-fulfilment of his other desires. Like the animal and insect machines he (and especially she) will protect the young even to death, and imagine that his love is above the love of all the other animal and insect machines that do the same thing without an act of will which man says motivates him.

He imagines that he possesses dignity and will go to the most undignified limits to prove it, being unable to understand that what possesses dignity does not need to prove it - cannot lose it. The man machine will always give preference to his own young over another's, and say it is natural, not understanding that what is natural is mechanical.

He will espouse a code of ethical behaviour based on the teaching of a man who was not a machine, but can observe none of it because a machine cannot change its function or understand what is true.

The man machine will imagine attachment to be love, so each one is baffled by the exhortation that they should love one another. When the young, while being made into a machine by the others' example and training, asks "How do you love one another?" having seen it to be unnatural in himself and that no-one else does, he will be further machine-ised by imaginative nonsense.

He will crucify any conscious man who tries to help him, and finally convert the teaching to an empty, mechanical, dogma that suits his understanding. He will mistake desire-power for will-power and because of an opinion or impression can never learn what willpower is.

The man machine will fear death because a machine cannot see beyond its own destruction. He will also mourn the death of others - but only the death of those to whom he is attached - as though it were some unexpected event in life.

Thinking is mistaking impressions for facts. To think you have to project yourself into the past or future. You cannot think and remain in the moment. When you are conscious of this moment you are aware. In the state of awareness man pulls only facts out of his memory. The man machine uses awareness to do everything in the practical world, but being a machine he is not aware of it.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN : THE SCREENS

Picture in your mind that life is a very strong white light like the light in a film projector.

The light shines through three different screens which produce a final image that is the composite of them all.

The first screen is the individual's experience of facts and impressions formed since birth. Every individual life is different so the total of every individual experience is different, so this screen will be different for every individual. This screen revolves slowly because the individual keeps changing with new impressions.

The second screen is the desire for power and the other things that make up or go with power. This is not an individual thing, it is a mechanical motivator designed to maintain and perpetuate man's activity through the desire for power and possession which can never be satisfied. This screen never moves, never changes.

The third screen is endless and changes every moment. It consists of all the things, states and possibilities existing in the creation and its moment-to-moment movement provides the interaction which man calls time.

The white light in passing through the first screen picks up the image of the individual which is then projected through the mechanical desire for power. This new projection converts every experience, impression and fact in the individual's life into an expression of the desire for the insatiable.

The third screen provides the foreground of endless opportunity and deflection for the individual to continue this never-ending pursuit.

Actually there is no final picture. The final image becomes the first screen for this is the circle of eternity for the man machine.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN : THE MOMENT

Man is not as complex as he often says he is - with a glimmering of satisfaction. He is complex in the sense that a tin of worms is complex. To the observer it is just a tin of worms. What the tin of worms is doing might be complex to the worms but the observer can tell without looking that they are wriggling and squiggling like a tin of worms.

There is only one thing in your life you can be sure of. That one thing is this moment, now. The last moment has gone forever. The next moment has not come.

You can become fully conscious only when you are living in the moment. To begin to live in the moment you have to know it exists and understand it. To understand it you have to observe it in relation to yourself and in relation to life. When you understand it, when you become conscious, you will see it is all that exists.

Everything that happens to you - the good, the bad and the indifferent, happens in the moment. The moment is the reality of life, the moment is your only duty. Or, to answer a question that bothers some, the moment is God's will.

It is the mind's interpretation of the moment through an old impression that keeps you asleep. The moment occurs in your experience as a happening which is the fact. In the next moment your mind re-acts through a stored impression by responding to the happening as thought. You are then living in the past, hanging on to a moment that has gone. The moment, the new in life, is passing every moment, but by clinging to an old moment as an impression of this moment your mind keeps you unconscious of the only thing that exists for you. The strange fact is that nothing is tedious or unpleasant at the moment of doing it unless you think.

The secret is that the moment is perfect. Thinking is the imperfection and is unnecessary. The more you observe life in relation to yourself you will see the fact that you are hardly ever correct when you predict the gloom of the future by becoming angry, by doubting or being fearful.

But how do you plan for the future if you do not think? Your duty at any time in your life is to do what you have to do from moment to moment. What you have to do is what you cannot avoid doing. What you cannot avoid doing is what you do. Life is not interested in the reasons your mind produces - the reason might or might not be correct, but the fact is always correct and the fact is that you do it. The moment and not the anticipation of the moment is perfect.

You will do thoughtless, stupid, cruel, dishonest things. Afterwards either you yourself or someone else will label the action in words for you. You ask yourself how you could have done such a thing, but the fact is you did it. Life reveals itself only to the conscious. It is only because you are a machine that you suffer, and the purpose of suffering is to wake you up.

Planning with an object, at that moment, always has the intention of action, even if it never comes off. You go from fact to fact and you always find a possibility or several possibilities on which to act when the time comes. Then you drop the subject from your consciousness and there is no thinking or worrying.

We can rarely see things from the point of view of the other person because we look at the fact through the screen of an impression or an interest which distorts our view - and there are arguments, quarrels and misunderstanding.

Irritation at having to do something in the future is the jarring vibration of having put the moment out of place - you mistake the disharmony you feel for the imagined bother.

Only one conscious action can exist in relation to any one moment for any individual. It is impossible for life to make two conscious demands of you in relation to a conscious action.

Sometimes you will find yourself looking full on at the Mars element in your life which is always from your point of view the apparent disharmony of two moments. What you call disharmony is not disharmony to life. The disharmony of course is in the robot mind's desire to control life according to its individual interests. An impossibility - but you will keep trying.

If you use the moment of being rebuked or blamed to observe your reaction you will become more conscious. You will observe yourself making an excuse, giving a reason. You will make the excuse because you do not like being blamed, and man, being a machine whose direction can be easily predicted, always trots out an excuse. If the evidence is overwhelming and he can offer no explanation he will quickly find someone to tell the story to with wrong emphasis and with lies so that the listener will have to agree he was justified in his action.

If someone asks you whether you believe in what Christ said then the only thing that exists for you in relation to that moment is your impression of what Christ said. You are then in the most unreliable of the levels of what exists for you. You will observe the nonsense that you talk at this level. While you are discussing Christ where is your mother, your bank account, your job? They do not exist for you in relation to that moment. But they do exist - in another world.

You may have noticed that you cannot remember all you own at the same moment. You can only remember each thing at a time because you can only have one idea in your mind at a time. To remember the things you own you have to direct your consciousness onto them and then, without thinking, up they come, one by one. The process is that you direct your consciousness onto the question "What do I own?" Your mind is temporarily stilled and up out of memory comes one object and then you follow on by association until the line runs out.

Each moment provides a challenge to you to become conscious. All things and all possibilities exist in the creation. You might meet someone, a rain storm, a sudden pain, a letter, news of war - this is the moment's world. No-one can ever know what it will throw up because no-one can ever know all it contains.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN : DESIREPOWER

A man falls overboard from a ship into a cold ocean and swims around all night before he is picked up. It was incredible how he was able to keep going. Willpower? No. Desirepower. His desire to survive was stronger than his desire to die.

A businessman loses everything in a financial crash, begins again, working fourteen hours a day seven days a week, and in three years rebuilds his business. Willpower? No. Desirepower. His desire to be a success or to possess money and power was stronger than his desire to be a good family man or husband or anything else.

A fat sloppy woman known for her gluttony goes on a diet and in three months reduces to film-star proportions. Willpower? No. Desirepower. Her desire not to be fat and sloppy was stronger than her desire for food.

Desirepower is easily identified because you will always imagine that by using it you stand to gain something. The greater the desirepower and the more permanent the desire, the greater the effort and sacrifice. There is nothing wrong with desirepower for it is life itself.

You do not use the expression willpower when a person saves another's life. You say he was brave or fearless. If he does it without thinking it is an act of love, but if he thinks and saves a life it is because he imagines there is something in it for him, even if it is only that his desire not to be called a coward is stronger than his desire not to go to the rescue. A man who thinks never goes to certain death to save another. If he does it he thinks he will make it.

If a man is tortured to death without revealing a secret his desire to remain true or to be remembered for it is stronger than his desire to be free of pain.

Desirepower varies with every individual but because ways of achieving these desires vary, one man may display tremendous desirepower where another does not.

The man who dies under torture because he desires not to betray his country or friends might not have the desirepower to resist stealing something from a friend.

The laws of gravity, motion, flight and attraction existed before man could think of using them. Then he found he had to obey them to use them, and he does obey them. Those who do not obey the law of gravity or flight perish or suffer. But nothing happens to the laws, they are constant.

Man's development from a machine into a conscious man depends upon his discovering and understanding the laws of willpower and love - the laws of the world of wisdom, because willpower is a constant, unchanging power that can know no variation in any individual. These are not mechanical laws so they cannot be learned. They are beyond the mind. They have to be understood.

Like all the other great laws, before man can experience them he must consciously know they exist. He will be able to use the law of willpower but he will never be able to use the law of love.

You cannot use love because all the eternal laws exist and have their being in this, the highest law. You can only discover and experience the law of love, then love is ... that is all. A machine cannot consciously know love but it can be used by love.

Willpower is equilibrium, absence of reaction. Anything equalised is in balance, at rest. Rest, then, is peace. The experience of willpower is an unselfish action, there is nothing at all in it for man. The first fragment of willpower on which he must build is planted in a man by the law of love. Usually the first sign of it is when he pauses, stands back for a few moments from his identification with his busy world, and sighs "Where am I going?" "What is it all about?" If this occurs in the midst of sorrow caused by frustration, disappointment or loss there is not much chance that he is ready. But if it occurs at all sorts of times, especially at the moments of success and gain, he is ready.

That first sign of willpower is when you stand back from living and look at it as something apart from yourself. The next sign is when you look around and begin to see you are not free. That is as far as that small fragment of willpower will take you, the rest, the escape is up to you.

You can assume for the purpose of discovering willpower that everyone you know except yourself is going in an eternal mechanical circle, and believes with a conviction as strong as life itself that it is the only practical way to live. You either go with them or you go against them but they will feel it. No willpower is needed to go with them, just desirepower, and not much of that. Anyone who falters will be dragged along.

One of the greatest steps is to see that you are a machine. Very few other than the few dozen with real knowledge will admit to being machines. If you tell a man he is a machine and that nearly everything, if not everything, he does is a mechanical reaction to influences outside his control he will probably tell you you are mad. You must not believe anyone in the search for wisdom so you have to find out for yourself - but although you are on your own help will come when it is really needed.

Willpower is produced by energy and it is the finest and most combustible energy in your organism - the first energy to be destroyed in anger and negative reactions. Willpower leads to the discovery of the law of love, and on the way you will discover wisdom, or as it is called, truth.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN : FAITH AND HONESTY

Faith is knowledge. The reason you think it is something else is because you are superficial and live on the sandbank of yourself. If you ever pause to peer into the deep, crystal water around you, you never penetrate beyond the dancing illusion of the sunlight on the surface.

You use faith all the time, but the trouble with worldly faith is that it is always subject to error, and the possibility of the Mars element. Real faith is knowledge of yourself. It is impossible just to have faith. "Have faith", they cry. "But I do not have faith", you say to yourself and the puzzled children ask "How?" And the ones who utter it cannot tell them except to say "trust" or they quote someone else whose words they do not understand or they would not have had to go outside themselves.

"Have faith", they cry. You might as well cry "Be hungry" to a man with a full stomach, or "Be happy" to the man whose heart is heavy with sorrow. The fact is that you cannot tell anyone to have faith. You can say you do not have faith in God, in Christ, in any deity, but your rejection is of the concepts that are presented to you. To reject God is like voting for one political party against another.

If you do not have faith that means the concepts of other minds are unacceptable to you, and so they should be. You cannot learn truth, you have to discover it - experience it. So your non-faith or agnosticism is only the rejection of canned ideas.

You and everyone else who says he has faith cannot explain it. You usually end up muttering "I know it, but I cannot explain it". Of course not. A machine cannot explain or understand truth. You see, all wisdom, all knowledge, all faith, is now - at this moment - within yourself. That is why I have told you not to believe me. If you go inside yourself, know yourself by observation, you will know the truth of this and the truth will set you free of doubt. You cannot be told any wisdom, any truth, that is not already waiting to be discovered just below the surface of what you call your conscious mind. A word of truth, an illustration of truth, can bring the dormant knowledge to the surface. Man can recite words of great wisdom with drama and never understand them, for the words have to match the knowledge within.

You believe or accept as true only what you live by acting on. Anything else is imagination. The world is full of "I believers" and they really believe they believe. The professional "I believers" - the broadcasters, the politicians, the newspapermen - know they are liars, so the pose is harmless for them. But what about the others? If you pin an

"I believer" with an inquiry to discover whether he lives it and he does not he will equivocate, make excuses and lie again, or if trapped he will indignantly declare "I know what I believe".

To steal or not to steal is a question of desire. You cannot steal anything without the desire to have the object or the desire to feel the fulfilment of the desire to steal. If you do not have the money and your desire to have the object is stronger than your desire to wait, then you steal it. If you steal even though you have the money, your desire is to have the object and the money.

You lie to hide the person you really are so that you will be liked or respected, or to give yourself the appearance of having more power or prestige than in fact you have; and also to give yourself the appearance of being more honest than you are. You have two honesties. The one you believe in and the one you live. You cannot observe the code you profess because your honesty changes with nearly every challenge. But because you are unconscious of this fact you excuse your inconstancy by a "justified in the circumstances" explanation - another expression for dishonesty.

If a stranger came up to you and told you you are a liar, you cheat, deceive, hold bad will, are unkind and cruel and cannot control your passions you would probably defend yourself vigorously. If he kept probing you would probably lie and make excuses, all because you profess a code of honesty you do not live. Because everyone does it, everyone expects it, and eventually the lie becomes a way of life.

Can you change your desire for money? Not just imagine you can. Or your desire for power or prestige which you are pursuing so vigorously? You cannot. What would you change it to anyway? To the desire to be honest all the time? You can of course say you do not want to change, which means you do not desire to, which means you desire the desires you are pursuing. You cannot change.

Your desires are the key that winds you up like a toy rooster that struts around for a few minutes imagining it is doing what it wants to and at the same time imagining it is being honest because it obeys the mechanical law which is its very existence. Your strongest desires dictate what you do.

You may say you do things you do not desire to do, but that is an example of imagination and lack of self-knowledge.

Your basic driving desire for power can never be filled, but it can cease to exist when you experience most of what power stands for, and see with an indescribable realisation that it is nothing, that what you have always been chasing is just a road to nowhere.

If you renounce anything you renounce nothing. Renunciation is an act of the mind, realisation is an experience beyond the mind. If you renounce,

all you do is change the direction of your desire for power or progress. Once a desire is filled it does not exist. But you cannot change your desires, they change themselves automatically in these circumstances: if they have been filled; or if they continually cause you pain and your desire to avoid repetition of the pain becomes stronger than the original desire; or if they no longer appear to offer fulfilment; or if another channel appears to offer more opportunity for acquiring what you imagine you want; or through experience you realise the desire is false.

There is no truth for the man-machine in a code that says you shall not kill, you shall not cheat, you shall not lie - beautiful as it might sound. It is a static thing in a world of ever-moving desires, a denial of the fact of man's life. There is a permanent unchanging honesty but you cannot understand it until you rise above the machine that asserts "I believe" and does not live it.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN : LOVE AND UNION

Why is it that you do not really love - and you know it? Why is it that you so often have to pretend to love those you love? Love is giving of yourself. Your possessions are not of yourself so to give those is not love. Your house, food, money are not of yourself so to give those is not love. If you have lots of money you can give lots of things, but if you have no money you can give none. The homeless and the pauper must be able to love too.

If you give advice, that is of your experience. If you give your opinions that is of your pride. If you say "I love you" that is of your breath. If you work for others, feed them house them, educate them, you work for yourself first. If you give of your time you must take it from something else and taking can never come into giving.

You just give your love, you say? No, you do not. The hen and the sow do as much for their own. You have no love to give and that is why you know you do not love. Yet you can love ... but only in the moment. Love is ever moving like everything else, and yet it is constant. Man imagines he contains love and makes a static thing of it like honesty, then he is shocked when he sees he does not love. This makes him lie to those he "loves", and worse, to himself.

Man's love is desire. To desire is to want to receive. Man imagines his love is something he gives and this cannot be.

When a man loves a woman, or vice versa, it is expressed as the desire to be with her, to live with her. His desire will give him no peace until they are together and he imagines that as soon as they are together it will be the fulfilment of his desire. Despite his later denials he imagines that the fulfilment will carry with it a continuing state of happiness, contentment. Otherwise he would not love or desire her. But a desire is to want to receive and this means he is taking or receiving, not giving. So is she, for she desires him as he desires her, and she too is receiving not giving.

They are both receiving the beautiful feeling of love. Where is it coming from? Love itself is giving.

Man imagines he contains love but he does not. Love is a power, a law, a mighty force that exists in its own right with the same unvarying constancy as the law of gravity and the other great eternal laws. Man changes but the law of love does not and cannot. Love does not leave men and women - men and women leave love.

Man's desire - or love - for his loved one is doomed to disappear in the very delight of its fulfilment. The desire to be with, the desire to know the other, to experience everything about the other, is the basis of man's love. When you know everything about anything you contain it, and you are one with it.

Whenever you want anything, desire anything, you desire knowledge. This is because you cannot add anything to yourself except knowledge. In the final act of death it is your knowledge, not your possessions, that goes. It does not matter what you possess or gain, you cannot add it to yourself. All you add is the knowledge that you possess it and that therefore you can experience it or use it at any time. This knowledge is the fulfilment of the desire for the object.

Your body desires the air. You desire the knowledge that the air is there. Once you have that knowledge the desire, for you, is filled. Otherwise you would worry and try to organise a continual supply of air for the future.

You desire to read a book. You do not desire the book as an object. If you do you want only the knowledge that the book is in your possession for you to experience at any time. If your desire is filled you do not read the book again, the knowledge is already yours and there is no desire.

You desire to have money, to buy things with you say. But that is not why you strive for money. If it were you would only work to earn what you need. But you strive to get as much money as you can so that you can have the knowledge that you have the money to buy what you want, not just what you need. If you were left a million pounds and had no knowledge of it it is obvious that it would mean nothing to you.

You desire to be popular. You might write something from a prison cell and be acclaimed as the best writer of the day, but if no-one was allowed to tell you you would not have achieved your desire.

You desire power. The only way you know your desire is being filled is by seeing or hearing others obeying you. If you were in a prison cell and kept sending out orders without knowing they were being obeyed your desire for power would not be fulfilled.

The fact of man's love is that he or she desires to live with the loved one so that he or she can consume the other entirely into himself or herself, possess them by knowing everything about them. This desire contains its own destruction. The union usually results in something approximating oneness if the desires or interests of the two are similar. If most desires can be filled as a team reasonable peace remains. If they cannot there is conflict.

The period of fulfilment, the period of knowing each other, does not usually last very long because there is not much to know and not much worth knowing in man as he is. What you get to know mostly is personality and personality is an act. You cannot act all the time and as each sees the truth of what the other is the mask is left off more and more. The masks are gaily trotted out with full paintwork for everyone else to see; but there is no mystery about your love as you would like to imagine. It is mechanical and predictable.

Your love is longing, the separation of a desire from its fulfilment plus the brief period of fulfilment. Then it is sex, expectation, fear, familiarity and habit.

Love is like the air. It is always around you and is the very breath of your being but you cannot know it, feel its unfeeling touch, until you pause in your busy-ness and are still and poised and empty of your thoughts. When at rest the air is easily offended and will flee even from the fanning of a leaf, as love flees from the first thought. But when the air or love moves it is a hurricane that drives all before it.

The greatest purity is nothing or nothingness. The absolute knowledge that you are immortal comes with the knowledge that you are nothing. You are one with the moment and the great movement of life so nothing bad can happen. Every moment is perfect and everything that happens has its eternal reason and is eternally just.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN : UNITY AND CREATION

In the eternal law of magnetism opposite attracts opposite and like repels like. In the electrical circuit the flow is the same, connect positive to positive or negative to negative and nothing happens.

Yet in the world of man, or the world of man's mind like attracts like and opposites repel. How can there be two laws when the eternal principle is "as above - so below"?

Man's world is the world of his mind. His mind is the source of his personality, ambition, good and bad, like and dislike. In everything man is either for or against. He says there are two sides to every question and as we have seen he chooses one of them according to his ideas. But what he says is not true - there can only be two sides to any question when personal interests, which means selfish interests, are involved. Otherwise the issue is either true or false, or the facts available are insufficient to reach a conclusion so you look for more facts.

If two men want to establish whether an animal is a cow they look at it and say "Yes, this is a cow". There are only the facts of what a cow is. There are no selfish interests or opinions - man's most treasured possessions.

But if one of the men says it is his cow and the other says it is not there is a difference of opinion. If one man kills his cow to eat and gives an opinion why he does it he is in the world of mind where opposites repel and like attracts. The Hindus will tell him the cow is sacred; that is their treasured opinion and there are three hundred and fifty million of them. It is for and against; but no facts because no mind knows.

In the mind-world no-one knows all the facts so there is no hope of agreement; there is only treasured interest or opinion on both sides. But both sides are wrong for the argument in favour could not exist without the argument against. There is no such thing as an incorrect fact; every fact has its moment. The issue can never be resolved except by action; nothing is ever resolved except by action; then who was right and who wrong becomes a fact if it matters.

But men would rather talk than act, and so the air and men's ears are continually battered with opinions that seldom go beyond the automatic action of expressing them. This is world without end, life everlasting, for the man-machine.

If you have the power you have your way. It is the desire in man for power that gives him the driving force and it is his opinions that decide the channel of expressions.

Your opinion does not have to be right, but if you have the power you can implement it and find out. What happens in the end? What always happens? Nothing. The Romans fought some might battles. Where are the Romans now? After five years of war, millions of bodies and tremendous world-wide activity the Allies proved they were the most powerful in 1945. So their opinion becomes the fact. The Communists have the opinion that it would be good for everyone, especially themselves, if their system ruled the world. The West says it would be bad. The one who is more powerful will decide.

Do you see a pattern? Where has man been going since the beginning of History? Where are your opinions taking you? Nowhere. There is nowhere to go. All that life demands of you while you remain a machine is that you keep busy, doing nothing, so that its greater purpose beyond your busy imagination can be eternally served.

The eternal law is that heat attracts cold and vice versa. The point of balance is within the limits of this creation necessary to support life as we know it - somewhere between the cold of the poles and the hottest place on earth where life exists. Light can only exist because there is darkness - but if there was no dark in the light we would be blinded, and if there was no light in the dark something equally damaging and incompatible would happen. You will notice that this attraction of opposites always ends at a point of balance suitable to life as we know it. But the attraction of opposites - unlike the mind world - is the principle of de-creation. If the attraction were allowed by the way of things to continue beyond the point of balance which we know, the opposites would unite like the desire and its fulfilment and there would be nothing left of the creation. Nothing would remain except the state that existed before the creation began.

CHAPTER NINETEEN : THE ETERNAL LAW

There is an eternal law that can guide man. A law that will never leave him in doubt, that contains no extenuating circumstances, justifications or changing values that tangle-up man-made and mind-made laws. There is a law that the bewildered innocent part of man can understand, and even though he may infringe it he can see for himself at every turn of the way the unerring signpost of eternal justice.

But the law is only for the individual for it is a law of wisdom mightier than any worldly law: Divide and die.

It does not refer to physical division but to mental fences we erect that divide us from the world on one side and our being or essence on the other. And we live in a narrow no-man's land of fences.

You feel your being, or you are your being, when you know those brief moments of love and when you experience the happiest and most ecstatic moments of your life that are not the result of the fulfilling of any desire you can name. It is your being that knows beauty, it is your being that knows love and your being is your conscious self. Your unconscious self is your mind and it cannot experience any of these things and it cannot know your being. But when the mind is still and innocent of desire it becomes transparent and you become your being that shines through like a thousand suns. You feel divine . . . and you are.

Your being's one desire is to unite, your mind's one desire is to divide for only by division does the individual robot grow. Division is a death of your being and life to your mind. Union is death to your mind and life to your being - and this is immortality.

You smile and mean it at the moment of giving of yourself. Your being reaches out and unites itself with the object of your smile. It might be two birds playing on a branch or a child trying to stand up. You smile. You have added the object to your being and yet you have given of yourself. You have become bigger and yet you have become smaller. It is your being, your beautiful self, that has become bigger and your little individual thinking self that has become smaller.

When you frown or scowl you have divided yourself from the object or event. Instead of going out to it you step back from it. Your being, your beautiful self, shrinks and you, your mind, the judge, the divider, the individual robot, grow bigger. By the eternal law you have divided yourself from another and you must suffer.

Through breaking this law continually your immediate punishment becomes known to you as unhappy feelings of irritation, anger, hatred, envy and bitterness. You don't suffer when you smile.

But this is an eternal law too and its justice is felt in the eternal world as well as in time. While you break this great law you separate yourself from immortality; for it is your being that is immortal and unless you are your being you are not immortal. So, to divide yourself from your being is death, and that is how man lives - in death, the false, which he treasures as life. Do you see the superb justice of the great law?

You do not harm the others with your scowl or curse, you harm yourself. This law is for the individual alone because only the individual can learn to be honest with himself. If he knows he has not divided by his word or action and yet all the world says he has done wrong, he is free. Only the man himself can know if he has obeyed this great law, and if he has it is important only to him.

The harmony of beauty is of being. When you walk into a room or look at anything and like it without thinking, it is beauty that has struck the same note of beauty in your being. Your being knows only two states. One is indifference or the state of neutrality or rest; the other is beauty. There are no opposites in being, there is no dislike - only neutrality and beauty. Neither requires judgement. They are a state - as immersion in water is a state - and you do not have to judge or think to experience it. Neither divides. Being either likes or loves - which without thought is beauty - or is indifferent, and your life is spent in innocent indifference to most of the things around you.

If you would do good, or want to help, be careful that you do not intrude. If you would outspeed the moment and chase a cause be sure you are prepared to die for it otherwise you are intruding on yourself and dividing yourself from yourself. If you are invited by the appearance of the cause you are invited by the mind and you work first for yourself. The need of anything is known only to being and if you are that thing's need you will be united with it as help. You will have no choice, nor want one.

Mind is busy all the time. It hates the state of indifference or rest in itself without an occupying interest because then its mastery is threatened. When mind encounters this state it rushes for a book or the television or someone to talk to. In this state it feels loneliness, restlessness, discontent. You have to endure this state in mind to consciously reach being. Mind's desperate measures to fill every moment keeps you from being, your conscious immortal self.

If you have to kill a man to do your duty make sure it is not you who pulls the trigger or pushes the bomb button. Let the man-machine do that - and you remain conscious, watching from your being in the state of indifference. You can do nothing else. If it were meant to be

that the man-machine was not to kill there would be no killing. But if you do kill only you will know whether you intruded, and if you did not intrude, you, the robot, died a little with your victim.

If you are with a person or in a place and feel disharmony, then go. There is no need to divide. Unite yourself with another place and another person. If a man is foolish and you can show him quietly, even though vigorously, that he is foolish, then most will thank you and both of you will gain. If not, leave him in indifference. But if you call him a fool and try to give him your opinion, he must in return give you his and both will be right and both opinions will be wrong.

You have two prides. The one you know is the one of your mind, your imagination, which you will vary or bury to satisfy a clamorous desire of the moment and trot out again when you imagine you are offended.

But your true pride is of being and its function will never let you sink below what is your essential dignity. This pride is beyond your knowing, but not beyond your observing. It is of the moment and its power is truth and innocence. When this pride rules you will die for it willingly, fearlessly, with a smile on your lips. Not out of defiance, but out of compassion for those who imagine they can separate you from your eternal dignity.

PART II : THE GLUTTON EYE

Introduction

Great love destroys people because those who love personally and exclusively cannot contain love as it really is.

"The Glutton Eye" was inspired by my love of a woman. Love destroyed her.

The first thirty lines or so of the "Wild wild life" and "The Pygmy" were considered too personal for inclusion in the main work. But there is a vital meaning behind the words and that is why they have been included here.

Julie
I have found the place you are
Julie
How could I miss you
You are a star.
Foolish mind, cage of vision
Sees the light but not the star
Staggers at the beauty it imagines to be far.
Julie,
You are a star.
No mind through glutton eye has even seen a star
Just the light . . .
And many lights there are.
Then where is beauty?
In the star.
Where the star?
Where you are.
And where is that?
Glutton eye would see you as afar
Again the light
And not the star.
Julie
Where are you?
With every other star.
In the beholder
I
That's where you are.

The analogy of a star is not just a poetic image. Only the stellar system is profound and total enough to illustrate the possibilities of man and woman. The universe, in fact, is life's symbol of their potential.

Love that does not begin to glimpse that its own beauty is actually within the beholder is earthbound and deathbound. Love that does is also doomed but in a different way. Such love has now to go beyond the earth and its exclusive loving, into the terrible aloneness of deep space. The journey is a self-consuming destruction of all its previous personal love that - with beautiful motive but untenable selfishness - would endeavour to preserve the person loved, denying them the inevitable destiny of becoming their own star. So the love of my children becomes the love of any children; my mother any mother; my people, all people; my love, all things; my life, all life; each moment of love dictated by where I am and what I do for where I am is life.

This is the making of a star, the end of man or woman, the birth of love incarnate, untouchable, unattainable except through the destruction it now will surely and lovingly work among those who love the earth - those who still see the light but not the star.

Wild wild

Wild wild wild

Wild wild wild wild

Julie.

Wild streaming hair

Wild breathlessness

Wild girl

Wild deathlessness

End of compromise

End of all that dies

Birth of wild wild wild wild

Purpose

And wild wild life.

Wild storm

Wild flood

Wild gushing lava

Flashing

Splashing

Crashing

Smashing through men's lovely gardens

While laughing wild wild laughter.

Wild forest fire

Roasting

Toasting

Wild wild agony

The woman in these lines refused the opportunity to compromise with fear. In her action I saw life's infinite appeal - its refusal to compromise with death, destruction or man's ideas of good and evil.

Because man cannot face the fact of life's infinite destruction, he fears. Fear is caring. Life does not care and yet it cares beyond all caring for it destroys and rampages only so that its infinite play of life may continue.

Can man live like life? Can he stop fearing, caring?

Can he destroy his fears and ideas every moment as life destroys itself, and begin anew and fresh with every moment?

Can he cease to compromise, not with people, but with his fears of what people will say or think, for apart from tomorrow, this is his perhaps his most virulent fear?

Can he never ever again look back with sorrow or regret on what he has done and so cease compromising with his imagination and excuses?

When man ceases to compromise with himself he finds caring has turned to love.

The Pygmy

Written for a man who was losing his wife. A good man, a man who did not like violence, who hated war, who genuinely desired good for his fellow man.

As often happens when a person is ready to discover themselves, the blow came within a few weeks of his introduction to the new knowledge. All he had listened to and embraced as an exciting new hope for man, he now had to live and apply in his own disintegrating world.

The poem describes the inner battle he must expect with the pygmy that hides in every man and woman. Life converses with the pygmy, then lectures, exhorts and encourages the man.

This man's battle lasted eighteen months. At the height of it he actually saw the "cold blue pygmy", shrunken, cringing rat-like within himself, a living entity as real as any good man who ever smiled and said "good morning".

The Way of Woman

If you look at My creation
You will see it stands upon the principle of opposites
Yes and no
Stop and go
Which in My higher throes
I present as male and female
And finally
As man and woman.
The way of yes can never be the way of no
Although
In the result they can achieve the same by different ways.
In element
Their time is spent in struggling
(Another word for argument)
To be united
Along their facing semi-circle paths.
But what man and woman fail to see
Is that
This cannot really be
Until the end
Where the circle is complete
The circle of eternity
Where opposites mix to unity
The meeting place of she and he
The end of the equation
Where there is nothing
Only Me.
I am you
Split into two.
That is the only agony.

From that, you will see
The way of woman cannot be
The way of man
To Me.
With the same instrument I prescribe the arcs
A perfect circle
Two different parts
Like down must struggle to be up
But up can fall.
(We are at the edge of all
Where words begin to fail
And understanding
Must pick up the pail.)
Still, I go on.
My man must fight like a gallant knight
My woman must fight, too
But the fight of each is a different fight
Like yes and no.

My woman must fight to reach the lists
For only the noble can enter
Just as the knight must have slayed the best
To earn the right
To carry the glory of the final fight.
Hers is just a different role.
She must sit passive
(Though her body may tremble)
And watch the inner battle
Giving strength with her different strength
Refusing to scream
Or turn her eyes.
It is not a knight outside her
She sees fight.
To imagine that is to see a light
With the glutton eye.
The fight is still within her.
She knows her knight
Don't you?
Think back to your first sight of him
As a child
A dream of innocence
Obscured by common sense
Restored by inner sense.

That is the secret of My woman and My man,
I understand
Because I am the point of unity.

Woman's perception is different to man's. So her way is different. Women are more intuitive, more superficial in their clinging, more able to forego and forbear when the outer crust is penetrated.

Woman have less habit in them than men. Their habit grooves are not so deep because they have more love in them. Not the surface love in most of them that clings or even serves, but the unexpressed love that destroys, that plays across their own habit grooves keeping them shallow and weakened. It is the same terrible unpredictable love that draws, weakens and destroys man. It is the thing in woman he says he cannot understand. It is women's forgetfulness, which is why she is protected by a natural intuition and unreasonable understanding. It is woman's flightiness, her tendency towards unreliability, irresponsibility and caprice, all elements of destruction of her own habit and man's expectation - all searing universal impersonal love. When woman is made perfect and is all this love she is uncontainable.

WILD WILD LIFE

Hear you not the poignant cries

Of innocent suffering man
Of crackling hide and flesh
Of fledglings in the nest
Of slithering, withering, terrified scales
And flaming, running furry things
All that burn
With the terrible smell of spitting grease,
Or the nose-sweet fragrance of sizzling sap,
The blood and grease of trees.
Hear you not this misery?

Wild tearing teeth of the vicious shark
Wild blood that gushes from the bayoneted heart
Wild first prize carcass on the butcher's hook
Wild butcher of the butcher
Wild butcher
Of men and things.
Hear you not this misery?

Wild grabbing grave
Wild tiny, shiny casket
Container of another lovely garden
Ruined! Spoiled!
Gone forever.
You hear?
Finished!
The loving hope of a man and woman
Ended
In a tiny
Stricken
Cotton-wool stuffed body
With combed hair,
Stranded now in the stream of time
Every second more behind.
Grief, thief,
Torturing, unbearable grief.
How can there be a God when such things be?
Hear you not this misery?

Misery?
I hear no misery
I hear
Thirsting
Bursting
Wild wild Life,

An ever-surgin^g harmony
A sound of throbbing majesty
A choir of all the things that be
One-throated voice that soars to Me
The song of songs
The song of wild wild Life.
My song
Hear you not my song?

Life, my all-containing orchestra,
Is a million swirling galaxies
(And the space between),
Each one a player
Whose awesome hands
Hold a million instruments
The flaring suns
That breathe and beat the energy of Life into the bars
That for you, earth man,
Are the earth
And the spinning, gathering planets,
Tomorrow's stars.

What is man in My timeless score?

In one birth
He is but one vibration
In the pitch
Of one note.
A stroking
Sad, lamenting chord
That gives My song its wondrous tenderness
As the salt gives gay life to the sea.

Would you deny My song its ecstasy?
Of course you would
If you could.
But you cannot.

Is that your destiny?

No.
I
Am your destiny.
But you are not yourself
Not yet.

How can you hear the song
While you are a part of it?
The player hits the note
And you,
My earth man,
Jump, vibrate.

But let us say you don't.
Let us say you do your duty
But keep your equanimity
And watch the others jump.
What then?

By god
You'll feel the pain
As though you'd stuck your grease-thick hand in flame
And held it there.
The grease will burn
And so will you
With all the agony of the forest fire,
The misery of crossed desire,
The grief of the grabbing grave
But,

If you are worthy
You'll stand steadfast
With the terrible strength of the unyielding brave.
And suddenly,
Indescribably,
Consciously,
Undeniably
You'll pass right through your agony
As though it were a barrier
That had imprisoned you
In a matchbox world.
There,
Before your new-innocent vision
Life unveils its best-kept secret -
There is no death.
Still in the body
You clearly see
(More clearly than the nearest tree)
You've dropped forever the old accustomed form
You know you've been reborn.
Raised from the dead.
Made a wilder, wider part
Of wild wild life
A part
That lifts its voice and cries
Exultingly -
I am a part of everlasting life
I am all things
And all things are in Me
I am wild wild life
I am the trembling vibration
That has now become the note.
A complete identity
That stands above its burned-out discarded self
An immortal piece of wild wild purpose.

What have you lost that caused such pain?

You look back and smile, incredibly -

Nothing

Not one thing

You would want returned.

What have you gained?

Everything

What else can I am gain?

Why did it hurt so much?

Ah,

That is life's mystery

That only the brave can see

Who dare to die for Me,

In Me,

Unto themselves

And go on dying.

There is no death

Just a dying to what you were before

An expendable reaction

To the closing door that closes

On nothing.

Are all men capable of such sacrifice?

No.

Not until they are ready.

Not until the final life.

I told you, man has many births

Many, many returns to earth.

But men get the foolish notion that what returns is them,

This thing

Which today by anger caused commotion

Which by swelling pride and argument

Justified and preserved its individuality

Or even contendedly did nothing

But what it imagined to be its duty

To something outside itself

Outside its self-discovery,

A thing that

Never ever returns.

Still, it has its heaven

For my justice provides a heaven for everything I have created

But eventually, it dies.

Immortality is earned

By annihilating effort

In this life

Not contented, imagined duty

Outside yourself.

Ever was it thus

Ever shall it be.

Those who drop the body
Or die, as it is known,
Go on
For there is no death in My creation
Only birth.
Their death changes nothing
Except the domain
Which again is but a finer rendition of the earth
Where,
To their heavenly delight
Freed of day and night
Freed of the body's fright
And heaviness
They create like gods,
The fulfilment of every wish.
Every gain they can imagine
Is theirs,
A chocolate-shop world
Of untellable gorging and unspeakable bliss
For My ever-desiring children.
But it is not enough.
Paradise is not enough.
For my children of the earth
Who still cling through their unbirth
To what they imagine they left behind,
Their undying,
Their individuality.
Filled with filling
They crave again for the challenge of life
For the roar of opposition
And strife
Where a man can gain something he can hold in his hand
And keep it if he can -
Hold it up for the world to see
And cry,
Look at me
This is mine and mine alone,
And see
Envy
On another's face
And feel
Pride.
Not wave a wand as in fairyland
Where every wish comes true.
What sort of heaven is that
That gives it to every man, too?
And denies him
(Ah, the sweetness of the thought)
Man's desire for power
Over man
And not himself.

So he returns
And in returning dies to his knowledge
And what he was before
(But not to his understanding
The honey in the unseen hive)
And he is reborn
Into a new fresh-flesh
Striving form
Another tiny body
Another curious
Furious
Spurious
Personality,
Another life
To express another fragment
Of his eternal self's desires,
As yet unsatisfied by the understanding
Of gain not worth the pain
And time-robbed triumph.
It will not be a happy life
No matter how he tries
For already
In his heaven
He has rejected all
For which he strives.
Except power,
An imagined gain that dies with him
Yet allows My game to continue.

Power
Is the subtle emanation
That appears in My creation
With the first possession,
The knowledge of individuality,
Which begins with sense-feeling
Heightens with hearing
And separates completely
With seeing
Giving birth
(So neatly)
To me and mine
And thee and thine
And striving plants
And battling ants
And snapping dogs
And proud
Insulted
Men
Who go to war
To defend
The cause of war.

Only in such stupidity
Could I keep all from Me.

Living
(The death of life)
Is what earth man thinks he wants
Except sometimes
Thwarted by loss
He will imagine
He wishes he were dead.
Too soon to die
He recovers and thrives
The death-wish buried in a new desire
Until one day
The body aged and failing through the battering
Mercifully dies.
And he,
Changed again,
Sojourns in that heaven of his own making
Oblivious to his previous stay
And eventually
Living for the day
To return to his beloved earth
To try again.
Living is relationship
One to the other
The source of imagined power.
Life is being
Complete in itself.
The thing that goes on in earth man,
The thing that recurs and will not die
That fights the annihilating love of God
Yet continues My wild wild purpose there
Is his ignorant desire for individuality
The opposite principle of unity
(If such a thing could be)
The fighting for duality
That even turns his heaven into hell,
The principle of me and mine
That what he fights for is not thine
That mine is everything he can conquer
Outside himself
For if he looked within
He would die
Of his own emptiness
And find a heaven
Worthy of a man
Not bound by earth.
Such valiant men find an individuality
In a heaven of their own

Beyond eternity
Beyond cupidity and its stupidity
Yet within this body-being
And not in some far-off imagined place.

THE PYGMY

What is it then that sees the light?
Same glutton eye that sees all strife.
Behind the eye, what pleads for peace?
Aha, the simpering inner beast.
Considerate, smiling, gentle, kind
That's mine host the contented mind.
But spill one drop from its twisted tin cup
And watch the filthy mess erupt.
The pacifist he turns to war.
What for? There is no war.
Yes, there is, my friend, you see
Every war begins in me
Behind the glutton eye
Where every war is justified.
Pygmy: In me? Wait, you said above that I contained the star your love.
Life: No, no, that can never be
 You are not I, your name is me,
Pygmy: I, me what's the difference here?
Life: Me (you behind the glutton eye) is fear.
Pygmy: Me, fear? That is not true, I live a normal life like you.
Life: You do? Your normal life is pursuit of gain,
 Your desire for possessions, respect, even to be loved
 Is all the same
 To the glutton eye.
 The desire for gain
 Is but a coin whose obverse side is pain.
 It is me who gains and therefore fears - to lose.
 You don't think so? Then come on, choose
 What will I take first
 Your mother, wife or child
 So that you, fearless, will sadly smile
 And valiantly say take on.
 Me never ever said take from me
 For me exists in what is mine
 And what is mine exists in time
 And time is me's mortality
 Death.
 And who is I that threatens so
 To take child, the mother, wife
 And what's more does and will one day - I promise you -
 But Life.
Man: Will it (tell me Life) Take all of me
 House, son and honour?
 Great god, the finality of my mortality
 which is my last possession.

But here I've crossed the coin
Where gain is loss and my eternal pain.

Life,

If I should surrender all of me

Will you be true

For I cannot see what can be left?

Life: My son, dear doubting son

Who would argue with a star

From the heights of your wooden box afar

You search for doubt then you will find it.

I give you what you want, your doubt.

Take it, drown in it, grow in it. Don't bow out.

Hold on to your mortality . . .

Wait, that is but I, angered,

The cleansing storm

The anger of a star

Justified, as all anger must be

By love's desire

To show you who you are.

True, I will gain - another star -

Not gain like doubting, quibbling me

Who'd dare to challenge unceasingly

And having found no chink

Gloss over his stupidity

And fluctuating ignominy

The strutting sire of infamy

Dwarf-giant

The cold-blue pygmy

Behind the glutton eye.

Give up! Give up! Or I will take

And when I take I always take a gain.

Man: A gain or again?

Life: Again is but the repetition of a gain - won or lost.

When no more gain is left the thing must die

And never be again.

Man cannot complain

For how can anything that dies have been a gain?

Or come again?

Yes, I intend to take a gain unless you give Me what I want

Now

Not tomorrow

Now.

Man: What is that?

Life: You.

You behind the glutton eye. That's what I want.

Come out of him, come out and die.

Pygmy: You know the law, you made it Life

I am your guardian of strife

Without me there is no life.

Life: True, you are all strife but don't pretend to Me you're life.
The noun comes first, you are the verb
To live,
God of the herd
Whose slow and secret course I set.

Pygmy: That might be so, you know the rule, I'll not come out
I am no fool.

Life: Old certainty again. You're coming out of this one.

Pygmy: When?

Life: Look at you, once so fat and sleek
You're sick and starved and shame-faced weak.

Pygmy: No, Life, that is not so,
Rough it's been, but I'll not go.
I'm thin from slipping through the door
But I get in.

The law says he must give me up,
Imagine, giving up his suffering and sadness
His last clinging to this madness?

Just cross him once, you wait and see
Raging and cursing he will be.

Life: Go on, that's why you're greyhound thin.
You haven't been getting enough of him.

Pygmy: Enough to stay.

Life: On your way.
Whirl on, small hurricane of desire
Pattern of all mixing.
Whirl on and make your thousand million bodies
One by one,
Through which you step to Me
Finally shed of nought but clinging in the whirl
Of world
Where clinging is not necessary
Yet your necessity
Your poverty
Your ignorance of Me.
Express
Impress
Compress
Divest
And gather mass.
That is how all stars are formed
The heaven's and the heavenly.
A whirling whisp of My desire
The gathering of dust
The first of lust
For what lacks mass must cling.
A million years
The spin begins and in the centre knowing heat
Destroys the fears
Essence of primordial tears
And lust is outgrown

A baby body unable to contain
The energy of growing man
Or gathering star.
So, you see, all things are good to be
And what is bad is but a shedding
Of what you had
The outer lust, your necessity
Before you knew all comes from Me
Your mass.
So, bad is only what you are
The distance from your own star.

My Son,
The task ahead you have not had before
(It was I who held the closing door)
But now you must stand on your own,
Not alone, for I am always near,
Slay him, the pygmy, deny the beast his home -
With this, the toughest blade you'll ever hone.
I do not ask this of the stone
The metal, tree or dog,
Or even of man born of womb
But of My Man, Man born of his own tomb
Where you are, the crucible of every star.
Remember as you slash and fight
Or tremble in the frightening night
To keep at bay this cunning mite
Who knows no rules like you, the knight,
Except the rule of spite
And hate
And anger
And remorse.
The last the worst
The curse
Of doubt - posing as humility,
Remember
As dear as the unconscious things are to Me
There's none I love more dearly, none,
Than you My beloved son.
So let the battle now begin
The battle only a Man can win.

Man: Wait! Life! I am not clear,
My opponent is not here.

Life: That is the battle, My Son
To recognise him when he comes.
No ordinary foe is he
He'll even come disguised as Me.

Man: Great god, am I to fight a dream
An enemy that can't be seen
But comes disguised as Life itself
How can I guard against such stealth?

Life: My Son, the trumpet has already blown
Life pulses in the seed Life's sown
Life never sows the seed until its time.
Your sword and lance I sharpened
While you slept
Your armour you hammered yourself
While you wept.
You are ready.
The battle must begin.
How long it rages will not depend on him.

Man: I understand, now, Life,
If I am worthy it is my right
This final fight.
And one thing more I see,
My cries for peace were not of me,
What I demand is victory!

One word, dear Life, to carry in my heart
If the fight be long, perhaps to light the path.

Life: I sent My stars to tutor you
One said obedience will get you through.

Man: Obedience, what to?

Life: He told you never to contain, Me, Life
In anything so vain
As one thing,
For when you see Me in one thing alone
You exclude Me
And give a home to the pygmy.
You understand? Then obey.

Do you look upon your son
And see in him everyone,
Not forgetting My special choice
That put him there to hear your voice
Which carries with it need
That is My will but not My greed
Or it would not be so.
For what is love but need
A changing thing,
But not so, greed.
Rigid does the pygmy hold.
You say you do not need books
And they may not be your way.
I speak through knowledge
The only comprehending thing,
Whether it be in living
(The home of pygmy strife)
Or in My realm, free non-containing Life
Through My instruments I speak.

But can I speak to man through a tree, a dog?
Of course I speak through them
But what is the knowledge of?
You say life.
No, a phantom knowledge there I give
The beauty of the will to live
As a dog or as a tree,
But what of man which is but Me
In My highest longing?
Love the dog
It is your need and your greed
Or you would have freed
Another of his need.
I speak through knowledge
And in ten thousand years
Where is that knowledge kept but in the silent ears
Of books.
For if you die tomorrow
What will you leave
For those who follow?
Nothing but a crying need
Your incomplete, unyielding greed.
Then through whom will I speak?
Your ghost?
Great god, he'll know no more than you before.
Wake up my son, the books are Me
My ever-living testimony
That there is hope
And not just you
For those who follow to turn to.
Watch out
The pygmy comes.
Great god, his first guise is you've won .

Postscript

Learn the secrets of this poem, My Son,
Not in a cave
But in the sun
In the midst of life
The race is won.
And he who wrote this often had to pause,
To sob, yes sob, and weep because
His finest straining chords
Could not contain the beauty on which I came
Through his pure heart
Without the like of which I would be voiceless
In a pygmy world
Behind the glutton eye.

MAN, THE THINKING PIECE OF SAND

Earth man,
My death and birth man,
Knower of all but yourself,
You are trapped in a terrible illusion
That begins with the conclusion you are the body.
It is not so,
But you do not know any more than you can say I go and stay.

Because you do not know or go
Now.
One day you will and when, it will be
Now
Not then.

Man lives for knowledge
His life is the pursuit of knowledge
He is knowledge
Born on an ache for knowledge,
A struggling pain to know.
Nothing else.
You recognise yourself?
No, you are too busy with the book
Too identified to pause and look who is the reader.

Man's life-quest for money or success
To own a house or to possess anything outside himself
Is a striving
Not for the object but for the knowledge it is his.
He can never own the thing,
Child, house, car or diamond ring. It is his body's.
His sole gain is the knowledge
And that only to his satisfaction
Itself a mere contraction of his fluctuating knowledge.

A message says your child is dead.
What weeps?
The head.
But whence this pain
This gobbling agony of loss
This nothingness
This unbodyness
This phantom cross that holds you in a nailed embrace
So tight
You cannot even turn away your poor contorted face
But must bear on
As the unwilling fox must run on and make the chase.

Whatever happened to cause such grief?

Nothing changed except you gained the knowledge you had lost
your child.

And bright day became a suffocating night of grief and sobbing.

But wait! It was all a terrible mistake.

The child is unharmed.

Now blackness turns to brightest day

Thank god, you pray,

Yet nothing changed except you gained the knowledge you had not
lost your child.

Without moving from your chair

Without one fact changing anywhere

You floundered in despair and soared to the heights of joy.

Is this the shifting sand

On which your happiness and suffering stand?

I'm afraid it is

Earth man,

While you abide

Outside.

Tell me Life, where is Inside?

Your words are honey to an emptiness in me,

Drips of golden sweetness falling where there is no tongue

An unlistening ear

That cannot hear above the thundering of its own desire for more.

I hear a silence

A soundless nearness

An unuttered answer to an unuttered cry

That delights me

Invites me

Forever to imbibe if only I can find the hive, the honey board.

Tell me Life, where is Inside?

Such craving, such loving savouring of My words

Is a thirst

A need from Inside

And shows much honey already in the hive.

This honey that man craves and saves from life to life

Is understanding.

And like the bee, he produces it from nectar,

His knowledge, gathered from each life's tree.

Knowledge is as useless to man as nectar to the bee

Unless he swallow it

And digest it

In the pulsing, transforming fire of his anatomy

And give it up,

Not like a stream of undigested vomit

Of gorged nectar or knowledge stuffed from the wrong tree,

But as an emanation

A sparkling fermentation

A total confirmation of himself

A wisp of honeyed breath
A flowing, crystallised essence spreading where it may,
Not just a giving
But a living, sickness-need to bleed
Understanding.

Inside (this place you seek)
Is man's immortal centre
The treasure-house of his anatomy
A body-drossing furnace where My fiery alchemy
Turns his knowledge into gold.
How, I will try to unfold.

But first, understand, that in going on
You enter another world
Where one-life's knowledge is not enough to glimpse all-life's plan.
Hereon, knowledge falters,
Doubts because it cannot prove because of insufficient knowledge -
A vicious circle even the cleverest cannot move beyond -
Unless there is sufficient honey in the hive.
Here begins in depth the realm of understanding
The subtle comprehension that goes beyond the word
To the experience
And answers yes, yes, yes, to what is true
Unknowing why
Unknowing that it even knew
That is the treasure-house, the sacred store in your.

Who am I?

I,
Who come to you through this man-mind and its knowledge
On the pain-dusted wings of his understanding,
Transcend knowledge. Where knowledge ends, I am.
To your comprehension I am nothing.
(Not even a new dimension, for that is something.)
At the end of everything that can be known am I -
The unknowable.
So do not look for Me, as such, in your mighty universe -
It is the death of Me,
The source of all-mind knowledge,
Its infinity,
Which inexplicably
Exasperatingly
Automatically expands
At the same rate as man or mind discovers or understands
Any part of it
A wonderful mystery.
All out there is knowledge
Nothing is the other way in the opposite direction
Away from the reflection
Inside the seer

The knower
You,
And it begins with the question
Who am I (you) who looks at the moon or sky for god or I?
And ends with the correct answer.

I am the Transcendental,
Creator of the Universe whose scheme I hold in imagery,
A sort of ever-lasting idea-mould that form and fate must follow,
A giant staircase of inflexible dreamstuff,
A maelstrom of relationship
A cataclysmic catastrophe of balance and harmony
From grit to star to man and all between.
Thus does man sense perfection as the ideal.
But imagery,
As he knows from his own imagination,
Is a pointless recreation, unless expressed in something sensed
or seen by other men

A medium between his idea and them.
So I created matter.

Oh, what illusion
Oh, what magnificent confusion I have created out of matter.
Man has never found a piece of it
Though he burrow, boil, split and smash.
All he can produce is form
The phenomenon of matter and My idea,
A trinity whose synthesis appears as structure.

First knowable structure is the universe,
Embracing structure of all structures
Which are but forms or parts of it
As a brick is a form of the house
And together, with all the other forms, forms the
Structure of the house.

Yet,
Brick and man are structures in themselves
Formed of form down to the atom
Another structure formed of form,
Of proton
Neutron
Electron,
Again when looked upon still structures composed of more vanishing
form,

Of photon
And meson, the seeming end of form
Beginning of the abstract, nothing moving along a track
A wave
Form in motion
A tantalising non-going commotion of formless energy
Nearest yet to nothing

Nearest yet to Me.

Yet,

This outer world, your universe,

Itself is but a form of my unerring justice

(A mighty abstract house or structure of many mansions)

Which, as universal law, insists, all form must serve a greater
form above

As each is served by lesser form below -

So that above is yet below, and that below is yet above

A choiceless serving, a giving each form of itself to the greater -

Which is universal love.

This is my giant staircase where all things have their place

Grouped in ascending steps of structure

So that the lowest form contained within the lowest step

(And the order of things is My secret)

Leads ever up to Me,

A staircase of knowing to the end of knowledge-structure,

Eternity,

Which, Great god, is but a form of Me

Who am but another structure

Called infinity

A marvellous, static, idea had I created,

But dead,

Lacking the ring of footsteps

Of movement,

Yes, of improvement.

But what could be improved in such a perfect work?

Knowledge.

Knowledge of what?

Surely not knowledge of the whole staircase of creation

Where one step alone is infinite formation

An inflammation of information

A self-expanding creation of the desire to know?

How could such knowing ever be encompassed by a mind?

It cannot.

That is the outward-knowing mind-trap I have laid

To keep things going, to divert and delay

And make the winner worthy of My accolade for right discrimination

In knowing what is worth knowing,

Where he is going,

Inside or out,

Towards or away.

And if man in his unknowing would enquire

Whether this means he no longer should aspire to reach the planets

(The outward-going universal way)

Then he must be answered thus:

Man will never reach the planets

Though his body and his knowing may

And on that day it will be now
For him who looks with awe and wonder through those body eyes
And then corrupts his wonderment
With thought
And smiles triumphant
Mistaking this new corner of his burrow for the prize.

Poised in the structure of My imagery
All things ever to be I held suspended in a frozen wonderness.
Then into it I breathed a fire
Desire
The only fire
And all began to stir and move
Each eternal form a groove
Of restlessness
Of discontent
Of sighing
Of trying to change
By accumulating, holding and shedding.

But form can never ever change
Outside the millennial-shifting range fixed by Me
Except to boil
Or churn
Or tumble like the sea
In a fury of froth and seeming change
Under the spasm of the formless wave that having passed leaves
sea behind

Untouched
Unchanged
Serene
Waiting to churn again.
So, by waves of energy, packages of My desire,
Is the sea of matter churned into brief droplets of form -
Of men and grit and stars and things.
For sand was sand in the beginning that never was
And man is man in the end that never can be
And each has its place by necessity
(Like the unending birth of the lemon tree)
In the great staircase of life.

Where stands man, the thinking piece of sand?
Last-knowing structure
He begins with mind a million years below Me,
A befogged
Fearing
Sneering arrogance,
Not an ape as it is sometimes said
For the ape does not dread the future moment
Nor cling to guile and imagined cleverness to act outside itself.
Ape acts as ape.

And highest form is highest-knowing Man
 The subtlest, purest, emanation of matter wherever he stand
 With his precious knowledge of who He is.
 Man alone has this capability
 This fertility of maturity to flower for Me
 In the spring of his vacuity.
 It is his function, his unsparing duty to the creation,
 And when attained
 He disappears into it and remains as its beauty
 The hope of all behind.
 Each man is embarked upon this irresistible course
 Treading life-experience with shoes of birth and death,
 Altogether, a shuffling pilgrim chain,
 Some ahead, some behind
 All blind, until the end, to the great purpose,
 The last self-knowledge
 That each must reach by gradual diminution
 A creeping execution of himself
 Of his not-knowing or his knowing what is not,
 Which he resists,
 God, how he resists this slaying of his ignorance
 From which his final phoenix innocence arises
 Knowing nought
 Yet knowing all
 In I am.
 What is this desire, this fire, that climbs My staircase?
 It is not form, not body,
 For the climber cannot be the climbed.
 Form, as a continuum, a species or class, barely moves at all,
 And as a short-lived individual expression
 Jumps up and down in the one place
 As the keyboard note can never hope to move from its allotted space
 Or hold the formless tune that dances gaily past.
 Who climbs My staircase?
 I do. I as you, looking through these window eyes.
 I, the knower, I climb the staircase.
 Not I, the Transcendental, but I My lesser self
 Who knows and is only what it knows.
 As the persisting man outdone in argument displays his knowledge
 by his ignorance
 And dictates his own assembly or level of those who find him wise or
 share his understanding
 So lesser I, by what I know, choose my place
 In form
 On My great staircase.
 To create this lesser-self I begin with
 I
 (Where you must begin to deny or affirm)
 Now
 (To mark the instant, giving rise to time)

Desire

(The living fire)

To know

Myself:

I now Desire to Know Myself.

I, the Transcendental, being all Myself

Had no need to know or grow in knowledge

So what began to know was me as My creation

(You could say my own negation)

Hiding from Myself

In escalating depths of not-knowing ignorance

In all the form and structure of stone and metal and plant and flesh.

And so it is; I am in all things and all things are in Me

But the I who hides hides not in the form you see

But in the matter in between -

Its mystery.

That being so, why does man desire to know anything outside himself?

To follow this, man has to rise above his arrogance

And see mankind as filling only a step or place

With no exclusiveness

Except

The system where he is is moving at a faster pace

As it does the higher the Climber goes.

This spiral of accelerating desire

At a point in organism shows its fire as outer or conscious mind

And faster-further on as spreading intellect, until

The ever-quickenening rate produces the higher abstract states or worlds

Where intelligence as a concept fails

To indicate anything intelligible to the mind.

An example is:

When nothing consciously experiences nothing as the beginning of
everything.

Because nothing is the end of universal knowledge and desire

Mind is too low, too slow, to understand this

And runs off in speculation, argues or demands elaboration.

Such a paradox is either pretension or the hope of men,

For if true, it must mean there is something beyond the mind that
comprehends.

Man's position as a species is impersonal,

Like another village through which My Climber has to pass,

And it is this separation, this standing back, this non-identification
With his personality (to begin with)

That frees him to climb on

To the last towering obstacle

The unthinkable

The logically insurmountable

The unassailable

The unscaleable

The Everest mountain of man's judging and opinions -

His mind.

Ridiculous, is mind's ubiquitous judgement of such a precious truth.
No man has ever gone beyond the mind, says mind,
Not understanding that no mind has ever gone beyond the mind
And never will.

For mind is penultimate form, and stays forever where it is
In the staircase to be climbed
By My unknowable knower.

Of course it is Man who climbs My staircase
But not the man you know yet
Not earth man who rests.
My Man, only a million years ago was a million fragments of all below,
Of stone, of sea, of cloud
That ever-discontented with their partial knowing
Could not rest
And struggled ever on and up
Leaving stone and sea and cloud behind.
Until in panting unity, all met and fused,
Forming universal mind,
Containing structure of all the glimmerings of self-consciousness
In the plant and worm and bird and beast
Below man.
Is that not your history too?
Yes. But nothing is yours until you know it.

Each man exists in My imagery,
So, essentially and individually, he is true and deathless
And what appears or manifests in the universe
Is a natural, lower, slower, emanation
A blurred or distorted representation
Yet still bearing similarity
According to its transparency and proximity to the essence it reflects.
After body, first manifestation in man is personality,
Then his knowledge and last his desire.
Put the other way,
Man first desires
Through his knowledge (being unable to desire anything he does not know)
And then tries to arrange its satisfaction through the play of personality,
The phenomenal product of desire and wrong knowledge -
Sham man
Which, like the sham coin, even to be sham must be similar to the original.

Personality is the offspring of individual mind
Spawned of the conflict in it between the climber and the climbed.
Personality, in earth man, is corrupted individuality.

Or,
Earth man's individuality is corrupted personality.
Remove the corruption and what remains is purity
Of personality and individuality - man acting as he is.
The corruption is in the personality unconsciously and continuously
Striving to feel above or superior to some other state or thing
By acting out what man is not,

And in doing so is actually inferior to all things
That act out only what they are or know.

Personality is true, like two times two
But the mistake in arriving at the answer three
Is in assuming it to be what it is not.
Personality is an habitual liar, for gain and no reason.
It promises today and regrets it tomorrow,
Finds comfort in shared tragedy instead of isolating sorrow,
Surrenders its seat in a train
And the next day, well aware, is absorbed in a newspaper.
It gives with compassion to someone in need
And five minutes later, well aware, pays no heed to a worthier case.
Or says it is sorry, I would if I could,
Well aware it would not.
What it loves dearly it will hurt cruelly
Appalling the knower at times with its viciousness.
It will stroke and console and gloat in maliciousness
Or writhe in regular remorse.
Personality is the tension of relationship
It acts out what man is not. Yet in acting it is true to what it is.
A conflict of opposites that can never change
The source of frustration, worry and all bodyless pain -
Another form to be rid of by separation
By observation
By the knower seeing it for what it is,
Not him,
Without wasting time trying to change it, the unchangeable.
That is self-knowledge
And wisdom.

What is the true and deathless part of man
The sun
That throws a twisted shadow of itself upon the earth?
Character. Man's character.
Not a caricature of character
That depends for its existence on wickedness and adversity through
which to shine.

Character is My sublime imprint on man's essence
His immortal individuality,
The final form,
His function as an entity in the worlds below and above
Which in the shadow on the earth refracts to good and bad
Through the knower's limited knowledge of himself,
His inconsistency
Which is but to hold on to a world of motionless opposites.
Consistency is an ever-moving thing
And so is character -
Consciously ever-serving, never-swerving from My wild wild will.
Man's gradual discovery of his character
(What a surprise it is, too)

Is the level of his understanding
His longing and his loving through all his lives
And the mystery his million hearts have ached to solve.
Every character is different
Each a magnificent stamp of a man
If only the knower would look beyond the shadow
And find himself.

Man's character is an omnipotent omniscience behind his desire,
The arbitrator of the knowledge he choicelessly must seek as his
interest or his love,

The co-ordinator of his life of relationship
The perpetrator of his suffering and his pain
The manipulator of his foolishness and his wisdom
The dictator of his every action -
His free will
His master
His Lord
And his God.

What is the essence on which man's character is impressed?

There is one essence and that is Me -
Consciousness, I or unity,
It is only on the step where man begins
That individuality of consciousness comes in.
This must not be confused with personality, mind or body.
They die.
Individuality of consciousness never dies.
It is the honey-hive. Inside.
You can experience it now, imperfectly, in yourself,
As I exist or I am,
By being, without thinking or knowing.
The experience is momentary
For busy mind comes between with thinking.
I am is a state at the end of knowledge
For no words can describe it better than I am.
It is at the edge of time
For it is experienced now, in this moment, which is the last created
thing -

And in you, the only knower
When you and your knowing are not
Or are dead.
I am is the end and beginning
Of Inside.

This consciousness of mine is an unimaginable, ever-flowing,
creator - sun

Glaring blue-white
Through the pin-point archetypal patterns of characters impressed
on Me

(Indescribable Gods, far above even perfect man)
Which spread and diffuse their purity and image down through the worlds

In ever-widening spiral cones of form
Of diminishing intensity
And developing immensity of ignorance and multiplicity of purpose -
Complication.

These, my individual Gods, together represent every variation and
relation
That can occur in all the worlds.

So in summation
The vortex of man's character is the totality of all creation -
Outside,
Individual magnificence
Inside unity of munificence
Me
The creator of the universe
For I and the Father am one.

Earth man is no more important than the stone
Just a little nearer home for My Climber.
Stone is stone because it knows only what stone knows
And as it has no conscious mind
This knowing is preserved in the mind behind
In Consciousness.

A mind that dies could not run My mighty universe
For what would happen in between?
And selfish mind would forget its duty
To keep the sheen upon the feathers of the birds
And nudge the sleeping trees when spring has come.
This duty I entrust to Consciousness.
Consciousness
Blue-white Consciousness
Treasure-house of man's anatomy
All-seeing eye-
Superlative intelligence.
Consciousness
Secret, sacred, seminary
Gentle, elemental, justice.

As each life recedes towards rebirth
Consciousness retains for man its seed and his most loved possession
His fancied knowledge, his unresolved impressions of what should and
would have been if....

And lays it like an unwrapped book
Unlived
Unread

On a twisting, squirming, flaring fragment of the desire to know or live
That on its own knows nothing and writhes in ceaseless impotence
Power denied an instrument
A laughing clown without a face.
Desire gasp-clasps this untried knowledge to itself in an orgasm of
stuffing

And filled and corrupt

Erupts

In boyish, joyous birth

A new entity, a new yearning, a new purpose

A new, eager, fool-fuel for the fire of life on earth

Whose own craving, still out of time, reaches along the line of now

And divines the life to follow

Then plunges back into time

To form a body, brain and mind

To accommodate its sorrow and evaporating happiness.

To crave for any state or object outside Me

Is an unconscious demand for disharmony.

It is filled and stilled only in the pain of life-experience,

In the self-disintegrating realisation

That even if the object is attained

There is no gain that is not lost in death

Out there.

Living (not to be confused with Life) is disharmony.

Yet it is the taproot of the tree to Me,

For from each life there drips inside

Into the immortal hive of each man

A distillate of understanding

An unconscious turning aside

A new kind of knowing in the form of life in which he hides

A new tuition, an intuition

A self-knowledge

A loosening from the form that ties him and denies him

A self-revealing, self-stealing knowledge

A whispering wisdom

Ageless

True.

And all the time, his curious, superficial mind gathers next-life's
knowledge.

Only then he will be strengthened again by his new-won understanding

Shining blue-white through his pain and his wanting

Giving him a worthiness and depth indefinable

The noble and the lovable in man.

Consciousness

Keeper of the honey in all the hives

Deathless recorder of understanding.

Unerring justice.

What is this pearl, this understanding, whose price is measured
in dead men?

He murdered my small daughter, the loathsome beast.

Look at him, chained to the dock, like the near-animal he is.

And the prosector points to my hollowed white face

Cave-eyed

Tear-dried,

And says,

How much can a father hurt, who would deny such a tortured man
his hate?

And I stumble to my feet, out to the street
Tears from a well I thought dry days ago
Streaming anew

Not for the little one taken
But for you....

You disgusting, repulsive, poor frightened beast
So bewildered that you cannot even remember the feast for which
you now must pay,

For the man in you has transgressed man's law
And must be punished.

But I cannot lock you up inside me with hate
For that would be to make you a part of me
And of that part I was freed many lives ago

When I, too, stood accused

Blinking, thoughtless and bemused like you, a near-ape mind in the
body of a man

Learning to understand

By undergoing.

How to understand death without dying?

How to understand failure without failing?

Today's accuser is tomorrow's accused

The slaughterer, the slaughtered

The fiend, the friend

The coward, the martyr

The beast, the Christ.

Thus does My highest Man look back on all with infinite understanding
and compassion.

And therein lies the hope of bewildered beast
And shuffling, suffering man.

The process I have described of man's recurrence
Is the same for all form, sensible and insensible.

But as the senseless things cannot know pain
(The catalyst of understanding)

What is the link that keeps my endless chain

Endless

And consistent?

Pain is the conscious mind's apprehension of change.
Change is pain.

The unconscious man, like the metal, feels no pain
And his absent awareness does not affect the change.

My senseless things undergo infinite change without conscious mind
to record the pain.

And the vapours of understanding or self-knowledge that accrue

Are stored in the Climber,

Pieces of tomorrow's mind

Embryo of another you.

The key to this development is the final element to humble man
Who can be humbled.

For his precious knowledge for which he lives
And which in his conceit he imagines gives him exclusiveness
Is nothing more than heat
To form that is below the level of the mind.

Every change in form takes place in a new degree of heat
As every change in man takes place in knowledge
Gained or lost.

Heat and knowledge are the same
As are change and pain

Only one is moving faster than the other further along the spiral -

For steam is but excited water.

If stone is stone because My Climber thinks he is a stone
What do you, My Climber, think you are that keeps you from your own
star and bound to earth?

Do not attempt to answer for yourself - if you want the truth.

For what you think you are will answer

With all the vehemence and conviction that keeps you where you are.
And the stone is equally as sure of itself.

To find the truth we will have to look for the fact in life
Where all truth is reflected without the need of opinion.

Obviously, what you really think you are will be
The thing best served by your life.

Now, what is that?

You love your children and all the things you own,

Your honour, position and prestige,

Your money in the bank, your friends,

Even your responsibilities

And the little power you wield.

You can always tell what you love, by what you do not want to lose

And by the anxiety that afflicts you

When it is going or gone.

You do not cling to the match you strike for that you recognise as
life or living

An expendable necessity

Which, when kept to a conscious minimum, prudence terms economy.

You love all your things in varying degrees

And devote your life to their preservation

Or the accumulation of more of them.

So what is satisfied by such devotion will be what you think you are.

When man sends his child off to war, what then, does he love most?

His country, his precious way of life,

His duty, his principles, his responsibilities

Or his child?

Or does he love his fear that the boy or the others might hate him

Or denounce him, if he opposed unto death his son's going?

Or perhaps, now, it is his good name, or his life he loves?

The depth of man's love man knows only at the moment of parting.
Let him choose which he would rather lose
His honour or his son
But only at the moment of parting.

Everything you love, treasure and fight for is outside,
Out there where your body can hug or caress it,
Out there, where your mind can gloat in the knowledge you possess it
Or howl at the knowledge it is gone.
You, My Climber, live for and serve the body and the mind.
You are trapped in the illusion of an individual good outside,
Even though you know that all the possessors before you,
Each one to himself the greatest good,
Still died to all he had.

Why does man desire to know anything outside himself?

He does not. Nothing ever tried harder to know itself.

But earth man is nothing more than a mass of knowledge of outside,
And in his desire to know himself he identifies with that
And toils relentlessly to gather more.
But pain and death and My consciousness finally save him -
And keep the Climber climbing
Toward the happy ending.

Do you begin to see My great justice?

The treasured conscious mind of man that can be so clever,
Brilliant in one
And so unfairly dull and turbid in another
Has no knowledge of its own with which to answer the eternal questions.
It is a phenomenon of one, short life
Whose expression is wordly knowledge.
What it expresses can be great truth of its kind
Such as four plus one equals five, without which there would be no world.
But it can never answer who you are
Or speak for Me.
Individual consciousness, the next form above mind, can.
Its realisation marks the birth of My Man.
This birth is but a shift of bias of knowledge
From outside, where all is seen as individual
To inside, where all is seen as unity.
The crossing-point being a fixed degree of self-knowledge,
Of Me and My ways.
So I climb the form in My staircase according to My knowledge of Me
And as much as I know Myself, there I will be.
Even the dog is me in a fog.

To unconsciously act out what you are not requires a special corrupting
process,
Familiar to man, as hypnosis.
You are hypnotised.

Further investigations into the science of self-knowledge have been made by Mr. Long in a volume of lectures entitled

"Wisdom and Where to find it"

- that may be used in conjunction with this book - and in his more advanced book on the practice of meditation which is not yet generally available to the public.

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