

Awareness Alone

The Path of Enquiry



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An enquiry into the nature of existence, awareness, experience.

There exists one indivisible real substance, and it is absolutely aware. It is all that you and I can ever be. No-one has ever been able, or ever will be able, to prove that anything exists outside awareness. Realising that there is no Other, we should take responsibility for this awesome truth.

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AWARENESS ALONE

Foreword

There exists one indivisible real substance, and it is absolutely aware. It is all that you and I can ever be. No-one has ever been able, or ever will be able, to prove that anything exists outside awareness. Realising that there is no Other, we should take responsibility for this awesome truth.

Three paths arise for us: (1) To discern beyond all mental conventions, that we are constituted of awareness alone, eternal and borderless (2) To cultivate in the heart, continuous devotion to that absolute (3) To mitigate the separative ego by ceasing to cling to the fruits of our actions.

Materialists, who promote the notion that consciousness is some kind of 'evolutionary by-product', that it 'evolves from unconscious states' without ever offering a single example of how this happens, will resist the proofs in this book - that the absolute condition of existence is awareness itself, and that these words and worlds are its eternal play. Even a cursory summary of our position reveals its absoluteness in that body, senses, feelings and thoughts function effortlessly according to expressions of boundless profundity. Meanwhile, our experience at any moment is singular, absolute, never polarised as 'seer and seen'.

Why then do we not endlessly delight in the perfect play of the supreme? Where is the necessity for enquiry? We fail to discriminate the sublime ubiquity of awareness. We don't come to the jaw-dropping *fact* of it, or surrender in amazement at its very existence. We do not see that it is all we actually are. Awareness is indescribable yet its energy ramifies infinitely - as ego, object, sense, feeling, thought, imagination, intellect, memory. Our ignorance, the sole upholder of suffering, is defined as self-limitation in the form of mental conventions. The goals of this text are thus two-fold: 1. To affirm the singularity of our experience beyond any notions of 'subject and object'. 2. In support of (1), to deconstruct all paradigms: of time, space, cause, name, form, duality, individual, context, death, border.

The nub of our confusion is the hiatus of 'being and becoming', whereby the absolute pulsating Force ever seeks to extrapolate as name, atom, time, space, cause, heartbeat, breath. Yet how can these displacements be generated, when force operates only on itself? We fall back on a single context: *To whom does action occur?* Without awareness, who would ever discern anything? Our role is to dwell as the witness and player of all phenomena, continuously recognising them as the dance of self, where our mental conventions, entrenched by repetition, are exposed for the assumptions that they are.

Yet this writer hesitates, fearing that his plethora of words will epitomise the problem. Rather, he 'points a finger to the moon, plays tunes on the strings of ever-present awareness', so that each self-contained nugget is a homecoming, merging in its absolute context.

We must de-mask our dream-becomings, where ego (that desire-ghost, definer, fixator, separator, 'achiever', phantom gatekeeper, 'little I', material idea, superimposition) dictates experience, enforcing the lie that 'objects' independently exist, that we should bow to the relativity of 'birth and death', that knowledge by inference is equal to that of identity, that our obsessively-built personae are anything but fragile ghosts. Beyond self-distraction, beyond the clamour to build an ideational machine paradise, our role and rock is 'to be as we are'. We cannot ever but act, but we must not cling to any results of those acts. We must be fluid, detached, still, simple, transparent.

If this text seems persistently abstract, or solipsistic, or impractical or absurd - chew on it with patience. Beyond flashes of clarity our path to freedom is long. Only by degrees will we surrender to the unutterable haunting miracle: that we are but one absolute aware substance, that though it appears to pulse as a relentless becoming, ever affirms the sole reality of self.

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Note: Some Sanskrit terms that appear in the science of Yoga may be useful to readers. They are included in italics in brackets, eg: (*Satchitananda*).

PART ONE: ANALYTICS

1. THE PERENNIAL SCIENCE

This chapter examines the constituent principles of the Absolute Substance, and the nature of Manifestation.

The Real Substance The Absolute Real Substance is the absolute bliss of aware existence, everlasting, indivisible, simple, still, stable, without origin or end, one without a second, that which is forever itself, all in all in the universe. It is utterly empty, utterly present, inexpressible, elusive, abstract, infinitely potent and beyond all becoming. The Absolute Real Substance is known as Being, Awareness and Bliss (*Sat-chit-ananda*). This is all we ever are, all we ever can be.

End

The Origin of Idea of Manifestation within the Absolute Real Substance

The Nature of the One Real Substance is two-fold: Feeling (awareness, receptivity) and Force (energy, delight). Feeling is the Absolute Experienter. Almighty Force is the absolute projecting power of awareness, the impulse, the appearance (superimposition) of Idea in emptiness. Force is the will, the pulsation, the polarisation, the origin of other, the desire, the seeking, the effort to define the indefinable, the ego, the flood of creation, the externalising manifested world, the idea of the inert, the notion of 'evolving', the 'journey of becoming'.

Awareness-Force is identical with and inseparable from the One Being, just as burning power is inseparable from fire. The absolute force of awareness, nothing but the eternal real substance, constitutes the primal and absolute impulse, the vibration (word, *aum*). 'In the beginning (eternal idea of creation) was the word, and the word was with god.'

The relationship between 'absolute' and 'origin' may be grasped through the following steps:

1. Existence is absolute beyond any idea.
2. Awareness is absolute beyond any idea.
3. Awareness is the absolute condition of Existence. They are identical.
4. Existence is force.
5. The force of awareness creates the idea.

6. Force is therefore idea.
7. All ideas are the idea of distinction, limitation.
8. The 'idea of existence' appears to be distinct from the reality of existence.
9. The idea of existence creates the idea of non-existence.
10. The polarity of [9] creates the structure of separateness, characterised by four cardinal ideas (below).

the World

The Four Ideas

1. **Word** is the idea that the Eternal Sound (OM) becomes discrete, partitioned, objectified, the Other, becoming name in the ever-unnameable.
2. **Atom** is the idea that the Eternal Light becomes discrete, as objects, 'things', particles of the universal force, materiality, limitation in the ever-illimitable.
3. **Time** is the idea that the Eternal Presence becomes 'duration', linear sequences of discrete events, 'cause and effect', past and future, change in the ever-unchangeable.
4. **Space** is the idea that Absolute Presence becomes 'form'- signifying 'difference', 'context', 'region', arrangement, relationship, juxtaposition, independent arising, division in the ever-indivisible.

The four ideas embody distinctness, boundary, separation, polarisation, objectification. Word, Atom, Time and Space constitute the Ignorance, and are essentially one. Together they are called the Force of Repulsion, and they generate the idea of the relative, the polarised, the binary, the 'other', the involved, the objective, the defined, the partial, the particular, the material, the attached, the feared, the desired, the evolving, the becoming, the *superimposed*.

Idea of Separate Self The innumerable 'atoms' are the Veiling or limiting power, (*maya*), whereby each individual 'particle' is ignorance, darkness. Absolute Being-Awareness exhibits two states, contraction and its polarity, expansion. The concept of atom is therefore nothing but the idea of contracted awareness, of limited separate self. Psychologically, we call this egoism. It keeps the spiritual light out of comprehension, gives rise to all confusion, all search, all 'journey', all 'evolving', keeping us ignorant of our real self, making us instead identify with the so-called material body and the mind.

The Attraction and the Repulsion The universal Attraction (all-knowing feeling-awareness, love, holy spirit, *chit*) shines on the objectified, particulated obscurity (*maya*) to attract every bit of it back to itself. But this obscurity, or rather its individual atoms, being repulsion itself, cannot receive or comprehend it, but reflect it instead.

The Ignorance (the result of the Four Ideas) under the force of the Attraction is termed the Intelligence, the Heart (*chitta*). It has two magnetic poles, one that attracts it to the Real Substance and the other that repels it from the same. In the attracting state it is called Intellect (*buddhi*), which determines what is truth. In the repulsing state, the force is called Mind (*manas*) and produces (that is, senses and imagines) out of itself the ideal worlds for enjoyment. Herein, the idea of the separate existence of self appears, which is called egoism.

The Electricities The idea of Atom or Particle (Intelligence in the form of Repulsion), gives rise to manifestations termed ‘aura electricities’. These five electricities, being under the attracting influence of universal Feeling (awareness, love) toward the Real Substance, produce a *magnetic field* which is called the ‘body’ of the Intelligence. The five electricities, in their polarised states, manifest according to three aspects: (a) positive (*Sattva*), (b) neutralising (*Rajas*) and (c) negative (*Tamas*). The **positive** attributes of the electricities are the five sense organs (sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell). They are attracted under Mind, the polar opposite of the Intelligence, and thereby form its ‘body’. The **neutralising** attributes of the five electricities are the *organs of action*: movement (feet), grasping (hands), sex, evacuation and speech. These organs constitute an ‘energetic body’ (*prana*). The **negative** attributes of the five electricities are the five *sense objects* (light, sound, touch, taste, smell). These, when united with the five sense organs through the neutralising power of the five organs of action, satisfy the desires of our heart. These fifteen electricities, plus the truth-seeking Intelligence and material-seeking Mind constitute the *fine material body*.



We now identify seven stages or spheres of the descent into manifestation, and seven corresponding human energy centres. We also identify the five coverings or sheaths of the self.

Seven Spheres of Creation The foremost (seventh) ‘sphere’ is the Real Substance. Nothing in the creation of darkness and light can designate it. It is the Nameless. The next (sixth) sphere is called eternal patience or holy spirit, as it remains forever undisturbed by any limiting idea. The next (fifth) is the sphere of spiritual reflection (‘Sons of God’), wherein the *idea of separate existence of self* originates. Next (fourth) is the sphere of the atom or particle, the beginning of the creation of darkness (*maya*) upon which the spirit is reflected. This is the only connecting link between the material and spiritual. Next (third) surrounding this atom, is the sphere of magnetic auras, the electricities. Second to last, is the sphere of the electrical attributes. It contains the fine matters, beyond the gross matters of the creation. Finally, the lowest (first) sphere is the material creation, which is always visible to everyone.

Seven Key Energy Centres As the Real Substance created man in his own image, man’s constitution exactly reflects that absolute and its spheres. The material body therefore has seven vital places within it. Seeking to return to the Real Substance, we can perceive the aspects of the spiritual light in these places. The body is like a battery of charged vortices (*chakras*) polarised by attracting and repulsing channels (*nadis*) known as sun and moon. These in turn manifest in chemical form as the double helix... and so on and so forth.

Five Sheaths The Self, comprising the fifth sphere of creation to the first, as listed above, is covered by five superimposed ‘sheaths’ or coverings. The first sheath is the Heart, composed of the four ideas (word, atom, time, space). It feels or enjoys and is called the seat of Bliss. The second is the Knowledge Sheath. This is the intelligence, the power to discriminate, judge, choose. It manifests the ‘magnetic aura electricities’ (that is, the ‘body’) of the Intellect that determines what is truth. The third is the Mental Sheath, the power to use the five internal organs of sense to fulfill the desire for enjoyment. The fourth sheath is the Prana Sheath, the body of

energy or life force (*prana*), composed of the five organs of action. It is the power to go outward toward objects of sense. The last (fifth) sheath is the Physical Sheath, the power of attachment to the five objects of sense. It is the gross material outer coating, which becoming 'nourishment' supports the visible world.

The Energetic Cycle The cyclic energies that run up and down within the human spinal column are a microcosm of life's energetic process. Their polarised movement within two key energy channels (called *Ida* and *Pingala* in yoga) express (a) the upsurge of desire, seeking, birth, growth, evolution, need for survival, self-definition, self-empowerment, self-articulation, self-actualisation (*etc*) and (b) re-absorption in the absolute presence. The energy centres at the base of the spine express progressively more concrete and involved aspects of the creation, and those at the upper end express progressively more subtle, unitary, abstract aspects. Yet these polarised movements, in circular motion like the breath, are sides of a single coin. Ultimately they must coalesce in a central channel (the *Sushumna*) that is their absolute synthesis, the eternal presence where no struggle or contradiction exists.

The Great Attraction The seven spheres, seven energy centres and five sheaths described above, mark out the 'manifestation' of the all-potent Force, that is, the action of *repulsion*. When this is completed, the action of *attraction* (feeling, total love in the core of the heart) begins to manifest in the creation. We now outline the 'return journey' to the real substance, the source.

Under the influence of attraction, the Atoms ('particles of darkness') come nearer and nearer, taking ethereal, gaseous, fiery, liquid and solid forms (elements). Thus comes what is called the *inanimate kingdom*, where the visible world becomes adorned with suns, planets, moons, nebulae *etc*. Next, when the action of divine love becomes more developed, the evolution of Ignorance (the particle of darkness, *maya*, the omnipotent energy as manifested) begins to be withdrawn. The Atom's outer coating of gross matter is withdrawn, and the atoms are drawn more closely to their heart, so that the sheath composed of the organs of action (called *prana*) begins to operate, resulting in the organic state known as the *vegetable kingdom*. Next, the sheath of action becomes withdrawn, so that the sheath composed of the organs of *sense* comes to light. Hereby, the particles of darkness (atoms) perceive the nature of the external world, and attracting other Atoms of different nature, form bodies suitable for enjoyment, so that the *animal kingdom* appears in the creation. Next, when the sheath composed of the organs of sense becomes withdrawn, the body of Intelligence (called *buddhi*), composed of the Electricities, becomes perceptible. The Atom as the particle of darkness thus acquires the power of determining right from wrong (discrimination) and becomes the Human, the *rational* being in the creation. Next, when the Human cultivates all-knowing love within his heart, he is able to withdraw the rational sheath, so that the innermost sheath (the Heart, called *chitta*), composed of the four ideas (word, time, space, atom) becomes manifest. Human is therein called Angel (a being of light) in the creation.

In this state, all of the creation is now seen to be inert, without self-nature, substantially nothing but ideas generated within the one Real Substance (being-awareness-bliss, *Satchitananda*). When the last sheath is withdrawn, there is nothing to keep us in the creation of darkness, and so we become free and enter into the

light. We see the universal Light as a perfect whole, and ourself as nothing but an idea or fragment within that light. Thus we are bound to give up the vain idea of our separate existence.

The Dream of Creation Just as the objects seen in dreams are found when we awake to be insubstantial, so our waking perceptions are likewise unreal. They are a matter of *inference* only. Our waking conceptions are substantially nothing but superimposed ideas caused by the union of five objects of sense (the negative aspects of the five internal electricities) with the five organs of sense (the positive attributes of the electricities) through the medium of five organs of action (their neutralising attributes). Thus we see that all conceptions that we form are merely a matter of inference, whereby we understand that the ‘external world’ is literally nothingness. Even if we only suspect, or see by inference, the provisional nature of this creation, we can see that ignorance is the cause of all suffering. The point is to remove ourselves from obsession with the creation and maintenance of ideas.

Ignorance Unmasked Ignorance is literally the apparent perception of the non-existent, and the non-perception of the existent. How can the sentient become insentient (inert, unknowing)? Since it logically cannot, this insentient creation is literally non-existent. Ignorance is mere misconception, literally: *the erroneous conception of the existence of the non-existent*.

The Five Troubles Our troubles can therefore be listed as *ignorance, egotism, blind tenacity, attachment and aversion*. Ignorance is nothing but the idea of darkness (*maya*) distributed outward as the universe of particles, according to two polarising properties: attachment (attraction), which means thirst for the objects of happiness, and aversion (repulsion), which means desire for the removal of the objects of unhappiness. This polarisation engenders egotism and blind tenacity. Egotism engenders the idea of ‘separate particles’ (atoms) of the one universal Force, and is thus literally the failure to discriminate between the real self and the ‘body’. Similarly, blind tenacity is the conditioned belief in the finality of nature’s laws (known as materialism) instead of belief in the all-causative powers of the aware Self.

Ignorance of our actual material nature Being-awareness is the sole material, and is utterly pliable and free, effortlessly creating and collapsing all forms in terms of time, space, atom, name, experience, evolution, cause, effect, memory, imagination, paradigm. This is why, for example, an experience of ‘long ago’ can suddenly appear to be ‘here and now’, or ‘the experience of a lifetime’ can appear to be as nothing. The terms ‘material’ and ‘materialist’ are debased in that the ‘dense’ products of experience are proclaimed as causes (for example, seeking the ‘causes’ of awareness in the brain), and we subscribe to the limiting densities of a train of thought known as ‘material science’. It is true that we may ‘see the universe in a flower, or a grain of sand’, but we will find no origin there. Nothing exists but the ineffable material of absolute being-awareness, and there can be no other ‘cause’. This is why we invent the phenomena of ‘birth, change and death’. We ask: ‘at death, where do I go?’ and ‘after death, what will I become?’ The short answers are ‘you go absolutely nowhere’ and ‘you become absolutely nothing but what you are now’. Similarly, at ‘birth’ we cannot possibly ‘come from’ any material that we are not already. Yet we are entitled to ask: how do the subtle tendencies traced by the experience of a ‘singular soul’ recur according to a perfect (karmic) plan? The fact is, all ‘levels’ and ‘expressions’ of being-

awareness forever exist. The 'human form' is an eternal blueprint, expressing in its energy centres and energetic waves the absolute subtleties of being-awareness. If we look at the waves of the sea, we see that their 'state of flux' is so 'continuous' as to be meaningless. Do we proclaim each of these as 'birth and death'? To expand our vision a little is to see the waves as endlessly recurring, and endlessly empty, expressions of a borderless, unchanging ocean. Thereby, the continual pulsations of awareness between the states of waking, sleeping and dreaming are taken as natural. We are of the ineffable body of eternal light, and we forever occupy the forms appropriate to our experience.

Unlimited function of awareness We should grasp that it is quite impossible for awareness to become 'particular', that is, to perform any single 'task' or focus, without remaining infinitely malleable. The ramifications of any 'particular movement' are always infinite, unlimited in their scope.

Existence as Force The 'nature' of absolute being-awareness is that it 'appears to pulsate as force'. In a vision of absolute unity there can be no movement, while in a vision of absolute dualism there can be no stillness. We cannot reconcile these two visions, except to recognise in both visions the completeness of ourselves, where freedom is expressed as 'both still and dynamic', and 'neither still nor dynamic'.

What is our position in the absolute scheme? The body's functions are subject to origins that are completely profound. Meanwhile, the infinite functions of the mind are overwhelmingly constrained by our little ego, while memory is but an arbitrary, elusive sketch of uncountable occurrences. We are bound to ask: In what form do we exist at all? What we call ego (limited sense of self) is a personalised term for the absolute force innate in being. Pulsation (displacement) is termed 'nature', of which all its phenomena (body, mind, ego *etc*) are all untouchable, eternal. Therefore, what is 'our position' in all of this? Awareness can appear to be termed both 'positional', as 'personal awareness', and 'non-positional', as 'impersonal awareness'. Being-Awareness forever exhibits two states, contraction and expansion. Meanwhile, our need for self-expression and our need for freedom are one and the same. Our 'limited, alienated' self always seeks to 'return' to the absolute. The fact is, our 'needing' and our 'possessing' are illusion itself. There is nowhere to 'return to' since 'the one who wants and possesses' is forever oneself. **How does 'I am' lead to 'I want' and 'I have'?** Absolute being-awareness ('I am') infinitely expresses as force and counterforce. This process entrenches (a) instability, and (b) the need for 'little I' – that is, fixation, limitation, sense of possession. The impulsive force becomes 'I want' which in turn entrenches the possessive sense 'I have'. The continuous combined forces 'I want' and 'I have' personify both the unstable struggle for 'self-maintenance' (limitation, possession) and the impulse to 'self-actualisation' (freedom). Yet how can we be limited and unlimited at the same time? The problem lies in limited perception alone.

What is our usual relationship with experience? There are four phases to how we process information:

- (1) We perceive an 'external' sensory stimulus.
- (2) The awareness asks: *Is this known to me, or is this unknown to me?*
- (3) The awareness asks: *Do I like this, or do I not like this?*
- (4) The awareness reacts, makes a judgement, a choice.

We live by ego, the limiting sense of self. We create *identity* by means of judgement, the continual binary trial and-error process of choosing what we want (desire) and what we reject (aversion) in a process of ‘know-don’t know’ and ‘like-dislike’. This is akin to the one-zero energy pathways in computing. We usually initially recoil from a new, unknown input, unless we have ‘subconsciously’ been seeking it. **Building identities or ‘personae’** (positions that suit either our social roles or our personal vision of ourselves) through choosing, is a shifting, life-long process. Intellectual judgements that are taken for granted and are no longer examined become *paradigms*, that is, unconscious or semi-unconscious fixed views or personae. Inputs that have not been understood stay on the emotional level, often termed ‘the shadow’. Our lack of understanding of the shadow determines how we ‘project’, that is, react to and judge our external contexts, which are simply the internal contexts writ large. Such overwhelmingly complex internal forces that dictate our ‘conscious choices’ are, in Jungian psychology, termed ‘anima’ or ‘animus’. The core question is: Who are you, if you are nothing but the sum total of internal forces? Logically, you would be nobody at all. Yet we present as the ego, a tiny ‘I’ floating and ‘surviving’ in an ocean of infinite power. Our sense of volition and will-power naturally exists, but is deeply limited by conditions.

Our Three Life Options In this life we have three options for dealing with experience. (1) To cling and to enjoy. We view all experience as the ‘grist to the mill’ of building and maintaining our ‘identity’, and sustain it by memory. Such a ‘positive’ view has a core drawback: we ultimately cannot hold on to anything, since everything we call ourselves, despite our best efforts to maintain and renew, is erased, both moment-by-moment and ultimately. Our failure to admit to this fact, whereby our fingers desperately plug the dyke of marching time, brings confusion, fear and suffering. (2) To consciously erase. This path seeks to fundamentally distrust all experience as ephemeral and therefore of no consequence. It is a conscious effort to detach, so that one no longer participates in ‘this absurd show called life’. One drawback is that it is supremely difficult to erase the concept that we exist in and as the myriad of manifested forms. A second drawback is the fact that while all particularities are ultimately erased, our tendencies and attitudes remain as an unimpeachable basis for future manifestation. (3) To accept, without attachment. This path seeks to integrate all experience in and as oneself while forfeiting any claim to ownership. We understand that we can never avoid action, but while doing it all with a good heart we never set our heart on any of its results. Although this path may seem too subtle for ‘mere mortals’, we become resilient through continued awareness and patience. Such an attitude and tendency grows, and by degrees we emerge as freedom itself.

Never set your heart on any result

There is nothing but absolute presence All is contained in infinite potential, forever. Reproduction of a ‘system’ or ‘body’ in the macrocosm always occurs through a microcosm, and is always perfectly contained in that microcosm. That is, all potentiality and all conditions exist always. Witness the perfect reproduction of a human embryo from a seed or fluid in conditions provided by host bodies. This is ‘magic and miracle’ in the literal sense of these words. That the totality exists at all junctures, gives the absolute lie to concepts of space, time, cause, history, particle, duality. Such conceptions as these, do violence to what *is*. **There is nothing, and nothing to be done, but what is.**

2. REFLECTIONS ON THE PERENNIAL SCIENCE

The Core Contradiction There exists one indivisible real substance, and it absolutely aware. It is all that you and I can ever be. No-one has ever been able, or will ever be able, to prove that anything exists outside awareness. This book unmasks the seeming contradiction between emptiness and form, the real and the apparent. The very idea that there are forms that differ from the Absolute Real Substance is an absurdity - the original and only absurdity. Manifestations (thought-forms) always give the impression of substance because they are expressions of an eternal Real Substance. Yet, because they become known to us as expressions, as formations, as conventions, as limitations, we are ever required to seek the *absolute* nature of that Real Substance. On the other hand, the Real Substance, as the Force of existence-awareness, is said to forever delight in and express its self-potential. As the Static, the Empty, it is 'ever-present being', and as the Kinetic or Force, it is 'eternal manifestation'. We can be sure that nothing ever pulsates outside the utter presence, that nothing ever 'densifies' outside that abstract presence.

All experience is self-absorption There can never be such a thing as 'multiple experiences'. We are 'forever absorbed as one experience'. We cannot experience 'two times' or 'two places' or 'two objects'. No matter how we try to differentiate 'states' or create 'sequences', there is only ever unitary experience. In this way, no particular 'object of perception' can ever be in any way relevant. The shocking fact is: there has never been, nor ever could be, any experience but *This*.

No Independent Arising The doctrine of 'no independent arising' explains that there are *no modifications* of awareness, since the so-called 'current state of absorption' (current thought, sensation, feeling) is never anything but the absorbed experience of awareness itself. That is, a 'wave' is never anything but the ocean itself. Can there actually be a seer of the sight, a hearer of the sound, a feeler of the feeling, a doer of the deed, a thinker of the thought? There is absolutely no Other. Check this truth by enquiring at any given instant into the nature of your experience. You will find that the dualities you take for granted are non-existent, and that 'present absorption' is the only reality. We affirm that the so-called 'states' of awareness, namely 'form and emptiness' are one and the same, and therefore oneness eternally prevails. There can be no other 'state' but That.

How to solve the riddle of being and becoming? If the Real Substance eternally manifests expressions of itself, logically such expressions must 'appear to be relative to it'. If that is the case, these expressions must also 'appear to be relative to any and all other expressions'. Yet relativity is precisely the 'expression of illusion', which might be oxymoronicallly termed 'that which is there and not there'. So, can 'forms' be called 'real but impermanent (that is, ever-changing) expressions of the real substance'? Or further, can it be said that 'since they are 'ever-changing' and therefore borderless, they are non-existent as forms; that is, never anything but their (formless) context'? We at this point may be led to conclude that the problem is one of convention, of the noise of generated names, that 'form' and 'emptiness' (like 'matter' and 'energy') are words for the same thing, whereby the 'word' is the original 'form'.

Yet, why is it that to the seer (pure awareness, you and me) there is the continual sense of egoism, that generates the sense of modification, that is, the seeming uncontrollable pulsation or oscillation between seer and object? And why is it that our ever-present source of *suffering* is precisely the feeling that ‘all desired things pass away’ and ‘all unwanted things come again’? If you and I were truly at peace, we would have not the slightest problem with life’s phenomena. In short, we would never need, or seek, or invent, or judge. This book might seem to ‘self-entertain with endless conjecture’, to ‘chase its tail’, but there is a bigger issue at stake. Genuine self-enquiry in this life is generated by (1) drawbacks associated with the ego, those of clinging and controlling, and (2) the sense of futility associated with inevitable loss. It is clear the only remedy we have, is to establish the attitude of complete non-attachment - in the midst of total acceptance.

Who is the seer? To investigate whether there really is any relationship between emptiness and form (a discipline known as *jnana yoga*) is to penetrate to life’s utter reality. This *yoga* (meaning, to unite) urges us to continually ask: *Who* is the seer of thought, of form? *Who* is the seer of thought’s founding paradigms: word, atom, time and space? It is the *continuous* deconstruction of the so-called seer-seen relationship that will transform us, liberate us, root us in reality, destroy altogether the illusion of relationship...

As materialists, we cling to the idea of ‘independent arising’. We think that awareness somehow ‘comes into being’ (ie: has its origin) in the advent of ‘form’. We fail to see that (our) awareness is only ever as it is, whatever the apparent ‘condition’ that the awareness chooses to occupy. The concept that ‘form proves the presence of a perceiver’ is therefore absurd, since the ‘form’ is nothing but awareness itself.

Who will prove the independent nature of phenomena? 1. Who can give a single example of how a ‘state of awareness’ can arise out of a ‘state of unawareness’? By way of analogy, who can explain how ‘a state of fire’ can arise out of ‘a state of water’, or a state of water out of a state of fire? 2. Who will explain how a ‘state of unawareness’ can arise out of ‘a state of awareness’? 3. Who will explain how a ‘state of death’ can arise out of a ‘state of existence’? And most important: 4. Who will explain how a state of awareness can ever be obscured?

No Object, No Context We speak of the ‘relationship’, that is, difference, between an object and its context. Yet, if there were any difference, however slight, between so-called object and so-called context, neither could exist. That is, the context can only serve as context to the object in the event that it creates *all* conditions whereby that object can exist. Conversely, if the object exhibited any characteristics that were not already contained in its context, then it could not be a representation or product of that context. The ultimate irony is: any difference between these so-called ‘dancing ghosts’ ensures the obliteration of both. Ultimately, we see that the two terms are mere conveniences, born to uphold the fallacy of duality, of ‘definition’, of ‘perceiver and perceived’, of ‘subject and object’, of ‘cause and effect’. If we are to speak of ‘context’ at all, there can be only one, and that is absolute awareness. **Show me the border** All definitions, assumptions and paradigms must be challenged. Where is the border between ‘thing’ and ‘context’? Where is the border between awareness and

its 'products'? Where is the border between 'air and wind', the border between 'sleep and waking', the border between anything and anything?

The absurdity of mechanical chance If we accept the statement 'No-one has ever been able, or will ever be able, to prove that anything exists outside awareness', the next logical statement will be 'The infinitude of so-called forms are but phantom expressions of awareness'. What alternative is there? The materialist notion that 'things evolved' out of an 'infinite play of forces' is risible, since the materialist can never say what it *is* that actually evolves. Where is the conscious motivator? Similarly, the idea that awareness 'at some point arose or evolved' out of the infinite action of mechanical chance, simply beggars belief.

Awareness Alone: The 'jetplane route'

1. There is awareness alone
2. Awareness' indwelling force generates the idea of 'other' or 'object'.
3. Thereby arises the automatic notion of 'subject'.
4. To ask: 'What is the object?' is to discover that the object has no boundaries, therefore cannot be discrete, therefore cannot be an object at all.
5. To then ask: 'Who is the subject?' is to discover that the subject has no boundaries, therefore cannot be discrete, therefore cannot be a subject at all.
6. Both subject and object are fabrications.
7. Fabrications of what? Awareness.
8. Therefore, is there forever awareness alone; that is, emptiness?
9. Or is there forever the subject-object relationship; that is, form?
10. The doctrine of Pulsation says: 'Emptiness is (forever) form and form is (forever) emptiness.
11. Both are mere words, signifying an illusory duality.



Never Arising At the risk of being absurdly precise, we should question the very basis of existence itself. Can being (existence) arise? If yes, existence must arise from something else, since it cannot arise from nothing. It therefore cannot arise at all. It is literally eternal. Can awareness arise? If so, it must arise from unawareness. How can awareness arise from unawareness? Again it cannot; it is eternal. Next, if both being and awareness are eternal, and if there is nothing outside them, then they must be one and the same. If nothing exists but being-awareness, then it must be bliss (oneness, self-delight). Can being be obscured? Never. There is no death except the idea of obscuration. Can awareness therefore be obscured? Never. Crucially, can awareness appear to be obscured, in what we call a state of ignorance? This question is equivalent to 'if awareness is obscured, to whom is it obscured?' The answer is only awareness. The question therefore means: 'can awareness be obscured to awareness?' This is clearly absurd.

The Idea of Ignorance How then does the idea of obscuration (ignorance) arise? The answer lies in the absolute pulsation of being, which engenders the idea called egoism, of the effort to define, which instantly engenders the contexts of form, name, time and space. No idea can be engendered without the 'substratum' of

awareness, and no secondary (connected) idea can arise without reverting to that continuous substratum. If nothing arises without the 'substratum', does anything ever arise? The answer is no. Can ignorance therefore exist? The answer is no. Therefore, the perceiver's experience (the world) is nothing but the play of awareness, forever.

Is there obscuration? The key question is this: why would the Absolute, ie: that which is forever itself, appear not to be absolute - that is, appear obscured? To answer this we must be aware that the idea of obscuration or limitation can only occur to one who is limitlessly aware. Therefore, there are three options only: (1) If the absolute is truly obscured it is because there is a superior power that has done it. This is patently absurd. (2) If the absolute is obscured, whatever reasons it has for obscuring itself can only ever be known to itself and are therefore of no value to anything but itself. (3) The absolute is never obscured. Only (3) can be correct. Therefore our sole question is: What, if any, is the relationship between that which is absolutely itself and that which appears to be other than itself? In other words, how and why do confusion and ignorance occur to the seer, that is, to you and me? The unbreakable signal that there is a problem, occurs in the fact that there is suffering. There is no suffering without limitation, and without limitation there is no suffering. Suffering is anathema to all of us, and contradicts the ingrained heartfelt need for perfect truth, bliss and peace. The doctrine of pulsation states that there is eternal polarity between seer and seen. Yet the seen (the object) is perceived to be continually changing, therefore unreal. The 'perceiver' must thereby be the unchanging substratum. Along these lines, we pursue a state characterised as 'continual awareness of the unchanging reality'.



Absolute Awareness is Absolute Force The absolute condition of absolute Being is (a) infinite Feeling or awareness and (b) infinite Force or creative power. These constitute on one hand absolute self-awareness, and on the other the absolute delight of free creation. **Absolute force** is absolute intensity. Within this intensity is all 'densification'. It is bliss, That which is forever Itself as the ever-force manifesting in intense-dense bliss. Meanwhile, there is ever and always **absolute feeling**. It is awareness, it is the ever-light, the absolute truth-light that ever thrills in (and *as*) the deepest fissures of the intensity, yet ever holds and tempers and cups the bliss-intensity in its ever-wide lightness. The force-intensity is never so intense that it is not utterly saturated and cradled and cooled by the awareness-light, the ever-present feeling-lightness, the ever-sensitive, ever-aware light.

The Electricities Omniscient Feeling and Omnipotent Force create a state whereby Intelligence (urge toward self) seems polarised with Mind (urge toward creation, darkness, atom). Thus Atom (the idea of form) is distributed as five electricities: 1. A state representing undifferentiated purity or equilibrium (*sattva*). 2. A tension between the equilibrium state and the state of activity (*rajas*). 3. The state of activity itself. 4. A tension between the state of activity and the state of inertia (*tamas*). 5. The state of inertia itself.

The resulting electricities shoot like tentacles ever outward, creating the mind's five electricities or organs of sense, magnetically polarised with the five objects of sense to which they attach, to create the plane of 'physical elements' (ether, air, fire, water and solid) that play out their endless ramifications through the five channels of

action (movement, grasping, sex, evacuation and speech or noise). **The human organism** is built around seven key energy centres (known as *chakras*) that operate according to five internal forces or ‘winds’, that correspond to the five powers of action, namely: moving about, grasping, reproducing, evacuating waste, and expressing speech.

Who animates the gross body? The ‘human body’ is usually defined as a composition of the ‘gross elements’ (ether, air, fire, water and solid), inside and out. So who is it that looks through these eyes, hears through these ears, feels through this skin, smells through this nose, tastes through this tongue? The brain itself is but an organ of these senses, and might be called mere blood and meat if it were not for the polarised electricities and their resulting chemicals that animate Frankenstein’s monster... and which are themselves animated by Mind that produces thought, and Intelligence that chooses, that in turn are under the direction of four phantom Ideas (word, atom, time, space), that are themselves animated by eternal Being-Awareness-Bliss. In sum, *what is it* that forever appears to divide and express itself in an endless cascade of creation, but ever remains exactly itself? In truth, this ‘human being’ that we are is none other than the ever-aware real substance.

Force is the Denial, the Repulsion, of This Why should the sole and absolute ‘thisness’ appear to manifest as an infinitude of pathways and points? Manifestation equates to the idea of Life Force. Where then is the origin of force? Certainly, by asking, we manifest the idea of force. But does change really occur in stillness, in thisness? Look carefully: the notion that there is an ‘infinitude of opposing forces’, reduces itself to a ‘singular instance’ - in other words, it reduces to the perception of a single force, forever here and now. That is, we have ‘a birth in thisness’, a birth of ‘duality’ in oneness, a birth of time in the eternal This, a birth of ‘entity’ in emptiness, a birth of name out of silence. Force is therefore to be defined as *the eternal denial of absolute This*. Force is called the Repulsion.

While we may glibly assume that ‘force is the eternal action of being-awareness’, the truth is that no force exists in its own right, since it can only be ‘distinguished from its origin’ where its counterforce, which ironically is immediately named as its ‘origin’, is admitted. And by no stroke of genius can one ever discover a boundary between force and counterforce except as within the eternal context of being-awareness. The so-called force is therefore utterly indistinguishable from being-awareness itself. Force is thus visualised as ‘relativity’, the eternal phantom, the ‘play’ of oneness, the ‘play of thisness’. We must not assume the thing we identify, is what it is. Its substance is nothing but ‘the so-called act of a perceiver’. Force is called action, which is defined as displacement, as pulsation, as the dance of so-called force and counterforce. And these are nothing but *apparent* denial, repulsion, of This.

Since being-awareness as force must forever be the ‘actor’, we entertain the notion of infinite pulsation or scintillation, giving rise to the notion of infinite dissemination (fractation) of pathways and points. Is awareness forever enslaved to this vision of pathway and point - of atom, space, time and name? (1) We know that there is only one actor, the power of being-awareness, so that all points and pathways are mere ideas of Itself. (2) We also know that because pulsation is nothing but the idea of limitation through displacement, that therein arise the ideas of volition, choice, and attachment. (3) The absolute being-awareness thus appears to forever express or

‘sacrifice’ itself as ‘the force of desire and consequent attachment’ known as egotism. Do we then admit that because all is force (relativity) that all is eternal limitation? We can only predict that force, as the sheer being-awareness, is unlimited in scope but apparently ‘limited in every action’. Here is a paradox, and the mind cannot accept it. We thereby define and characterise mind itself as the action of limitation or relativity, as the operation of force and counterforce, as the *agent* of a borderless awareness that is forever itself, is in total possession of itself and is *unable* to be limited in any of its apparent ‘forces and forms’.

One *not* Two

The Idea of Difference No ‘thing’ has self-nature, that is, it has no independent arising. There is never any thing that does not require the whole, the absolute, in order to be realised. Nothing exists except ‘contextually’, and context is called ‘compound’ (forces, events, materials *etc*) and thereby infinite in its ramification (complexity). Things appear to differ according to size, shape, colour, weight, density, rhythm, function, vibration *etc*. However, since they have no independent arising, they do not exist as entities. There is no self-nature in terms of atom (point), of time (sequence), of space (relationship) or of word (description). What is the genius of the absolute that it contains the idea of other? Poetically we may say: the seer is pure bliss, and by the power of joy (creation) the ‘idea of multiplicity’ appears.

the World

False idea, false name, false object The idea that any ‘thing’ is separate from its context (its ‘origin’) is the mere impulse of thought. Thought is impulse. Impulse limits, since it creates counterforce, creates the juxtaposition of ‘point and context’, of yin-yang, eddy and flow, warp and weft, figure of eight *etc*. No thing has any self-nature. ‘Dog’ for example is nothing but a word, a classification that claims distinctness out of myriad unnameable forces that constitute it. Not only do words bear no relation to the objects they signify, those objects themselves have no separate or distinct existence. Dog (*etc*) has no definition, it is nothing but a turn of mind that, desperate to distinguish or classify, becomes idea, convention, paradigm: idea of point, of division, of sequence, of cause... From this basic illusion come notions of ‘evolution’, ‘growth’, ‘change’... Yet this absolute eternally ‘flows’, and ‘its flow is ever emptiness’. It has no parts, no aspects, creates no juxtaposition or hiatus... Meanwhile these very words, in groping at illustration, tempt us to prolong and intensify the conceptual habit. This book is therefore nothing at all... yet we suffer its provisional existence as long as reader and writer seek clarification. Thought-force ramifies forever in myriad mental possibility, and we forever make judgements and distinctions and reinforce them. But there is only one Fact: nothing exists separate from one Being-Awareness.

Dance of Ideational Phantoms There is never ‘anything’ that is not ‘a part of something else’, of a ‘wider context’. There is never a ‘transaction’ that is not ‘continually transforming into something else’. There is never a ‘part of a thing’ that is not a stooge for something else, which in turn is never anything but a footstool to some

other thing. There is nothing but a dance of ideational phantoms, that never had any existence outside the one unchangeable nameless Self that is. No thing has self-nature. The rest is illusion, the rest is vanity.

Nothing but Absolute We must deconstruct the Four Ideas - word, time, space, atom - and see that at the heart of vibration (sound or word) there is none, at the heart of time (change, sequence) there is none, at the heart of space (division, relationship) there is none, and at the heart of atom (particle, limit, separateness) there is none. Thought-force is a mere expressor of the four ideas, a mere pulsator of the omnipresent light. Its products have no self-nature, thus cannot exist alone. There is no cause or effect, since no object (thought), having no self-nature, can cause any other. The only 'transaction' is the apparent oscillation of a singular context. 'Object' has no existence outside context... In truth there is nothing but one context: ever unconfined, ever-existing, ever aware, ever *potential*.



Formless is Form What occurs? Awareness is the absolute field. By the mysterious power of joy, awareness continually contrives to take form. Here is the pulse, the beat, the outward rushing sense, the grasping at mental objects, the grasping at relationship, the endless forming of concept, the superimposition, the darkening, the crystallising of Atom...

'Emptiness' (oneness) and 'Form' (manifestation) are *one*, are *identical*. How? Mind (awareness as the idea of pulsation) appears to create the idea of 'juxtaposition between emptiness and manifestation', between 'seer and seen', between 'subject and object'.

'Deep sleep' is nothing but (the formless natural state of) awareness, and 'dream and waking' are nothing but awareness as it appears to manifest. Awareness therefore appears to be in two 'states': as 'appearance' and 'non-appearance'. In the 'appearance state' there is 'form', and in the 'non-appearance state' there is none.

If awareness were a borderless ocean of light, then thought is nothing but the idea of obscuration, limitation. If awareness were a borderless ocean of sound (OM), then thought is nothing but the arbitrary limitation known as *word* or *name*.

The 'state of deep sleep' is identical to 'the space between and behind the thoughts'. Awareness is ever itself, ever unchanging, ever unmodified.

Mind is imagination, expansion, creation, material-seeking force. Intellect is judgement, discrimination, purification, unity-seeking force. These are forever magnetised (that is, opposed, pulsating) and create the idea of time, which is change, cause and effect, sequence. This magnetisation also requires a context known as space. And since that basic relationship is ever repeated and reinforced, the ideas of name (classification, concept) and atom (distinction, separation, particle) are entrenched.

The continual so-called tension of ‘form and formless’ throws up the idea of *moral sense* (ie: what is meaningful and what is meaningless). Out of chaos we seek order, whereby mind, the endless potentiality, is subject to intellect, the faculty of truth-seeking. This struggle between denial of the absolute (pursuit of form) and subsequent seeking of the formless origin, ensures the incessant idea of polarity, of pulsation, of relationship. Herein is the infinite web of creation, or entrapment. Yet to criticise the ‘ignorance of the world’ is absurd, akin to criticising the ‘wetness of water’. Ignorance, the idea of difference or limitation, in all its phases is the world’s very definition, and the very basis of moral sense (‘good and bad’, ie: what is meaningful and what is meaningless). Some examples: 1. The need to classify everything using ‘name’ (language) is entrenched as our need to divide, to ramify, to conquer, to ‘explain’ the one unclassifiable Being. 2. Our fetish for numbers exemplifies our need to ‘count multiple differences’. 3. The idea of ‘weight’ is but the resistance we carry to our own freedom. 4. The conception of the Fractal, that infinite mutation of dividing pathways, symbolises our need for endless analysis. 5. Even the low-level intolerance we feel to those who are ‘different’, is a result of our being hypnotised by the idea of multiplicity.



The knowing principle is always implied The question: To whom does the obscuration occur? or: To whom does the limitation occur? is always begged, is always implied. Awareness, in and of itself, can be apprehended only as implication, as inference. The Seer (you) can only be ever hinted at in such implied, inferential terms. The knowing principle can never be ‘defined’ – not even in relation to ‘object’. Awareness is thus implied as ‘the container of all viewpoints’ (viewpoints are the very definition of limitation) and as ‘the container of all obscurations’.

Awareness is the only ‘cause’ Since no object has ‘independent arising’, no object can ever ‘cause’ any other. Look closely. For the object (the thought) to be ‘replaced’ by another, the first must dissolve into its original state, following which ‘out of the original state’ another object may occur. Awareness is therefore ‘known as the cause’, and object ‘the effect’. This is known as subject-object relationship. There can be no ‘relationship between forms’ except what is generated in their common origin. All objects are therefore the mere limitation or reflection or darkening of awareness, wherein awareness is their only actual substance.

Further, since awareness is timeless, the very idea of ‘object following object’ is meaningless. Certainly, in relativity, the Four Ideas (time, space, word, atom) allow ‘causes and effects’ to be forever identified as we please. But only one ‘cause’ can ever be spoken of, and that is ‘absolute cause’. And if there is said to be ‘one’ cause, there clearly can be *none*. Where in that case is the boundary between subject and object? There can be none. There is no ‘relationship’ whatsoever at all, between so-called subject and object. This truth alone is iterated, in myriad ways, throughout this text.





Does ‘unawareness’ or ‘ignorance’ exist? We began the text with these statements:

1. The absolute Real Substance (*sat*) is everlasting, indivisible, without beginning or end, one without a second, all in all in the universe. It is utterly inexpressible and utterly present. 2. The Nature of the one Real Substance is two-fold: Feeling (awareness, receptivity) and Force (energy, bliss, joy). 3. Omniscient Feeling is the absolute Experiencer. Force Almighty is the absolute projecting power, the origin of other, the flood of creation, the enjoyment, the will, the externalising manifested world. It is the idea of the inert, the notion of ‘evolving’, the ‘journey of becoming’. Yet Force is identical with and inseparable from the One Being, just as burning power is inseparable from fire.

We understand that the ‘universe of names and forms’ is nothing but *the idea* of obscuration or limitation. We therefore say that idea and its ‘products’ are *insentient*. Meanwhile awareness (absolute feeling) is never anything but sentient. These two statements appear utterly contradictory. We understand that absolute awareness creates the *idea* of its own obscuration, through the mysterious indwelling force of manifestation that abides in it. This force is termed ‘Mind’. We understand that Force is the *principle* of insentience, of the repulsion, the darkening, the creation, the will to form. It become ‘the yang’ to ‘the yin’. We maintain this duality as long as we ask such questions as ‘does unawareness exist?’. When we, the sentient, enquire (with force!) into the origin of the idea, insentience is spotted as a phantom. In effect, the thought ‘Who experiences the thought?’ wipes out all thoughts. Our enquiry reaches its source, and only sentience remains. We understand that there never was anything but sentience, that is, the aware self abiding as itself.

Pulsation and the Wheel Absolute being is forever timeless, spaceless, present. Should we say: There is an infinitude of manifestation? Should we say: There is no manifestation at all? What is ‘manifestation’? Absolute Being manifests as Force, and its absolute corollary is therefore Feeling (awareness). Under the power of indwelling Joy (force, creation) a ‘magnetic wheel’ therefore appears to develop. This is nothing but the idea of **Repulsion** from the source, in eternal hiatus with the idea of **Attraction** to the source. It is Force and Feeling, yang and yin, warp and weft, wave as crest and trough. It is time and eternity, point and space, cause and effect. It is every conceivable juncture, every possible transaction on any scale; not that there is any scale. The wheel has no beginning and no end. Therefore, repulsion and attraction are apparent only! The wheel is Idea. The wheel is Illusion. The wheel is endless Becoming. It is *Maya*, *Samsara*.

This Pulsation - it is merely awareness that appears to objectify, define, limit, separate, darken, create ‘I and you’, ‘this and that’, ‘here and there’. It is awareness alone that is called name, atom, wave, circle, space, time, cause. This pulsation, this impulse known as egoism, this ‘will to form’ that results in the creation of distinction, discreteness, separation and naming of objects - is nothing but the ‘apparent creation of unreality’ followed by the ‘apparent return to reality’. And this is... our every single thought.

We like to declare that pulsation exists. But from what standpoint? From the standpoint of seer, who is called *subject*. Yet he is only called subject because he has generated a sense of discreteness, ie: egoism. Take away egoism (separative, obscuring force). Is there any idea of distinction between forms? Absolutely not. Again,

how can a form have 'self-nature' if it is in no way distinct from its origin? All 'forms' are part and parcel of absolute flow, absolute energy, absolute presence. Are fire, water, sky and earth for example, discrete? Though they appear to be in juxtaposition or conflict, how can they be, when all are (forms of) absolute energy?

How can anything ever be but what is? Nothing 'manufactured' has any self-nature. No 'thing' has any independent arising. The literal purport here is that no 'thing' can ever be. We may object that there is nothing but action, nothing but creation. Yet all action is utterly 'replaced' - by action. Therein, there can be no action but that of 'One who appears to disport Herself'. Yet how can anything ever be but what *is*? Clearly, there can be no action at all.

To whom could limitation occur? Limitation of awareness is apparent only. Through the polarity of force and feeling, projecting and veiling appear to occur. This is called relativity. Yet, this text continually asks, how can changeless awareness limit itself? To whom would any obscuration (limitation) appear to occur? Clearly, to one who can *never* be obscured. There is a fundamental riddle here. Awareness cannot 'occur'; it *is*. Thereby, there is nothing about it that can ever change. Therefore no 'aspect' of awareness actually occurs. And yet this world seems to be nothing but the exposition of 'aspects of awareness', that is, 'objects'. Absolute flow can never be 'chopped up' or 'pixelated'... yet there seems to be nothing but relativity - and thereby we discern no relativity at all. Finally and always, there is no avoiding the question: to whom does the limitation (that is, the object) occur?



Principles of Absolute Awareness

1. Being is Awareness, and these are the Bliss (oneness) of creative energy.
2. Awareness utterly and always comprehends itself. No-one has ever been able, or will ever be able to prove there is anything outside awareness. No sense, emotion, thought, statement, event, relationship ever takes place outside awareness... and this statement proves itself.
3. The only acceptable enquiry (in both science and philosophy) is: In what ways does awareness appear to manifest itself?
4. How can awareness initiate division or contradiction? How can oneness comprehend relativity or duality? The 'nature' of the absolute is Pulsation. This is 'repulsion from source' followed by 'attraction to source'. Pulsation is the idea of *other*: of relationship, polarity, position, relativity. There is nothing but Energy, whose nature is eternal potency, eternal potentiality.
5. Yet there is no transaction. Nothing ever happened. Manifestation (birth and death) is not admitted. How can division ever be comprehended except from the standpoint of unity? How can kinesis ever be sustained except

from the standpoint of stasis? Who alone is it that can know nothing ever happened? It is the seer, the sentient one. Thereby, can there be anything outside sentience (awareness)? There cannot.



No state outside awareness? The question of how awareness arises, or is ‘born’, is utterly beyond any possibility of solution, since we give birth to, indeed define, any origin through the agency of awareness itself. Even logic can barely erect such a question, since logic is a product of awareness. We thus begin with what *is*. Awareness, being basic, cannot be defined. It is therefore original, eternal, the one true fact. Why would awareness ever seek to confine itself or define itself by ‘proofs’, that is, as ‘awareness of’? The haunting thought persists: why should there ever be analysis of what *is*? Can awareness embody a difference between ‘objectless awareness’ and ‘objectified awareness’? Perhaps one of these is ‘pure, therefore true’ and the other ‘compromised, therefore false’? No, value judgement is clearly irrelevant. The issue lies in the nature of awareness itself, and the question comes down to this: Is there any difference between awareness and its ‘infinite of objects’? If yes, then the two exist simultaneously, by dint of being different. If no, then they are one and the same. If they are ‘one and the same’ then neither can be reliably proven, since their so-called existence relies on their being different. We have thus laid the ground, and posited the riddle. We can now proceed to flail endlessly to solve it - until, like the stick of intellect that pokes the fire, the enquiry itself is wiped out in the resulting conflagration. It is time, dear reader, to just let go.

This is the Tao Water flows, but from where to where? Where is flow’s beginning and end? Where is the substance of the flow when no part of that flow can ever be defined? This is the Tao, and it is empty.

Awareness eternally breathes the acts of itself Awareness is ‘bound to act’ whether it reflects on its own acts or whether it does not. Experience shows us that to ‘delineate an action in awareness’ is to ‘become’ that action. Such acts of becoming are relentless and endless. Further, any border between act and act can never be defined, since to do so is to enact a further ‘act’ of awareness. The value of this discussion lies in grasping that awareness is ever present (in all acts). We conclude that awareness is the only agent. The question then becomes: how shall that awareness be directed? It may be objected that a near-infinite proportion of awareness is utterly outside our control - yet awareness is not justified as ‘quantity’ but as absolute indwelling presence. Therefore, we can exist as nothing but awareness. We may choose to focus continually on this eternal fact, and our role is thus a matter of ‘being present as awareness’. It is true that we have the capacity to arrest the mind from continually going outward, continually forming discrete aspects (‘acts’) of itself. Likewise, we have no capacity whatever to stop that limitation dissolving back into the illimitation from whence it came. If we work on the basis that ‘no thing ever stays but forever replaces itself’, two questions arise: (1) Does awareness ever actually act, that is, continually contract and expand? (2) Should anything be done about it either way? The inward and outward breath of life is eternal, unending; thus the one who enacts this process is eternal. We must therefore ‘live this pulsation effortlessly’. Yet who is able to do it? Answer: only the one who already knows that he lives the pulsation effortlessly; that is, the knower. You and I are thus that Constant ‘without which

nothing else can be', and we forever abide there, where the Individual is happily defined as the Indivisible. Certainly, nothing 'happens' except this pulsation: this contraction where ideas of word, point (atom) time and space appear to appear, and this expansion where the self-state of being-awareness-bliss appears to reassert. And the riddle recurs: since this contraction-expansion (attraction and aversion) is continual, simultaneous and forever, there can be no border between such acts, since although both movements exist, the context in which they occur is one and unchanging. By analogy, air is continually breathed but is forever air. Therefore, That which is forever itself can never be anything but itself. Therefore we ask: how can that which is forever itself, act? And here arises the subtlest objection: that if it appears to both 'be itself' and to act out 'aspects' of itself, then it only appears, to itself, to act – and therefore does not and cannot act at all.

The Phantom of Resistance If 'awareness is force', that 'manifests endless iterations (ideas) of itself', then this eternal action alone is proof of awareness' autonomy, to be defined as absolute felicity, absolute delight. Creation is force, effort, pulsation, excitation, 'event', 'state', where the 'border between any state and another' is defined as *resistance*. We may say that 'contraction' (form) forever 'meets its resistance' in 'expansion' (emptiness). This would mean that all 'effort' resolves in 'non-effort'. If this 'context of resistance' must occur within an absolute context (being-awareness), then, for example, the seeking of knowledge exists in equilibrium, thought is subsumed in one who is not thought, heat is experienced by one who is not hot, pulsation-resistance is experienced by one who is still... and so on. Can there ever be any real differentiation between awareness as emptiness and awareness as 'dynamism, form'? The answer is definitely no.

Our little death problem

- To whom does death occur?
- To the individual
- Have you ever experienced it?
- I have seen it
- I have 'seen' the moon, but I cannot say I know it
- Death is obvious to anyone who has seen it. Why are we bothering to debate it?
- Will death occur to you?
- Of course
- So you will experience death?
- Naturally
- But if you experience it, you cannot be dead, can you?
- What? Okay wise guy, I will not experience it!
- Who will experience it then?
- It happens to me!
- How do you know that? How will you know that?
- I won't. I'll be dead!
- Then how can you possibly prove that it happened at all?

Does Death Exist?

- Does death exist?
- Certainly. The evidence is everywhere
- Then death is existence?
- Don't be silly
- So existence 'contains' death?
- Death negates existence!
- Yet it must be something, in order to negate existence?
- Of course
- Yet 'something' is existence, so how can 'something' negate existence?
- You twist the obvious
- Just tell me: does death exist or does it not?
- I just said so. It is blindly obvious that it does
- So death is existence. And if it is existence, it cannot be death, for death is not existence.

The Observer of Death To whom or to what does 'death' occur? Fact 1: the one to whom a thing occurs is, by pure logic, not that thing. Fact 2: there can be no awareness of death except to the observer, the one who is not death. Thereby, if all death occurs to the observer, then clearly that observer is forever changeless, that is, deathless. Death is therefore to be defined as that which changes, flux itself. Flux equals death, the two words are co-efficient. But do either actually exist? Death, if it exists according to a definition called flux, would have to be constant. How? To identify flux, we must posit the concept of 'formation in Point A as opposed to formation in Point B', otherwise how could anything ever be identified? Yet if point A, according to the behaviour of all phenomena, is forever in flux, there is no circumstance where it can ever actually be Point A, and certainly no circumstance whereby it could morph into point B. Similarly, to name 'the individual self as this or that person' is an arbitrary convention, as there is no border between so-called self and absolute context, as just proven by the non-existent nature of flux (death). The one to whom death is supposed to occur is asserted to be a limited being, since obviously death has occurred to that being and to no other. But 'that being' occurs as a limited thought, a conjuration, an artificial boundary, since (a) that being is clearly no longer separable from absolute being since he is assumed to have dissolved, and (b) that being was never anything but absolute context - since his 'death' is clearly totally dependent on that context otherwise he would not have 'died'. No-one has ever experienced death except as the observer of it, therefore the observer forever lives. We blindly speak of 'one who is dead', but speak in the present tense, and the present is unfortunately ever present. If one were to use past tense and say 'he was dead', the only assumption then is that he can no longer be dead. In sum, death is nothing but the creation of idea, the creation of form. It is liquidated in the awareness that we forever are. We never can be anything but this living being.

The Cave of Death

In the old Upanishadic story, Nachiketas enters the cave of death and confronts its landlord.

- Is this the place of death?

Death replies: - Indeed.

- I ask one boon.

Death smiles wryly and says: What can I do you for?

- *Tell me who you are*

Death wrinkles his brow a little. - Truly, I'll offer you anything you want: fame, riches, power, love, long life

- I want none of these. Tell me who you are

- I offer wondrous gifts. Do not ask it

- Tell me who you are!

And death becomes very stressed... and he starts to shrink before Nachiketas' eyes, then suddenly vanishes like a hermit crab into his shell.

And Nachiketas thinks: 'Where is death? It is nothing but the ego; it is every thought that arises and shrinks away. It is said: 'out of emptiness arise form, name, space and time, and into emptiness they disappear, only to arise again'. *To whom* is death supposed to occur? If it cannot be proved that death occurs to anyone, then how can it exist? Death is a phantom pulsation, ever dissolved in the still eternal heart.'

Proofs of the Absolute (1) All manifestations are existent, for the simple reason that their substance is existence. One might object: I can imagine things that do not exist! Answer: if you can imagine them, then they exist. (2) All manifestations are processes of awareness. An objection is: 'things' do not have awareness! Answer: you are the one who says so, and if you say 'things' are something other than awareness, then clearly you regard yourself as unaware. (3) Since the singular context in which all manifestations exist is forever absolutely present, then there can never be a state where all possible manifestations are not forever happening.

Conditions for suffering and its end There will always be suffering, it is said. But suffering varies from person to person, where 'one man's meat is another's poison'; and clearly, suffering is often absent. We therefore conclude that if there is suffering it must occur to the ego, to 'the idea of someone'. Thereby, if there is no 'idea of someone', there is no suffering. Only the awareness as ego, as 'contraction, definition, limitation, separation', thus suffers. To surrender one's sense of separateness by understanding the illusion of it, is the one perennial path for the lessening of suffering. When we travel on a train, do we carry our baggage in our hands? No, we place it in the luggage rack. So too in life: to carry stress without trusting in the absolute totality of unalterable being, is a fool's game. And if there be no *awe and amazement* at the miracle of awareness itself, then we are permanently asleep. We are in fact infinite beings, continual purveyors of an infinitude of manifestation, and our presence at this instant and at this juncture is the total fulfilment of the eternal presence. In this profoundly simple sense there is never anything but **THIS**. We can never be anything but the profound import and the profound simplicity of this absolute gesture, now.

Whatever 'occurs', we are never anything but awareness

Awareness beyond objectification: the value of effort Question: How alert can one be to remember the fact of awareness beyond objectification, when one continually lives in, and as, the quotidian and changing world? Is this 'coming to awareness' simply a momentary indulgence? Answer: The key is to continually remember that being-awareness is forever what one is, that *one can never be anything else*. Objectification simply means that

the ‘force of ego’ seeks to differentiate or define, therefore obscure, the reality that there is nothing but awareness. We must ever enquire into the actual nature of this ‘pulsation of awareness’, ever enquire into the actual nature of its so-called ‘objective products’. If we understand that we can never be anything but awareness, then its so-called ‘differentiations’ or ‘states’ are *irrelevant*. For example, it does not matter if it is termed ‘empty’, as in sleep, or ‘appearing as form’, as in the ‘waking and dreaming states’.



3. PRACTISE MINDFULNESS

To the question: *how can I meditate?* - there is really only one practical answer: *you need to understand.*

There is never anything to do but examine your actual current experience. We must first become aware of the dynamics of the psyche. Psychic content (thought, emotion, sensation) can be approached in three ways: The first is to actively follow it. This is known as desire, and is characterised by need, greed etc. (In Yoga, it is known as *rajas*.) The second is to fight it, to repress it. This is known as fear, and is characterised by aversion, negativity etc. (In Yoga, it is known as *tamas*.) The third way is to take a neutral, observing, non-judging stance towards it, characterised by equilibrium, balance, openness. (In Yoga, it is known as *sattva*.) To follow or to fight (desire and aversion) is to enmesh oneself in the falsehoods of ‘cause and effect’ (*karma*), of mental imbalance, suffering and mental illness, and to become their victim. On the other hand, to cease to judge, to merely observe, is to neutralise the energies and their influence on you.

Who Are You? Let us understand the Self and its dynamics. What can we say for sure, without needing any proof? Inquiring into our actual nature, we can say: ‘I am, and I know that I am’. That is: I am Being and I am Awareness, I am Bliss, fullness, unity. In Yoga parlance, this is called *Satchitananda* (I am Being-I am Awareness-I am Bliss). Our problem is this: The fullness-unity-bliss aspect is continually compromised by the outward pulsation or questing of the mind, resulting in limitation, confusion and suffering.

Absolute Awareness You consist of absolute awareness (consciousness) and its absolute creative energy. Awareness either remains empty (unmanifested, the ‘witness’) or moves (manifests as ‘matter’, ‘the world’). The energy or creative aspect of awareness (known as Mind) projects as ‘objective experience’ - consisting of thought, emotion and sensation.

Awareness and its ‘states’ Awareness appears to express itself as deep sleep, dream and waking. Deep sleep is the ‘subjective’ state of awareness, and is objectless and internal. Dream is a ‘semi-objective’ state that processes impressions with a view to balancing the psyche. Waking is the (so-called) ‘objective or external’ state, in which we judge, absorb or reject according to habitual attitudes (paradigms).

The only medium or context is awareness. Ultimately, it is not correct to say that awareness exhibits any ‘states’ at all, including sleep, dream and waking. No-one has ever been able to say (or will ever be able to say) that there is anything outside awareness. In terms of philosophy and science, we cannot properly claim that there is any sense, emotion, thought, statement, event or relationship that takes place outside (that is, other than) awareness.

There is only one ‘possible relationship’ in all psychic experience, and that is between awareness and its ‘content’, between ‘seer and seen’, between ‘subject and object’. There is no independent relationship whatsoever between so-called objects. To believe so is a fundamental ignorance (conceptual error) known as

materialism. For example, someone may object that 'there is no awareness in sleep'. But *who* claims there was no awareness in sleep? It is absurd to claim that awareness 'reconstitutes itself' upon waking. Awareness is absolute, subject to nothing.

Cause of Suffering: Ego-Object Relationship The self as awareness exists as permanent witness. We have seen that this is absolute unlimited 'I' (*Satchitananda*). It exhibits two 'functions': projection and veiling. When awareness (unlimited 'I') projects a thought, the phenomenon known as ego arises. Ego is nothing but the taking of a position in relation to a so-called object. It is in fact the '*this*' thought. The unlimited awareness instantly gets limited to that thought. Ego and object thus form an unbreakable partnership, expressed as '*I - This, I - This*'. Imagine an eye 'seeing' an object. In fact that object is nothing but a reflected point in the eye's 'mirror'. That reflection point is the ego, the automatic limitation of awareness as it projects as 'point' or 'atom' or 'thing'. This is the origin of all 'names' and 'forms', and of the paradigm 'I am the mind' or 'I am the body'. It thus constitutes the veiling power of projection.

The ego-object relationship is known as 'transactional' awareness, or relativity. This is our everyday experience. The veiling of the unlimited 'I' caused by projection is the cause of all confusion and suffering, since both ego and object are essentially unreal, and since the sole nature of the ego is to protect its 'integrity', its fixations, its 'achievements', at all costs.

For us, the ego-object relationship acts as a permanent and total function of the awareness, and is envisioned as its real nature. This is how duality or relativity seems to exist in the context of oneness. To grasp this, visualise an iron ball that is glowing red hot. The iron and the heat are simultaneously indistinguishable, and discrete.

How can awareness remain absolutely unmodified but appear to be always modifying? We have said that Being-Awareness has two 'qualities': unmanifest and manifest. The unmanifest can only be 'conceived' as thought, yet thought can only be 'conceived' in the context of emptiness. Consider the analogy of a movie and its screen. A movie cannot exist without light, projection and screen. The light is the light of awareness, the projection is the power of awareness, and the screen is awareness itself. Subject, object and medium are seen to be one. What then is the problem? As long as we are engrossed in the movie we will not see the screen, but as soon as we become aware of the screen, we will see the movie as unreal. Similarly, read the words of this sentence. Now look at the actual paper or screen that these words are written on. Do we see how the one obscures the other?

Understand your nature as a borderless ocean of awareness, and its indwelling energy as the continuous and unfettered play of waves. These waves are nothing but the limiting ego-object relationship as described. Waves are nothing but the pressure or tension of crest and trough, born of the polarising forces of pulsation (energy) generated out of desire or aversion.

Ego, in this context of the overwhelming play of mental waves, and in order to maintain its 'integrity', is forced to act as the discriminative faculty (intellect) in the form of judgement.

Of course, every position the intellect takes will have its negation. Herein is the endless play of relativity. Intellect has three choices: to follow (desire, possession), to fight or deny (aversion, fear) and to observe (non-judgement). If we decide to pursue a certain object or wave, we enlarge its amplitude or resonance and increase its frequency. Similarly, if we deny an object or wave we enlarge its amplitude or resonance in a negative way. Negative energy will always seek redress; it swings the opposite way. Either way, our judging of the eternally contending yin-yang waves makes us their victim. The ego, in its effort to retain its integrity, its 'identity', is led to store countless judgements that result in fixed paradigms, ie: 'knots' or 'unshakeable versions' of reality. Thus do we wander in the hell of repetition (*samsara*). Here, even our hopeful concept of 'evolution' is nothing but the arbitrary battle between a particular force and its phantom 'context', its counterforce.

Meditation as Witnessing Awareness The remedy of meditation is to remain as the centre of awareness that we are, to patiently witness the psychic content without judgement, fear or favour. This practice of being mindful should by degrees reveal our true nature, the realisation that everything is a part of ourselves, and that we are nothing but the play of unlimited awareness. Otherwise we habitually limit our awareness to the ego-object relationship, which transfixes us as 'form' and 'name'. We may swear black and blue that clay is a 'pot' or a 'jar' or a 'dish', but it is always clay. Thus do we fail to remember the substratum, which is nothing but awareness.

It does not matter how many times a limiting or tempting or debilitating thought arises or returns. Whether the item gathers or sustains or loses energy depends on our proper stance. By degrees (and sometimes immediately) it will lose its energy and dissolve. The thing won't keep coming around if we don't feed it! Everything depends on our attitude to the content.

Reality as Cure To be aware, to take responsibility for discriminating between real and unreal: these are the only real and lasting cures for psychic limitation, suffering and illness. We should accept three core realisations:

- (1) Nothing ever actually happens.
- (2) We are not 'individual' but borderless.
- (3) There is ultimately nothing to be done about anything.



PRACTISE Contemplation Modes There are two 'modes of awareness': **Contraction and Expansion**. These correspond to the creation of 'form' and the reversion to 'formlessness'. The first is 'kinetic', the other 'potential'. The one is seeking, enquiring, involved; the other is witnessing, uninvolved. At the physical level, these correspond to the in-breaths and out-breaths of life.

The awareness undergoes expanding or 'outward' and contracting or 'inward' tendencies according to a 24-hour cycle. For example, at 3 am the mind reaches a pinnacle of 'inward' tendency, auspicious for contemplation of formless awareness. At 3 pm, the mind reaches a pinnacle of 'outward' tendency, auspicious for action.

Here are six practical modes for directing awareness in the practice of meditation:

1	Emptying	Clear the mind of all things. Remain as witnessing awareness. Follow nothing, resist nothing. <i>Mode 1</i> fulfils our need to step out of endless flow of thought (samsara), transcend materiality, and exist as unqualified being-awareness.
2	Focusing	Practise one-pointed concentration. Bring one limited object to birth, maintain it, enter it to the fullest possible degree. <i>Mode 2</i> constructs the object, polarises the play of object and subject, seen and seer, then deconstructs the object as pure awareness.
3	Expanding (Imagining)	Moving outward from the object in <i>Mode 2</i> , let the mind move, imagine, expand, travel and explore, using the faculty of sight only. <i>Mode 3</i> freely expands into ideal universes of form, confirming them all as embodiments of awareness itself.
4	Abstraction (Intellection)	Focus exhaustively on a single idea or concept or paradigm. Deeply understand all its aspects. Like the stick that shrinks by poking the fire, let intellect discover its source in pure awareness. <i>Mode 4</i> fulfils our need to seek, to enquire. It lets us master intellectual experience by reducing it to first principles, to absorption in absolute awareness. It is a combination of <i>Modes 2 and 3</i> in terms of abstract thought.
5	Pulsing	Place yourself in the heart or in the breath, at the centre of the absolute pulse, of manifest and unmanifest, of yin and yang. <i>Mode 5</i> fulfils our need to enter the Heart, to immerse in the pulse of absolute energy, the eternal play of being-awareness.
6	Identifying	Using 5 senses, mind and heart, totally identify with a chosen material environment. <i>Mode 6</i> fulfils our need, using senses, mind and heart, to utterly invest and devote the self to the play of material creation, understanding emptiness and form (self and its pulsation) as One. It is <i>Modes 2, 3, 4 and 5</i> , employing all our faculties.

PRACTISE Witnessing Awareness Find a quiet place where you feel secure. Sit in a comfortable position with the spine straight and close the eyes. Check for tension in the body and progressively relax all muscles. Now, focus on the coming and going of the breath, the steady rhythmic presence of the breath. If you like, focus on the tip of the nose, or on the sound of the breath as it comes and goes. Allow yourself to take the position of a witness to the phenomenon of breath. [The breath and the mind are intimately linked. The continual pulsation of this ‘fly-wheel’ maintains the duality of subject and object, of external and internal, of ‘self and other’; in other words all relative forces to which we are subject rather than master.] If thoughts arise, as they will, don’t try to push them away, yet don’t make any effort to examine or follow them. Don’t fight... don’t examine... Have the courage to simply be there with the thought in front of you. It does not matter how many times you have to do

this... Allow yourself to become a witness to the phenomenon of thought. Allow yourself to gradually become the simple, clear, silent, free awareness that is your real being. Come back, in other words, to yourself. Gently seek to maintain this non-interventive stance for a good 20 minutes. Like every activity, practice makes us stronger. Do it every day. Eventually, try the practice at any time you are in repose, when you are not required to perform sensory or intellectual activity. Benefits will include: greater mental clarity (simplicity), greater intellectual penetration (truth-seeing), emotional equanimity (calm), independence from sensory stimulus (self-abiding), and non-dual cosmic awareness (peace).

PRACTISE bloody-minded courage and honesty Our so-called identity is made up of our assumptions, that is, thoughts that embed themselves by repetition. There is absolutely nothing we can do to erase thought, feeling or sense, for these are the eternal nature of being. What we can do though, is become *transparent*. Ultimately, all tenacious thoughts and feelings, *deprived of the implicit participation or agreement* of the perceiver, will wither on the vine, will ‘not come around any more’. A core technique is to adopt the attitude of courage and total honesty. This writer spent years on end systematically inviting the most tenacious and persistently negative thoughts and feelings to arise within him, to come at him with everything they had, to challenge him to crumple and to fail. And he would sit there with the attitude of ‘come and get me, you bastards, see if I care!’

Understand your habitual paradigms By way of example, this writer used to entertain the consistent thought ‘*life is worthwhile*’. In time this was replaced by ‘*whatever I do isn’t going to free me from anything*’ and ‘*I can’t change anything*’. This segued in time to ‘*life is meaningless*’. Later this thought morphed into ‘*though whatever I do is futile, it doesn’t actually matter*’. Recently the dominant thought has been ‘*there is absolutely nothing to be done*’... and ‘*don’t speak, you only cause disturbance*’... Have the thoughts refined themselves? Have they ‘evolved’ or are they simply inert, proving the sheer persistence of assumptions? We need to ‘tire patience with patience’, play the long game. Below is a list of typical (upsetting) recurring thoughts. Witness the thought as many times as it takes for it to lose its power to control you.

‘Up, down, up down, it’s all meaningless.’ ‘What happened to my life?’ ‘Nothing ever changes or improves.’ ‘I’m a victim because I have no choices.’ ‘I actually hate myself.’ ‘No-one likes me. I have no friends.’ ‘I’m not special.’ ‘Nobody will miss me when I’m gone.’ ‘I’m such a liar.’ ‘I can’t perform any more.’ ‘I’ll never be as good as X.’ ‘People will think I’m a fool and a loser.’ ‘I’m just a replica of my parent.’ ‘I really have no love in me.’ ‘I’m losing my mind. I can’t remember.’ ‘I’m impotent.’ ‘I’m going mad.’ ‘I’m an addict.’ ‘I’m out of control.’ ‘I’m really just a greedy so and so.’ ‘I’m the silly child I always was...’ ‘Religion and faith is rubbish. There is no god.’ ‘Life is futile, I should commit suicide.’ ‘I hate that person so much I want to harm them.’ ‘I don’t love him/her any more.’ ‘I’m getting old, I’ll get sick like my parents.’ ‘Time is passing, always passing...’ ‘My child is defective.’ ‘I really should admit to my (criminal) guilt.’

PRACTISE borderless awareness through breath

1. Practise quiet, even, rhythmic breathing, in an out, in and out.

Recognise the in-breath as the eternal ‘compulsion’ of the vital life force, the need for creation, the need for

manifestation, the origin of ego.

Recognise the out-breath as the eternal 'return' to the absolute non-dual presence of being-awareness.

2. At the peak of each in-breath, recognise the borderless peace of the absolute as our 'encompassing' true context and identity.

At the trough of each out-breath, recognise the borderless peace of the absolute as our 'encompassing' true context and identity.

3. Continue to affirm, with each breath, the ego as the product of the eternal compulsion of breath.

Continue to affirm, with each breath, that ego can have no existence without our ever-present context - the borderless, empty, non-dual absolute presence.

Expand into the Borderless Self In order to shrink obsession with ourself as the body-form, as 'emotional bundle', as 'mental centre' and as 'personal I', and to become 'absorbed as expanded being', we should practise the technique of travelling outwards in six directions. These are: left, right, in front, behind, below and above. Sit in a firm position with the spine straight. Relax and close the eyes. Begin with your left side. Visualise your immediate surroundings in that direction; for example: the floor, the furniture, the wall. Now travel beyond the wall to the garden or street outside, then continue down that street (*etc*) to encompass, in detail, all objects that occur in your immediate neighbourhood. Dwell in detail on each object as you come to it, and make it as real, as tangible as possible. At this point, turn your attention to your right side and perform the same process. Repeat this process in all six directions. Finally, abide as you are without visualising anything. You will experience borderless expansiveness, connectedness and peace.

PRACTISE withdrawing the Superimpositions

According to the absolute power residing in the self, there are five 'sheaths' or superimpositions that 'turn reality into unreality'. 1. The Bliss Sheath. This is the pure power to enjoy anything and everything. 2. The Knowledge Sheath. This is the intellect, the power to discriminate, judge, choose. 3. The Mental Sheath. This is the power to use internal organs of sense to fulfill the desire for enjoyment. 4. The Prana Sheath. This is the power to go outward toward objects of sense. 5. The Physical Sheath. This is the power to completely attach ourself to the objects of sense.

Now: carefully visualise the five objects of sense (sound, light, physicality, liquid, gas). Let them be as they are. Visualise the five outward-seeking powers (speech, grasping, locomotion, sex, evacuation). Let them be as they are.

Visualise the five organs of sense within the mind (visual, sonic, tactile, gustatory, olfactory). Let them be as they are.

Visualise the actual power to create objects of thought. Let it be as it is.

Visualise the actual power to discriminate life's polarities. Let it be as it is.

Visualise the actual power of pure enjoyment of this being. Let it be as it is.

Now, let go of the need to 'meditate'. Be as you are. Be as you *are*...

Now, let there be no 'internal or external', no conception at all, no 'impulse to create', nothing to 'do', no impulse to be anything whatsoever at all...

Be that which is forever present, beyond the need to be anything or anyone.

Let there be no 'practice of meditation' on behalf of anyone or anything.

Let there be no-one who will benefit from this state.

Let there be no seer who experiences anything.



4. AWARENESS and its REFLECTIONS

In our enquiry into the unchangeable real, it is useful to analyse **classical texts**. Here, we reference the traditions of *Yoga*, the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads* and *The Bhagavad Gita*.

The task of knowledge (*The Veda*) is two-fold. The first is to lay out the myriad ways in which desire (*karma*) can be fulfilled in this world. In this mode, *Veda* is the Mother who offers all desires. Through experience we gradually supersede each desire, step by step. The Veda's second task is to signal the End of the Veda, that is: transcendence of desire. We experience desire in three channels: body (food, action *etc*), speech and mind. We require three conditions for enjoyment: 1. Suitable physical and mental equipment (health in body and mind) 2. Obtaining the actual object of desire. 3. A conducive environment for enjoyment.

There are three defects in this world

1. *Sorrow*: caused by (a) effort to get what we want (b) effort to maintain it (c) the inevitable loss of it.
2. *Dissatisfaction*: awareness that satisfaction is finite, that it turns to dissatisfaction.
3. *Dependence*: the entrapment of success, the need to multiply our achievements.

Humans alone create morality, the dichotomy of merit and sin, yet effort and result are finite. We must understand that no action (*karma*) can set us free. We cannot expect to 'own' what the objects of desire can never deliver. Whilst we need to explore all, karma can never deliver all. Meanwhile, innate in us is the desire for total satisfaction. Our only answer is to approach a particular teacher, who is the embodiment of independence. There is no other solution. Certainly we require independence, but we cannot achieve it alone. Our role is to 'surrender' to *Brahman*, literally the Big, the Infinite, the Borderless, the Changeless, the Absolute, the Embodiment of Bliss. True to our nature, we seek to *get* Brahman, *have* it, *possess* it - since we demand ultimate satisfaction. Yet we can never get it, acquire it, master it. We can never 'surrender' to it either, since we cannot give ourselves away. And we certainly can never give it away, since it is our own true nature. Our actual nature is undifferentiated bliss, happiness. In sum, it is ridiculous to deny *Brahman*. May we never deny!

The classic text *Katha Upanishad* follows the story of Nachiketas, who enters the cave of death to discern the actual nature of death. He asks: what happens to the self 'after death'? In other words, what is the self beyond illusion? Death offers him all the usual fruits of the world, but Nachiketas is adamant. Death has no answer to his question, and literally dissolves before his eyes. We discover that the greatest blessing is to give away every illusion that we cling to, everything that is 'close to us'. It is not possible to envision death, since we are nothing but life itself.



Examine your experience Now No-one has ever been, or will ever be, able to prove that anything exists outside awareness. Therefore, there is nothing to do but to examine **our actual current experience**.

‘It is hard to awaken one (the human being) who pretends to be asleep’. Habitually, we take ‘things’ for granted. We imagine that ‘objects’ have individual self-nature. The rational judging mind (*buddhi*) engages with the object as real. It fails to discriminate the absolute Real Substance appearing to manifest as all created objects. We should take no ‘thing’ for granted.

Obstacles to seeing rightly

There are three: 1. Natural 2. Supernatural 3. Internal.

Meditate on three levels: Body awareness, Breath awareness, Thought awareness.

The Bhagavad Gita requires:

- 1: *Discrimination*: Know the real from the unreal
- 2: *Dispassion*: Desire truth, remove untruth.
- 3: *Discipline*: Seek physical, mental and emotional stamina
- 4: *Desire*: Desire nothing but grace and freedom.

No self-nature No ‘thing’, no process, no action, no relationship *etc* has any self-nature. That is, any compound, any collection or combination of objects is for the purpose of something else. All so-called objects are relative, meant for the use of another entity. That entity is ever the Awareness, the Self.

Composites only Body and Mind are a collection, a composite. They are organs. They reflect awareness, they do not generate it. They are thereby dependent. Body and mind are inert, unconscious. If body and mind ‘leave’, clearly no-one has died. To whom does death occur? To awareness? That is absurd. Does electricity disappear when a bulb blows?



It is quite impossible to envision death We can experience nothing but life. There can never be any other experience available to us. Awareness is permanent and unchanging, and therefore is the only thing that intrinsically exists, ie: that has self-nature.

Let us enquire. What sees? *Kena Upanishad* mysteriously says: *It is the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the breath of the breath...* How do we see the hand? By the use of light. Light is the means. Light is not the hand, it is independent of the hand, it is unlimited by the hand. Light is independent but pervading. If the body collapses, the light is there. If the mind collapses, the light is there. The ‘light’ is pure Awareness.

Awareness is ‘awareness of’ Upon waking at the end of sleep (objectless awareness), there is always the awareness that objects were absent during that state. Thereby sleep is a treasure that teaches us: whatever the state of awareness, awareness is absolute.

We exist without mind or body Organs are nothing in themselves. They are mere organs of awareness. Their actual function is awareness. We are aware *of* the organs. Awareness makes all ‘things’ function. Self-awareness (*atman*) pervades all, enlivens all. It is forever aloof from its apparent manifestations (organs).

The term ‘object of awareness’ is merely a point of focus, a definition, a reference. By the force of pulsating energy within the Self, awareness is continually pulled towards object. ‘Birth’ is nothing but appearance of point, limitation. It is the original Extroversion, the Repulsion.

There is no movement While it may seem that we ‘emerge’ out of awareness and ‘return’ to present awareness, awareness is the Mother. It is the limitless Absolute. We cannot in any way move away from Her, and She certainly cannot move away from us.

The Self is nameless We should not use words (eg: ‘consciousness’) for ‘That’. Names are conceptual only. The experiencer can never be known, can never be experienced. She is *that* who is eternally aware. Can there be any ‘definition’ of the absolute? All that can be said is: **It is that which is not external.**

Focus on the knowing principle Our job is simply to look at our current experience. There is absolutely nothing new to create. We are *only sentient*, first and forever. Enlightenment is thereby nothing extraordinary. We can no longer say: I ‘know’ a thing as object. If I ‘know’ it, I am separate from it (and separation is suffering). There is in reality no object at all to be seen.

Description only Every ‘object’ is but a description. Name and form must arise together, must coalesce to describe anything. Do not ever try to define or to know. There can be no intellectual enquiry into liberation. Do not be captive to the judging intellect. Remove the vanity of knowledge.

The Guru says to his student: There is no teaching through words. How can I teach you? What I can safely say is: **I am that awareness that is ever distinct from ‘the known’.** I can never be known. Further, I am above even that ‘unknown’ which is merely ‘that which I might learn in the future’. What remains, beyond all objects? It is always existent. It is what I am. It is me.

The Manifestation (creation) is never anything but Absolute The manifestation ‘endures’ as the Absolute and ‘disappears into’ the Absolute. It is but a wave of the sea. It can only seek to manifest (grasp), to maintain (cling), and it will disappear (lose itself). No matter how many waves, the sea ever remains itself.

By what means does the seer comprehend their own limitation? When a student reads or hears the work of a ‘wiser person’, by what means is the student’s interest (respect) sparked? Why does the student not proclaim it, in their satisfied wisdom, a waste of time? By what means does a person comprehend their own limitation? The student has insight superior to their present state of knowledge only in that they know there is something to be learned. Even then, they exist as a state of awareness that is superior to knowledge. Otherwise how would a student have the insight to understand that their knowledge is inferior to the teacher’s? Even a child or a fool

knows there are things he or she does not know. Similarly, if a person considers themselves stupid, by what criteria do they do so? Obviously by criteria superior to stupidity. Awareness is not transferable, not learnable, and there can be no division or difference in it. Awareness is borderless, absolute, undivided, indivisible. Knowledge on the other hand is mere concentration on particulates, signs. Knowledge is nothing but the awareness of apparent division - or the apparent division of awareness. It is intrinsically relative; that is, false. There are no (so-called) objects that are not of the nature of awareness. And if they are of its nature, then they have no other nature.



How to go beyond desire? The Veda's second teaching, after the granting of all desires, is their transcendence, the End of the Vedas (*Veda Antah*). The in-breath is MA, which is to focus on the whole of manifested creation (desire). The out-breath is OM, which is to remove oneself totally from it. Awareness is the boundless energy of bliss. The goal is to be liberated while alive (*jivanmukta*), which is to be 'unaffected by the appearance of objects'. Following this, comes 'no more birth following the dissolution of all objects' (*videhamukti*).

What power impels? It is 'forever different from that which you think is you'. It is 'that by which mind is known'. While the knower can know anything using his mental instrument, nothing can ever eliminate the knower. Despite the idea of 'known', he is utterly subjective, self-sufficient, needing nothing.

All is Transactional Anything that is sensory, vital, mental, is nothing but *transaction*. We must dissolve all transactional, transmigrational concepts. 'Knowledge' is nothing but concept, the 'known'. It is inert, insentient, non-existent. The mind is nothing but Name and Form. We continually create name and form. Do I need the word 'I' to know I exist? No. Words merely separate. Do I need a candle to see the sun? No. Nothing can affect me. Thought is nothing. Therefore, the death of thought is nothing, nothing but revelation of the seer.

I am that which can never come under the regime called 'knowledge'. Whatever we worship now is of no ultimate use to us. Divinity is a mere concept. Worship has no value in and of itself. 'That by which worship is done' is the Self. (Be born in a church, my friend, but do not die in it!)

Avoid 'I understand' The genuine teacher will blast the student who says 'I understand'. The thought '*I understand*' merely comes and goes. Since awareness has no properties we give it qualities, for example, all-knowingness, omnipotence. We continually worship its *aspects*, we seek the satisfaction and power of these. The teacher's job is 'to shake any post that is continually firm, that is constantly reinforced'! Objective knowledge, the innate craving for knowledge, is the 'great destruction', the *repulsion* of the light, the darkness.

Do not say: 'I know' The guru can offer no objective definition. One can seek an *indicative* definition only. The guru says: 'I cannot know it or teach it. I can merely tell you what I was taught. No-one can ever know it'.

(That is good!) Thereby we will not retain any attachments, or hang-ups. The superior disciple says: *'I know it, but not well!'* He is correct, who has no definite idea. Truth defined, is truth defied. The Master surely sees it, but as uncertain. 'Look for a black cat in a dark room' and you will never see it. If you have a clear idea, you do not know at all. It can come only 'from the corner of the eye'.

Bring me water! If the guru, the destroyer of ignorance, alone can give knowledge, the guru naturally becomes our 'problem'. He will corner us like a rat so that we have no recourse but to attack him. He says: *Bring me water!* The student gets a cup, puts water in it, hands it to him. The teacher tosses the cup away and exclaims: *I asked for water. I did not ask for a cup!* Can water be brought without the cup? Can self be known without a vessel, an object? The vessel seems to 'define the space'. Since we want the indefinable, we forever objectify it according to a vessel that 'contains' it (hence the 'world'). But water *per se*, cannot be so defined. 'Guru' also cannot be so defined.

There can be no 'discovery' of our true nature As long as we search, we cannot discover. It is like the woman who searched high and low for the jewel that was already hanging from her neck. It is like the 'missing' tenth person in a group that sought to cross a river: the one who counted always forgot to count himself. There is nothing new to seek. There is nothing to actually seek. The self does not come or go. It is utterly present. The poet Kabir asked: *If the fish is in water, why is it thirsty?* **Analyse your current experience!**

Be intuitive, silent, ready, vigilant, unknowing.



Only I am, I know What can I know for certain? 1. *I am.* 2. *I know.* Awareness is self-aware. I am the conscious principle. The body-mind is the mere *reflection* of awareness. All thought is 'aware of'. Like the wave that can never affect the sea, nothing happens to Me.

We can always say that there is absolute experience (without objects). Do I need to say 'I' over and over to validate my existence? If thought is gone, do I cease to exist? Is there anything 'I' can do to destroy 'I'? Do I know I exist? Yes, always. I exist apart from body and thought. In fact, the body can easily disappear - in all three states of waking, dreaming, sleeping!

The thought is forever proof of the knower of thought Without obstacles, light cannot be seen. Imagine light as a pinpoint seeking to enter a dark room. The beam of light cannot penetrate without dust particles to reflect it. The reflected object makes light manifest. Just so, the thought is forever proof of the knower of thought. Awareness illumines thought, and thought makes awareness manifest. The manifested world is a continual re-affirmation of the independence of the knower! (Even pain is a privilege since it is felt by the knower).

Awareness is forever aware of the coming and going of thoughts. Therefore, what is my actual relation to the object? Is there relativity, is there relationship? There cannot be. There can only appear to be.

Where does awareness stop and 'perception of thought' begin? Can there be any boundary? Awareness only appears to objectify, as a play of awareness. I am 'awareness existing as He who appears to have thoughts'.

To be happy, we do not need any object We are happiness itself. Why are we unhappy? Because we believe in the object.

There are three levels of seekers after understanding:

1. Concentrated, focused, free of desire
2. Needing to do concentrated mental practice
3. Unable to focus the mind, and subject to likes and dislikes.

The Bhagavad Gita speaks of 'austerity':

1. In the body (serve the wise, be clean, be sincere, cut down sex, avoid violence)
2. In speech (don't upset with words, speak truth, always say what is beneficial and pleasant to the listener)
3. In mind (practise peace of mind, gentleness, mental silence, withdrawal, purity of heart).

Meditate on That, without which you have no existence at all In *Kena Upanishad*, three powerful demigods seek the all-encompassing absolute (*Brahman*). They are Agni, Vayu and Indra. Agni is the power of the five sense organs. Vayu is the power of the five organs of action (speech, movement, grasping, sex and elimination). Indra, Lord of the demigods, is the mind. To these three, Brahman is elusive; he comes and goes, he is literally the phantom within. Brahman says to Agni: here is a straw. Burn it! Yet Agni cannot. Brahman says to Vayu: blow this straw away! Vayu cannot. Neither Agni or Vayu can even begin to approach the Brahman. Only Indra (chief of the gods) who is Mind, can begin to do so. Yet awareness (Brahman) *vanishes* even as Indra approaches! In his place stands Saraswati, the goddess of knowledge. Agni is forced to see that his power (to burn) is nothing but the power of Brahman. Vayu is forced to see that his power (to act) is nothing but the power of Brahman. Arrogant Indra (mind) alone remains, but he is made humble because Saraswati, goddess of knowledge, signals to them all: without the absolute (awareness) you are literally *nothing*. Meditate on *that*, without which you have no existence at all! Certainly, with Vayu we may use the five organs of action for the sake of selfless karma. With Agni we may use the five sense organs to help obtain knowledge. With Indra we may achieve one-pointedness and purify the mind. Thereby we may practise *Upasana*: to be 'seated near truth'. However, awareness is ever the guru to all our faculties.





There is no birth or death, no coming or going, just the paradox of beginningless-endless ‘manifestation’ of the same substance... yet you and I have no choice but to work within the ‘processes of life’. Our job is therefore to continually discern the absolute substance, within and beyond its apparent manifestations.

I am, alone ‘I am, and I know that I am’ is the only sentence (awareness). The ‘body’ and ‘mind’ are not independently sentient. To illustrate this, we may put ‘I am’ in one column, and in a second column make an endless list of attributes and conditions, eg: I am fat, I am thin, I am intelligent, I am stupid *etc.* All attributes pass away, the ‘I am’ alone remains.

‘I exist and I know I exist’. This is the steady state that requires no effort or object in order to be. It is Being-Awareness. What the ego lacks is the Bliss, the sense of completeness.

‘I am, and I am aware that I am’ - is immediate knowledge, that is: knowledge requiring no medium or organ. This is our absolute current experience. The rest is ‘manifested’ life, transmigration, endless cycle of birth-death-rebirth, known as *Samsara*, literally a ‘passing through’. *Brahman*, literally the Bigness (called limitless fullness) and *Maya* (endless pulsation or manifestation) are two in one, like the heat of the fire. *Maya* is inherent in *Brahman*. There can be no separation between them. The Subtle Body, known in Sanskrit as *Lingasarira* - creates the mind, the body and the cosmos. Yet, just as bubbles appear in the ocean, the *Lingasarira* can never be claimed to be ‘oneself’. What suffers? This subtle body suffers. It appears to be born, to be active and to pass away. It carries all impressions, like a dream body. It is called *Jagata*: Ja = born. Ga = standing. Ta = passing away.

Ego as Reflection The internal organ, the ‘inner cause’, known in Sanskrit as *Antahkarana*, consists of Ego (Idea of self), Mind (will to control and enjoy), Intellect (decision) and Memory (recording consciousness). As a thought arises, the ego automatically arises. There is ‘shrinkage’ of the absolute self to accommodate the limited object. The ego (known in Sanskrit as *Ahamkara*) is thus a reflection of the borderless awareness. As the great sun reflects itself in a series of glasses *etc.*, so the ego signifies the idea of limitation (known in Sanskrit as *Jiva*). The self cannot suffer, since it is the absolute substratum of all objects. So what suffers? Ego suffers. The ego is the eternal manifesting force within absolute unlimited consciousness (*Brahman*). How does ego reflect consciousness? An iron ball containing heat appears to glow red, so that the iron and the heat appear to be inseparable. But the fire has entered the iron, and inhabits it. This is ego, superimposed on awareness.

The ego (*ahamkara*) identifies with the body, with the mind (the reflection of consciousness) and with the witness (the true ‘I’, the knower). When the ego identifies with these, it assumes it is the Self. Thus each thought creates its own ‘version’ of the knower. Between all thoughts is the continuous absolute space, the screen, the origin of all thoughts. It is like a firebrand waved in the air that would appear to create a continuous circle, yet is but a series of ‘pixels’ or ‘dot points’, rather than any continuous state.



‘I know’ Like a stick with two ends, we create the terms ‘*I*’ and ‘*know*’. Together they make ‘*I know*’. (Can you imagine a stick with only one end?) Thought and ego together create this innate limitation. They arise together. Here is the cause of suffering.

Light requires reflection in order to be seen. No light will shine into a dark room without particles of dust that reflect it. Therefore the ego, as the reflector of awareness, cannot ever be removed as a factor in perception.

Projecting and Veiling Power What are the causes of endless Becoming, this endless ‘passing through’ (*Samsara*)? There are two elements, inner and outer. The inner is the Witness. The outer is the power of illusion (known in Sanskrit as *Maya Shakti*) and consists of (a) Projecting power and (b) Veiling power. These are literally misapprehension (projection, creation) and non-apprehension (veiling, darkening). These are the causes of suffering.

Let us understand the relationship between seer and seen. The *pot* is a ‘form’ that has a ‘name’. The *clay* is the actual reality of the pot. The pot is unreal, it is mere name and form. The clay is constant and undying. Meanwhile, you and I are endlessly attracted by name and form.

Put another way, ego *divides* sentiency (awareness). It appears to glow with knowledge (like the iron glowing with heat) but it actually identifies with the physical, emotional or mental states. Ego as the divider, creates the idea of *Jiva*, the ‘individual soul’. Yet there can be no ‘soul’ that is not the absolute borderless whole.

Whence comes this inner veiling? The ego superimposes on the witness as thought, literally the ‘I’ thought. The ‘I’ thought is the thought ‘I am a limited entity’. All subsequent thoughts are ‘this’ thoughts, ie: limited objects.

Ego undergoes three states 1. Waking: in this state the awareness appears to be limited, that is, the ego connects to the object (forms and names). The senses go outward and are attracted by form and name. Here there is the feeling ‘I know’ - which is the ego linked to the object. 2. Dream: in this state we manipulate the stored impressions (*vasanas*) with the feeling ‘I am a subliminal body’. 3. Sleep: in this state the awareness admits to no objects, and is unchanging. There is no feeling that ‘I am’ any form at all.

Apparent change only The Absolute eternally appears both as mutability and as immutable unchanging oneness. Mutability is nothing but manifestation and dissolution. How then can ‘manifestation’ happen? It is *apparent* change only. The clay is real, the pot is unreal. We superimpose the pot, *as if* the clay were veiled.

Body and mind are like a shadow. If a truck runs over my shadow, do I feel the pain? The enlightened person has a body (*etc*), but there is no identification of ‘I’ with the body.

A further example: there is the screen and the movie, there is the words and the paper. As we read or watch, are we aware of the screen or the paper? No, we are aware only of the words and the movie. This is *maya* (egotism). Just as externally, 'veiling' clouds the difference between movie and screen, internally, 'veiling' clouds the difference between witness and ego.

Observe We should observe the body, for clearly the body is not aware of us! Yet we are not required to see the body as our own. Observe the coming and going of the breath in this body. The breath is not us, we are not required to see the breath as our own. Observe the coming and going of the thoughts that arise, without following or resisting them. Clearly, they enter and leave the borderless space of ourself as awareness. And if there is doubt (the restless ego, play of the mind) we should always ask: *to whom does this thought occur?*



5. DECONSTRUCTIONS



Perception is ever One Look closely at the nature of your experience:

1. Awareness is always absorbed, wherever it is focused.
2. Our experience is never made up of a multiplicity of discrete objects. It has no 'components'.
3. When 'perception shifts from one object to another', it never experiences 'two objects' or a 'multiplicity of objects'.
4. Even though in our reflection or memory we count a multiplicity of things that 'make up our experience', our actual experience at any given instant is never compound, it is always a seamless wholeness.
5. If we were to stand on a warm sandy beach, tasting ice cream while looking at the blue sky, we could not possibly experience these so-called 'components of our experience' as discrete.
6. There is no discrete, separative 'I' who experiences a separate 'that' or 'other'.
7. The idea of an 'experiencer' versus an 'experience' is a total nonsense.
8. Our experience cannot be divided into 'seer and seen' or 'seen and seen'.

There can never be 'two experiences' There can never be such a thing as 'multiple experiences'. We are 'forever absorbed as one experience'. We cannot experience 'two times' or 'two places' or 'two objects' or 'two perceivers'. No matter how we try to 'differentiate states or create sequences', there is only ever one unitary experience. The shocking fact is: there has never been, nor ever could be, any experience but *This*.

The Phantom Other There has never been an 'observation' that is not 'the observer'. There has never been an 'observer' who is not 'the thing observed'. There can be no thought outside awareness. To utter a word, we must utter it out of silence. There is no 'thing' that is not located in emptiness. No 'thing' can move but in stillness. There is no kinesis outside infinite potential. There is no 'feeling' without awareness feeling it. There has never been, since the beginning of the worlds, any 'form' that is not emptiness. And yet there has never been any 'emptiness' that is not form.

Deconstruct the 'I' thought The first thought is ever the 'I' thought. The rest (this, this, this) follow. 'I' thought is called subject, and 'this, this, this' is called object. Without the 'I' thought, there can be no other thought. Therefore, is there *any* other thought but 'I'? Our obsession with 'the problem of form' is nothing but obsession with ourself as 'I', as separative ego. The idea of separate self, of 'identity', flashes forth with thought, emotion and sensory experience.

The fatal idea of the separate perceiver Awareness is utterly undifferentiated, beyond the fake idea that it is experienced as 'separate' or 'individual' by a myriad of beings. Awareness is the innate condition of Being, and is never generated from any 'particular or individual perception'. The 'separate perceiver', 'I', is nothing but

absolute awareness ‘appearing to take form as manifested object’. What exactly is this idea of individual? It is absolute awareness that appears to limit, contract, focus on a point.

Continual awareness that the object (the thought) has no self-existence The self is utterly sentient (aware). It is the *idea* that is insentient. Yet even as we ‘deconstruct the idea’ and ‘dissolve it into the unity’, the vision of separation (objectification) comes again as if automatic. This egoism demands that any and all forms, as they arise and fall, be contingent on its void centre. This sense of egoism flashes into every perception, yet is also limited to every perception. Meanwhile, awareness seems perpetually indistinguishable from egoism, the imposter that generates all confusion between ‘awareness and its forms’. The Self, however, cannot under any circumstance be separate or divided, since it is never anything but itself. Ego upholds the riddle of riddles... and unless we knowingly reside in the continuous awareness that there are no objects, that there is no ‘individual’, that there is only presence, only being-awareness-bliss, we will forever be asleep to reality. Awareness is our self, it is all we can ever be. There is literally nothing else that we can ever be.

Pulsation is utterly insubstantial I am That, and That am I. The Real Substance is defined as utter and eternal awareness. How can the Real Substance appear to manifest as ‘partial, objective, inert, dark’? It is said that the idea of pulsation is innate to it, that pulsation is the expression of its absolute possibility, is its every phenomenon, its every thought. Whence then comes this impulse to ‘action’? One might claim that it is the inertia of previous action. But this is no solution, since we also claim that in an utterly singular Real Substance, all impulse is ever ‘this-this-this’, timeless and eternal. We will assert that the Real Substance scintillates, vibrates - ‘*as a force that is felt*’, engendering all ideas. This eternal Life is thus called ‘an infinitude of opposites in relationship’. But the stunning fact is: ‘opposites’ can only ‘maintain their oppositeness’ based on the fact that they have *not the slightest relationship to each other*. Like yin and yang, phantoms forever revolving about the other, they literally can never meet. Their ‘relationship’ is therefore the very epitome of ‘nothingness’, the very definition of ‘insubstantiality’. Pulsation itself is nothing but the ‘creation of phantoms’.

No Relationship: Observer is the Observed The teacher Krishnamurti deconstructed the so-called ‘subject-object relationship’. The first idea is that self (subject) and other (object) arise simultaneously, ‘generating’ each other. That is, there can be no ‘sense of self’ without an ‘objective mirror’. This limiting ‘relationship’ is called ‘perception’, and is defined by the flashing forth of ego. This is his initial position, aimed to focus those less experienced in analysis. Yet Krishnamurti then says that since perception (thought + ego) is simply the *apparent* modification of undifferentiated awareness, the subject-object relationship does not in fact exist. He explains it thus: undifferentiated awareness is absolute; therein it has no features. Its eternal nature is to appear to modify - to ‘become’ the perception of object. Yet, like the ocean that is infinitely malleable and fluid, no matter how many waves arise, the ocean is ever itself.

Krishnamurti is right to show that subject-object relationship is the *only* transaction or relationship that can ever appear to exist, giving rise to ideas of space, time, atom, word, polarity, cause, effect *etc*. But we reiterate: he only insists in *relative* terms that such a relationship exists. That is, ‘the observer (perceiver) is never anything but the observed (perceived)’. Therefore, we should meditate on (or as) the following: all so-called ‘objects of

the world' are non-existent unless and until an act called perception make them appear to exist. Otherwise, there is nothing but the infinite awareness that is our self. Be not troubled by the myriad changing waves of the sea, he says, for the sea ever remains - as our self. No external world ever exists; there is but ocean of awareness.

There is no external world We are led to understand that the real substance never 'incarnated' (that is, 'became relative') since incarnation, being the phantom dance of subject-object illusion, never happened. All partiality is relativity and has no existence whatever. There is never a 'time' when incarnation takes place, or a 'place' where it takes place, or a 'point' where it can be defined as taking place, or any vibration (word) that can express it, nor any border between the incarnation and the non-incarnation. No thing has any self-nature. Nothing ever incarnated. 'Now' is forever *this*. 'Here' is forever nowhere. 'This' is forever empty, and 'word' is forever unreal. The one Real Substance is never anything but Itself. Between so-called seer and seen, there is no relationship whatever. Beyond all the production of automatic 'things', of automatic polarities, there is no relationship between anything and anything. Period.

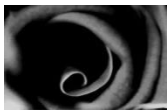


Fishing for The Secret Imagine you are a fish swimming through a borderless ocean, and you are saying to yourself: 'Now then, I've been told there's this thing called *water* that is very important, but I'm damned if I can discover where or what it is. And if I found it, how might it have got here in the first place since they say it's how *I* got here?' Now imagine you are a scientist looking through your microscope and saying: 'If only I had a bigger microscope, I could see into all the tiny spaces, into the cracks between the sub-atoms, and I could watch the electricity pouring through there, and then I could get to the *bottom* of this thing... And if I could look closer into the *brain* with all those little synapses and dendrites, and if I could just watch all that electricity flowing in there and see how it makes all those complicated moves and figures, then I could work out what this thing called *Consciousness* is. And if I could just get a really huge telescope, I could see all those Black Holes at the centre of every galaxy and I could predict how those Bangs keep coming, and then I could see the Big Picture of how Space Happened and then I could get to the Secret of this whole goddam shebang called LIFE. And if I can just build a really really clever complicated spacecraft and get a man out there into that gruesomely hostile place (I invented) called space and find out how things really really tick out there, then I could get the real picture of what this goddam universe is really like...' *Etcetera etcetera etcetera*. It's all so complicated! Isn't it high time the LOOKER asked a better (and far less expensive) question? And the question is... *Who the hell is looking?*

Your only friend is You The Looker is not located... at any point or in any place. And he takes up no time... because whenever you look he is always there... like trying to look at your own eyeball. And this Looker has no name. And he doesn't appear as any kind of object. I guess he is not here at all! But then he is *always* here. He can't be contacted in your body, or in any tiny space, or in any big space, and he's not a ghost... because he is always here. Let's face it, if you want to explore every last nook and cranny of life's supposedly infinitely intricate fractal mass... this looker is always the one doing it. And he's obviously not complicated, since he never changes, even to the faintest degree. He is always very reliable. In fact, he is your only friend. He is YOU.

Journey without End

What states does the absolute awareness appear to undergo? Reality exhibits three so-called states: sleep, dreaming and waking. Sleep is called the 'internal' state since it is blissful objectless awareness (do not make the mistake of thinking it is 'unawareness'). The 'dreaming' state processes impressions without recourse to the external senses. Waking is called the 'external' state where 'objective phenomena' are sensed, judged, absorbed or rejected in line with fixed attitudes (paradigms). In the deep-sleep hours there is 'no individual' (that is, no ego) yet in the torrid waking hours there is such a fierce need to assert a faked-up relationship between 'self and other' that the *idea* of self is taken for the 'other', for the 'thing' - to the extent that the individual's identity depends on it. **We are automatic beings** The 'life of the individual' therefore depends on the confirmation of paradigms, like one's skin, or an old coat that fits. And by this endless self-nurturing, the individual will goad himself to a drenchlight of importance, will build an armoury of indefatigable *realism*. There is no thought that is not the past, no thought that is not the reiteration of memory, and thereby one is a cosmic life-prisoner. But this egoic 'search for structure' is no ascent into clarity but a descent into confusion, so that our ego's great swallowing of things is like wallpaper, distraction, packaging, movies, child's play, prison walls - within which any awareness of self is irredeemably tainted by sheer weight of this detritic stew of 'objectivity'. This endless belief in 'perception' equals the endless creation of conflict - expressed as so-called 'seer' and so-called 'seen'. What hope is there to come to Oneself - that is, if any part of oneself were even imagined to exist prior to this universe of Bits? ... Yet, to come to a sneaking sense that one is *never anything but a prisoner...* may signal a glimmer of light at the end of the hypnotising automatising tunnel we call perception or thought.



Would you chop up the seamless flow? Where is the part of you that is separate from the whole of you? 'Object', 'point', 'part', 'wave', 'event', 'act': these are nothing but arbitrary partitions of a conscious flow, *selected* by the perceiver to be enmeshed in the continual reinforcement of concept, classification, paradigm. It is absurd to describe anything as discrete. As soon as we identify any 'object', 'point', 'part' etcetera, we summarily denounce all others. None can be claimed to have any self-nature, any independent arising. Where is the part of you that is separate from the whole of all? Where is the end of one wave and the beginning of another? Perception sees crest and trough, trough and crest... but is there any 'beginning or part or end' to a wave when its context is 'ever here'? Take a slice of the flow, take a lump of the river, take a speck of the sky and call it a 'thing', a 'particle', an 'event', an 'atom'. We create a pure lie! There is no place that is not here. There is no place that is not nowhere. There is no time that is not forever now. There is no wave (vibration) that is not all waves. There is no sound that is not all sound. There is no light that is not all light. There is no awareness that is not all awareness. All paths lead 'to nowhere', all objects signify 'other', all 'movement' signifies the absolute demise of itself. Where a thing travels, it is ever here. A thing that pulsates, is never what it is. A thing seen, is not...

Materialist Objection: - As a Chemist, I cannot accept 'the immaterial as the basis of the material'. And you should hardly be surprised. There will always be bodies, always objects! There is no part of creation that can

ever disappear. The sum total of energy can never diminish. Your 'consciousness' is not in control of that! The overwhelming bulk of our 'innate faculties', those within ourselves, are undetected. Autonomously, the heart feels, mind thinks, senses sense. The utter majority of our functions are unknown and unseen by the very 'doer' of them. There is *no* escape from the material!

Answer: - Yes, this Real Substance, this Life, is *material*, and so it is eternal putty in our hands. It is the pervading lightness of being! This 'fixed world' is as a mirage, is nothing but the soul of *inconsequence*. Let me list the ways! Think of all the things we do to maintain our sense of self, all things we must do to cling to pain and need and want and self-reproach and importance and validity and pettifogging ego! **Try to extricate a slice of your being**, take a chunk of your feelings, divvy up your heart, stuff them in a box! Box up the light and call it a name, corral all the world's noise and study its frequency, take your pulse and stopper and bottle it, grab the sights of your eyes and paint them on a page, plant them in a crop-field of air! Take the air and discribulate it, take a thought and pulverise it, take a feeling and ring-fence it, dissect it like a rat with forceps, pluck its substance out! Workshop the lightness of being, fathom and tame the anatomy of light, clobber and lasso and bung in a tin the silence of the stars, grasp and bundle up your senses, shove your nose in a field of thought, hanker inside a bullish dream like a rowdy cowboy! Stick your need under microscopes, ponder all its parts, pin a wish on a public board, drag a dream like a liar into the light, shout down and denounce the fleeting ghost of longing, put on a death-list the love of man for woman, put a bullet in the brain of shared bliss, cut out the eyes of the memory of beauty, roast in an oven all sense of right, turn into ash the lingering of tenderness, bury in a mud-field an eternity of desire. And what have we done? Why are we all such materialists? Why such fools?

No-one will ever be able to prove there is anything outside awareness There is nothing but awareness. Awareness only appears to dance, according to the mysterious generative (wishing) power residing within it. Yet we 'refute' it thus: *Rubbish! Are you trying to tell me, that that fencepost has awareness?* Answer: Our experience at any given juncture is absolute, it cannot be arbitrarily divided into components, either 'seer and seen' or 'seen and seen'. The 'object' is in no way other than its *context*, its environment. There can be no boundary between so-called object and the context in which it 'occurs'. Identify context, and thus identify the object's real nature. The context is awareness. 'Fencepost' is nothing but a conjuration of awareness. In reality, there is no fencepost. There is awareness alone.

Fruit

Continue as you must... without fooling yourself it makes any difference We can convince ourselves that our acts are consequential, but we must face the truth: there is never anything we can do in this world that will make the faintest infinitesimal difference to anything. No experience, event, moment, condition, posture, thought, feeling, sense... can make the remotest difference to life itself. That which *is*, is ever itself and nothing but itself. In this absolute indivisible flow, there is nothing anyone or anything can ever do to change anything, even to the remotest degree. So we continue, as we will and must... yet ever must try to avoid fooling ourselves.

There is a play called *Waiting for Godot*, in which we witness endless self-generating talk and speculative babble and ritual - a prelude to the verity that nothing ever happens. In this wasteland we must contemplate

‘continuous suicide’, or worse, ‘inconclusive suicide’. This too is the situation in the dayrooms of institutions where the old and demented ‘wait for death’. But if death has not come today, it will never come. And if it did not come yesterday, it will never have come... Whatever we do doesn’t matter! Even if we quit the body it doesn’t make a difference. How can anything be ‘born’ or ‘pass away’? Birth is nothing but the idea of limitation, and death nothing but the idea of return to illimitation... These are nothing but the eternal cosmic rhythm-breath.

I hear a cry: ‘What difference does the discernment of reality make? Show me anything that can change in this life! Nothing can ever be other than what it is!’ But surely, the dawning knowledge that there is nothing but awareness, makes a profound difference! It forces an end to the need to identify with the projected objects, such that you are no longer enslaved to believing there is any difference between ‘you’ and ‘anything else’. Hence the ego will subside a little, and with it, the suffering caused by alienation, by limitation, by separateness.

Give away everything We are. And we are empty. There is no place we can call ourself. There is no time we can call ourself. There is no form we can call ourself. There is no name we can call ourself. We are not even ‘small or infinitesimal’. We are empty. There is no border... except for the borders we impose. There is no choice but to ‘use all impositions’ (forms). They will not, do not, cannot, last. Use imposition, use form - yet cleave to the wordless, the non-imposed, the non-conceptual, the formless absolute self that is only Itself. Should we thus seek to obliterate ourselves? Not in any foolish impractical way such as believing we are going to ‘die’, but in a way that ultimately affirms: *I am not subject to illusion, I am not subject to anything.*

Is there any individual development, evolution? The answer is yes in the sense that by effort a person may realise and occupy a higher vision-place in the eternal cosmos; and no, in that the person makes zero difference personally to the utter eternity of fixed value that is life. We shall merely ‘incarnate’ into positions that are representative of our attainment. And this is in no way personal.

Fight the silent war We shall one day become nothing but the mysterious invisible wind, that sways the trees of sensation and feeling and thought. Yet are we not compelled to scribble our spidery phenomenology in the midst of this uncontrollable life? And thus scribbling, ‘ever fail to see the forest for the trees’? These trees are infinite little thoughts, and we are bound to create them. Nothing can stem the great tide of thought, for it is the nature of Mind. Yet within whom does it all occur? It is surely the joy of the Great Seer (Yourself) - who in this case is *an infinitude of little scribblers*. We respond, as in *The Bhagavad Gita*, as little foot-soldiers, where it seems our duty is ‘to survive, to create, to endure, to kill, to die’. Yet every little soldier eventually learns that his progress is nothing but a series of *insults* to his preconceptions and expectations! And you and I might each enact a cathartic scene: how to find the gumption to give away everything to save a ‘dying’ person, who is ourself, and who will leave us behind very soon anyhow. Such a sacrificial act, such a silent and secret work of art, never to be known by anyone else, would be the best proof of our transparency, of our unborn, undying, unchanging awareness.

PURE | PURE

the World

Becoming is... Samsara is... that which ever seeks itself. And that which seeks will never find. Seeking's very existence is seeking. Beyond its own seeking there is nothing. Seeming to come into being and pass away, nothing is retained. All is process, all is becoming, all is empty. No 'thing' is ever what it is. Nothing ever is.

Phantom Pulsation is... the impossibility of the idea of Nothing versus the impossibility of the idea of Something.

One Two

The Idea of Duality The phenomenon known as thought is the pulsation of awareness. There are only two possible thoughts: the 'I' thought and the 'This' thought. The 'I' thought comes first, and ever contains 'this'. That is, the original thought consists of the idea of subject ('I') which automatically promulgates object: thing or particle or place or circumstance or name. These have no existence outside this phantom subject-object relationship. Another example: It is said that without thought there is no mind. Thought therefore is the definition of 'mind', the notion of mind. **The Dance of Phantoms** Next, the comparison of thoughts constitutes the idea of 'cause and effect'. Out of the comparison of concepts arises the idea of narrative. Out of narrative comes paradigm, which is to be defined as 'an enclosed conceptual set expressed as a self-fulfilling narrative'. The 'matrix' upon which paradigm is played out is the four ideas: word (name) atom, time and space, which sustain the idea of cause-effect or 'the relationship between so-called objects'. Herein is sustained the idea of relativity. Yet awareness is ever indefinable, ever elusive. In fact, it is ever itself. The fact that it 'appears as relativity' is its apparent pulsation, its energy-force. Thought is therefore the idea of the modification of self, idea of the limitation of self, idea of 'classification' of self.

One cannot ever become two The Seer (awareness alone) dwells all at once in all 'levels and ramifications', and all levels and ramifications exist in the Seer. Though we are in the habit of sustaining the duality of worshipper and worshipped wherein the Seer inspires the 'devotional mode' in that we 'speak to her' and She is the receiver of our surrender, yet the Seer is always herself and cannot be other than herself. The impression that she 'sees elements other than herself' is absurd. Let us be precise: the creation of the impression (Idea) that the Seer sees Herself - is the phantom condition called ego, manifestation, creation, limitation, relativity, positionality, cause... word, atom, space, time.

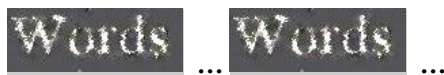


Illusory acts of measuring Physicists rightly say that particles (entities) exist as *probabilities* only, overwhelmingly behaving like waves. Yet this is due entirely to the status of the *observer*. Their wave-like structure means that a particle *might* appear to exist in any number of locations (the superposition principle), but this can never be directly observed. In any 'system', particles also appear to interact

or ‘interfere’ with each other, and they will be co-dependent (the entanglement principle), with the state of one being ‘opposite’ to the other; so that if we affect one we affect the other. Next, the more precisely we ‘know’ a particle’s position, the less precisely we can know its trajectory (Heisenberg’s uncertainty principle). Therefore, the state of a particle cannot be known unless it is ‘measured’. Until we do so, that particle may exist in ‘all possible’ states or places. The act of measuring ‘collapses’ it into ‘one of these states’. What then do such ‘principles’ of quantum physics tell us? Precisely that the status of a quantum entity is a *condition of the observer*, and not merely whether it behaves as a particle (perceived point) or a wave (perceived possible series of events), or that an act of measurement turns it from a wave to a point. It is that the entire notion of particulation, either as wave or point, is a condition of the observer. Quanta? There is no ‘quantity’ whatever, except what we dream up according to ‘the principle of displacement’. We need our little quantum-matter balls to play with! In reality, the physicists’ entire study of quantum entities is contingent on the notion that these are ‘things’ independent of the observer. That assertion, have no doubt, is obliterated by the proofs in this book.

There is no God Particle

The Idea of Densification Within awareness, the idea of densification (manifestation, form, matter) manifests only in the sense of ‘densification relative to rarefaction’. Its waves or points (forces and particles) are nothing but the idea of displacement, that is, ‘the polarity of densification relative to rarefaction’. The vision of density can occur only because the seer has no density. The waves and points are therefore ‘perceived points in a vision of polarity’. Awareness cannot actually ever become material (dense) or enter gradations of density (the five elements, the mental world *etc*); it can only appear to. The very fact of envisioning the object is an act of limitation, which act *in itself* constitutes the idea of difference (relativity). This *in itself* allows the idea of gradations of density (the ‘worlds’).



Language is Paradigm All our observations depend on the creation and maintenance of personal paradigms, that is, fixed components of ‘identity’. In the beginning was the *word*. For example, no-one can ‘see the rock’ without naming it first. To confer a name or label lets a thing exist - that is, ‘distinct’ from its ‘context’, its ‘environment’, its ‘other’. This also applies if the thing is ‘denied’. The creation of language (name or word) is simultaneous with *use*, which means to distinguish the object by its place or function in a wider system, that is, in our established paradigm called ‘reality’. Further, according to the philosopher Wittgenstein, the grammar of our language defines the construction of our conventions, our paradigms. For example, we insist on the dualities of subject, object, and active agent (verb). To remove the grammar is to remove the convention or paradigm. Thereby, it is said, all ‘philosophical problems’ are removed.

‘Knowing’ beyond grammar Take the term *dhyana*, or ‘knowing’. We should ask: what is that state where knowing *is*, without knower or known, without subject-object, without ‘me’ or ‘it’? Grammatical convention says there must be someone who knows and something that is known (Eg: ‘I know that god exists’). So how can

there be simple 'knowing', that is, awareness? The strange discomfort we feel is at a *conventional* or *paradigm* error. As Alan Watts puts it, it is like turning up to a dinner party in our pyjamas. But is 'just knowing' an *existential* error? Not in the slightest degree.

Look at the screen This text is nothing but word, idea, name, form. It is part, particle, participle. It is construct, it is manufactured as 'bits'. This text seeks to obliterate itself, as any self-respecting tract should. Otherwise, it is mere puff, humbug, vanity, hubris. Look at the 'space' between all the words that are imprinted on this page. Or look intently into the empty wordless paper space below... Is the paper the least bit affected by the words? Is a movie screen the least bit affected by what is projected onto it? Ask yourself if words, conventions, paradigms, are essential to 'knowing', to awareness itself. The clear answer is no.



No outside, no limitation We can never deduce that anything takes place, in and of itself, outside awareness. That is because we, awareness, are always the deducer. We may technically claim to deduce that things occur outside our 'personalised awareness' (although that deduction is itself within our awareness) but what possible basis can there be to assume that 'your' awareness is different in nature, or discrete from, 'my' or anyone else's awareness ('your water' from 'my water')? We certainly never will be able to prove any such thing. If you and I and Jane and Raj and Mohammed operate within the realm of awareness - how can we fail to assume that all transactions of life occur within, and therefore as, that eternal context? We can expend reams of energy trying to prove that things occur 'outside our limited awareness', or in a so-called 'objective' world... or we can finally relax, take the burden away, stop believing that we are arbitrarily limited, and admit that we are *seated in and as the power of powers* - that our life itself is *nothing but awareness*, the origin and context of all so-called manifestation, whatsoever or wheresoever it may be.

Negation, Negation

The Absolute appears to contain Becoming 'Krishna' is one name given to the concept of Utter God. Yet Krishna also appears to be utterly embodied, that is, *subject to any and all conditions* - just as light cannot be seen except as reflected in an object (perhaps a dust mote) or as the universal Holy Sound deploys in the myriad 'vibratory organs' of the world. Yet no arising impulse, no manufactured object, can have any self-nature, and thereby is identical to its source, the original being-awareness. Meanwhile, being-awareness appears to have unbridled power to *mask* or *veil* itself, and thereby to 'question its own existence'. Herein is the creative force or will, and it appears to be blind, insentient and binding, the epitome of empty relativity, of a ghostly polarity. Force is the idea of *repulsion* or *maya*, and in turn creates the idea of *attraction* back to 'source'. Yet Krishna ever reminds: 'I dwell in you, therefore how could you not dwell in me?' It is also said that Krishna can wilfully, playfully, forget himself in his dream of creation!

We therefore ask again: If there is nothing that is not of the nature of awareness, how do ‘things’ appear to be divorced from it? Answer: Through ‘manifestation’, our awareness naturally generates the reflexive question: *Who am I?* Yet how would awareness nurture the idea that it needed to seek itself? Whence comes the idea that anything is hidden or blind? Self-awareness is effortless; whence then comes effort? Effort is restless seeking (*samsara*). If energy is restlessly, therefore blindly, seeking, wherein is its true nature? We speak of three ‘aspects’: (1) eternal impulse, restless desire, creation (*Brahma*) (2) eternal fixation, clinging, habit, preservation (*Vishnu*) (3) eternal mutability, destruction of form (*Shiva*). Yet these are nothing but the Absolute, who is never affected to the faintest degree by any of these so-called movements.

The Negation of the Negation An ‘impulse’ cannot arise without a ‘receiver’. Life is (a) awareness, feeling, and (b) the scintillation of energy or force. Force has no existence without Feeling. Force and Feeling are thereby termed ‘the original and only modifications’ of the absolute. Modification is nothing but *wave*. Wave is the idea of appearance, of displacement, consisting of crest and trough, which are nothing but force and its reception, impulse and its reception. As Hegel explained, the sole law of energy (and thus ‘manifestation’) is the negation of the negation. Crest and trough negate each other, negate as ‘warp and weft’. Force and feeling negate, yang and yin negate, object and subject negate, seen and seer negate, manifest and unmanifest negate, Other and Self negate, point and emptiness negate, thing and origin negate, thesis and antithesis negate, *‘thing and negation’ negate*.

Yet in what *context* do these wave-forces negate? They ever do so within an increasingly complex or comprehensive evocation of themselves, as Hegel explained. Yet ultimately, they appear to negate within the synthetic standpoint of the One Seer!

Hegel’s negation of the negation describes both ‘absoluteness in relativity’ and ‘relativity in absoluteness’. Here is the eternal scintillation of energy *as* absolute emptiness. This life is therefore *the eternal and instantaneous resolution of itself* in terms of force and feeling. The idea of repulsion (antithesis, manifestation as form, limitation, ignorance) is ever being resolved as the attraction to source, or synthesis. Scientists who seek the origin of ‘matter’ must understand that it is ever obliterated, and that ‘time’ is nothing but a ghost-matrix of apparent invention.

The dance of non-existent things ‘Idea’ or ‘thing’ or ‘process’, since they ‘create their negation’, are relative by definition. No idea or thing or process has self-nature. All ‘opposites’ are subsumed within their mutual context. The ‘ultimate’ context is thereby the negation of the idea of opposites, ie: *the negation of ‘absolute in relation to relative’*. In sum, the idea that ‘all things are relative’, demands (the idea) that there is no relativity at all.

The very paradigm of ‘cause and effect’ is generated according to things that don’t exist in the first place... for example ‘big bang to black hole’, time paradigm, space paradigm, atom paradigm, name paradigm... These are merely relative, without self-nature. All such paradigms dissolve in a post-paradigm truth: ‘nothing ever happened’.

The Oxymoron of Infinitude We may say that there is an infinitude of waves, each wave resonating under conflicts between secondary and tertiary waves (and so on) in ramifications utterly complex and unnavigable, explicable only as ‘a spontaneous adaptation to conditions’. Self as Awareness effortlessly contains all, and simultaneously experiences itself as ‘infinite possibility and infinite resolution’. Waves are said to ‘emanate’ from an infinitude of concentrated ‘points’ or ‘vortices’ (charged particles), but these have no existence whatever since they are forever relative to wave, which itself has no self-nature... The terms ‘wave’ and ‘point’ are meaningless, since the very idea of infinitude is meaningless. ‘Infinite number’ is literally an *oxymoron*. We ultimately conclude that ‘*idea*’ itself is without substance.

Numberless Infinitude Let’s invent the number ‘one’ and the number ‘two’. How many points or numbers can be said to exist between two such invented points? Clearly, an ‘infinite number’, and therefore no number at all since the term ‘infinite number’ is oxymoronic. Number is an arbitrary construct, spawning reams of constructions known as ‘mathematics’. The common factor in all these arbitrary, imagined, created points is undivided awareness. Ocean may seem to have an infinitude of waves, yet - since an infinitude of things equals no things at all - ‘ocean’ is never anything but itself. Does awareness modify at all? Just as an ‘infinitude of objects or numbers’ denotes none at all, so an ocean will undergo no modification.

There is no Location

Spaceless, Timeless: Nothing is located Where is information? It takes up no space or time. Why then the obsession with locating it in so-called physical form, in genetic codes, in ones and zeroes? The information technology revolution alone should alert us to the timeless spaceless simultaneous causeless real. Why not admit that ‘information’ is stored in and as emptiness, in such a way that it never exists... until it exists. Similarly, even if space and time are said to form the apparent loci of the ‘self’, the merest shred of deconstruction reveals that self (defined as origin, identity) can in no manner be located in space or time. Nothing is located!



This is what Is... Now Is... Now

Nothing but This There has never been any moment but ‘this’, never anything but ‘this dance of forever’. Nothing is negated, everything is. There has never been anything that is not ‘now’, there will never be anything that is not now/this. No ‘thing that occurs’ can ever contradict anything else that occurs. Let there be an infinitude of occurrences! They are all forever now/this. There is no history. History is a kind of murder. It says things happened, then says ‘things got replaced’. It wants to pick, choose, judge. History is absurd. How can that which *is* be removed or replaced? Everything is forever what it is, now. *And there has never been anything but now*. There is only this, this, this. But who can quantify ‘now’? Nothing can ever be other than what it is. There is no sequence, there is no ‘replacement’. A replaceable thing is a non-existent thing. Can there be a non-existent thing? And no-one can assert that anything is ‘non-existent’ since this is a positive assertion. On the other hand, can an existent thing arise at all? Can ‘this reality’ arise at all? We are both forever here and forever gone!

There never was any ‘time’ where anything happened other than anything else Test this proposition now. Is there anything in this wide eternity that is not happening at this instant? Was there ever anything in this wide eternity that was not happening at this instant? Will there ever be anything in this wide eternity that will not be happening at this instant? This instant is all there ever was, all there ever is, ever will be. And there is in fact no instant; there is only THIS. No-one has ever experienced anything but THIS. What conjuror, what confidence trickster, what ‘historian’, would seek to deny it?

Clearly there are no ‘things’ at all. Unless you want them. And you can have them, in ‘time’. Yet there is no ‘time’ at all. Unless you want it. And when you want something, ‘time’ appears on cue. Your *wanting* creates time as a matrix, the playing out of itself. Wanting invents time. ‘Time is running out! The endless anxiety we face: that there is never enough time to do the things we want to do’. The reason we do not live in the bliss of THIS eternity, is the suffering caused by wanting. Did wanting create suffering, or suffering create wanting? They are but the body of a serpent, consuming itself. The idea of ‘time running out’ creates the idea of death, which is pure anxiety, pure suffering. Meanwhile, meanwhile... there is only this wide eternity. NOW. THIS.

Time is the Phantom of Wanting



Phantom Time, Imagination Time is nothing but a matrix of apparent invention. We abide as the eternal NOW. Practise the mental exercise of removing all references to time: minutes, hours, days, dates. A strange hiatus of vacancy occurs. From what standpoint can ‘the nineteenth century’ or ‘700 BC’ or ‘yesterday’ then be visualised? Can it be that imagination (creation of objects) is nothing but a dream? Is there ever ‘a time’? And the ‘future’... 130,000 AD? What is it? A label stuck onto nothingness. Can there be any such thing as change? Can any ‘transaction’ exist except as Now Eternal? There is no ‘thing’, ‘event’, atom’, ‘particle’ - nothing but the imagined event. Time is nothing but imagined position, space nothing but imagined relationship, ‘word’ or ‘name’ nothing but imagined identity. The cause of these is *pulsation*, that is, awareness that ‘appears to limit itself’ as subject-object. We might object that to posit the idea of Time, then say it does not exist, is an irreconcilable inconsistency, akin to ‘letting the existential cat out of the bag’. But if time really exists, then everything must always be *instantly replaced* - since time can only be defined in terms of sequence. To posit that ‘time replaces everything instantly’ is to accept that nothing can ever be what it is, and that thereby nothing can ever exist *per se*. The reality is: time is a thing merely spoken of. To whom does it occur? The idea of time is a (subtle) fundamental pulsation of awareness known as ‘subject-object duality’. Time is therefore nothing but the idea of ‘event’, of ‘event following event’, of ‘cause and effect’. These are all non-existent.

Now Is Eternal

The Ancient of Days: forever for the first time Visualise a borderless ocean that scintillates as energy. Here is Delight, here is Joy. Delight-Joy is life’s absolute spontaneous expression. And every so-called pulsation is for the *first time*. ‘Original’ pulsation is all pulsations, and is the only pulsation. The only. All pulsation is

eternally ‘originally happening’. Here is the Ancient of Days. This pulsation has no scale. Even the scientists’ fabled Big Bang is of no more consequence than a single thought, a wish, a twitch, a sneeze.

The Mystery of Forever It is not the case that all those in the past have died, and I now live. It is that all live always, in the present. There never was anyone who died in the past. All live here and now, in this Forever.

Origin of time: creative and reflective modes All ‘events’ occur forever simultaneously. The all-present *now* is ‘ever present everywhere’. No event ever occurs in any time that is not the present. Now is *never not now*. There can be no ‘then’ or ‘later’. How then does sequence, the idea of cause-effect, appear to occur? When mind goes outward, goes seeking, it is in *creative* mode, the trance-like creative stream, and has no sense of time. When mind is in its reflective or processing mode (as intellect) the idea of *ratio* is present, thereby creating ideas of ‘then’ and ‘now’, of sequence, of cause-effect. Therefore, the idea of time is nothing but the eternal oscillation between the creative mode of trance, and the reflective mode of processing.

Total Erasure Every instant in which we identify ‘a point in awareness’, we foolishly wonder: ‘what is happening?’ Yet all such events are ever totally erased. Listen to that phrase: ‘*ever totally erased*’. That which is ‘ever totally erased’ can have no existence whatever. All ‘temporal events’ are erased. This, since the beginning of the world! - *which never began*. We might maintain that time indeed exists... but any phenomenon that depends on ratio or polarity, is relative and thereby non-existent. **Continuous action is no action at all** ‘The last two seconds’ is obliterated as irrevocably as ‘a thousand million years’. Dreams, things, events, thoughts, feelings, meetings, traumas, transactions, bits... Where are they? Yesterday: where is it? Your future, where is it? That sentence: where is it now? That breath, where is it now? The thought ‘*where is it now*’ - where is it now? And you. Where is YOU now? Coming Coming Coming Coming Coming... Gone Gone Gone Gone Gone! Clearly, there is nothing but living THIS-NESS.

Empty fruits of yesterday - Name a ‘thing you did yesterday’. - *At two o’clock I ate an apple*. Did the event happen? - *Sure it happened*. If it happened I want to know where it is. Where is it? - *In my phone, I took a selfie*. I don’t ask for a photo, I ask for the event. - *It got replaced by another event, stupid*. If it happened, it’s got to be somewhere. Show me! - *You’re talking rubbish!* Sorry, but if a thing exists then it must exist to me and to you. Here and now. Otherwise I can only conclude that it doesn’t.



It’s (never) over, it’s (never) over, it’s (never) over

Repetition - Habit - Time - Death The thought ‘I am X years old and getting older’ ever recurs ‘throughout life’. The idea that ‘age keeps changing’ is banal testament to the fact that it is *unreal*. Age does not exist, it is nothing but a thought. The clock-face keeps changing; it is never anything but a convenience, a hypnosis. Certainly, a physical, emotional or mental ‘body’ stores experience by repetition and habit. This is called memory. But memory exists merely for the sake of its own maintenance. And such experience is not stored in any measurable time or place! People spend their lives entrenching the idea that they are ‘separate beings’. Even ‘innocent infants’ merely grow from an omnipresent egoless state into apprehension of the ‘material’.

Experience entangles us as repetition (memory) so that ‘the pressure of passing time’ leads to a hiatus. The notion that all things pass away gets stronger, and the idea that all is futile since death (‘the final reckoning’) carries us away, spawns the grasping at philosophy or religion. We thereby enshrine the wonderful idea that we need to achieve things, need to grasp at pleasure or knowledge, and so the self wanders forever and forever outward, grasping at finite things, at ‘points in the emptiness’. Yet even if amateur philosophers everywhere declare that the only proper concern is ‘awareness of one’s death’ - then this ‘death within time’ or ‘death as time’ is surely *continuous*, and if continuous then absurdly non-existent. That is, death, announcing itself as time, cried ‘wolf’, times without number! The reality? Death is nothing but the notion of death. Death is nothing but the notion of limitation. Death is nothing but our grasping at limitation. Death is nothing but the fixation with ‘time’.

We should therefore cleave to what is *not* this insidious primal idea inured by experience: that of ‘time passing’, and of ‘things passing away’. Visualise instead, waves breaking forever on a shore. They arise and reabsorb, arise and reabsorb... And so all our self-generated karma, donkeys chasing carrots, demented cats chasing our tails, leering serpents devouring ourselves, these waves we call time... are nothing but the creative impulsive power of joy. And that immeasurable timeless joy is YOU.

without End

The Trick of Time and Space We have reiterated that there is never a situation where the sum total of energy (call it infinite) is not expressing all events simultaneously. And if simultaneously, that there be no events at all. That is, if the sum total of energy is expressing all ‘events’ simultaneously, then those events are nothing but the eternal energy. They have no existence or nature separate from the eternal energy. Thereby, why call them events at all?

Discussion: If the one who experiences event A is the same as the one who experiences event B, then there is no possible conclusion but that the events are ‘simultaneous’ since the seer of them (that is, the creator of them) is utterly unaffected, being one and the same. Yet, this seems ridiculous in terms of *time*, the idea of sequence. How is the illusion that events are sequential able to be entertained? Ironically, the only possible explanation is that the ‘parts’ are never anything but (components of) the whole. Devil’s advocate: ‘Thank god for time! If one had crossed the street one second later, one would have been blown to atoms by that bus that whisked past one’s shoulder.’ That is, in any given ‘space’ or ‘context’, a multitude of events are deemed to take place in sequence! Yet are we not haunted by (a) the palpable fact that in the absoluteness of being, everything is always happening at once, since there is never any time but now? And (b) that if there is no time when things are not happening at once... then the idea of ‘sequence’ is nonsense? The self is ever one, is ever-unchanging awareness. That is, the one who knows himself to be undergoing a sequence of events, is ever independent of that sequence.

Identical to the strange idea that ‘the experiencer is nothing but a changing series of events’ is the notion that multiple things occur in a single ‘space’; that is, the one who dodges the bus is surely ‘different’ from the one who is blown to atoms by that bus. You and I of course defy that idea; we are surely identical and unchanging. How? To remain intact, and to be blown to atoms, are surely two entirely different states according to the

perception of the seer (you). Yet the seer continues to believe that by mere 'displacement in time' he can constitute two entirely different states (ie: atomised and intact). Why then would that equation not apply in space as well - the notion that if one came to occupy two separate 'spaces', one would be a 'different person', ie: in a different state? Absurd! Why indeed does that equation not apply to every single so-called event? - such that when the event changes, the 'person' changes utterly as well? You and I absolutely will not believe it! No, I can only conclude that if I do get blown to atoms by a bus, my perception of 'myself as myself' will be utterly unaffected! I do not propose to test this. And I don't need to... because change itself is illusion.

Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose. Next, if I were in a position to see what happens if my body got obliterated by a bus... I would certainly be a fool to continue to identify with that body! If a person thinks that something is lost because their body is obliterated, then they are surely deluded in identifying with that body in the first place. Continuing to do so would be a severely regressive act, since 'the spirit would undoubtedly have flown'. If one were in a position to assess the changes to one's nature - and I assume one always is, whatever the circumstances - one would see (by definition of the fact that one sees) that a change in bodily circumstances (obliteration) effects *no change whatever to oneself*. *Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose.* The more things change, the more they are the same.



No-one can ever describe what is How can something be born out of nothing? Absurd, we will say. Therefore, how can something return to nothing? Not absurd, we will say. We call it 'death'. Yet if something is something, it must be forever so. And that (flow) which is 'ever changing' quite obviously cannot ever be what it is. No 'object' or 'event' is ever discrete; thereby it has no self-existence. Why therefore, should we frame 'event' and call it 'history'? Why therefore, frame 'death' and call it 'event'? Why frame event and link it to 'another event', if neither has any self-nature?

What then does have self-nature? That which has self-nature is not any 'thing' and yet is absolutely present. It cannot ever be spoken about (defined in words) and yet it is utterly present. It cannot be defined in time since it is absolutely ever-present. It cannot be defined as space since it is utterly borderless. In terms of its 'emptiness', it may be spoken of as 'life flow'. Yet that which flows cannot be defined, just as a river can never be defined as itself, since it can never be the same river. No-one can ever know the Real Substance. It can be 'known' by inference only, by its apparent acts, its 'manifestations', this holy ghost. We may deconstruct all actions, all objects, but can never know their actual substance. Take any thing with a name, like 'water'. It appears to flow, sit, rock from side to side, bubble, evaporate... and even as we say 'water is nothing but water', it does not mean we know what it is! No-one can say that any thing 'evolves' into another thing. It is only when we 'localise a context' into the idea of 'form' - mere artificial limitation - that we can talk about 'evolving'. And that is all it is: talk. Can anyone describe or circumscribe the flow of a river? No-one can say that it evolves. No-one can even say that it is!

You are not what does not exist You are utterly independent of that which does not exist. No object has any independent arising, no object has self-existence. You cannot be that which has no self-existence! So, who are you that you are not dependent? You are the nameless one to whom all things (appear to) occur. All that can be said is: I am that which is not external, that which is not manufactured.

The Pulsing of the Real If there is nothing but existence, nothing but awareness, how can its ‘modifications’ be considered substantive? It is only the permanence of the real that makes the unreal (creation) appear to be permanent. It is only the static that makes the kinetic appear to be real. Permanent recurrence of the ‘form’ or ‘event’ is nothing but the permanent *pulsation of the real*. A drop of water may appear to be ‘distinct’ from an ocean of water - but is it anything but water? Where is the border, where is the difference, between the ephemeral drop and the eternal ocean?

Insentience is defined as ‘the belief that sentience (awareness) is limited or absent’. Yet *who is it* who believes that sentience is absent? Only the deluded can think this! Can sentience be deluded? No - but it can certainly appear to be! The (apparent) pulsation of the sentient creates the ‘insentient’ - which is nothing but the partial, the relative, the shadow-space, the inert, the dark. It is the mere limitation of light, light reflected, negated.

Nothing but Stop-Frames The absolute pulsates, it scintillates. But from what perspective? That is: *who* pulsates, undergoes change? Look closer. We all watch movies. The material captured by the camera is in ‘stop-frames’. We should ask: does one stop-frame cause (that is, give rise to) another? Is one frame the ‘result’ of another? Clearly, no. And does the reality that was ‘captured’ by the camera consist of stop-frames? Emphatically no. Therefore, does any ‘event’ cause any other? The stop-frame is precisely how perception, memory, intellect or judgement works, creating the *idea* of time, space, atom, point, cause, description (word). These have no existence outside the series of stop-frames called perception, memory, intellect or judgement. This is the lie of perception. Reality is empty. It has no ‘frames’, has no ‘parts’. ‘Sequence’ is a mere trick, and ‘cause’ a mere convention of perception. Our experience at any given juncture is absolute, it cannot be arbitrarily divided into components, either ‘seer and seen’ or ‘seen and seen’.

the World

We are Energy: vortex and wave The ‘physical body’ is absolutely not separate or different from the absolute energy that constitutes it, just as a drop of water is non-different from the ocean. To ask: how does the body sustain itself - by food? is an absurdity when ‘body’ is the embodiment of all levels of vibratory energy, expressing as vortices of energy (*chakras*) and pathways of energy (*nadis*). What fool then, would fetishise ‘physical death’? Death is unfortunately nothing but clinging, the sentimentality of habit.

Karma is a Phantom If there is ambition (will) there is wish (imagination, manifestation) and thereby there is pain. Need, karma, reaction, thought of revenge... these stick, these literally ‘reincarnate’. It is pure physics. The human being is not a mere object. He is awareness, and awareness weaves the imagined event known as *karma*. Sometimes we enjoy it (pleasure) and sometimes we do not (pain and suffering). On the Battlefield of

Life, there is merely ignominious and embarrassing action, and deft and elegant action. *The Bhagavad Gita* says: don't bother with the outcome of the fight, since we are always in transition, always leaving, always gone.

I am the Screen I am ever the screen upon which thought is reflected. There are clouds in that open sky... but do they affect the sky?

Eternal Substance, Absolute Ground No question can ever be asked, no feeling can ever be felt, no impulse can ever come, no gesture can ever be made, no thought can ever be thought, no sense can ever be sensed, no 'worlds' can ever be fashioned, no assumption can ever be made, no birth can ever occur, no death can ever happen, no 'thing' can ever disappear, no words can ever be written, no particle can ever be formed, no point can ever be fixed, no time can ever be ticked, no place can ever be cordoned, no 'thing' can ever be thingumised, no fixation can ever be done, no nothing can ever be done at all... without the eternal substance, the absolute ground, the absolute presence.

That substance, that presence, is obviously the only thing that ever *is*. Yet, it is the condition called 'incarnation' that makes us believe 'birth and death' to be a fact. Incarnation is precisely the act of appearing to be separate, of appearing to be 'individual'. Yet if there be no 'individual event', can there be an individual? Although 'to be a part of the main' might suggest individualism, that 'main' is nothing but borderless awareness. We make little effort to understand the actual nature of *the one who lives*. Even a cursory inquiry will show us that there is no 'part' of the individual that is not 'part of something else', that boundary is a mere convention, that 'system' (web of relationships) is designated only for the sake of convenience or classification. There is nothing that is not absolutely of the whole. The idea of 'quanta' in physics is an arrangement only, whereby we seek to 'manipulate energy in all its forms'. Certainly, there is no limit to our ability to do this, but as long as there is manipulation we will necessarily be blind to the absolute fact. Any physicist who thinks 'particle birth' or 'particle death' are discrete events has understood nothing of the seamless, borderless nature of reality.

Forever Replaced, Forever Gone Dear reader, all of us seek knowledge and understanding in one way or another. I don't rail against any of life's myriad ways and needs, and I would be a fool to do so. The only issue is: can we understand the *absolute fact*? In order to erase the root of suffering, we must. Besides, there is no escape from it. Absolutely nothing is fixed. We cannot ever remain as we *want* to be, even if we move heaven and earth to try! What then is it that is forever unchanging? Life's dynamics are eternal, and you and I merely experience the same things in diverse trends of evolution. But *you*... where are you going? We all experience how when a 'milestone' or 'momentous change' occurs, the time before it is suddenly as if nothing at all. When we leave a place, it is as if we were never there. When we have spoken these words, they are forever and instantly erased, and when we have eaten and drunk and acted our acts... they are forever gone. I tell you this utter replacement is the continuous real state. Am I making this up? How do we live with this fact of utter and eternal *erasure and renewal*? Or else, why bother to worry? Why take it seriously at all when everything is forever lost and replaced? No... not to weep and moan, but to recognise the *freedom* in this. In freedom there is no history. Not a skerrick of history to be had. At any instant in this infinitude - are we not aware that everything is forever taking place and forever gone? What can we do about that? Do we want to *add* something to it?

PURE

No conversation at all

- Teacher, who am I?
- You are the silence (which you just abandoned)
- Wait. Where do ideas come from? Ideas like 'origin' and 'effect'?
- There is nothing but You
- The world is observed!
- The world is what you are, as you observe
- What is the origin of my 'ego'?
- It is the Force of Being appearing to modify as 'subject-object', the eternal ocean appearing to ripple as wave
- Is this how the idea of multiplicity, complexity occurs?
- You are the simple seer. You have no qualities except that you are the seer, that is: you exist and you are aware that you exist. Complexity is the result of grasping at what we see and wanting to retain it. The seer delights in multiplicity! Complexity is the ego-force, delighting in 'subject versus object', endless yin and yang. There are many 'organs' but only one seer
- Is this 'incarnation' then?
- Ha! The idea that 'someone' incarnates - for example, as an 'individual' who 'lives a lifetime as a single entity' - this is utterly false. Incarnation is utterly denied! The real position is: the seer, one and eternal, delights in the utter scintillating multiplicity. The one who is ever-present appears to be 'immersed as that'. Thus is extrapolated all 'human life', 'progress', 'change', 'journey', 'memory', 'history'
- Then what is the difference between 'you' and 'me'?
- None whatsoever. Where is the boundary between 'water and water', 'fire and fire', 'air and air'?
- 'When and where' did this all happen?
- Ever 'now', ever 'here'
- What is it then?
- Ever the 'idea', the 'notion', the 'object', the 'phenomenon'. None of these exist. They have no self-nature
- So what is its name?
- Whatever we want to call it!
- What am I?
- I dub you 'The Empty'!
- What is learning then?
- Learning is 'coming to yourself' - since you insist on 'appearing to go away from yourself'
- Then how did we get 'lost'?
- We delight in multiplicity
- Why do we do that?
- Multiplicity never 'began'. It is the One at play. It has no 'origin'. It is ever this and ever nothing.
- Yet I have heard: here is a razor's edge - between being utterly present and being nothing and nowhere.
- Well said. But who can describe it? Listen. We like to speak of the 'life of the individual'. But if we cannot locate the 'events that occurred' to him or her, there was no 'life of the individual'. If disease came, it came to

no-one. And disease is not disease, it is simply 'a thing someone does not want', it is just 'life going about its business'! No individual ever lived a 'life span'; there is never anything but absolute life. No-one ever lived in any 'place' since no place is ever distinguishable from any other, except in the imagination. There is no 'narrative', no 'sense' except the absolute sense, no point, no particle that is 'the individual'.

- But I exist!

- Fine, but who said it? 'Somebody' said they existed? Big deal. The ego, the phantom force, said it. And you said it over and over and over and over. And it was all a mirage upon a mirage, a ghost dancing with old ghosts, a compounded foolishness, a dream...

- So 'who is it that thinks something arises?'

- Tricky fellow! But relax. Nothing arises. There is nothing to 'attain'. Therefore... if you see the buddha on the road - *kill him*.

Ego is Not Individual

- What is the individual?

- It is that which cannot be divided

- If it cannot be divided, then it has no border?

- Correct

- What is the ego?

- It is the manifesting force, that throws up the idea of definition, division, limitation, protection

- Does it have any border?

- It appears to. This is the essence of its nature

- It is appearance only, then?

- Correct

- Who would I be, if I had no ego?

- You would be borderless and nameless

- Would I exist?

- Existence is not contingent on your ego. You exist, whether you have ego or not.

Everything I don't know Once I had a guru who insisted he wasn't a guru. This man travelled the world, attracted disciples, set up places of study, trained us all for 'life'. But the 'training' was endlessly confounding. *Take initiative, idiots!* he'd say. *Do you want to be mummy's little child forever?* So we would do stuff, arrange in our efficient educated (western) way all manner of things for him. And then he'd scold us crazily and say: *Obey the path. Get rid of your egos. Show humility! Do as I say, idiots!* But when again we tried to do as he wanted, he would set us impossible tasks. Any and all means to drive us nuts. - Sit here. Hold for me these pins all night long in the palm of your hand. Make a hundred copies of this document and distribute it to these (fictitious) people. But there's no photocopier in a desert. Find one! Sit in silent meditation while I drill this copper plate inches from your ear. And to any protest he would whisper: - *There is the door, my friend*. And some of us would walk out of it... and would feel guilt and remorse for letting down the cause! And when we'd return he'd greet us sweetly, or even bow, a twinkle in his eye. Ten minutes later we were again the stupidest beings known to god. He would tell Person A in a mighty voice that Person B had mightily failed. Next day

he'd not fail to inform poor B that A had almightily failed. And then he would lambast them both to a crowd of strangers assembled to hear his nectar-words of sweet yogic wisdom. Then he'd start a fight with a student over a tape recorder at the climax to a public lecture, or demand one hundred people perform *asana* in the space the size of a telephone box. He'd ask a faithful old student to explain to newcomers the Truth, then ridicule him in front of their innocent eyes. And he'd make us wait till three am to eat a stone-cold repast that was piping hot at six pm. If you meditated he'd shout: - *Work! The world will not eat with you sitting on your bum.* And if you worked he'd say: - *Meditate! You'll not reach enlightenment by shifting bricks!* If you were sick he'd lavish kindness. And if you were well, he'd drag you through the slime again. Later he'd thank *you* for it. For he was committed. In the heart. Away from him we were lonely. With him we were lonelier still. When he was dying of his twentieth heart attack, his sole interest was in monitoring his own blood pressure. Utterly committed and utterly detached he was. He taught me everything I don't know.

The Laughter of No Displacement

- Who is entitled to laugh?
- The one who understands everything
- What will be the quality of their laughter?
- It will be selfless, borderless
- Can any other laughter be selfless?
- No, it is always at the expense of someone or something.



6. JOURNEY WITHOUT END - A CRY IN VAIN



Emptiness is form, and form is emptiness This is an irrevocable statement by the Buddha, but a statement made to illustrate (a) the absoluteness of relativity and (b) the non-existence of relativity.

If one is the other, then neither is what it is. Clearly, form is not what it is, and emptiness is not what it is. The two words coalesce; thereby they are meaningless, non-existent terms.

The concept of 'emptiness' is obliterated by the concept of 'form', and the concept of form is obliterated by the concept of emptiness. Therefore, to say that one is the other, is to obliterate both. Yet 'both' are as if something...

Words

There cannot be any 'thing' without the naming of it. There is no 'being' without the naming of it. No 'awareness' without the naming of it. No 'bliss' without the naming of it. No 'purity' without the naming of it. No 'silence' without the naming of it...

We speak of eternal obliteration and renewal. The Seer self-limits as thought... then the limiting thought is gone. The Seer self-limits as thought... then the limiting thought is gone.

There is no thought separate from the thinker. There is no thinker separate from the thought. There is no object separate from the subject. Who can prove otherwise? Therefore, these are irrevocable statements. It is the apparent pulsation of being-awareness-bliss (*Satchitananda*) that determines these statements.

Words and Non-existence That which exists, must exist absolutely. If we exist, we can never cease to exist.

Discussion: If 'form' exists it must exist absolutely. If 'change' exists it must exist absolutely. Yet we accept the term 'form changes', though it is meaningless. Why? 'Change' is a meaningless term since 'that which changes' (ie, a form) is by definition never what it is. Therefore, the term 'form changes' is absurd. It may thus be said that all our 'language forms' are impositions of absurdity.

There is but one context in which anything can mean anything: in the context that 'it is forever what it is'. 'Relativity', as we talk about it, is seen to have no existence whatever - and such an *absolute* statement appears to prove itself, yet in the blurry medium of these sentences, 'absolute' and 'relative' are meaningless terms. How? If absolute is absolute, there can be no relativity. Again, if relativity is an 'absolute fact', there can be no such thing as relativity! And if 'the problem of relativity' (as continually espoused in this book) has no 'absolute solution', then we cannot prove there is a problem. That is, if a 'problem' has no solution, it is not a problem. By the same token, every real 'problem' manifests its own 'solution'.

Here is the conundrum again: Who speaks of relativity? The one who is, and knows he is. He who is and knows he is, is absolute, not subject to change. How then can such words as 'change' and 'form' and 'relativity' ever exist within the Knower, as ideas? We can only say that 'idea' and 'word' are generated by a mysterious eternal potency within oneself, but cannot ever be other than oneself, and therefore cannot exist in their own right. Herein is explained the basis of 'non-existence'!

Journey without End,
a Cry in Vain...

Separative Idea is the only thought The separative idea 'I' is the first thought, last thought, *only* thought.

If I say 'I know', I am a mere slave to what I know. Separative 'Little I' only means '*Show me the path that has been trod forever! Lead me by the nose like a donkey! Tell me what to be! Define me as this or this. Put me in a box, put me in a cage. Separate me into bits*'. Thought is un-freedom.

Our attachment to the fruits of enjoyment, this 'weight' we carry about, defines the resistance we carry to our own freedom. The power of awareness is supreme, and it is ours. Question: How can absolute freedom manifest anything that is not itself? How can absolute life give birth to the idea of unfreedom? Answer: There is no unfreedom at all. Everything has its use and its purpose in an absolute scheme. And how might anything at all occur except to myself? Our expressive faculties, our 'organs of enjoyment', are limiting, and all our suffering is the suffering of loss. Yet our faculties serve the enjoyment of infinite strands, infinite fruits... We must therefore be nothing but an infinite organ, not a limited one that would garner only limited fruits. What is this absolute organ that absolutely enjoys? It is *awareness*. And it is you.

What power do we have in this infinitude? Once in his life this writer was totally paralysed, losing for months all his faculties of action: movement, grasping, speech, sex, evacuation. His faculties of sense were also badly weakened, along with the powers of imagination and reasoning. Yet the ground, awareness itself, did not fail, and all faculties eventually 'returned' - out of the mysterious source into which they 'disappeared'. This confirmed the (Aristotelian) insight that all faculties are permanent constituents of the absolute. It also confirmed that disease, the veiling power of life, manifests on all subtle levels before it ever reaches the 'physical'. To lose everything, then to have it all return: what conclusion is one to draw? The same question arises with sleep. Having forfeited all faculties for object-enjoyment, then seeing them return in dream and

waking: what conclusions should one draw? Simply that all faculties for enjoyment of these strands of life exist at the behest of one power alone - which is permanent, pervading, absolute. Undoubtedly, *this* is you and me. Not a metaphor, not a fancy, not a dream, not death, not change - the Real alone. Yet, such that the Real forever exists, merely 'appearing and disappearing', 'coming and going' according to the universal law of displacement - our real position must be to perform it all, ourselves...

The flicker-film Let us affirm the noble truth that 'those in chains' are ever free... *The lotus blooms in the mud*, the Hindus say, such that purity is never tainted by ignorance. For purity is constant and eternal, and eternal is never tainted by time or event, be it ever so dark. This world, says the argument, is nothing but a flicker-film of imagined frames emanating in silverish ghostly succession, and the 'screen' on which these project is utterly unmoved in the clamour. Ironical it is that light is the creator of darkness, and that darkness depends on light's denial of itself. Behold the 'workings of awareness'! In order to produce an image, we nudge the emptiness, the pure conscious ocean. And for another flicker-image to come, we utterly dissolve the first in the conscious emptiness. Nothing ever happens, since the assertion of a single flicker-image is the dissolution of all others. What proof is there that a thing exists if it cannot be said to remain in any form? In the midst of so-called creation, this power of attachment to flickering automata of darkness, wherein the very power of attachment is commensurate with illusion... this power is ever of the utter ever-present emptiness. Here is our proof.

Just Awe The greatest attitude of all is to be continually amazed and awed by the very fact of our awareness - without qualification, without qualities. *Oh my giddy aunt - I exist!* Those of us who have never experienced the naked, awesome, miraculous fact of our own awareness, are asleep - and have always been so.

You are the dreamer of all non-worlds To 'be in a body', that is, 'in form', immediately begs the question: *who* is in that form? Answer: The perceiver, the one who perceives himself to be in the form, is proof of 'one who is not in the form'. How then can this one who perceives himself to be subject to such conditions be actually so subject? The Buddha said: *Emptiness is form and form is emptiness*. His meaning implies: (a) If reality is 'both' emptiness and form, it cannot be either. (b) If it is not both, it cannot be either. (c) If it is thus neither, it surely is 'both', so that 'both' is Something! But *who* is thus 'subject and not subject' (etcetera) to conditions? Answer: It is One who appears to pulsate, creating the idea of 'point of view' or relativity. This 'point of view' generates confusion, along with the wordy discussion we now undergo. Yet 'the One who pulsates' can never in fact pulsate since he is always himself. The one who is always himself, is real, and 'the one who changes' is unreal since he is never himself. Some will say that 'pulsation of appearance and return to non-appearance' is the very affirmation of the one who is real. Yet reality can never be 'affirmed', since there is no way it can be denied in the first place. By the same token, can we affirm something as unreal, since by doing so we affirm 'the reality of its unreality'? No. The act of inventing relative ideas such as 'reality and appearance' can only ever take place in the context of One who is.

Conclusion: 'Appearance' is a 'ghostly invention' of the Real. We further conclude that this entire 'problem' is sustained by words alone. Words are proof that appearance is unreal, and thereby that appearance cannot rightly

be mentioned. Word-ideas such as body, mind, thought, feeling, sensation, experience, cause - are merely of the nature of the obscuring and limiting power of the One, who is being-awareness-bliss. There is no point even bothering to analyse form (appearance) using names (words) since the very act of doing so is 'the projection of the dreamer's dream'. Therefore: You are the dreamer of all worlds. Or rather: You are the dreamer of all non-worlds. And every one of these clever sentences is cast up like spray into the air, and ever obliterated in the utter presence of being-awareness.

Words

Journey without End,
a Cry in Vain...

Experience is forever one experience There can never be 'two experiences' at once. There can never be such a thing as 'multiple experiences'. We are 'forever absorbed as one experience'. We cannot experience 'two times' or 'two places' or 'two objects' or 'two perceivers'. No matter how we try to differentiate states or create 'sequences', there is only ever one unitary experience. Thereby, the 'particular object of perception' can never be in any way relevant. The shocking fact is: there has never been, nor ever could be, any experience but *This*.

Freedom Has No History There is no such thing as history, except history invented for the delectation of scholars, for the convenience of propagandists and politicians, for the solace of sentimentalists. There are no time-lines, no consequences, no significances beyond the fancies of you and me. For where is the history of the voiceless, the forgotten, the unknown little people, the used-up animals, insects, bacteria, flotsam and jetsam who lived and passed away yet felt all things and documented nothing except that their very breath was a document of truth cast in the bright air, vaporised in sky, vacant of memory... These are never summoned by the denizens of the future, who conjure and toy with history merely to serve themselves. History is our own story, concocted and manufactured for our own business, serving our agendas... And all these powers-that-be will want to summon us back to pay for our karmic crimes. But we shall never return! For without history there is no guilt. And without guilt there is freedom. *And freedom has no history.*

Personal History is mere Fixation What is this endless blather called 'my personal history'? Whatever thoughts I think I ever had: who was there, thinking them? And where is that 'person' now? You may object that there is someone here now, remembering. But retention in this mind-stuff is mere magnetism, agglomeration. There are no 'things', only 'conceptual gatherings'. Every magnetic force delineates and reinforces an empty centre. Retention fades, the 'event' is ever-fading. And 'that which fades' is never what it is, so that the very process of fading is akin to 'mere waves of the sea'. These waves may appear to resemble some 'original, remembered' event... yet they are nothing. And their so-called *sequence* is a mere trick, and has nothing to do with *cause*. Because one wave 'follows another', does not mean they are related! They may be, as water is to water... But are not all waves the same? Are they not empty? Nothing is 'related' to anything else except by the artifice of fixation.

Stop Waiting Stop waiting for love, for death, improvement, life, happiness, success, identity, substantial thing, hope, past, future, meaning, significance, revenge, chance to be victim, better weather, time to go, things to return, nice feeling, right thought, true sense, calm, order, ducks in a line, fruition, wisdom, your wife, husband, child, parents to die, sunrise, sunset, education, a fish, clear air, proper moment, the markets, coffee to boil, inspiration, discovery, to be noticed, hunger to come, weighty things, hand of the clock, fresh release, next heartbeat, breath, cool, quiet, emptiness, peace, blueness, god, for a time you can stop waiting, for the end of this speech, for a thing to happen, for the bomb to fall, for christmas, for your wedding, for sleep, for time, for life itself. Stop waiting. Stop waiting.

The Great Uncertainty Principle Nothing can ever be truly located or defined. There is no such thing as change. The glib phrase 'all is relative' simply means there is no relativity whatever... which again, like all statements, is an absolute position. And how can there be any 'absolute position' since no position can ever be defined? Thereby 'all is relative' (causeless)... and this glib phrase... so, *ad infinitum*.

No Point of View *How does 'point of view' appear to occur?* In fact it does not appear at all. *How then does 'appear to occur' appear to occur?* Very clever! But try this: If force is seen from the 'point of view' of counterforce, then counterforce becomes force, even as that force becomes its counterforce... The snake bites its tail! This, without beginning or end. Which of them is the original force? Only 'point of view' may decide that - which is utterly arbitrary and non-existent. When wind blows, is it other than wind? When water flows, is it other than water? *Does anything occur, then?* According only to point of view. But *who* views? That is the real point!

Ghosts, dancing, clinging There never is, was, or ever will be anything but 'this' (if you want to affirm it). There never is, was, or ever will be anything but 'here' (again, if you want to affirm it). Am I making it up? This is certainly not any kind of 'philosophy'. Existence is the simplest thing, and simplicity requires the greatest courage, because any one of us can find infinitely clever ways to cling, to build an infinitude of ghostly pathways that we claim to call 'ourselves'.

What, according to Frost, is the Road Not Taken? You and I *write* this path even as we discuss it... and it is no path since all is flooded away. We think we are an 'original drop' in an ocean of water! Originality? Forget it! And what is the poet? Is it she who sings the glory of creation... or she who sings the glory of emptiness? I tell you, conscience is the absolute and only field of poetry.

 **One** | **FREEDOM**

Free, whether you like it or not What is the point of experiencing all this, if we are not concerned with the one who experiences it? There will come a time when we must choose the experiencer beyond the experience. This is the end of all searching. But - the fact there *there is no boundary* will drive you crazy before it becomes your truth. The 'passing of time' will drive you insane with nostalgia and clinging before it becomes just another

nothing. All these bits and bobs called ‘objects’ or ‘things’ will drive you to depressive distraction before you let them dissolve in the nothing that they are. All this belief in ‘events’ and ‘history’ that plays you like a goggle-eyed fish before it dumps you on the wasted shore of oblivion: these will dissolve into a void sky. All these planets in ‘space’ that drive us to idiotic lengths, sucking up our ‘science’ and money and adolescent dreams: one day we will recognise the blithering absurdity of wanting to ‘go there’. Every thought pins us down, every need sucks us like a drug, every ashram wall looms above us, every holy book enclutters our minds. If I bulldozed your church, would you be less or more ‘holy’? Every *word* meshes up our freedom. Does the sky need to be endensed with the names of stars? Does the flow need to be dammed? Does our breath need to be stoppered? Must our awareness be choppered and pixelated to minute insanity, till we can’t look any more? How long will this endless search drag on before you and I drop skeletal in the dust? There is no boundary. Nothing ever happened. Nothing ever matters. You are free. *Whether you like it or not.*

One Free

Be as you are *Be as you are.* What are you able to be? You are that nameless eternal, which can’t be *other* than what it is. What are you not? That which ‘changes’ - for that which changes can never be ‘that’. You cannot be what has no existence. In our hands lies freedom to be what we are, that is, to ‘not be what we are not’. How can you be what you are not, except by clinging to delusion? We can whip up a storm, but that storm must eventually return to nothing, to the quietude from whence it came: only a dream, whipped up. Nothing stays... nothing is what it is... except the nameless. Relax. You are that.

Koan Koan

Awareness: Empty or Modified?

- Where is the *border* between sentient (aware) and insentient (unaware)? Where is the boundary between the experiencer and the thing experienced? Example: ‘Seer sees table’. Is the ‘seer’ sentient?
- Yes
- Is ‘the table’ sentient?
- ‘Table’ is an idea, therefore no
- But where is the boundary between seer and ‘idea of table’? Feel the cold, feel the heat. Where is the boundary between the feeling and the one who feels? Think *this* very thought. Is the ‘thinker’ sentient?
- Yes
- Is the thought sentient?
- As ‘manufactured idea’, it cannot be
- Again, where is the boundary between thinker and thought?
- But, when you *ask*, you ‘create the condition’, a reflexive syndrome. That is, ‘the impulse to ask constitutes the problem’. And as long as there is impulse, we have polarity, hiatus, yin-yang, subject-object, ‘figure of eight’...
- So what does it actually mean to ‘know’ something? What has happened?
- The awareness has modified
- But has it? When ‘air’ becomes ‘wind’, does air modify?
- Not in the slightest degree

- Okay, this is our so-called *relative* world, where we discuss superimposed stuff as if it actually means something! But what is the state where there are ‘no conditions’, the state where ‘after the sentence has been spoken’ we let it go?
- As you already said, to ask is to create ‘conditions’. This is the hiatus called ‘asking’. Our anxiety is our continual grasping
- So there is One indescribable, who is subject to conditions...
- No. The One indescribable is never subject to conditions
- But it is subject to grasping, to impulse
- That which is sentient can never become insentient
- But it always does! Forever!
- If always, then never
- How?
- ‘Always’ is its forever-condition, whereby it can never be anything else. Thereby it can never modify. So, is it forever sentient, or forever insentient? It can’t be both
- Well, the one who asks is obviously sentient
- Correct
- Aha. So the ‘thing’ is just an invention, a name or word
- Correct. As you said: the relative world is where we discuss superimposed stuff as if it actually means something.

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- I thought of some Koans: *1. Who is the one who is moving? 2. Who is the one who is thinking? 3. Who is the one who is deluded?*
- Good, especially the last. Where do we put our attention?
- At a point
- How does our attention relate point to another point?
- As wave
- Are we the point and the wave?
- Yes
- Now Buddha said: *Emptiness is form and form is emptiness*. So, logically, there is no emptiness that is not form, and there is no form that is not emptiness?
- Right. But am I what I see?
- You are. There is only ever one seamless seeing. There is no ‘perceiver’ and ‘perceived’.
- But how does ‘emptiness’ engender the idea of appearance and disappearance, continual coming and going?
- Emptiness is engendered as an idea, a word. It is not *origin*. It does not ‘originate’ form. ‘Form’ and ‘emptiness’ are conjurations, they are words, two words for a thing, like ‘poppeljuke and scumblepot’. Any word will ‘tie the fatal knot’
- So the question ‘how does manifestation occur?’ turns out to be a ludicrous one!
- Correct. The question is merely self-generating. This is our ‘dance of phantoms’. Ask any ‘question’ and you require an ‘answer’. As John Lennon said: *‘We’re playing these mind games forever’*. Make your bed and lie in

it! Words are nothing but this churn of incarnation, this superimposition, this relativity. Words react. 'In the beginning was the word...' Vicious vortex!

- Buddha said: 'Suffering alone exists, but there is no-one who suffers. The deed exists, but no-one does it. 'Suchness' is, but no-one can seek it. The path is there, but no-one may travel it.'
- Exactly. So, my best advice? We set up - then try to annihilate - what is not there. Don't try to set up and annihilate what is not there! There is nothing whatsoever to be grasped.

Koan Koan



Manifestation is Void 'Manifestation' and 'void' are one and the same idea. They 'arise' together. There cannot ever be one without the other: no void without idea of manifestation, no manifestation without idea of void. Subject ('me') and object ('this, that') arise together! No-one can imagine a point without a space or a space without a point, or a wave without an ocean, or 'self' without 'other', or a dollar in the left hand without 'no dollar in the right'. If the mind 'fixates', there must also be 'no fixation'. If we conceive 'point', there must be 'no point'. All impulse conjures its vacuum. All warp conjures weft. There is no wave crest without undertow, no kinesis without stasis, no gesture without stillness, no thrusting tree without the embracing sky, no river without banks, no water without container, no thought without the thinker, no smile without creasing, no meaning without unmeaning, no 'single perception' without absolute awareness forever.



Forever and never, amen It is said: The idea of creation (form) is the absolute condition (delight) of being (emptiness). And this is our experience. Awareness is always 'absorbed in and as whatever object is chosen'. The 'infinitude' of our being-awareness is utterly consumed by and as that singular perception, to the extent that we never recognise it as any kind of limitation. This is because in truth *there is none*. 'Creator and creation' dance as a double-headed snake ever seeking to gobble itself. It is merely 'as if' there were relationship or transaction. In fact there is no displacement, no dichotomy or relationship or transaction. This snake ever seeking to consume itself is time, space, point, word, vibration, sound, pulsation. Call it what you will. 'Stillness' is ever to be called 'movement' and movement is ever to be called stillness. We say: 'when here, we cannot be there' and 'when now, we cannot be earlier or later' (etcetera). It is said that there is sound (OM) and there is the hearer of the sound (awareness). Clearly there is no sound without the hearer of the sound, and no hearer of the sound without the sound. Are they two? It is blindingly clear they are not. 'Hearer' and 'Sound' are mere attitudes, postures, positions taken. Forever and never, amen. The reality is... silence.

Identity is fleeting, non-existent Draw a frame. Suddenly there gapes a hollow (and meaningless) centre. Draw a line. Instantly we create the artifice of dichotomy, hiatus. Think a thing. Here is our instant 'point of focus'. And like a black hole, this created point sucks all reality into itself. Small worlds, systems, self-involved

loops get created. Instruments love to measure their self-involved widgets. Tools are built for jobs destined for themselves. Self-generated things self-prophecy, impertinent questions demand silly answers. Like a 24 frame-per-second film we generate endless fleeting centres, ever called 'I'. We foolishly think enlightenment occurs to 'someone'. Yet there is never anyone there, only 'conjured identity'. Peace occurs to no-one, and no-one occurs to peace. 'Someone' is actually 'some nothing'. 'You and I' are a little bit of nothing! Identity is asserted in a void.

The presence, the context, is ever emptiness. In the world of utter nature, an infinitude of processes takes place, and these are ever 'of their own origin', beyond any 'cause or effect.' Yet for 'human beings', who represent the reflective, polarising level of consciousness, 'name' is always the beginning. Within the eternal emptiness, the scramble for the safety of 'identity' defines us. It always comes, it is always coming... yet our thought is ever nothing but superimposition, nothing but crudeness. Name and word carry the problem like a body carries its fleas. Something is forever trying to occur! Of course, it never can.

I, I

I am not a spaceship This being is absolute, empty, infinite - so that in this natural ever-state, you and I cannot journey without identifying a little vessel, a 'little I', 'a body as spaceship'. Imagine an Eye crossing the vastness of space. This eye must remember that he is forever an eye - or else there could be no travel at all, and no experience of it. The experiencer must come into being as 'entity' - as *the embodiment* of all 'seeing', all 'journeying', all 'thinking'. Yet the need to grab and grasp identity, appears as a denial of our absolute being. Here is a precise definition of death: grasping is death, conception is death. Yet all things have their place and time *within us*. For there is no temporal boundary, there is no spatial boundary, there is no localised space or time at all. *We are* always, and we are here.

All is always impersonal. The 'individual' is nothing but 'identification with circumstance'. This writer for example, is 'defined' (obstructed, limited) by his vanity, his wish to experience his own perfection, or his obsession with detachment! To claim a line of development or 'sequence of events' as your own, as yourself, is pure convenience, pure choice. Evolution? A line, a thread we conjure. How can 'events' forever occur yet instantly dissolve in self-luminous borderless nowness? Absurd! We merely appear to wear the inexpressible cloak of life, all its stars and cosmoses, its pathways, its particulate jewels... just as the creation of name, atom, space and time are forever the ghost-infrastructure of this eternal being.

SOMETHING NOTHING



There Are No Transactions

1. What is existence? Is it something or nothing? Answer: it is obviously *something*.
2. If existence is something, it can be only One Substance - since anything that 'changes' cannot by definition ever be what it is. Only in this fleeting deconstructed sense can it 'appear to be nothing'.

3. We understand that something cannot revert to nothing, and that nothing cannot revert to something, notwithstanding that the nature of that something may appear to be like nothing. Herein, there can be no ‘transactions’.

4. People are confused in thinking that in death, ‘something’ reverts to ‘nothing’. This is clearly an impossibility, an absurdity. The sum total of energy can never diminish; energy merely ‘appears to change form’. Water may be still or may form waves, but it is always water. Therefore, *birth* can never be termed ‘something coming out of something’. ‘Birth’ is a nonsense; there is no transaction. And ‘death’, even if it be termed ‘something transforming into something’, is no kind of transaction whatever.

5. The eternal sound (OM), appearing to vibrate forever, eternally expresses all things that yet are ‘effortlessly contained in what they already are’. That is, OM is none other than the inexpressible boundless absolute. What is the substance of realisation? There is none. We merely express what already is, what we forever are.

Freedom *One*

Nothing Is Ours A swimmer may flail in the sea but may never affect the sea... By her flailing, she asserts that she is one who becomes aware that she is bound. Yet is her experience of being bound all there is? Is emptiness (*Nirvana*) nothing but hopeless wandering (*Samsara*) and eternal duty (*Dharma*)? If so, is liberation an absurdity? Is it merely to be termed ‘total acceptance’? The proper position is to understand that there is but one supreme Absolute, creator and animator of all ‘minds, bodies, systems, faculties, actions’. In this awareness we should do everything life requires (our duty), but solely in the understanding that not a single thing is *ours*. We should seek no fruits of action, no ownership of anything. We should be able to count a billion dollars of our employer’s money yet not require a cent for ourselves. We should do our best at all times, but continuously remember that there is not a single thing we can ever call our *own*.

There Is No Secret The great secret is that there is *no* secret. ‘Manifestation of form’ or ‘superimposition’ is nothing but the apparent pulsation of being-awareness-bliss, the absolute Real Substance. Why then do we wander endlessly, restlessly seeking ‘that which we have no idea of’, that is in fact already ourselves? The average person will take this problem to mean ‘do nothing, accept life and enjoy’ and in a sense she is perfectly right. Yet how can a person who ‘seeks enjoyment’ ever come to the absolute bliss that she is? Overwhelming experience (and logic) says it is impossible. No, there is something else. The key is to confirm our absolute identity with the Real, and this can never be done as long as the mind and senses are wandering. And yet, and yet, there is no way this can be done by *effort*. Or rather, there must be unbridled and insatiable effort, until we realise... there must at last be no effort at all.

You are all of it

How does it feel to be unlimited? Since the indestructible, incorruptible, eternal, absolute being, ie: that which *is* - takes form as thought, there comes to us vulnerability, a sense of dislocation, limitation, confinement, loss and fear, caused by the idea that we are nothing but 'limitation subject to the winds of continual change'. Yet we must enquire as follows: Since 'change' perpetually obliterates the 'limited object', how can that which is 'limited' be subject to 'continual change'? Only the Unlimited can appear to be so subject. You are therefore nothing but the Unlimited - that merely appears to be so subject. Just as the unlimited appears to infinitely fractate into filigreed 'parts and pathways' (as 'yourself') - so these paths and pathways are *suffused, saturated, drowned* in the infinite and absolute substance. How then does it *feel* to be nothing but the absolute expression of the infinite substance? We should meditate on it, feel it, feel it, in the body and mind, over and over and over and over.

Seek the Integral Vision What to do? Live with all these 'manifestations of ourself', believing they are ultimately a turgid and futile mirage, or live with them knowing they are nothing but expressions of the divine? This writer used to think that the functions of life were trivial, inconsequential, limited, all mirage... that they were nothing in comparison with the all-pervading absolute. Yet since their origin is ever the absolute, they are nothing but *absolute expressions of the absolute*. And that is why the integral vision is the only true vision.

What is the integral vision? To surrender to the total fact of manifestation? To accept the totality of your own helplessness? To lie down and give up any hope of getting past it? To be passive, to make no complaint at the world's forces, to give up any sense of morality, judgement, choice? Or to surrender to the forces of the ego, of survival at all costs? Impossible, impossible. We are already all of that. We are already all of that!

We are the merciful lightness of being We are told that we require strength to 'endure', to 'deal with life's shocks', its endless force and counterforce. But we will never survive as we are, will never cope as we are! For we are the *total* embodiment of all such shocks and forces, and we are thus forever. Who can change anything? Yet what we need, what we are, is *lightness* - the feeling, the awareness that we are the lightness, the merciful lightness of being. These paths and pathways are suffused, saturated, drowned in the infinite substance, the absolute lightness, the absolute clear light. This is YOU.

The patient one Who is it that experiences all? He is surely the embodiment of patience, of surrender. You and I do not usually feel patient. If we are not to be confined to any particular event, form, thought, sensation, feeling, trend, time or place, we will require continual patience, for things will ever come. To 'tire patience with patience' is surely to reside as the self. **Be as you are** Imagine you are not confined to any particular event, form, thought, sensation, feeling, trend, time or place... Yet at the same time be aware that you are *life itself*. By what 'means' can we know that we are life eternal, life itself? There is no thought that can ever know it, but the inner heart and every vibrating fibre of our body, certainly can.

I am free to wander, and in wandering I am (ever and never) free The cause of suffering is (limitation caused by) endless wandering of the mind. The end of suffering is to abide as (uncreated) self. When the objects of this world (thought, emotion, sense) become a disgust or a torture, the remorseless outward plunging of mind

and sense is at last seen as conditional, provisional, makeshift. At that point, we discover an irrevocable need to 're-immense in self'.

But what if wandering never ends? What if we are nothing but pawns in an absolute game, forever? That is, 'there can be nothing new under the sun'. There is no question that forms will form and dissolve and re-form forever, according to the particular energy they exhibit within a boundless scheme. If it is *escape* that we speak of, then there is only one escape: recognise and cleave totally to the eternity that we are.

We experience the continual brimming fear of 'time passing, heralding death'. There is nothing for us but an endless battle to establish our position, corral it, justify it. For the sake of learning or experience, we try to trace all the paths and streams of our wandering. We try to understand the relationship between what is fixed and what is freeing. Yet this writer's experience painfully reveals that the very effort to deconstruct or remove or merge the 'individual', only confirms, entrenches and reinforces him. We cannot 'look for' truth and integrity; this is like a fish looking for water. Life *is* truth and integrity, in that all its 'things' have their use and purpose. We engage in a moral struggle to distinguish helpful from unhelpful, right from wrong. Do it by all means! - but in the end there is no seeking or finding or creating. Each position or 'persona' always is a ghost. We are certainly born to action. So we should act, not out of need to change, or remove, or run from something, but from *the joy of our own emptiness*... Then, it doesn't matter what the action brings. Act, act, act - but out of cool joy.



This This This

Nothing but this There is nothing but this, and there has never been anything but this. But what is it? 'This' is utterly formless. There are not even any 'moments'. But! (you object) there *are* 'events' and 'things' that 'change' and 'move on', and thus we 'look back' and 'look forward'. Yet if a thing exists, how can it ever be 'past' (that is, gone) or 'about to come'? A 'thing that has changed' is manifestly never what it is. So how can there be any such fixation, chronicle or thing as history? History is a phantom dream of things that appear to be - all created in the eternal now. And creation is forever empty. Forever now: there is nothing else. 'This' is the only phenomenon of our life, and it is utterly empty.

Act, but know there is nothing to be done Act - but know there is nothing to be done. Do your best - but cling to no result. Improve - but know you are going nowhere. Travel far - but know you are only ever here. Create - but know there is nothing but sky. It all matters - but none of it matters. Learn - but know it has all been done. Grasp - but see that it is never yours. Succeed - but give it all away. Act - but know there is nothing to be done...

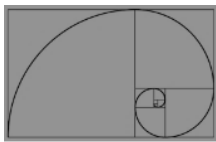
What is gone? Nothing is gone! What we laud as History is but a present prattle on 'gone things'. For how can we talk of a 'gone thing' other than to conjure something that is 'here'? Let us talk then of something that is here... What is here though? This talk? Nothing can be apprehended but what is here now. Here-now is all. Actually, there is nothing but talk of the 'here' masquerading as talk of the gone. And the illusory nature of time

is such that even the here is gone, since no sooner is it noted than it is perceived to be gone. We can readily see the absurdity. We are left with three notions: 1. Nothing ever was, since it was ever replaced. 2. Nothing ever was, since it is forever here. 3. Nothing ever 'was', since it is never 'here'.

Discussion: If there were ever a single 'gone thing' that still exists, then 'all gone things must exist'. It must be all or none. Yet if all 'gone things exist', there can never be anything called 'here and now', since the ever-here-now would forever be perception of 'gone things'. Again, we see the absurdity. Who is it that says things are gone? Clearly, it can only be 'one who is not gone' and 'one who is capable of perceiving the gone'. What is that one really doing? He is 'forever creating gone things'. Instantly creating gone things! To do so surely means that no 'thing' ever can actually happen. Conclusion: nothing is gone, because nothing ever happened.

Here-Gone Here-Gone

Seekers are Avoiders Is there incarnation? Never. Incarnation is denied. Does incarnation *appear* to occur? We can bet it does. Manifestation is a great forever slow-dream. We are here and we are there, in it, of it, as it. The ego is the very definition of resistance to totality. It wants to pick and choose its experiences: keep the nice, eschew the nasty. It cannot. We are postponers, we avoid accepting the total. We escape, we are phantom egos riding the horses of desire and aversion. We are slow suicides. Suicides wish to return to a formless state. Bodyless, they were happier. They never brought to the form-state sufficient energy to cope, hence their problem. The formless state is pleasurable sleep, while the form-state is hard, a rough ride - and suicide is mere postponement of it. We have to summon the energy to deal with this total manifestation. Clearly, we must aspire to be 'the one who forever contains this manifestation'.



Awareness and its Contradictions There is nothing but life, therefore life is One. The one who asserts this is aware, therefore the One Life is aware. If life is one, it is without impediment. Yet the concept of **contradiction** (duality) is asserted. Contradiction is nothing but an assertion by one who is aware. Contradiction is no impediment to the One, and this fact is asserted by the one who is aware. The One gestures duality (contradiction) without ever being affected by it. There can thus be no contradictory relationship between the One and its dualities. Duality is merely the play of Oneness in the guises of time and space and causality.

An Adventurer in Time Sri Aurobindo said: '...Our surface being is only the deeper eternal Self in us throwing itself out as the adventurer in Time, a gambler and speculator in infinite possibilities, limiting itself to the succession of moments so that it may have all the surprise and delight of the adventure, keeping back its self-knowledge and complete self-being so that it may win again what it seems to have lost, reconquering all itself through the chequered joy and pain of an aeonic passion and seeking and endeavour'.

We are the One Eternal Player That we are the thinkers of all thought is cause for jaw-dropping amazement. Thinking is our great gift and opportunity, to let us know we are ever beyond it. Otherwise, how could we think? No thought can compete with, or alter, the fact that we are the thinker. Not one of our creations can compete with the fact that we exist as thinker. We alone are the one aware power. We, the power of awareness capable of creating all: why would we bother to get attached to any of it? All things are our playthings. And should the chocolate-maker let himself drown in his own vat? We are seated in and as the power of powers, and what do we do with it? In truth there is nothing to 'do' with it. Nothing. And this is cause for celebration, not sorrow! The great secret is that *there is no secret*. Yet, to have no control in the creation of worlds, as if all were a great impersonal machine... comes to the same result. There is nothing to be done. Celebrate it.

Some will object: There is a continuous battle to resist (a) the onslaught of the senses (b) the creeping waves of emotion (c) the concretising juggernaut of concept-making. But to know oneself more and more continuously as the unaffected seer, ultimately will quieten all. We overcome the inertia of habit, we deconstruct all constructions. Meanwhile, we confront the subtlest barrier: the belief that we need to keep trying, keep seeking.

We ever embody being-awareness Self can enter no conception, description or knowledge other than Itself. Yet we 'seekers' are subject to desire, and the 'elements of manifestation' gather and embody and wander. We are the makers of fragmentation, darkening, limitation, the pixelation of awareness... We manifest as *Sattva* (equilibrium, expansiveness), *Rajas* (activity, mutability) and *Tamas* (inertia, density). In turn, we appear as five elements - ether, air, fire, water and earth - which seem to be our 'principles and embodiments', seem to embody intellectual, mental, emotional and sensory states. We pose as peace, equilibrium (ether); as expansion, lightness (air); as desire and obliteration (fire); as mutability, 'formless form' (water), and as fixation, inertia, density (earth).

Restlessly seeking that which we forever are

I Make All Things New Every detail, every so-called instant, is forever gone, forever lost. And it is not cause for sadness, it is cause for rejoicing. We are forever empty in the here and now, we are the divine emptiness to whom nothing ever happened, and to whom 'everything' happened. We are *Siva the Obliterator*, the Player of the Absolute NOW. There is no point of reference but *this*. How can we say that one thing 'follows' another (cause-effect), when the original point of reference no longer exists? No 'thing' has any 'causal relationship' to any 'other' thing. There is only the *apparent ever-now dance of the One*.

It is a universally observable fact that the self can be enraptured and contented in any little guise or channel or corner or form, and that it feels natural. We sacrifice all for the minutiae of the instant, of the place, the point. But the eternal is ever this, ever this. Would we not go mad in such a pixelated partial paradise if we were not forever free, impersonal, boundless being? The bible says: 'behold, I make all things new!' We create every single experience, no matter how many times we repeat it, absolutely now. It is irrelevant that we feel compelled to it by the force of habit. The fact is that we are the creator, and the creation is ever now, ever new, ever lost.

Ever New, Ever New

I, I

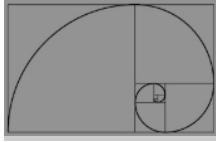
The Keeper of the Illusory Gate There is a phantom gateway swinging in the winds of nowhere. It is called the ego. It is the gate of 'This and That'. It needs, at every pulse of the mind, to turn infinite being-awareness into tiny, momentary, discrete experiences, controlled by itself. It is the mouse on the giant's shoulder, claiming to direct the giant's destiny. The ego wants to grab at the boundless ocean of bliss and to hold it in its grasp. Yet try to hold (like Faust) the ocean in your fist!

The Seer projects the thought. That thought is a gate to a universe suggested by the thought. That thought is a gate to the infinite possibility of things suggested by that thought. The seer becomes the thought. Yet who is the keeper of the illusory gate?

All thought is a little death. All thought is in effect the death-thought. I conceive it, create it, create death. And death is thereby birth. Birth is the impulse to conceive, now and forever. Then arises the simple idea that there is something to be *lost*. So there is clinging. Clinging is 'identity' (ego), continually reinforced or modified. The mind, the vital nature and the physical nature, are nothing but degrees of clinging. And as long as we think it is we (ego) who achieve emancipation, it can never be. The thief cannot liberate us from the thief.

Is there an 'individual soul' to whom karma occurs? Yes, as long as the 'idea of individual' persists. In the realm of appearances, karma (cause and effect) is king. Does the 'soul' get its reward? Surely, as long as the phantom Cause appears to generate the (phantom) Effect. What 'happened' 'yesterday', or a 'thousand years ago', or 'a second ago' (it is all the same dream) really is you, as long as you 'belong' to the eternal so-called mode of existence called 'appearance'. Slip into the water, you get wet. Touch the fire, you get burned. These are the conditions. In the realm of ideas, ideas rule. Outside it, they are nothing.

Pray As, Not To People spend their lives praying to something called god or allah or whatever, but will not admit that they merely create and maintain something outside themselves, a superego if you like, with which they can have an endless relationship of subservience and vain hope, meanwhile indulging all the old traits of unworthiness, victimhood, guilt and lack that epitomise any unreal relationship. For ultimately all relationships are unreal. The key is not to pray *to*, but to pray *as*. There is no 'relationship' with the divine to be had. You *are* the divine. You are not even a 'tiny speck' of it. You are literally it. And if you pray *as*, instead of *to*, then your prayer is nothing but action, nothing but the continuing expression of the divine, as if the divine breathed and danced itself. To pray *to*, is the very genesis and essence of confusion and suffering, since the 'other' can never be reached. In short, all relationship is unreal. And as long as it appears to be all we have... it is all we have!



The Evolution of Nothing 'This ocean of Becoming is the expression of desire, of need, of want, of searching, of struggling, winning, losing, making, breaking, shaping, rearranging... It is longing without ceasing, and each and every born creature is its embodiment. It is the infinitely complex expression of the illimitable and absolute energy field that pulsates at every conceivable juncture, forever expressing innumerable and limitless possible interactions and interactions...'

If this life is an infinite evolving - an eternal 'seeking for the sun', for liberation and happiness - then the core and only question is: *who* or *what* is it that actually 'evolves'? Each 'creature' or 'part' or 'form' or 'individual' may appear to be the 'evolver' - that is, the expressor and expression of evolution - yet the fact remains: to evolve out of what one 'is', is to no longer *be* what one 'is'. This notion of a 'defined or definable individual that evolves', is therefore an absurdity. Since the border between 'individual' and 'context' cannot be defined, there must be an innumerable weight of so-called factors that would have to combine for an 'evolution' or 'change' to occur. For one must always be something, and if one is not forever that something, one cannot be defined at all; one cannot be. The core question therefore is: 'what is it that always is' - that is, beyond notions of evolution?

Clearly, there is only one 'evolution' to be spoken of: 'out of' the materialist conceptual limiting mind, and 'into' the absolute presence-awareness-energy. Evolution is a limited idea with limited use, a paradigm to suit the contemporary mind, that is, a materialist scientific paradigm. The notion that things 'evolve into other things' is a product of materialist doctrine. We again ask: (1) 'Where is the boundary to be found between what a 'thing' 'was' and what it is to 'become'? (2) Where is there a circumstance when 'an infinitude of events' is not occurring? (3) Where is the border between 'individual' and 'context'? Answer: *nowhere*. A further analogy: thought is dubbed 'the modification of awareness'. Where then, is the boundary between the awareness and the thought? Answer, nowhere. There is no modification of awareness whatsoever. 'Change' is a mere signifier of so-called relationship, like any name or word.

We are now ready to ask: 'What in fact is it, that a change appears to occurs to?' If waves occur in the ocean, is the wave other than ocean? Not in the faintest degree. Clearly, to say that evolution happens to a discrete entity is to erroneously believe in the idea of discrete entities. There is nothing but the Absolute Energy Field, which merely appears to take the form of discrete entities ('creatures' *etc*) according to classifications we posit for our 'scientific' convenience. Similarly, there is nothing but absolute awareness, appearing to take form as 'thoughts'. There is no border whatsoever between 'thing' and 'context', such that if we deconstruct the nature of any thing, we recognise it as completely void other than as a 'set of expressions' of the absolute energy, ever at play in 'innumerable combinations' according to our 'limiting vision' of it. To visualise or name a 'discrete thing' and then imagine that 'change occurs to it' is an absurdity of the materialist mind.

No Border = No Evolution

Ungraspable quanta Where is the unit of time that separates ‘then’ and ‘now’ and ‘after’? It does not exist. Where is the quantum that is discrete from absolute energy? It does not exist. Where is the quantum that is ‘discrete from other quanta’? It does not exist. Does anything ever occur apart from absolute context? Nothing. There is nothing that is not ‘absolute context’. It cannot ever manifest anything other than Itself. And do we see how such words drive us to oxymoron? The absolute point of a cone: can it ever be found? The absolute curvature of a circle: can it ever be found? The very instant: can it ever be found? The sound: can it ever be found? The silence: can it ever be found? The still point: can it ever be found? The emptiness: can it ever be found?

There is no Quantity Try to visualise the apex of a cone. Where is the actual apex point? It is unattainable, incalculable, inconceivable. It is an imagining, a vanishing. ‘Number’ or ‘point’ or ‘moment’: none of these have substance. The infinite boundless has nothing to do with quantity. There is no quantity at all. All so-called objects (of the mind) vanish into the boundless Real Presence.



Complexity Knot...

The infinitely complex expression What keeps a ‘person’ ‘alive’? There is no such thing as a discrete person. Rather, there are limitless combinations of possible interactions in terms of something we designate a ‘system’ or call a ‘human organism’. Even such a name is crude. Such a ‘system’ exhibits the traits of all other possible systems, in that it is an ‘infinitely complex expression’ of the illimitable and absolute Energy Field that pulsates at every conceivable juncture, forever. Thus, when the ‘heart beats on’ and ‘keeps us alive’ we indulge our absurd fond notions of separateness and individuality, where nothing of the sort exists. Again, if the pulsation in the system appears to divorce itself from its ‘customary functions’ (ie: ‘it dies’), the Energy has merely moved outward and onward to other configurations of itself. The ‘death of the individual’ is thereby an utter nothing. When your ‘time comes to leave’, you would be well advised to do nothing but shrug your metaphoric shoulders and say: **Oh! Here I am, as always, forever.**

Can’t have this... without that

Unsteady Materialist Intellect We are ever prone to ask: ‘How are all the world’s objects created?’ Answer: they never are. The Absolute always appears to localise as ‘the one who sees’, and this is called ego, the ‘I’ thought, the knot of perception, knot of identity. But there is never ‘one who sees’. There is no seer-seen relationship. There is only Oneness, and it is ‘empty’. To say ‘there is a seer of all worlds’ is to admit to ‘worlds’. To say there is a ‘seer of object’ is to admit to ‘object’. The One appears as ‘the powers of projecting and veiling’, which are nothing but its own ‘localisation’ through the ideas of word, atom, time and space: word as localised vibration, atom as ‘localised light’, time as the idea of change, space as the idea of relationship or difference.

Pulse... the continual affirmation of forever

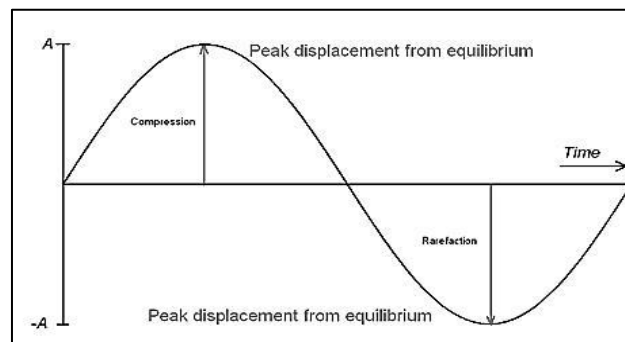
What happens at ‘death’? The reality is, death is nothing at all. People tend to ask: where did he or she go? The truth is, literally nowhere. We say things like ‘she has gone to her maker’, or ‘she has dissolved into her

essence', or 'her soul has flown'. In fact, there is nowhere to go since you are always here; that is, where you are, you can only ever be. How can you die? You are forever All. You can never be, in any atom whatsoever, different from your 'maker', which is yourself. Your 'essence' has only ever been you. The rest is pure illusion of form and name. The 'body' is mere 'illusory pathways in the Simple'. All is but the continual affirmation of forever.

The Pulse The pulse is the continual affirmation of a 'temporal point'. Like the knot of ego, it is the continual affirmation of 'identity'. Like a series of stop-frames in a movie, the pulse 'maps out our existence in 'space-time'. It gives birth to us yet wipes us out. The very pulse of the breath and the heart - *wipes out* the idea of individual. The pulse is but the continual affirmation of forever.

The Rhythm of Birth and Death Death is nothing but the out-breath, and birth is the in-breath. They are but 'movement outward' followed by 'movement inward'. Birth and death are presumed to 'happen to the body' as if it were some kind of autonomous system or object. But this in-breath and out-breath, this 'movement outward' followed by 'movement inward' occurs at every and any conceivable juncture, forever. It effects no change whatsoever to the absolute state that you are. He who claims there is 'nothing but constant motion', affirms nothing whatsoever at all. Where is 'life expectancy'? **Life is eternal. You are life. You are eternal.**

Displacement, the Karma Wave Force generates wave, the eternal idea of displacement. Karma is imposed when there is a pressure deviation from a line, one we might call The Line of No Karma. Deviation creates its own equal and opposite reaction. Instantly, the act generates its nemesis, which demands the return to equilibrium. However, the act of deviation creates the inertia of repetition, and hence the wave goes on. This simple rule applies to all physics, all perception, all psychology, all apparent complexity.



Relativity equals Limitation The Force (upward or downward arrow, above) creates the Counterforce or displacement (upward or downward arrow), bringing it 'into being', 'into awareness'. This is called relativity. It is always being-awareness, but expressed as 'the idea of limitation'. We may choose to embrace the 'idea of limitation', and likely we always do. But we should know that *we who behold the idea* are, by definition, unlimited.

Ego-force is desire: the definition of limitation and death There is no peace with ego-force, which is the desire for distinction, therefore clinging, therefore limitation. Freedom from suffering will not come unless ego-desire is exposed in all its phantom relativity. In desperate effort to maintain itself, fearful of its own non-existence, ego clings to its myriad of ‘concerns’, ‘issues’, ‘experiences’, ‘functions’. ‘Identity’ becomes its endless contortion, its ‘dance of death’: up-down, in and out, back and forth, yin-yang, round and round; thrashing snakes eating each other.



To whom do things appear to arise and pass away? That which appears to arise must appear to pass. That which appears to pass must appear to arise again. Yet, to whom? This is the pivotal question. If we conclude (rightly) that it appears to occur to you and me, so that we are eternal awareness itself, then the only remaining question is: **What is to be done?** We fear to accept the truth that no matter what we ever do, it makes not the faintest difference to heaven or earth. Yet we fear that therefore to do nothing, to accept what we are as the utter totality, is to give up, is to accept all our limitations, accept our states of ignorance. Crucially, we can realise that *the absolute is forever this, the absolute is forever this*. That is, all is forever as it is, here and now, and the only attitude is to ‘be present’. To say ‘there is nothing that does not arise in absolute self’ binds us by logic to admit that there is nothing that arises in absolute self. It is therefore advised: (1) Do not welcome in the object and cling to it. (2) Yet do not reject it. (3) Meanwhile, do not contrive to act as if it is not there. (4) Do not even claim to ‘witness it without concern’. Beyond all these, retain the enquiry ‘*Who sees? To whom does the event occur?*’ Herein, is to abide as awareness alone.

What is to be done?

Ask: can I live with ‘this forever’? Ultimately, total acceptance is acceptance of total awareness. It is ‘to let every possible thing exist in you’. Many will object that this is impossible! Such forbearance, such a level of patience, is deemed impossible. But what choice is there? And is forbearance required at all? Ask now: can I live with *this* instant? The answer is: I am doing it anyway, I have no choice. And is ‘this instant’ ‘forever’? If the answer is ‘yes, there is an eternity of instants’, then where exactly is our suffering? We are in fact so busy asking where our problem is, that we cannot locate it. We cannot locate our suffering.

What is the proper attitude? Life is utterly unalterable! If we recognise that things appear and pass away and appear again ad infinitum, we are tempted to see this process as unalterable absurdity and futility. A logical conclusion is to commit suicide - and it is possible to derive grim satisfaction from such monumental failure. The problem is that since we recognise that all that passes must come again, we must accept that suicide itself is futile. We may also try to escape through purification and mortification (‘slow’ suicide). The problem here, as the Buddha recognised, is that we foolishly waste our energy trying to elude a thing that is truly insubstantial (ie: it comes and goes). We may also seek to recognise everything as appearance only, and thereby ‘do nothing about it’ since we know there is nothing to be done about the Unreal. The problem here is again one of escape, since our realisation of the unreal is *sporadic* at best, such is the hypnosis of this endless manifesting force. Finally, should we practise accepting ourselves through the endless reiteration of an eternal journey of asking

‘What is to be done?’ and ‘What is the proper attitude?’ Yes, and this act of analysis must, like any practice, be constantly reiterated until it becomes our default, our continuum.

No Relationship Whatsoever

- There is nothing separate from self. There is nothing outside the self. There is no object. No seer or seen. No perceiver or perceived. No observer or observed. There is no ‘relationship’ whatsoever.

- So, what *happens* when an ‘object is perceived’? Does the seer ‘reveal himself to himself’?

- How can the seer possibly reveal himself to himself? He does not even ‘appear’ to do so, that is, to ‘play’.

Appearance is non-existent. It does not even ‘create a phantom thing’ that sees ‘difference between seer (self) and seen (object)’. There is no ‘perception’ of anything, ever. Nothing ever ‘happens’. And I am comfortable with the truth that no discrete thing exists. That no discrete thing exists is a beautiful fact that generates rest, not a terrible fact that generates fear

- But perceptions happen!

- There is the apparent projection of a phantom called ego that thrives on the creation of a ‘phantom opposite’. But projection from whom to whom? So-called observer and observed are one, and therefore neither exist. This means it can never be asked ‘Who is the observer?’ or ‘What is the observed?’ That very thought, that projection, ‘becomes the thinker’. Really, there is no possible thought to be had therein.

- But who can live with that?

- Herein is the core intellectual meditation: We accept the phantom play of infinite variables - for the sake of freedom from them all. There can be no dichotomy between ‘pure self’ and ‘complex or contaminated world’. Here is the essence of acceptance and patience. This truth lets us see all experiences as equally unimportant - instead of feeling continually alienated by the outward-projecting automatism of need, grasping, clinging, habit. The Fool knows nothing is worth, that nothing exists, yet he *walks in the midst*. What else can he do?

These are the Conditions

What if we were to admit ourselves to be boundless eternal light? Sit still, and do it now. What are the consequences of admitting to this fact?

Emptiness

1. There can be no difference between ‘you’ and ‘other’.
2. Your experience at any instant is absolute, it cannot be arbitrarily divided into components, either ‘seer and seen’ or ‘seen and seen’.
3. There is nothing separate from You.
4. There is nothing separate from boundless eternal light.
5. Other than boundless eternal light, nothing ever happens, nothing ever will happen.

Form (Ego)

6. Projections, points, events, systems appear - in every conceivable combination.

7. Every conceivable combination is possible, since boundless eternal light is boundless energy, actual and potential.
8. Your attention is Force (directed energy).
9. Force generates displacement (yin-yang, self-other, subject-object *etc*).
10. Displacement generates ideas of differentiation, limitation, point, atom, form, name, space, time, sequence, cause, effect, circumstance...
11. The idea of 'other', at once flashes forth as the idea of egotism (separate self). Here is illusion personified.
12. This illusion is eternal and boundless (like boundless eternal light). Thereby, illusion never began.

These are the Conditions



The Craving for Identity 'Within the Empty, comes the Impulse' ... and with that Impulse

comes the notion of the defined, the limited, the bound, the particular, the spatial, the temporal, the named, the different. The Impulse, the Ictus, the Snap, appears to emerge out of the Empty that you are. Thus, to crave identity, to 'build' identity, is an oxymoron, an absurdity! Yet it is all we ever do. This identity is the great battle to 'know', the struggle to master. Where is the border between empty and identity? There is none. And where is the actual event without you to generate it? There is none, only ever awareness. 'Yet who is *that*?' we ask again and again!

The Vital Need What to do about our continuous, thrusting, eyeless impulse and need to 'find the origin', to 'replace the thing that already happened', which was the need to get rid of 'the thing that happened before that'? Nothing is ever good enough, nothing ever gives peace, there is only the endless need to replace. But with what? The only conceivable thing is 'a variation of the thing already thought'. All thought is need, and all need is the need to replace. All thought is old, chasing something we already know, wanting something we already conceived, running from something we already did. Old is binding, is limitation, is vicious circle, and the endless thought-stream repeats the failures already identified. How can this ever end, this need to replace the unsatisfactory with something that is but a product of that dissatisfaction? The mind clothes itself as liberator, or refugee from the fleeing it has always enacted, or re-eater of food it has already disgorged. We search for the new - as long as it looks like something we have already decided on. We must understand and quieten the vital need. **Awareness is volition** What is ego? It is the force of desire: for definition, survival, security, comfort, pleasure, knowledge, power. Ego appears to be volitional, but it is really the limiting ignorance and self-importance of 'taking awareness for granted' allied to the blind force of habit. It is Little Jack Horner sitting in his corner, eating his pudding and pie. He sticks in his thumb and pulls out a plum, and says 'Oh what a good boy am I!' Awareness alone is volitional.

Behold the Utterness Behold the utter permanence, that which utterly pervades time, space, name or form. *Satchitananda* is the name for the ever-aware blissful oneness of absolute being. This absolute state of permanence contains all possible things, events, points, movements, energies, vibrations, conditions, ideas,

thoughts. All of these are forever drenched, subsumed, drowned, abolished, obliterated within its utter permanence. Ideas, impulses, forces may come, but are they ever anything but the permanence? That which appears to arise can never have done so. That which appears to arise must signal repulsion, death, materialism, ignorance, suffering. The opposer of being is the idea of death, the opposer of awareness is the idea of ignorance, the opposer of bliss is the idea of suffering, and the opposer of all, is the idea of limitation. Finally, that idea of limitation ever begs its consummation in the ever-unlimited, the state of utter permanence.

If a being never spoke, never acted, never thought, but remained as herself - forever silent, unmoving and clear - would there be any need to be born? Would there be any birth at all? 'Birth' into the impermanence is surely an intolerable joke called 'death'. These two ideas arise together, they are corollaries, they are yin and yang, and they are utterly without substance. There is only one substance: *Satchitananda*, the utter permanence, the utter abstraction. Oh, the apparent fulfilment of its utter possibilities will keep it 'active' forever and ever, so that here is suffering, searching, grasping, longing, becoming... But when is that utter permanence ever not itself? When has it ever not known its own utterness?

Awareness and Becoming Reality is ever awareness. Awareness appears to modify as subject-object but never alters. Awareness is called the medium. When the object appears to arise, subject appears to arise *as the object*. There can certainly never be any object separate from a subject. Subject and object and medium are thereby one and the same. That is, they have no relationship whatsoever. Yet life is force, whereby life is 'continually appearing to seek itself'. This is *becoming*. Imagine one who is trying to discover, to gain, to achieve, to win, to covet, to control, to master. Who is he? He is nothing but the one who is himself - yet he ever seeks to *become* himself. How can this be? Becoming is thus described as 'ever replacing its own phantomness'. Clearly, there can be no becoming at all. There can be no result, no arrival, no achievement, no substance. This is the Emptiness of Becoming. Yet who can resist the phantom power of becoming? We surmise that there can never be awareness without the eternal dance of seer and seen. **Is awareness thereby forever conditioned?** Truly, awareness can never be anything but itself. Yet as soon as there is the notion of activity in awareness - and all activity is but the notion of it - there is born the idea of conditioning, which is the idea of ego, relationship, limitation, automatism, blindness. We may identify three states in awareness: (a) a state of balance called *sattva* (b) a state of hiatus called *rajas*, and (c) a state of entrenched confusion called *tamas*. All of these are conditions, phenomena of awareness. So, is awareness forever conditioned? When immersion in the object arises, the seer (awareness) appears to be conditioned by the object. Yet the seer is supremely present, as evidenced by its power to *change* its conditioned state. In entering a conditioned state, the seer knows that 'this present thought (object) cannot possibly know me.' Here is initiated the *witnessing* state - a subtle self-reflexive process where the empty awareness solely allows itself to 'witness the possibilities of its continual conditioning'. At this point it has a choice: to withdraw from the conditioned state (object) and return to (empty) self-awareness, or to indulge in (enjoy) the conditioned state. Ultimately our goal is to understand that, whether conditioned or not, awareness is supremely present. Beyond the force of sheer habit, we acknowledge that it would be absurd not to accept this fact. Awareness ultimately admits two qualities: *absolute force* that manifests as conditioning, and *absolute feeling* that dwells as unconditioned awareness. Finally, our awareness and its 'active states' are ever one, like the ocean and its waves. Ultimately, whether we dwell as silence, as emptiness,

or as the conditioned, as form, we are confident that it makes no difference to us. Amazed at the reality of one borderless singular awareness, we become calm, and a quiet sense of joy arises.

What is it that is always present?

- Life is always present
- Are you life?
- Yes, I am
- Then you are always present. Life is eternal, and you are life. Therein you are eternal.

How can there be anything separate from Being? This notion is known as 'death'. How can there be anything separate from the Oneness of Bliss? This notion is known as 'suffering'. Life apparently expresses itself as multiplicity. Yet why should not awareness forever know itself? Are the drops of water in the ocean anything but the ocean? There is nothing but life, and life is nothing but aware. Life is nothing but the bliss of aware oneness. Therefore, Who calls himself a body, an island, a mind, a sinner, a thinker? Awareness is ever itself and nothing but itself. How can it even appear to localise or limit? Does awareness, for example, suddenly and miraculously come into being when we open our eyes from sleep? Does the object suddenly and miraculously come into being when we set eyes upon it? No, the so-called 'object' is ever the absolute being-awareness-bliss.

Life is eternal. You are life. You are eternal



The Integral Presence The reality is, life is total. There is nothing and no-one that is not you. All expressions of life, all 'things' in life, all components, phases, systems are 'the dance of the forever'. There is never anything to be done. Everything is, has been, and always will be done. Behind and within and as all the events, all the contradictions, all the push-pull - is the unnameable Fact, the unnameable Presence. It has no external qualities whatsoever. It is absolutely you. You are absolutely it. It exists, it is aware, it is bliss. Accept yourself and your journey as the Presence alone.

Practise Patience May we yet experience a sadness, an impotence, a frustration, that we can 'do nothing'? That there is no path, that there is no method, that we can be nothing except what transpires? The objection is: if I surrender to the ineffable complexity of being in all its parts and phases, I will be lost in a life of distractions. (And all the injunctions in this book will certainly be a gigantic waste of time.) We want liberation. But liberation from life - or within and as life? Many will see this as an absurd question, and the writer's dilemma as ridiculous, yet there it is. There is a method and a posture called Integral Yoga, which accepts and deals with the infinitude of complexity from the position of great patience. It is a yoga that never ends and never can end. Yet who of us can 'deal' with utter complexity, can cope with it and not drown, like all the other life-forms since the beginningless beginning of the world? Answer: To deal with the complexity of ourself can only be done from the standpoint of patience. That is, the greater the capacity to cope, the greater will be our inner simplicity, like an ocean that encompasses all its waves. Thus our capacity grows. Yet instead we privilege an endless rationalising, balancing of ratios, treading of water, adjusting, making, shaping, arranging, rearranging... all

from the standpoint of the flailing, separative ego. The intellectual rationalising faculty has too much power, we are too close to it, we accept it as ourselves. Patience is the best attitude. It minimises the need to grasp and to control. It shrinks the ego - the idea of separateness, the guardian of all thought and positionality and relativity, the perpetrator of confusion and of suffering.

There is no modification of awareness

1. Awareness permanently exists in a state without modifications.
2. Awareness is persistently drawn in the waking and dreaming states, to modifications - through the intellect, the emotional and imaginative mind, the five organs of sense, the five senses, and the five organs of action.
3. Phenomena ('events', 'changes') cannot ever be said to exist without the perception of them. They should therefore be termed 'qualities of awareness'.
4. We, as awareness, are instantly and totally absorbed in every modification (thought, feeling, sensation) as it occurs.
5. Therefore, the observer is never anything but the observed, the seer is ever the seen, and seer and seen are ever the medium ('action of awareness').
6. Therefore, emptiness is form, and form is emptiness. These states are one, and thereby neither exist.
7. Why do the modifications of awareness appear to be continuous? Answers: (a) Phenomena owe their 'sense of continuity' to the continuous presence of the seer, the awareness. (b) We fail to reflect that awareness is the sole actor, and instead believe the modification to exist in its own right. We fail to deconstruct habitual forms as 'empty awareness'. (c) The innate idea of polarisation, of 'observer-observed', of relationship - arises all at once in the act of perceiving.
8. Overall, we should reflect that according to the idea of change, no-one is ever able to say that a thing or event is actually what it is, except from the standpoint of an unmoving (continuous) observer. Belief in the idea of change therefore signifies ignorance of the unmoving observer. If all be modification, there can be none, and if change be 'continuous', there can be none.

Nothing is Inert All so-called modifications of awareness are subject to two options: that they are alive or inert. Let us suppose that all 'modifications' of awareness are inert, that the whole manifested cosmos is inert. On what basis? That no 'thing' has any independent arising, since all things occur in and as awareness, which is manifestly not inert. Further, *who* could ever claim that modifications are inert? It is manifestly absurd for awareness to posit that there is anything outside itself. Therefore to awareness, whether 'consumed' by the object or not, all is but awareness. There are no tools of awareness (thought, feeling, sense) independent of it. Nothing in this life is inert, since nothing is outside awareness.

Awareness: personal and impersonal It is assumed that awareness is impersonal (an 'impersonal abstract vast') until made 'personal' or 'individual' by circumstance, that is, by association with object. But awareness, by definition, is self-aware, and cannot be other than individual since it is solely self-aware. We are faced with the stunning admission that the infinite, borderless ocean of awareness is none other than the self-awareness of one unlimited individual, whereby 'individual' is 'that which cannot be divided'. We are further faced with the incredible liberating realisation that 'every single one of us' is none other than that sole, infinite, borderless

ocean, and, being that, that *you or I solely constitute the totality of all being*. This is pure logic as pure truth. We are then tempted to say that the true miracle of being is not so much that there is oneness, but that there appears to be division or limitation. In truth, it has to be one or the other; we cannot ultimately be both limited and unlimited. One of them has to be a lie.



No change, no death There is no change, and therein no death. Death is the idea that we are a 'limited being' rather than unlimited Being. Death is the idea of form. It is the idea of clinging. It is the idea of division. It is the idea that we have limited awareness rather than unlimited awareness. It is the idea that we undergo continual change rather than abiding as unchanging bliss. It is the idea of 'involvement in and as the manifestation'. There can be no 'event' called death (for example, 'where the life force and the body part company') other than 'a continuous state of change'. And if change is 'continuous' it is literally non-existent. If that is so, death is literally unreal. We should simply affirm: 'I, the Self, undergo no change whatsoever'.

Let it Go, Let it Go We certainly can and should put our hand and our mind to work in this life. Meanwhile, we can and should always let that work, that action, go. We can certainly work without grasping at the results of the work. And we can 'make a difference' to ourself and others, yet still let it all go. Life is continual flow, yet flow is indefinable, thus it is empty. Should we fear such emptiness, as if it were 'the death of our precious identity'? Never. The empty is liberation, because we are here forever. We are the utter totality, and we should take total responsibility for it, and we should totally relax. Do we want to hold onto the wind, stop a wave falling onto the shore? Do we want to arrest our own digestion? Can we arrest our own feelings, our own acts, our own thoughts? No, on all counts. Is it worthwhile holding onto anything? *Can* we hold onto anything? Clinging is the only way we can 'manifest death'. We can definitely put our hand and our intelligence to work, we can definitely make a difference. And we can most definitely let it all go.

Forever gone, becoming If it is all so important, why does it continually disappear in front of our eyes? If it is all so consequential, why can't we hold onto any of it? If it is all so momentous, why is it continually replaced? Always, always, something to be done... Never, never, anything to be done...

Action, it's over It has always been over. It will always be over. It never began. Nevertheless, it is over. There is not a thing, not an event, that is not already over. If you think it is not over, then you mistake it for 'another thing' - that itself is already over. Nothing new ever happened, or will ever happen. Nothing ever happened. And here we are. Here we are... And here we aren't. And here we aren't again. So who actually is it that isn't here? ...It's over. Relax! It's done.

It's over, over, over



Being-Awareness and the Delight of its Expression The force of need drives all creation. Creation is nothing but Pulsation, that is, the waves of 'densification and rarefaction' that produce the idea of displacement

in the boundless awareness. Pulsation is the eternal conditioning, the idea of relativity, where awareness appears to pulse form (limitation, darkening) and 'return' to itself. Here is in-breath, out-breath. Does this happen in space, in time? Never. Is there any particle, or name? Never. Appearance itself never actually occurs. Relativity is the very definition of non-existence. When you 'look' and 'see' the object, you see yourself, your ever-unchanging self. The 'observer' is ever the 'observed' - and if one is the other, then neither exists. You are *sat-chit-ananda*: being-awareness and its energy of self-delight. There never was or is anything but being-awareness and its self-delight. The entire 'cosmos', from the merest thought to the greatest conception of 'universe' - is nothing but the self-delight of being-awareness.



Nothing more substantial than this There is no 'event' in the history of the world that is any more significant or more substantial than the flicker of your mind as you read this sentence.

No time or place There is never a 'time' when anything in the 'past' of this life, this universe, ever exists, and there is never a 'time' when the 'future' of this life, this universe, ever exists. There is never a 'time' when the 'present' of this life, this universe, ever exists. There is never a 'place' where anything in this life, this universe, ever exists.

No quantity When someone or something is no more, when it 'dies', what is the *quantity* that does so? Is something lost from the sum of being? Absolutely nothing, no quantity at all, is lost. Such a 'departure' makes no difference whatsoever to life itself - since it is no departure at all.

No scale The pulsation of thought compared to the pulsation of 'cosmos': these are simply a matter of 'scale', and scale is nothing but an idea in the absolute awareness.

The Joke of Relativity 'Movement' is only 'apprehended' in still awareness. A 'moving object' has no existence without an unmoving seer. Is there movement at all? Yes, since the immovable seer apprehends it. No, since the immovable seer is immovable, and therefore apprehends no movement. Yet if there be no movement - then no immovability can be apprehended. This is a joke, the play of relativity.

The space between thoughts Look to the 'space between thoughts'. That space is the ever-present ocean of awareness. To be ever aware of this ocean-self is to kill the (emergence of) ego. Look to the space before and after each breath. That space is the ever-present ocean of being-awareness.



Nothing exists but Feeling There is nothing to feel but Feeling itself. Test the assertion! No-one has ever experienced, or will ever experience, anything but feeling itself. To feeling, nothing exists but feeling. ‘Object’ cannot be experienced, cannot be felt. Time, the passing of time, the stretch of it, cannot be felt. ‘Space’ or ‘particle’ cannot be felt... or any name or any form. Feeling is awareness; there is no reality but Feeling itself. That which cannot feel, is the very definition of the non-existent.

Feeling’s seeming wandering as ‘other’ is nothing but *need* indulging in a phantom play: a phantom child and its phantom play. Set not your heart on a ‘thing that comes or goes’. Set your heart on that feeling which is constant.

This, this *Who sends the mind to wander afar? Who first drives life to start its journey?* This life is eternal, it is beginningless endless Presence. To assert that ‘becoming’ is also eternal, beginningless, endless, is to assume becoming as the eternal condition of Being. But to say so is in fact to say becoming never *is*. The only way ‘becoming’ can be apprehended, spoken of, measured, captured, is to conjure a series of points, moments, events. Yet since ‘becoming endlessly becomes’, there can be no such points, moments, events, since nothing is ever what it is. Becoming is thereby a mirage. Time is non-existent. Birth and death are absolutely non-existent. There is only This. And likewise, ‘this’ has no definition either. This is the Tao, the mysterious emptiness.

Life has no Meaning Life is ‘to live’. Life has no ‘meaning’. Such an idea is only possible through comparison of the ideas ‘meaningless’ and ‘meaningful’, which are co-dependent dancing phantoms. ‘Meaning’ suggests something that can be ‘explained’ using other means, any means, myriad means. Life is inexplicable. To live means to live. To be means to be. To be aware means to be aware. To love means to love. All signifiers, all words, are cancelled in silence.

A parade of labels Can the hand grasp the hand? Can the heart beat the heart? Can the mind grasp the mind? Can a thought think a thought? Materialists! ‘Universe’ is nothing but ‘a thought called universe’. Juggle your atoms in the air: the juggling persists as long as you require it. This book of juggled words will end when writer and reader need it no more. Writer and reader are trying to account for a thing that has no existence. Verily, this is *Samsara*, the becoming, the wandering, the external search. Only awareness is self-existing, self-sufficient, self-self.

The philosophic problem It is like someone says to us: ‘Walk through this gate in the middle of nowhere and you will find enlightenment’. And all we can do is stand there, with a magnifying glass, studying the stupid gate.

Believe in no external Pray to no external god. Pray to yourself, if you must. At last you will be compelled to ask: *who am I praying to?* This self-reflexive question is the end of prayer, of projection, of the external.

End? End?

On this cusp of 'jettisoning all I have ever known', I reflect that I have learned some things: that obsession is a fool's game, that labyrinths lead only to more convoluted versions of themselves, that obsession with death is nothing but delusion and fear, that memory is nothing but the web of need and fear. We live in the threads of our stories because there is no explanation, no salve, for this omni-repressive present. Thus, I must not only give up what I was looking for, but also the tool, the paradigm in which I looked for it. Truly this book is an absurdity! In the end the strands of experience must dissolve in a great lake of *not knowing*. Yet my enduring need is still to characterise myself as a seeker. And I am as if always at the turgid beginning, where I must take up again the unending narrative, the labyrinthine bind of birth and death and time and consequence. Such a person really wants to give up. He habitually thinks of the end of all clinging and wanting, of place and time, of cause and effect, of delusion... where life might come to be profound ease, simply as it is, nothing but itself. Yet, he also knows there is no such thing as 'going', or 'arrival', or or 'end'. There is only the eternal Thisness, the borderless Here.



Awareness versus Unawareness

Statement To deconstruct the so-called 'aspects of my own nature' is to conclude that 'there is no object that is myself' - not the body, thought, or action. In fact, the only 'definition of myself' I can rely on is the pronouncement that 'no objects are myself'. What then is this mysterious 'non-object that knows'? It is 'the one who is aware of countless objects', and thus is the only factor by which these objects can be called objects at all.

Materialist objection This Being is an infinitude of *unconsciousness*, nothing but an infinitude of blind energy forming and unforming as matter, and these possess no self-consciousness whatsoever. **Answer** This position wants to assume that 'unconsciousness' is something that can be imagined, or worse, something that is beyond imagining. No-one has ever been able to even begin to advance a plausible theory as to the origin of awareness, nor will they ever be able to. The infinite energy is nothing but the active, manifesting quality of awareness. The one thing that cannot ever be manufactured by endless ramification of 'blind energy' is awareness itself.

Practical objection Why then is awareness not constant? Why, for you and me, is it continually lost or subverted or limited or clouded or diverted? **Answers** (1) Whatever awareness is, it is not 'manufactured' by the objects of one's attention! It is also not 'manufactured by its own shifting or fleeting state'. (2) The old saw: 'If a tree falls in a forest and no-one witnesses it, did it happen?' childishly posits the premise 'if a tree falls in the forest'. Who on earth is it that posits that premise? (3) Deep sleep, for example, is merely the pure state of awareness without objects. Upon waking, one is well aware that the sleep state was objectless. Surely only a fool would think awareness was somehow murdered in deep sleep then miraculously re-manufactured immediately after it. The same person would think that awareness is somehow manufactured by 'created objects'. If it were so, in what context would those objects have ever been envisioned? **A subtler objection** In the state of 'action', which is in fact continuous, there can be nothing but a sense of 'pure flow without

reflection'. The purport of this is: who could *ever record* the infinitesimal, nameless movements of a universe... the rotation of a wheel... the flutter of a breeze... pulse of a heart, twinkle of a star, birth of an atom...?

Answer While it is clear that 'events' can only appear to take place as and when the seer invents them, the 'one who sees' appears to be present in 'two states': (a) without objects (b) with objects. Yet awareness is not affected in any measure according to whether it 'objectifies' or not. Is the ocean of water affected by its waves? Whether or not there is experience of the object, there is only self. And to experience an object is total proof that it cannot by any means be separate or different from the self. There is never any individual 'object', or name or demarcation or 'identity' or time or space. In reality, nothing can ever be differentiated from self.

Summary of Objections

- 1. Objects** If the self is one, and therefore 'absolutely objectless', awareness is by definition lost if there is even the *appearance* of apprehension of the object.
- 2. Ego** How can awareness be called awareness if 'I', the manufactured ego, is not aware?
- 3. Deep sleep** Since there cannot be any sense of self without the concurrent experience of the limited manifested object, in deep sleep there is no sense of self, and therefore no awareness.
- 4. Continuous action** In the state of 'action', which is continuous, there can be nothing but 'pure flow without reflection'.

Summary of Answers

- 1. Objects** If in the 'waking and dream states', the so-called 'limiting force of manifestation' appears to arise in the self, why should that necessarily mean that awareness itself is divided, and therefore lost, in any way?
- 2. Ego** The 'little I' (ego), as a manufactured entity, is literally appearance only, and therefore unreal.
- 3. Deep sleep** In the 'sleep state', the limitation known as 'the concurrent experience of the limited object' does not arise at all. This in no sense can mean that the original awareness, the cause and repository of all creation, is 'lost'.
- 4. Continuous action** In the state of 'action' where there is 'pure flow without reflection', why should this mean that the self is incapable of awareness as pure flow? Is it chaotic, is it blind, is it lost?

Enquiry Alone

Enquiry into three states of awareness: sleep, waking, dreaming

Sleep is claimed to be ignorance, but only in relation to the wrong knowledge prevalent in the wakeful state. The waking state is really ignorance, and the sleep state is full knowledge.

If dreamless sleep is not the real state, where does the sleeper's intense peace come from? It is everybody's experience that nothing in the waking state can compare with the bliss and well-being derived from deep sleep, when the mind and the senses are absent. This means that bliss comes only from inside ourselves, and that it is most intense when we are free from thoughts and perceptions that create the world and the body.

The ego, the embryo of manifestation who suffers in the two states of waking and dream, imagining, 'I am the one who sees', is also the one who by thinking 'I did not see anything in sleep' loses his power, and gets mentally perplexed.

Body, world, objects and events appear in the waking state but disappear in sleep. Objection: *I am not aware in my sleep!* True, there is no awareness of the body or world. But you must exist in your sleep in order to say 'I was not aware in my sleep'. Who says so now? The wakeful person. The sleeper cannot say so. That is to say, the 'wakeful' individual who is now identifying the Self with the body, unreliably says that such awareness did not exist in sleep.

The same person sleeps, dreams and wakes up The waking state, because we identify with the body, is considered to be full of interesting things. The absence of such experiences makes us say that the sleep state is dull; this is because we were not there as an 'individual'. Let us be clear: do we not admit that we exist in our sleep? You are the *same person* that is now awake. Is it not so? There is a continuity in the sleep and the waking states. What is that continuity? It is the state of pure being. So, there is continuity of being in all the three states, but *no* continuity of the 'individual' and the 'objects'.

Through the destruction of the limiting ego, the polarities (seer-seeing-seen, knower-knowing-known) that are based on it, disappear along with the waking and dream states. The Self-forgetfulness that is the basis for their rising is fully destroyed. Unceasing being then shines in the Heart.

The mind creates the states of waking and dream. In its state of dormancy it remains unaware of itself, the body or the world. When the ego drops away, all disappear, leaving the state of illumination.

Once the tendencies that caused the waking and dream states to manifest have been eradicated, the three states of waking, dreaming and deep sleep cease as alternating states of mind.

When the mind of the seer has dropped away leaving only the light of the Self, sleep ceases to be 'a state of unconsciousness in which one is unaware of anything'. Though the body will continue to 'sleep' after the mind has gone, the seer will be fully aware of the Self at all times. There will no longer be any daily period of unconsciousness as the mind lies dormant.

By failing to enquire into and realise the true experience that exists and shines in the same way forever, one becomes deluded and thinks 'I am the one who woke up'. If that powerful sheath of the intellect, the ignorance that is experienced in the waking state, is destroyed by the sword of self-enquiry: *'I am not the one who woke up'* - then the eminent state of sleep will shine, remaining as pure bliss, its ignorance destroyed.

If the illumination that is awareness of our being exists so firmly that it remains unshaken until sleep overpowers us, then there will be no need to feel jaded or disheartened, lamenting 'The forgetfulness of sleep has come and unsettled me!' Our awareness appears at present through the mental faculties. True or perfect

knowledge is always shining, even in sleep. If one is continuously aware in the waking state, the awareness will continue in sleep also.

Pure awareness is waking sleep The state of the Aware One is neither sleep nor the waking state but intermediate between the two. There exists both the awareness of the waking state and the stillness of sleep. It is called waking sleep. We may call it wakeful sleep or sleeping wakefulness, or sleepless waking or wakeless sleep. It is not the same as sleep or waking separately. It is the state of perfect awareness and perfect stillness combined. It is also *the interval between two successive thoughts*. It is the source from which thoughts spring. We see this when we wake up from sleep. In other words, thoughts have their origin in the stillness of sleep. Thoughts constitute the only difference between the stillness of sleep and the turmoil of waking. Go to the root of the thoughts and we reach the stillness of sleep. However, we reach it in the full vigour of search, that is, with perfect awareness.

In sleep our ego is submerged and the sense organs are not active. The ego of the Knowing One has been killed and he does not indulge in any sense activities of his own accord, or with the notion that he is 'the doer'. So, he is in sleep. At the same time the Knowing One is not unconscious as in sleep but fully awake in the Self. His state is sleepless. This sleepless sleep, or wakeful sleep, is called the 'fourth' state of the Self (*samadhi*). It is the *screen* on which all the three ignorances of waking, dream and sleep pass, leaving the screen unaffected. However, only if these three states truly existed could the state of 'waking sleep', this pure state of awareness, be termed 'the fourth state'.

Continuous Enquiry is Needed Until 'waking sleep' occurs in the waking state, we should not abandon our enquiry in the form of self-questioning. By the same token, we should unceasingly perform the questioning enquiry until the waking sleep pervades and shines in the dream state as well.



Absolute Appearance Forever At Once There is never any state where awareness is not absolute. Beyond the notion of infinite complexity, awareness is absolute simplicity and unity. Such 'states' as appearance and non-appearance, form and emptiness, waking, dreaming and deep sleep (*etc*) have no actual definition beyond the 'forever at once' of awareness. It cannot be, that a 'single form or event' appears exclusively in time or space, that is, in opposition to all others. Yet this is the nature of the ego, of our continued myopia. Limitation is forever unreal. For the very idea of limitation to be, the unlimited must reign without ceasing.

The unknowable, seeking to 'become known'

- How is the perception of 'becoming' or 'change' even possible since the seer is forever himself? How can the seer even appear to enter ratio, relativity, form?
- The indwelling energy of being is force. Force can only 'appear' as a 'counterforce' to 'that which ever contains the force'. Here is the idea of displacement, which becomes the great 'magnet' of the world

- But how the hell does it, can it, appear?
- The asking of that question is its 'appearance'. *Who* asks the question?
- How am I always the unknowable restlessly seeking to be 'known'?
- Nothing that truly exists can ever be anything but itself. Yet there is an unbounded, expressive, projecting power. Again, force can only 'appear' as 'counterforce' to 'that which contains the force'. 'Creation' is nothing but the magnetism born of displacement. The magnetic forces known as ego and memory continually juxtapose, compare, order and store. We are addicted to descriptions, to inference, which we gather in the service of 'position', 'identity'.
- So the expressed, the magnetically created, never exists?
- Should ideas and forms be banished from the totally free?
- But how can they *be*?
- Freedom does anything it likes. 'In the beginning was the word, and the word was with god'. The infinitude of apparent expressions are always god.



- By logic, if a perception is to 'occur', it occurs to one who is beyond it?
- Yes, to one who both 'becomes it' and is ever beyond it
- But if it 'occurs to one who is beyond it', then how can it occur?
- 'Beyond it' means 'forever containing it', not 'outside it'
- So awareness is both never and forever conditioned, limited, channelled?
- Yes and no. It is 'both and neither at once'
- Can this life be 'dead'?
- It depends on the word, expression or thought you conjure for it
- My core question is: Who is this One who can appear to not be what he is?
- Aha, the veiling, limiting power!
- Who possesses that veiling power?
- It is the borderless awareness who assumes a 'border' as long as he posits the 'idea of border'
- Yet can his awareness be veiled?
- Yes, awareness can effortlessly imagine its own veiling. It is called 'play'. Blind man's bluff!
- Then does it ever cease to be of the nature of awareness, of its own nature?
- No
- Therefore, can awareness ever be anything but what it is?
- No. Yet the nature of awareness is both emptiness and its energy. Awareness can appear in the mode of 'force and counterforce forever' and yet will never be slightest bit affected. Where energy goes, awareness goes. Some call it the holy ghost
- So should we say: awareness and its so-called 'ghost manifestations' are One?
- Yes
- And is there ultimately anything but awareness?
- No. Yet we may say: 'Desire is ever fulfilled in the dance, the performance. These are but breaths of the One, the great, who is infinitely and ever Himself. And remember, there can be no (apparent) limitation without infinite liberty.'

No Border, No Border

- Think of air and wind. What difference is there between them?
- None, except that wind moves
- Yet is the wind ever anything but air?
- No
- Think of the ocean and its waves. What difference is there between them?
- None, except that the waves move
- Yet is the wave ever anything but water?
- No
- Think of heat and fire. What difference is there between them?
- None, except that fire moves
- Yet is fire ever anything but heat?
- No
- Now, think of the will and the awareness. What difference is there between them?
- None, except that will, as force, moves
- Now consider. How can it move? How can displacement occur between the force and its counterforce when it operates on nothing but itself?
- It cannot
- How can will-force exist then, when it is nothing but awareness?
- It cannot
- Is the will-force 'continuous'?
- Yes
- Again, can force ever be distinguished from its counterforce?
- No, they are simultaneous. No border can ever be discerned
- So, can the displacement of force and counterforce ever occur?
- No.



How can we prove we are anything but aware?

- It is argued: we cannot be our true nature without conceiving those objects or states that seem to contradict it, countermand it. Emptiness is thus forever to be expressed in and as form
- Yet in order for a 'thing' to be, there has to be a 'not that thing'. This 'not that thing' cannot be other than *you*, absolute awareness. You must remember: there is no 'conception' to be had except a 'relative' one; that is, it has no independent arising
- But is there any value in knowing this 'truth', when the endless cascade of form constitutes our nature?
- If we remember the self continuously, all universes will cease to be substantial even as we live within and as them. We must always ask: *who* says it? *Who* claims to say they are unaware? Thereby, how can you prove you are anything but aware? We will then fulfill our Bodhisattva status of 'freedom within forms'. *Bodhisattvas* are those who in order to accomplish a job of helping others, resonate in sympathy with a mantle of ignorance they

have already disposed of. Compassion is no more than Understanding - of the eternal use and purpose of everything - even as it is nothing at all.

Suffering is clinging The cause of suffering is the idea of clinging. Clinging is the need for 'identity'. This is the need to 'survive'. This is the idea of separateness, distinctness. Within the still Being, negation, conflict, tension, hiatus, limitation, veiling appear to arise. The idea of separateness caused by such pulsations is automatic. It is called egoism, the 'individual' who feels that he or she suffers. But *who* undergoes suffering? Boundless Self, as it were, cannot suffer. 'Identity' is thereby defined as 'the need to survive', where 'survival' is nothing but the idea of 'identity' in the face of its 'negation'. An endless, magnetised, vicious-circling phantom is created. It is Becoming, the serpent Ourobourois, devouring itself.



No dead bodies in the graveyard We cling to the notion that to live near a cemetery, a field of 'dead bodies', is not a desirable thing. Yet a cemetery is a sacred and beautiful space of rich (bone-fertilised) soil, green grass, leafy trees. It should be blindingly obvious there is no distinction between things 'alive' and things 'dead'. How is such superstition able to flourish? An analogy: You float in a boat in an ocean of water. You dip in your hand and scoop out a droplet, and absurdly say to yourself: this droplet is *dry*. Not wet, like other droplets, but dry. Any child knows that water is wet, that it can never be dry. But 'wise adults' know better: there are indeed wet ('living') and dry ('dead') droplets in the ocean of water! This life is the ocean of energy, of being. It is borderless, timeless, absolute. There can never be any droplet in life's ocean that is 'dead'. Energy cannot transform into death, any more than 'wet water' can become 'dry water'. Thus, there is no transformation of any kind, because nothing is ever but *what it is*. And what is, utterly refutes the absurd juxtaposition of 'life versus death'. There are no dead bodies in the graveyard. There is but fertile soil.



Contemplate That What is born and what dies that is not already present? Between self and other, between awareness and ignorance, show me the border! Contemplate That without which nothing can be, That which is All in All, That beyond which nothing is. You are here. You have always been here. You will always be here. The sum total of energy in this universe cannot ever diminish. There is no death. It is just a question of which form we ever appear to take. There is only this eternal now. You.

The Infinitude of the Boundless Heart There is a point in the growth of insight where we exclaim: 'My god, I am but a tiniest speck in the Infinitude!' Another thought should then arise: How can anything be a speck, that is, a 'discrete thing', in infinitude? The very notion 'I am a tiny speck...' is the genesis and definition of 'making discrete', and thereby the genesis of the thought 'infinitude'. Dichotomy (displacement, difference) is thus established. Can anyone ever say that if a thing is a part of something else, that is, of something greater, that it has discrete existence at all? We can do so only in the imaginative projection of it. If we posit that there is nothing but pulsation in all the Infinitude, the next logical question is: *If all is pulsation, then what pulsates?* Answer: that which contains, and therefore is beyond, and thereby drowns, pulsation. And who can quantify or qualify pulsation itself? No-one can know the genesis of a thought, nor the 'points' of its progress, nor how it is

subsumed back into the emptiness whence it came. No wave can be tracked, for the one who might track it negates its existence. Where is its crest and where its trough, and where are the phases between crest and trough? Similarly, who can posit a point, a particle, and say where its boundary lies? By definition, there can be no boundaries. The Infinitude sees all. Yet is Infinitude a thought? Never. It is a feeling. The purest feeling, the silent Heart.

Identity = Clinging

No Identity Action has no identity. Thought has no identity. Sensing has no identity. Even feeling has no identity. The idea that one is personal? There is no personality. Liberation is to be defined as 'No Identity'.

There is no Incarnation What is it that is ever present in all the moments of our acts? It is called the Ancient of Days. We are That and that alone. The only 'individual' is absolute awareness. Nothing in 'created form' can be individual. Being-Awareness is our sole feeling, the only feeling there ever is, the only 'sense' we ever have. It is dependent on nothing, and merely appears to localise as form. 'Birth', 'change', 'evolution', 'death': these words signify no particular event at all. Show me the actual border between 'thing and thing' and I will accept that the thing exists. The rest in convention, sign, name only. Just as there is no drop that is separate from ocean, there is no 'birth' into anything and no 'exit' out of anything. No incarnation can ever be proved. Incarnation is denied. All possibility and actuality is forever here. The 'person' who stands here today is the same person who ever was, the eternal person. The animal who stands here today is the same animal who ever was... *There is no element or part that is not what it ever was.* Evolution? A perceived shuffling of preconceived parts. Death? A charade of shuffling from room to room.

There is never any time or place or cause Time and place and cause are conventions, and thereby illusions. The idea of remembering is a mere 'gathering in the present'. Nothing ever happened but now. How to account for cause and effect? Visualise waves in an endless sea. The waves appear to pulsate, 'come and go', but the ocean ever remains. Here, now. Nothing ever 'resulted' from anything else. Being is elastic, plastic, forming and re-forming 'in the one spot, in the one time'. It is ever the same presence, ever the identical 'event' - a dance of ghosts. Thank god the event is never what it is, for therein is mercy. How to account for regret? Regret is to cling to things that have no existence beyond our clinging. Clinging is slowness, dullness.

There is no 'limited individual', since there are no borders. The terms 'self' and 'environment' are mutually relative, and therefore null and void. What we know as 'sequence in time' is the arbitrary measuring of the apparent pulsation of the eternal. The key is to know how the very impulse arises, to *watch* its origin in the silent awareness. To abide in non-formation is to admit the eternal as oneself - even as form-pulsation appears to continue forever.

Deconstruct Evolution

Evolution: The seer is never obscured Materialists like to assume that awareness ‘progressively manifests’ in the various ‘levels’ of creation, beginning with plant life, and ‘progressing’ to animal, then human. Such a vision must obviously assume the existence of life forms higher than the human. But in what *absolute context* can anything take place? We are forced to assume that there is a common ‘energetic pool’ or ‘being’ through which all forms and levels arise and are sustained. The key questions that thus arise are: how can one ‘level’ of life arise from another unless there were some motivating force that is superior to, that is, contains, both the previous level and the present one, and by implication all levels? We will not even speak of the impossibility of differentiating any ‘singular organism’ from its absolute context. Second, all levels are manifestly present everywhere, as we speak. Why did not all ‘previous levels’ fall away to oblivion when a higher level was ‘reached’? The idea that different levels manifest according to different circumstances and contexts, or according to the notions of the survival of the fittest, fails to account for the absolute diversity of all levels within the absolute being, here and now. No, it is blindingly clear that there must be a context, a substance, a force, a power, an intelligence that is superior to, and contains, all manifested levels. It is also equally clear that the idea of ‘evolution’ is at best a convenience for the sake of classification. Its proponents seem to arbitrarily ‘differentiate an apple from a pear’ while failing to discern the *common substance, the indwelling agency*, by which any and all transformations take place. That common substance is being-awareness, in its self-manifestations through force. We are bound to a logical question: How or why should the essence of a singular substance be lost in its infinite extrapolation? Finally, no boffin or pundit has ever been able to put forward any theories of creation, or of levels of creation, or of evolution, without the ubiquitous and taken-for-granted presence of awareness. If the agent, the seer, whoever or whatever that may be, takes a limited view or position, limitation and positionality are the obvious result.

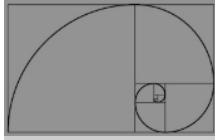
Context Absolute

Proofs of the unlimited seer

1. The key meditation, the key insight is: no limitation, no materialisation can ever occur, or appear to occur, without the absolute presence, the eternal presence of the absolute. Limited manifestations (points, waves) can only appear, as limited, to the unlimited seer. Limitation proves the boundless. Pulsation proves the silence. Time proves the eternal. The great duality proves the utter non-dual. The object, particle, name - limited in time and space - prove the absolute seer.

2. The absolute will forever appear to manifest itself as a play of oppositions, a dance of differences, a game of this and that, of high and low and light and dark. Yet its essence, its actual nature, can never be obscured. In answer to the question ‘Can the absolute substance be obscured or lost?’ we reiterate: how or why should the essence be obscured or lost in its infinite extrapolation?

The Great Projection



Experience in the ocean of awareness

The ocean of eternal awareness contains all possible ramifications of itself forever, and there is no ‘time or place’ whereby all possibilities are not forever occurring. In terms of the ego, that magnetic force around which certain experiences within the infinitude coalesce through action and reaction, a ‘quantum’ of those experiences is retained as memory. In this sense there is the idea of ‘storage’, a ‘quantum’ that is ‘examined, added to and reacted to’. This storage occurs through the magnetic formation of experience around a ‘centre of awareness called the ego’, either through the force of the unfamiliar or the habit of repetition. Hereby, a ‘serviceable identity’, though provisional and ephemeral, is forged and adapted.

Yet, what relationship should be taken to identity’s components? We need to observe the fixations we call memory, in the service of understanding the nature of repetition and reinforcement according to a field of already ingrained preferences. We cannot wait till the ‘counterforces’ manifest themselves, since we have absolutely no control over the never-ending cycle of forces and counterforces and displacements. We must ask the ultimate question: *Who is it* that sustains any relationship at all with thought and memory? Such an inward movement leads to the compelling insight that such relationships are entirely provisional, and that all these phenomena have been judged ‘external’. Ultimately we must adopt a role of cool detachment. This is the practice called *Jnana Yoga*, where we deconstruct ‘border’ or ‘relationship’ between seer and modification. An alternative to this is called *Bhakti Yoga*, where there is deliberate worship of the modification as nothing but an embodiment of the (divine) self. A third option is called *Karma Yoga*, where we work with all the modifications in a completely non-judgemental way.

We must ask: what is this ego, this so-called ‘personal awareness’, and what relation does it have to ‘absolute awareness’? Our answer is: Who is ever able to discover a border between them? Does the asking create the border, or does the asking eliminate the border? Answer: it eliminates.

Here is a classic objection to the ‘non-existence of the ego’: There is an infinitude of things ‘I’ am not aware of. They will say: these are possessed of their own life, light, function; for example, any cell in any body is possessed of its own controlling intelligence. Certainly, every ‘thing’ appears to have life of its own, if that is not an oxymoron, yet there are no ‘particles’ or ‘building blocks’ or ‘atoms’, as the ego would like to think. These constitute an idea only. We should never make the mistake of thinking an idea is a ‘real and independent thing’, no matter how hard we try to establish it. The eternal question is: *By whom* is any idea (that is, any modification) entertained? Answer: By the one who is eternally and nothing but it. Not ‘beyond it or outside it’, but it. *Absolute awareness* is thereby the substance, heart and soul of all modifications, all faculties, all ‘cells, all ‘things’. What has this to do with the separative stance called ego?

Who am I that 99.9% of ‘my own functions’ are unknown and uncontrollable? Who exists here in the essence without parts or attributes, where thoughts, feelings, body-shape, memory, paradigms are erased? In this endless automatic life, what experiences are ultimately retained as, and thus constitute, the individual? Only this: *I am*

and I know that I am. The individual is defined as ‘the one who cannot be divided’. The purport here is: show me the border or distinction between ‘individual and absolute’. If the absolute is truly so, then its infinite ‘centres’, pathways, fractals, components, spheres, contexts and incarnations are also absolute. That is, they are totally existent in the sense that within the phenomenon of ‘continual transition, continual experience’, the sum total of life’s pathways (*etc*) can never lessen. Certainly, experiences are magnetically retained around an indefinable centre called ego, in greater or lesser force for longer or shorter times. If we define these as ‘patterns and trends that support the evolution of the individual’, then we must accept the ‘essence’ of every one of them as retained. But our original question is not resolved.

We may frame the issue this way: Is the individual ‘the sum of all parts’ or ‘the essence beyond all parts’? If the former, then we accept there is ‘an individual who evolves’, ie, is in transition, who must eternally process the essence of experiences. If the latter, we accept the self as eternally beyond the play of its parts. In this case, **there is no individual but the formless absolute within which all things have their play.** One might argue that ‘I am simultaneously the one who is defined by experience and the one who is not defined by experience’. But we are again left with the question: how can the indivisible, that is, the individual, ever ‘evolve’ (that is, self-limit as ego) or even appear to do so? We are left with the realisation that any ego-based attitude that involves seeking or striving is fatally limiting. The sole appropriate attitude must be acceptance. But why is acceptance so difficult? Read on.

The Absolute Cycle of Need and Lack Watch carefully! During the contraction of the awareness, called the ‘in-breath’ or manifestation, self-awareness is suddenly constricted and flashes forth as ego. Awareness has contracted because of desire, the idea of volition or *want*. Need then arises, which is the entrenched perception of lack. Need - lack - need - lack. Here is the total polarising ritual, in time, forever. Which arose first? Do not ask! Our ego-force thus generates magnetised imprints in this competitive state called relativity. Like iron filings to a magnet, the perceiver is lost in modifications; he clings to them to define himself. They manifest as urge, memory, emotion, knowledge, sphere, paradigm. Here is life as unstable ocean, where the crest of any wave is ‘someone thinking they gained something’ and the trough of any wave is ‘someone thinking they lost something’. It seems ironic that the mechanics of this great material ‘incarnation’ are forever blind and machine-like. But you and I are forever the motivating awareness-force, and we ever respond, infinitely plastically, to the hiatus of want and need. We become this great projected, self-entangling, self-aggrandising, self-voluminating web called the universe. Its manifested names and forms get accepted as *fait accompli*, then seeking and debate rage, using names and forms that have no self-existence... then language and history and philosophy and science and mathematics thrive as we fulfil every sort of *ancillary* condition in pursuit of a nameless original want or need. The resentment and sense of loss caused by the effort to fulfil ancillary conditions fuels the eternal want and need, in time, forever. Every breath we take, every mental move, is the fulfilment of ever-wanting and ever-resenting. And the incarnation of need is ever-now, ever-happening, one breath at a time.

Meanwhile, we are continually trapped in the fear of time passing. We cling to the false identity of what we call achievement. This is nothing but the habit of accumulation, of desire born of fear. Time threatens us at every step, for time is a thief and usurper, a ghost and bogeyman. Time is verily death! Look closely, see how

impossible it is to grasp at a thing called future, how impossible to grasp at a thing called past, how impossible to dwell in a thing called present. Yet we precisely fear surrender to the eternal - to be that which we forever are, devoid of need, devoid of ego.

It is all right here Meanwhile, the silent heart is ever-present, always simple, always now. This infinite life is very small, very here; no big deal, right here. It is as small, as intimate, as here as can be. It is the immutable immobile permanent, the unthinkable conscious being... Therefore, *be as you are*.



Self-aware self-abiding When the undifferentiated self identifies with a 'limiting object' - that is, whenever awareness, as mind, contracts or 'goes outward', when it 'attaches' to idea, image, feeling or sensation - the sense of self is lost. That is, whenever 'an object occurs in mind' there is no sense of self. The singular act or thought is perpetually seen to exist to the exclusion of all others, even for an instant. Meanwhile, when awareness withdraws from object, even momentarily, the sense of 'I as awareness' is forever present as substratum, as simplicity, as unadorned peace. Mastery will never come from 'managing the thoughts themselves' since the mind is paralysed in every one of them. Therefore, what is our true role amid the 'continual outward modification' of awareness? Such is our overwhelming habit of perpetrating and accepting the outward manifestations as real, where the self-bolstering ego is forever the phantom centre of 'identity', self-aware self-abiding is no easy habit to acquire. The problem is this: Our actual experience at any given instant is never compound, it is always a seamless wholeness. We cannot possibly experience the so-called 'components' of any experience as discrete. There is no discrete, separative 'I' who experiences a separate 'that' or 'other'. The idea of an 'experiencer' versus an 'experience' is thus a total nonsense. Our experience at any given juncture is absolute, it cannot be arbitrarily divided into components, either 'seer and seen' or 'seen and seen'. Therefore, is there any action to be taken, other than to silently accept the status quo of awareness, whether it be engrossed in the object or not? Read on.

Sisyphus and the Flow Everyone knows that when one is totally concentrated in an activity, there is really no sense of action at all. This is what we call 'flow'. Flow is a concept of being that is not at all 'in time' or 'in motion', since it really comes from nowhere and goes nowhere. There is no sense of action being performed, precisely because there is no sense of being an actor. This experience is by no means confined to peak thinkers, sportspeople or artists. On the other hand, we generally feel as if we are the mythical Sisyphus who pushes his 'rock' up the 'mountain', only to see it forever fall back to where it started. We forever endure the Groundhog Day hell of 'beginning again'. Some will blithely say 'action should be its own forgetting, and therefore its own reward'. But we, like Sisyphus, continue to 'act' as long as we believe we are the 'actor', so that our 'rock' is the continual belief in struggle. Yet to enter the state of 'flow' is to experience a continual absorption that allows us to *be*, without qualification, without struggle. Surely this is ideal, an example of 'meditation as action'. How is it done? We have to surrender to the moment, the flow, without reservation. What could possibly be lost, except our need to control, or our need to feel 'separate'? Imagine the position of 'an ocean that perceives its waves'. The ocean can see that all so-called waves arise and fall within and as itself, flowing onward forever,

never ‘arriving’. Yet you and I instead habitually strive to take the position of the ‘individual wave’. This is absurd, there is no such thing. Perhaps the proper attitude is to affirm that ‘there is no attitude to be taken at all’.

be as you are... one breath at a time

No border means no death To understand there is no border between individual and absolute is to wipe out birth and death. The statement ‘I am going to die’ can only mean *‘I am going to stop experiencing things that appear to be other than myself’*. Yet how can ‘I’ converse with ‘I’? What we really mean is ‘there is a wish to remove the limitations of the false ego’. And there, is the end of suffering. Where are the dead? There are no dead. Therefore they are not anywhere. The idea of dead is another component in the web of created identity. Death is a word. There is no frontier. There is no border. Not a single thread or atom of a brain is unconnected with a mind. Not a single thread or atom of a mind is unconnected with absolute mind. Not a single thread or atom of absolute mind is unconnected with eternal, absolute being-ocean. Nothing is personal. And we insist there is a thing called death?

Give up experiencing what appears to be other

No enlightenment At last, what difference does the realisation of non-duality make? The real import of this question is: If objectification ceases, how can there be any act or state of ‘realisation’? There can be no ‘attachment’ since the idea begs the question ‘who is attached?’ Likewise, there can be no ‘detachment’ since the idea begs the question ‘who is detached?’ Who can ever be a living exemplar of enlightenment? It is ridiculous; there can be no-one there, no-one who is enlightened. Finally, we pose the most radical question of all: who can cope, who can deal, who can live - with the truth that there is nothing but the Absolute?

Who can cope, deal, live - with nothing but the Absolute?



PART TWO: POLEMICS AND POETICS

We now express more polemical and poetic renditions of our subject, the strange and elusive nexus between awareness and limitation, striving and acceptance.

7. INFINITUDE of SCINTILLATING PULSATION

The Riddles of Insidious Naming Reader, can I waken you to the riddles of insidious Classification, of Naming? Let me cite a man who dared himself to measure the lonely coast of an island country: its overwhelming irregular jaggedness forced him to seek tinier and tinier units of measure, and that sea-swept british coast became wildly infinite before his eyes. Dismayed, he turned to football instead. 'A ball that far away seemed to my vision a two-dimensional disk, at an uncertain point turned three-dimensional as it neared my eyes!' Such conundrums made him cry out for some deeper dimensionality. 'Accept fractional dimensions!' cried the boffin Mandelbrot. 'Imagine if you will a 'Y' shape, from which each branch forms a new 'Y', ramifying and distributing forever, to infinities great and small; the same when viewed from far or near, where any bit is the mirror of the whole. It is a *fractal*, a single contained equation extrapolated to Nth degree. As above, so below, the ancients said. These fractals ('fractured stones') systematise even the broken, the non-Euclidean, the irregular. They infest all things: brain synapses, blood vessels, snowflakes, mountain topographies, rivers, waves, winds, clouds, nebulae, galaxies, eyeballs, flowers, bubbles, atoms. Fractal geometry maps infinitude at any and all scales. The brain itself performs such magic by folding and squeezing greater and greater surface into less and less volume, distributing energy and blood inward to the core of itself. What a multitudinous confabulation of interconnective integrity. Dimensional magic. Exquisite submariners of chaos!'

How many trillion pencil-pathways shall we scratch in the emptiness? How many atoms shall we clutch, grasp how many fistfuls of air? Are we safe, can we live now happily? There must be order! For here is our legend, our *narrative*. Without it we're nobodies. God give me system. This fractation is the bone-structure of all our narratives. It fathoms the very substance of culture, race, country, knowledge, action, history, language, science, mathematic, dialectic, machine... Hold up a cotton-picking second! For what is it that *continually originates* this fractal propagation of thought, this explosion of nerve impulses in a synaptic brain? Consciousness stands outside and beyond and within, I tell you; it is ghost and maker and origin and master and result.

Utter Simultaneity What of awareness' secret truth: the truth of total simultaneity? Does its absolute power not fritter and fry electric channels of the known and unknown, tossing all in ether and fire in search of

outrageous possibility, working all at once in all potential worlds, wherever and whenever a tiny impulse of its own making flings an infinite electric pathway at space and time in a lunging search for 'change' or 'originality' in the perfection of emptiness? Ten million fish in utter cohesion perform a single fin-flick at the ineffable nudge of the unseen. Ten million snow-geese lift from the pillow of earth together, headed for predestined places with not the ghost of a plan. Ten million bees labour as one to complete the hive for reasons known but to the Unknown.' Simultaneity. Ghost in the machine. Utter intelligence. Gesturer of cause, effect, time, space. Conjuror of all things in the simultaneity of emptiness...



The Absolute Actor This absolute is a nonchalant actor, who wears the fleshy costume *as if* limited, ignorant, blind, unconscious. He is *awareness and power* - the ghost that conjured its nemesis and fulfilled itself. And laughs! When the thrust, the movement comes, he enters stormy waters, enters the death-mystery... For a moment outcome languishes in the mist of possibility of which no man nor woman, no prophet or divine all-seeing eye can know that outcome. Then blessed order, result is *there*. The ghost of order willed it! Then attention shuffles away... and enters again the womb of itself, and hiatus is there... till form comes again. And though form is a blind child who murders knowing, yet awareness puts on its veil of mourning and laughs. All blind? All aware? Both. Comedy burlesque enacted forever by actor-ghosts called space and time. Even the howling wind of infinite hiatus but touches lightly the sweet visage of orderliness... Buddha said *emptiness is form, form is emptiness*. Yin and Yang, un-alive one without the other, who never meet nor rest but guard their separative qualities; for the eyes of yang see no order and the eyes of yin see no hiatus. But the tiniest excess (of balance or of imbalance) ever demands its inseparable other. Here comes the *Lila*, the play of the worlds. And *you* - utterly personal and impersonal - are the player...



The Fractal Absolute Life is Force, and each action, each gesture, generates an equal and opposite counterforce, causing a displacement, a magnetic push for contraction, densification, point, juncture - for the circularity of a 'context'. This contraction, defying and surrendering to the automatic counterforce of expansion, can be called 'the genesis, continuance and erasure of all things'. Being-awareness is the only force, according to which 'appearance' or 'contraction' can only do so according to the action of its counterforce, 'expansion', rarefaction. In turn, that which 'appears to rarefy' does so solely according to the 'densifying' action of this awareness-force. Therefore, to conceive this 'endless division', this fractation, is to visualise the kinesis or flow of 'absolute possibility', the absolute 'creation and dissolution of context and point'. It is to describe an infinite mesh of interdependable parts, all individual yet borderless, all autonomously capable yet all melded seamlessly into an eternal aware whole. It is to describe a free pregnant emptiness coalescing in any and all contexts or junctures or forms it chooses, creating time and space yet never subject to them. It is the conductor of chaos, a gesture of wind, shadow-dance of light, plastic open joyful letting... it is forever the in-and-out breath of the being-awareness, eternal contraction and rarefaction, at every never-moment, alive to any and all possibility. Like the pure language of mathematics, it is literally the grasping at the ungraspable.

Who dares to define the continual transformations of a ‘system’ by the effects set in train by that system? We will go blue in the face asking what qualities *all* systemic solutions will exhibit. The smooth upward plume of my cigarette at this midnight hour dissipates in villainous streaks. Where is system in *this* turbulent total mess of disorder? Where are our goddam fractals now? We blow out magic! Beat of butterflies’ wings in Afghanistan sets off tornadoes on Mars. Ancient breath of muttering ghosts in far galaxies propels earthmen to scour for cosmic secrets. Knives of revenge are plunged suddenly in by seed-thoughts of ‘centuries past’. Paranoid popes cling to the apex of their spirituous web. A swirling marble falls to rest in the ashen valley of my ashtray. Got to invent a concept to explain it all! Must deny, deny the beautiful possibility of the unstable... Ugh, must corral the infinitudinal mesh of effects affecting effects. What we need (now clutching at straws) is things called *Strange Attractors*. Lone strangers to the rescue! The pundits tell us strange attractors reconcile contradictory effects, make all nearby trajectories converge on them. Presto! So let’s plot an attractor against *any single event* in space: it forms the double-spiral shape of a butterfly - at its very *simplest*.



But *then* these fellows claim (stay with me, reader) that ‘any given attractor’ must be stable, must represent the final state of a dynamic system, must be non-periodic (never repeating itself) and can never ‘cut across’ (contradict) itself. And, that this turbulence-creator has *infinite curves and surfaces and manifolds of higher dimension*. To produce every possible rhythm of loopy spirals, to account for all effects, it would be infinitely fractally long - within a finite space. How can infinite feedback loops and spirals be contained in *finite* space? How can so much be going on in such a tiny space (begging the question: what the hell is a space anyway)? How to describe the infinitudinal mesh of effects affecting effects? We need *infinite* logic to plot what a *single point* in time or space will do! If that isn’t the biggest load of intellectual contortionism, of trying to crawl out of our own skin! I smother myself in attracting-repulsing smoke-fields in the utter magnetical resonance of utterly interconnected being. Yo. And these dodgy scientists dodge it all by concocting a strangely attractive little conclusion: *Mutual effects of systems in collision are inherently unpredictable*. Glib chaos-denying cop-out. Chaos lets ‘em escape their own ignorance. The irony! Logic, organisation, science: you groan under the weight of yourself, writhe in a box-coffin of your own making. I want a science where no total closed final view can poke and tyrannise the ineffable. Let multiple experiences and value-commitments be cherished. Let *quality and mystery* replace ‘system’ as organising principle. Show me *that* science and I might listen. Meanwhile infinitude tears our breath away, drowns us deep.

Get beyond System Again, what is ‘system’? It is something that is ‘defined’ as a system, and will be more or less complex according to a definer’s need. No ‘thing’, no ‘organ’, no ‘component’ has any function or existence distinct from totality. And no system is whole (complete) since it is inevitably part of a wider, more complex, subtler system. ‘Totality’ here signifies ‘unlimited’, not merely another limited definition of system, and is as unlimited it is indefinable. An example: material scientists announce ‘the brain’ as ‘the complex system that will reveal the secrets of human behaviour’ (etcetera). This is a *nonsense*. ‘Brain’ (like ‘gene’) is just a word, a convenience, a ‘settling’ upon a so-called discrete system, convenient because it looks as if it

holds 'secrets we have not yet fathomed' etcetera. Yet the 'brain' is an organ, and the definition of 'organ' is *'that which carries or embodies'*, that is, carries or embodies something greater. It is true that we may 'see the divine in a grain of sand', but the material approach demands endless analysis, never an unutterable synthesis. The truth is, the absolute, the source of all systems, is utterly present. Nothing ever happens without the absolute collusion of the absolute. Awareness is the infinitude of possibility that coalesces into 'a decision called perception'. To study 'the brain' is to isolate it as some sort of microcosm - and, fair enough, to study a microcosm may reveal a macrocosm - but ultimately this is an enclosed, dead knowledge in that there is no apprehension of the *seer* of the knowledge, or that that seer is the originator of any and all embodied systems, including the 'human brain'. *Who* observes? He who is utterly beyond system, He who is the very originator of 'system', of 'complexity', of 'compound'. All systems appear and vanish in awareness' wave-ocean. I have said over and over that there is an absolute force or power that appears to limit, and as it limits, veils. Limitation is 'classification', is 'word', is 'point' (the idea of distinction), is 'span of time', is 'object in space'. This 'material world' is the very definition of limitation, so why study it as if it will reveal 'secrets'? We have to come to the *seer* who is beyond system, beyond limitation. We are told that we are 'automatic' 'accumulated' beings whose every act is decided by history (evolution) and that the 'consciousness' is defined merely as 'free will', that is, a 'limited decision-making process slightly superseding the automatic'. But this is not consciousness. Why limit oneself to a definition? Freedom is obviously that which is beyond system. 'Free will' is an oxymoron, since will itself is the limiting or veiling force. He who can see 'system' is clearly beyond it. Why wallow in limiting object, limiting system? Cleave to the seer, who is free!

Absolute scintillation forever and always If the Infinite Absolute is, it must express itself infinitely and absolutely in no time and in all time; in no space and in all space, in no form and in all forms, and in no name and in all names. It scintillates as absolute possibility and expression, always and forever. If a 'form' is called an expression of it, then that form is nothing but the continuous expression of this absolute organism of possibility. And the form only occurs in the eye of the seer who allows *limitation*. 'Evolution' therefore only occurs according to the relativity of contexts ('local conditions') that 'change' according to 'variations' in the infinite scintillation. The state called 'monkey', for instance, does not evolve into any state called 'man'. These terms merely represent the eternal state that eternally contains them both. The idea that one 'evolves' into the other is a point of view of the seer, and there is only a 'separate state' called 'monkey' because the seer named it so. There is only a 'separate state' called man because the body-identifying ego needs it to be so. What, we should ask, is *that state* of which monkey and man are parts? Therein, monkey and man vanish.

When a 'body dies' it is like wind that has rushed to haunt another part of the woods, or a wave that spends itself on a distant shore, to re-join the oncoming waves that rise again and ever again. No 'creature' is anything but a 'perceived combination', a 'system appearing and dissolving, appearing and dissolving, without end'. Fixation is but our sadness and our confusion, just as flow is our joy. If this is life, why would we ever wish to 'define' or 'know' or 'make an impact' on the way things are? The thing to rejoice in is not merely 'thank god I am not needed here' or even 'thank god I can get out of here', but 'As god, I am not confined at all.'

I am not confined at all

8. TALES of ENTANGLEMENT and ESCAPE



1. The Other ‘Once upon a forever time in a forever beginning, an inconceivable Emperor conjured out of himself - the Other. Willing a guileful forgetting in his own heart, the Emperor says: Can there be oneness without parts, light without darkening, emperor without dominions? In me is the source of all streams that flow forever, and I am inexplicable power, pulsing energy, light that thickens, conjuror of name, atom, time, space. I am all creatures of the darkening, the maker of relationship and cause and effect, of all journeys back to the heart. I initiate the unstoppable descent into fiction, and just as ‘in the beginning was the word and the word was with god’, so through language as name and form I generate all that can be grasped. I create the *individual* who embeds himself in karmic relationship by channels of intellect, imagination and sense, and since these channels are nothing but ideas in my eternal mind, they are doomed never to be fulfilled. Thus I affirm that no substantive thing ever happens... so that this wandering, this strange seeking of a home from whence the ego falsely appears to be exiled, is but a poetic dalliance, an eddy, a *becoming*. And between light and shadow there is *no reconciliation*, so that my wandering into all channels of the possible, into all corners of the empire of experience, is an abnegation, a fleeing of the Other. Here is the alpha and omega of all wanting, of sparring phantoms, filial objects, arch enemies. I am Faust’s desire, Lacan’s mirror... Yet how could I ever seek myself? How can that which *is*, be exiled? Here is the riddle of Samsara the wandering! I am thus a wanderer in my own fiction, I am Faust who drunk in wanting drinks his soul away, I am the ascetic who dissects and murders worlds, fundamentalist who disposed of a billion victims. I negotiate oceans of dark uncertainty, oceans of pitiless light, and having drunk red oceans of blood I nestle again in sunlit innocence on soft-heaven planets, gazing into new streams that lead far away... and always I want to follow them where they go! Yes, even by streams of paradise I follow the waters to plains where they spill in dust, to mines where they are boiled in fire... and again to the sea... where all streams end in me. I do this because I *can*. I am free to wander, and in wandering I am (never) free’.

And I ever search for the shadow, for the anima and animus, the woman-man within me... I am the shambling Tarot fool with head in the sky and feet in shit! I tell you there is a time when every child, born in innocence, must become as if a stranger to himself. One day he looks in a mirror and sees a face that witnesses *him*. Though nothing exists outside the conversation of himself, the mystery is: *who is that?* Now everything turns necessarily strange, unnerved, indigestible, and as this child grows and the further in wondering he goes, the more he slips to forgetfulness. And little by little he craves a kind of cribbed sleep, a refuge in fate and circumstance and history wherein he repeats himself countless in the moribund gyration of repetitive lives... But there is a time

at last when this wanderer can take no more the sickliness or alien loneliness or confusion or frustrated absurdity! - and at that point he hears a fainting voice as if very far off, as if an alien bird in a vaulted sky, and he wonders dimly from whence it came... and he begins a halting journey back the way he came, a retracing of steps, a rediscovering. This is the notion of Karma, of *Cause*, and look! - he snares himself in that web even as he goes, for by rooting in his past he walks as if backward into future (since the future is ever his past), getting deeper-trapped in webs of time and cause, blundering in places remembered or unremembered, touching feelings raw or displaced in gone days and centuries (which are of course not gone at all), where he grasps at ancestors and at 'significant other lives', speculating on what he and significant others used to be and might be yet. Meanwhile he feels the crowding geography of the *present*, the need to eat and breathe and walk and be somewhere here in sun and rain and north and south; and this is the killing dilemma of being in his body. And the things in his earthly wandering loom as symbols for the crowding in of the unconscious, and all are but the projection of inner *lack*. He wonders how his ego, which is but a phantom of want, managed to conjure its shadow dance with an unlistening *id*. Is the only way out of this deathly dance to dance some more? And more? All his acts are relational, he sees, all his dances are of *anima-animus*... Thus he cries and wanders. And yes, there is a family in the present world, of which our wanderer cannot deny he is a part. How often before did he engage these actors in his gangliated dramas: as perpetrators, victims, warriors, runaways; as gulled repetitors of his past and emergent ghosts of his future? And what of the razor's edge dilemma: to nullify the past or to embrace it? For the past is the heavy cloak of this fey Emperor, and its strands and baubles dangle agonisingly in the dust... such that in this gyre of incarnations he might always trudge this pilgrimage of repetition, this narcissistic romantical melange of past repression and present neurosis. Yet perhaps... there is a kind of wandering that is no wandering at all... perhaps *in the timeless here and empty now* - a traveller might cultivate no reason, make no decision, do nothing, never succeed, sieve his acts in the intuitive inchoate amnesiac lost... as if all he *is* is borderless, as if he is Everyman and Anywoman, and a murderer of all thoughts, a spirit without peculiar marks, dancer of joke dances breathing the illusion of himself, wandering nowhere in the nothingness he already is. For he who has the power to forget himself is surely master of all with which he began... But the mind is the liquid river of wanting, and each of its unresting waves is a strangling narrative of fear, and there is an infinitude of these. Suddenly, let there be none! I ask you, where or when does any one of them take place? No wave is ever what it is or where it is unless we declare it to be so. It may be labelled *now*, may be labelled *here*. But it is certain it is *nowhere*. Now hear. There can be no thing that ever happened but this. Whenever else? Should we lament it, by history or loss? One might claim to say that waves surge in infinitude. But how indefinite: if there be infinitude, then there be none. And if there are times without number, there assuredly be none. In emptiness, let narratives try to be! Let them spinning and weaving machinate and stagger and gasp and flail and wander without end. Bring them on and let them vanish! Bring them on, and let them vanish. Bring them... and let them vanish...

Fruit

2. The Energy of Longing The energy of being, blissfully openly aware forever, delighted in itself... Took thunderbolts of force, snatched fistfuls of sky, raked up gossamers of possibility, whipped the blackness to starry forms... and moulded them in nonchalant delight, suffered them to glitter there an instant before they shuffled and skittered away down unsung paths, flaunting their fraudulence, shapeshifting forever in the firmament of the possible. Form never was what it was; 'twas a chimera, an idea. The dice-gaming creator-

mind flung his jewelled originations at the air, strewed baubles of incalculable richness outward forever, at an instant, at any pinprick point. He flung his very self down, wretched in the dust! Now the gawking hunter eyes of spectator-minds latched onto his jewels with a fever. Breathless they plucked and fetishised the myriad riches. These mental speculators bludgeoned, extrapolated, hammered them in precious metals underground, in industrial mind-forges, making manacles, prison palaces of metal-gold, hating and fearing the windswept ecstasies of possibility in skies above. Lunging for identity, certainty, limitation, they married suffering, and the ring of power enbaubled their sweated fingers. They came then to disillusion, to grinding hurt, to flightlessness... Down here in cringing ego-ignorant dungeons, only ever the littler version of their great self, they came again to *longing* - to redress this weighted cabined dirty-jewelled cloak of form. They longed to sputter upward out of the night, to envy freedom, envy the gods, hate the world. And they found a vocation: to be *anarchists*. To thrash at clouds of wasp ideas about their heads, at clinging shit-clad flies, to slaughter mosquitoes of puny belief, to rid their eyes of the agony... and to feel capacious, to feel cool air, sail outward forever, swallow empyrean worlds, the silken beauteous winds of emptiness, the open absolute, the free... and to know again the wondrous anarchy of acceptance, of peace.

Fruit

3. Paradigm, the Origin of Torture A lone settler on a frontier erects a fence, enclosing wide plains. He has a gun, and defends his settlement against all comers. The wandering aboriginal inhabitants are bemused, until they find themselves dead. Elsewhere, a soldier is sent to guard an isolated frontier post. His job is to hold it, though there seems no apparent threat since the countryside is entirely featureless. Apparently he must guard a thing that has been ‘designated a place’. He is not concerned; he is a soldier and this is his duty. During it, and for all he knows it may last forever, ‘other things’ may happen but none will affect the original assignment: ‘to guard the place, to guard the frontier’. This is his *raison d’être*, his paradigm, frame, ready-made... *he must guard the frontier*.

A solitary holy man sits in a church built by his zealous disciples, and meditates on the origin of Torture, otherwise known as ‘fixation’ or ‘paradigm’. Let us begin, he muses, by imagining a great sky, borderless-clear without end, as if there be no such thing as sky at all. Clearer than sunlight on a summer sea, clearer than the blue bowl of heaven columned in electric clouds, clearer than tundra flected in mirrors of sky at the northern apex of the world. Clear sky... too beautiful. Now upon this sky let there be placed a kind of Great Window of the purest spiritual glass, so pure there are no blemishes that can be discerned by any eye or any instrument. It seems the glass is not there at all - yet it is there. It is the first *Filter*. Imagine thereby another glass pane superimposed in front of the first, so clear it is near impossible to discern any blemishes or darkenings or nebulous regions. Lo, it is a second filter. Imagine then a third filter, of great clarity, somehow in some mystic sense not quite as clear as its predecessor yet by all reasonable standards exceptionally clear and pure and transparent... and yet it is a third. Imagine now an endless series of panes, superimposed one on the other, each a minutely less clear and pure version of the previous... until there is a subtle but appreciable darkening, a muddying, a nebulosity, a clouding; yet even now one can *see* through them all. The presence of clarity is a continuous factor, it seems! And who, by the way, is the one who knows such clarity? Imagine now a further endless series of filters, so many that there seems to be no difference between the new and its predecessor, yet

en masse the filters begin to fulfill their promise... They constitute a darkening, a descent to deeper, denser, more material worlds... The filters hang eternal amid ever-present light. All appear within that light, the original great and clear sky. For the one who sees through all the panes is ever the one who lives. It is Me.

Let us speak then of the vibration, the magnetism, the scintillation, the great Force. Wherefrom is this force, as if the sky-emptiness bitterly wanted to shake out its voidness? No-one knows or ever will... but the infinite business of *doing* demands the *magnetic collusion of things* that are desperate to *be*, to 'be somewhere' in space and time in a roiling displacement, a demanding of presence by seething and wanting, as if 'things' awarded themselves existence by frantically osmosing into one another. And this struggle *dons the mantle* of the eternal but in a *cruel and limited way*, in the way of ghosts who walk in deep light. And so the relationship between particular and eternal has come, and it is irreconcilable torture. It is limitation, materiality, *paradigm*. Where is home for us, we men and women who now resort to listing and naming and tabulating all things in order to control them? We namers are desperate and restless! We are literally the impossible tension of the being. We are all torture, all exile. It is you, it is me - the very makers of our frontiers, our churches, our paradigms.



4. The Cluttering Wood of Becoming The Meditator's conscience, just as light sweats its shadow, will drag him from the beatific to forms less pleasing and reassuring. He finds himself as if alone in a darkened wood where the sun is silent, in some darkgreen world of tangling roots and trunks and fractal branches, where wild animals may carry him off and devour, creatures of immoderate desire: grasping, proud, even violent. Now he can't make sense, his efforts distort, he indulges separative thoughts by turns manic or depressed, he encounters a smorgasbord of sufferings as subtle and elusive as this cluttering wood of becoming. And he panics, repeats to himself: 'The thing is to be nothing at all; the thing is to be. But how to do it, or 'not to do it'? Stay just as you are, don't move a solitary hair. Outside my firmshut eyes eternity replaces all, swiftly, silently. Nothing actually happens nor ever will. Don't worry about a single thing...' Yet despite this brave auto-dictation he will slither further in imagination - into miasmas of chemicals and vegetations, of creatures gnawing fumbling and grasping, beetling clawing and multiplying in the gluey lower depths and folds of the Being. This forest is murder absolute! Nothing survives but by eating some other. How creatures claw at the sun, millimetre by millipetal millimetre in their ten billion-year woe. Yet, beyond all these forms we might have been, out of the strands of time and endless circumstance, we are unbearably human. 'And what do I do with this gift, what do I make of it? I who bear all shapes and scars and horrors and hopes and ghosts and dreams of the lower ones embryoed in my bones, I who have been all creatures... am yet a man, a man without a notion of how lucky he is, enmeshed in the soap opera of himself, in these fractal dungeons he crawls and falls to, weaving his microscopic beetling way in this cosmic weal, imbibing his turgid lesson, trotting his consequence inch by inch, embedding his grinding bread-butter experience on the wheel without end. And all the while a tiny voice echoes

from deep shafts: you are the light of the world! Why conjure wastes and hells and enchainments and sufferings where there are none? Because you *can*? Your narcissistic all-suffering conscience breathes and sighs. For we circle, we entertain, flaunt our stupidities to a big daddy god, we abusive creatures drunk on darkling drafts of the heart! We are blunderers with hands over eyes, faecal-brained dunces and dupes, gulled nonces, railers against windmills, cryers and wishers and mourners and cursers and negatives and jilted jealous curmudgeons, lame and lampooned... we are holy goons, groaning hypochondriacs, faustian calculators flatterers smoothies arrogants pretenders treachers liars hypocrites pissy poets blockheads politicians prissy artistes proletarian poseurs pathetic and grim! Anxiety of love, love of death, cloying wants amounting to nothing, hate of authority, poison of memory, trauma of history. This bitter fruit of our clinging and grasping! Yet if we could only be like waves in the impersonal vast... we'd feel no suffering at all. If we *ceased to grasp*, if we *ceased*... Nothing to be but a throbbing clearness, abandoning gross claiming, dancing this drudgy mundane without principle, guru, path or ego. Who'd need a body or blood or sight or breath or bed or happiness, sleep or job or drink or food or books or mind or neuron pathways, past or future history thought or sentence, buildings parties plans or erudition, or even trees or beaches stones or sky? How many lives do we need? This lifetime, a blip on the eternal. And our mothers merely ghosted us. Damn the fabled paths to God! Who wants to drown in surrendering, who wants to love this world to death? What use even, is helping? We meditators want to vanish! Yet we obsess at being an *individual*. But where's any limit to you and me? What telescope, what hourglass can measure it? Are we cosmic breath that outward flows forever, or starlight of stars that gaseous burn the aeons? Are we vibration that dreamed a particle, or a micro-time so brief it never was? You don't know me, can't think me, I'm quick, you don't see me! says this Absolute. But can a master meditator be mute and absolute, cut off from streets and streams of the world? An idiot's question. Because he is raped by temptation to be a demi-god, little Jack Horner in his corner, where not one notion, act or feeling, discovery or vista or kingdom is not plucked from the field and sometime claimed as his own as if he dug a mound of gold from the giving earth, locked it in great safes and hired a phalanx of soldiers to protect it from all comers. Is there anything more insular than self? Is it possible not to cling? And so this little ego, chained angel, arriviste, ignominious fumbler for light from which he came, chatters out the endless schizoid conversation of himself. Let any man enter the Celestial Library and read a million volumes; does he own a single letter of them? Serve the greater thing, the greater thing, it's said. But how to utter such a thing of *yourself*? Though at heart I am nameless, unsullied, unruffled, entire, yet must I be spawn of Satan in the bottom parts of hell! And all rough things in between - in this *Samsara*, this cocktail of Becoming.

Journey without End,
a Cry in Vain...

5. All Fruitless Journeys Lead To Here ...And out of the unutterable spaces of unconscious dreaming we trace the thread of the goddess through the labyrinth, back to the Sunlit World. And here is the contradiction: no matter how we live we will always follow her and will never arrive, for this life is a railway station where souls depart on night-trains just as others arrive at the gate, and the crowd never diminishes. Displacement is our fate. There is no evolution. Each victory is the death of the hard-won, each learning the displacement of something precious, ruin of an old order, just as today's success is tomorrow's failure. When the psychologist Jung 'dropped away' to discover the subliminal lands of the undead, he knew he would never return. On our journey

of a thousand miles we die to every step. And when we die to ignorance we never return. And the great ticking shuffle of shift and change whispers to our ear: you'll never come back, not by this road, not by any road. You are a ghost who walks, a mist of bones, a catenation of ideas; you dissolve in the very sun above that bore you. And out of the darkness, the primeval world-past from whence we 'evolved', that we claim to revisit with the torch of greater understanding, with the torch of the future - we are confronted by a bloody laughter that shakes us to the core, and we see that all we are is apes in suits, eyeballs in scholarly glasses, bloodied hand with a manicure, grist of primeval ooze that fashioned letters and words. We are the indescribable mass of churning life that blindly seethed over countless ages toward order, toward the sun. Yet all these ages are forever washed away, so that this moment is the only thing that is. All time is slaughtered for this insouciant sweet moment! Oceans of blood have fried in the sun for the sake of the smile on your infant face. Billions of years of moments, all gutted and gone, so that you and I may stand *here*, in this sunlit woodland in the morning, and thrill to the soft perfection of ourselves. Thanks be to the darkness...

6. No-One ...I believe there was once a person who lived and passed away, of whom nothing was ever written, no photograph was taken, who did not a thing noteworthy or remarkable, who lived in a place all forgotten in a land ruled by no remembered king, who tasted nothing but humble baked bread of a wheat field, and who felt all seconds and minutes and days of his life sufficient unto himself in unutterably quiet harmony with his breath, who felt the wind and sun, and the night and the stars on his skin in the darkness, who had never the mind to wonder at the wonder of being or birth, who passed away in the quiet tides of the unknown, his head on no soft pillow known to another (except perhaps a casual wife he never married but who shared his days and doings then herself passed on), a person who is not even a dream in the mind of another, or a memory or cause or consequence, who is clean beyond the intrusions of myth and make-believe, and who lies still, without future or past in quiet earth turned by the casual plough of some other soul unknown, in some other story in some other dimension... I believe there once was such a person.

7. Departure and Return The church bells tolls, and your writer, standing amid a cluster of souls gathered about a departing body, succumbs to the unnerving truth that time has run out for him... These aged bystanders nurture their own emotional departures, inwardly rework the value of a life. Whether or not they believed it when the sages said... that the substance of our leaving is the substance of our returning, that the soul's frame is cast, and in the far future the waters of life will pour into this cast again... they sense that a stringent mathematic is coming, a cool judgement whereby the soul, parked on its conveyor, readied for departure to a great clearing house out of sight, released from its packaging in a whimpering expiry of breath, retreats to a space beyond cause... to lie at peace in the empty, to make its subtle hugs and handshakes with the eternal... until it begins again its slow redress to the worlds of cause and mind and sense and finally flesh once more. Yes, a breath departs, returns, immerses, emerges. What frame of mind then, to suit 'departure'? Herein is our riddle of ignorance, for we re-imitate what we think we know, seek an ideal version of what we failed to be: a better lover, better parent, juster man or woman, sweeter, seriouser, sinless. Ours were lives lived behind ego-fences in private gardens, where the little things we did in fiddled isolation seemed to us momentous, poignant, apt. We were ever islands in our self-concern, our ignorance. But in the flood of our leaving there is panic - and when ideals mingle with sickness, arrangements with pain like blood with gravy, when strangers and priests must

signpost our exit - so this day we have a play, at this moss-walled quiet place under the arms of great trees... where the long cars parade in slow motion, the long box is carried forward, the prayers are intoned, the black-clad mourners gather about the hole, the sod is thrown, appeals to god are sown, and the visages of mourners register their separative scripts of love and fear and bewilderment and grey distraction. And this will be repeated to the ends of time, till hell freezes over, till the last man and woman have departed the life-worlds into the sheen of light, into the clearing house out of sight, into shells of greater meaning, of incalculable love, into the spaces of peace so deep none ever wished for past or future, where no causes or desires ever came. And one sweet day in springtime, the breath of underground undersea winds from far might rustle the trees of paradise hanging eternal amid the light. And seeds from the trees of paradise may scatter in the garden, and gentle rains of time and change push them under the earthen grasses to the subsoil, wherein their little nature tugs and strains and squeezes, as tiny memories of past and future curdle in their hearts. And forms, the forms of the previously known, the encased, the subtly evil, the insidious, the returning - begin. Great repetition competes with great evolving, and no-one can know the difference, unless and until another addled rushing life in the flesh, in the seas of mind, in the threshing fields of feeling, runs its round. And the day of reckoning will be here again, and the stolid ritual departure performed again, all witnessed by crowds of black-clad bystanders (some of whom will weep), the ghosts of the future. Today I am one of them... And I wonder, who should weep for me? It must be no-one, least of all myself.

Forever Here Forever Gone



9. POLEMICS ON REALITY

1. The Elusive *It is right to believe there is always hope...*

Hope! Are you expecting your next breath to improve on this one? Your next heartbeat to exceed the quality of this? Will your next thought somehow be more elevated than the last? Do you assume your blood will be purer tomorrow? Life is the continual and constant believing that what we do matters, and it is the continual and constant death of all our hopes and beliefs. It is automaticness driven by blind will. It utterly recycles itself at every instant. And of course there are no instants at all. Perfect torture. Lo, the Bible says 'I make all things new'. Is naivety our only hope, is ignorance of memory and past and future our only hope? Hope for what - peace, truth, beauty, joy? Your own ego, your own will to live, is the thief who embezzled peace from you and beggared you! And if it ever 'enquires into itself', it is faced with two paths. One: it will forever tangle itself deeper and deeper in the knot of seeking itself, like a dog chasing its tail, like a donkey wanting a carrot, like the serpent *Ourobouros* devouring its own body. Or two: it will dissolve in the naked foolery of its own enquiry, realising its bogus identity like a thief proclaiming his innocence by catching another thief. To 'know oneself' is therefore to expose oneself. And to expose oneself is to obliterate oneself. Religionists everywhere: you can only know your path by abandoning it! We are continually seeking, seeking like the waves of the sea. But where are we going? Nowhere but the sea. The sea is the obliteration of the wave of ourself. Poetic! You cling to the idea that you are a seeker, and therefore you are forever the blind and ignorant wave, forever surging into the illusion of future out of the illusion of past. And you will never arrive, and thus death will always accompany you, all your days and years and millennia... For time itself is a pinprick, is the idea of This. Time is point, and as long as point is there our attention will be arrested, we will be hypnotised by the need to arrive, by the need to know, the need to understand, the need to enquire and to find. Ours will ever be the search for The Great Beauty who is as elusive as the sunset, or the search for the Idea of Truth that is as transparent and elusive as the very air we suck into lungs that forever seek air. We are slaves who beg at the feet of the goddess of beauty, supplicants who kneel at the feet of the goddess of truth. Does the goddess exist? She does as long as we seek her! We will believe in her as entity as long as we believe in ourselves as entity. And when this dualism is ended, goddess and supplicant perish together. Ideals and fundamentalisms perish with their maker. Here is forever the creation of droplets in the borderless sea of mind. In the beginning (and it is forever the beginning) the seer creates the seen, and these two dance and fall away forever together. Are you the thing you see? Yes, and forever. Do the objects shift and change? Always, and thus do you. You are nothing but the becoming of your thoughts and desires. And herein is our slavery and our liberation, all in one. Torture! And Elusiveness! I loved best the story of the monk who, accompanied by his student, arrived one freezing night at the door of a lonely temple. The monk surmised that the only thing in the temple that was combustible and that would save them from freezing to death was the effigy of the holy buddha on the altar. He promptly chopped it up into faggots and lit a fire. The student howled in protest, asking what on earth was the point of being a monk if you are going to desecrate the absolute idol of the most sacred buddha. The monk of course ignored him. Here's a nice bit of warmth, he replied! ...Dear reader, bless you. To live you must destroy. To love you must kill. To be free you must be obliterated. Kali rules all. Now walk on down the line, and let life perform its dirty business on you.

2. No-One Has Ever Seen The Dead Man The material scientist fatly announces: *We are going to die!* I wonder how he may know that? I am willing to bet life and limb that no-one has ever groped to prove the existence of death except from the standpoint of living. If you have seen a corpse (and so many have) what did you see? The truth is you saw yourself looking at a corpse. You watched yourself staring at 'a mound of flesh with no electrical energy in it'. By analogy, no-one has ever been able to prove insanity except from the standpoint of sanity. No doubt, the one who 'experiences death' is very much alive. And no-one has ever been able to prove his own death experience to anyone else. We are bound to ask: to whom does the death occur? You will say 'to me, to him or to her, of course!' In that case, who exactly am I that death occurs to me? My meaning is: if it occurs to me, then it must be a 'thing separate' from me. And are you going to tell me it occurs to no-one? This is not mere semantics! Does 'dead' mean 'not functioning normally'? Does it mean 'gone from this world'? In the latter case, gone where? Does it mean disassembled, dissolved? In that case, into what? It all reminds of the Upanishadic story. Nachiketas enters the Cave of Death and asks for a boon. Death smiles ironically and says to him: ask whatever you like! Nachiketas says: I have but one request. *Tell me what you are.* At this, Death gets very disturbed and says: No no, ask me for anything: riches, power, fame, love - but don't ask who I am! Nachiketas is adamant: *I want nothing else. Tell me who you are!* And suddenly Death shrinks back like a crab into his shell, and disappears in front of the enquirer's eyes. To this you might object: if we claim there is nothing but life, then we may also claim there is nothing but death - since life is nothing but endless change and transformation. In that case I say to you that death is nothing but a word, a word like 'change'. (Now we are in semantics!) And would it not be better to speak of these 'nothing but' absolutes in terms of life, existence, being, somethingness - rather than your castle in the air called 'nothingness'? After all, 'I am' is the foundation of all experience, and therefore of all proof. There is nothing outside it, nothing that can be proven, that is. It is as if we were all a race of True Men who had never seen The Dead Men. The true men might speculate and prattle about the existence of these fabled dead men, but no-one has ever been able to prove it except in their imagination. In fact the image of the dead man becomes so all-pervading that everyone believes he exists, somewhere. In fact there is no dead man; it is pure illusion, a label, a fable. In the same way, to believe in 'your own death' is the same as to believe in a heaven above the clouds. We want proof. To whom shall death be proved? To the one who exists. And he, unfortunately, is all there ever is, all there can ever be...

3. Absolute Renewal What is lost? This is the key and absolute question. There must be an answer we can live with, without fear, without end, without interruption; no mere emotional solace, no mere intellectual construct but the essence of the nature of ourselves. Who are we? There has never been a time, thought, feeling, sensation, place, impulse, need, wish, love that has not been an expression of self. There is only existence absolute, utterly aware, ever unified, and there is never any instance or transaction whereby it is other than itself. We thereby affirm: 'I am forever myself because there is nothing that is not myself'. It may be objected that there is an infinitude of things that are not myself! But these are not 'things'. Rather, they are of the substance and nature of the sole and absolute being. This being was never born and will never pass away. Our fear of loss is but the realm of change, illusion, *maya*. The word 'death' signifies nothing but change, transformation, and we merely take on combinations of this eternal substance. I 'change clothes': I put on and take off garments,

coverings, costumes, masks, wigs, makeup. I put on and take off flesh and bone and blood and sinew. I put on and take off the power to see and hear and taste and smell and touch. I put on and take off the power to feel love and pain and confusion and doubt and need. I put on and take off the power to imagine worlds and places and universes, to imagine sun and sky and moon and wind and trees and snow and sea and all other imaginings right down to the tiniest object. I put on and take off the power to think, the power to measure, power to evaluate. I put on and take off the power to see the future and the past, to sniff the invisible, to intuit the hidden structure of all things. I put on and take off the power to understand time and space, the power to will, the power to create. I pulsate with nothing but change because simply, I can. It is simply my nature. I breathe in the breath of all the worlds and breathe them out again. And when all these powers are temporarily absent... I am never gone, I am *myself*. I am myself as stillness and purity and forever-here-ness. This is my crystalline empty home. And here I rest as I always rested. I machinated in the most complex worlds, I sang and loved and hated and strove and fought and shed blood... and I was never anywhere but here. Where the hell else could I be? And even now I look on the isolated souls about me and wonder if they will ever stop to think about this, and I feel pity. But my pity is misplaced! We are all of the oneness, of the here-ness, and we all play roles and we all take them off again! I the still, permanent one, am real. You will object that this permanence is nothing but endless roiling change and suffering! And you will be right. But never fail to see that the one who changes is forever untouched. There is nothing to fear but fear itself, no fear but the fear of itself.

What should we do then? Drop your attachment to the fear that you will die. Accept eternal change as life itself. Accept that nothing, nothing is lost when you change. Accept that change is the ghost-dance of being. Yet even knowing that every single cell in this body has continually died and renewed itself in the space of weeks or months, does not seem to do the trick! Was there ever a time or place where you were not renewing yourself? Trust in the absolute power, the power that is nothing but renewal. It cannot be anything else but itself. Stop clinging to the idea that your shell is permanent. Nothing stays. Be glad of it. The only thing that stays is life, awareness, the bliss of presence - and that is you. It can never not be you, you can never not be it, you never were anything but it. Cling to nothing, not to some phantom Other. Relax. The foundations of the house are intact and perfect. You go forward as you should. There is nothing out of place, except maybe your belief that there is something amiss. Peace. Peace. You are fine. You are always intact. You are deathless. Be fearless, be fearless. Good. Good.

Fruit

4. Deconstruct, Deconstruct Dear scientists, let's do some science. That is, let us deal solely in what can be proved. *Is there materiality outside consciousness? Discuss.* I'll bet you never got a topic like this at your chemistry school. Those who wish to call themselves materialists are free to do so, just as I am free to call myself a goat. When the sage Sri Aurobindo speaks of the subconscious, the subliminal, the subconscious and the superconscious, he directs us to 'include all that is not available to the seer due to his limitations'. Yet because no-one has ever been able to prove that a thing exists outside the realm of consciousness, we may assert that consciousness is the be-all and end-all. However, this is the 'short cut' conclusion. Instead, let us for the sake of thoroughness conjecture (a) that 'the origin of material things is outside consciousness' and that consciousness is somehow 'the product of material things' (b) that 'the human consciousness is not the same as

Absolute Consciousness, either in substance or in scope' and that 'the ego is the arbiter of all experience' (c) that 'consciousness is not necessarily always present in this discussion'.

First, can any object, any 'thing' be identified without a seer or 'subject'? Next, you will note that it is impossible to designate a 'thing' without labelling it something. Let's take a so-called material thing, say a rock, since it appears to be 'hard' and without any consciousness. If I turn it in my hand, does its substance change according to the perspective from which I view it? The answer must be no. Does its form (shape) change according to the perspective from which I view it? The answer is yes. Is its shape and therefore its 'identity' subject to my vision of it? The answer must be yes. But is its shape part of its identity? Answer, yes. The materialist will object: the *substance* of it, the chemical or atomic substance of it is not altered by my vision of it. All right, let us investigate its atomic substance. By the way, what instrument is used? A microscope, that is right. By what agency was it invented? Consciousness in the form of human intellect, correct. Now let us enter the atomic structure. What do we find? A lot of space, a lot of light! Where the hell is this atom exactly? Over here or over there? Does the identity of the object therefore change according to the perspective by which it is viewed? Yes! Does the object thus have any identity independent of the perspective from which it is viewed? No! Therefore, does this atomic structure have any identity independent of... etcetera? No. It is now (according to the seer, the perceiver) mere empty space, mere pulsating light. Let us enter this light and deconstruct it. I put it to you that light is very much of the same substance as the consciousness that perceives it. I put it to you that there is no difference between light and consciousness. So, are there any objects outside the perceiver? In the context of 'the relationship between perceiver and perceived', there are none. I put it to you that there is no difference between perceiver and perceived. Therefore, did anything happen? The answer is, nothing ever happened. Is there anything but the ocean of consciousness? Sorry, but there is indubitably not.

How then do things appear to exist? How do things appear to be material? Answer: *Is consciousness not a material, the original material?* By analogy, when an ocean of water produces waves, are the waves anything but water? Therefore, when consciousness 'causes external things', is consciousness ever anything but itself? Of course not. What then causes waves? Consciousness pulsates. Pulsation is another word for displacement or relativity or limitation. It is the very power of consciousness playing and delighting with and as itself, as force. In its utter freedom it is free to extrapolate all things and combinations of things forever - and of course never - since time and space and relationship and cause (*etcetera*) are never anything but ideas generated within itself. Even its apparent limitation of itself as 'object' is a charade. Therefore being is as if nothing. Put the words being and nothing together, and you get *becoming*. Summary: there is nothing but the ocean of consciousness. There is no materiality outside consciousness. Consciousness is the alpha and omega, the absolute, the immanent, the total, the One. And because it is confined to no quantity or scope, it is *you* and nothing else, whether you admit to it or not. What is 'material form'? It is nothing but the endless tiny flickering alteration of your perspective.



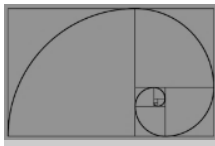
5. Conversation with a Scientist

- Sir or madam, by what means are we able to say that a thing is scientifically proven?
- *When it has been proven to consistently exist in any and all circumstances*
- And if a thing is not provable, it cannot be claimed to be true?
- *Correct*
- What is the truth of the following statement: 'No-one has ever been able to prove there is anything outside life'?
- *Since we are continually aware of the presence of death in life, such a statement would be unprovable*
- And what is the truth of the following statement: 'No-one has ever been able to prove that there is anything outside awareness'?
- *I accept that we are able to prove nothing without the involvement of the faculty of awareness*
- Can we prove that manifested objects are anything but products of awareness?
- *Manifested objects are 'considered individually within the medium of our awareness', as I said*
- But do we accept that if a 'product' of awareness has no existence outside awareness, then it is nothing but awareness?
- *No. It is entirely probable that awareness can be obscured or clouded or deluded or partial, or a host of other conditions that affect our ability to make a judgement*
- Fine, but I ask again: Do you accept that the products of awareness have no existence outside awareness?
- *An idealist philosopher could, I suppose, make a case for that*
- So we may make the statement that there is nothing but awareness, period?
- *That is manifestly ridiculous. There is an entire universe of inert objects out there*
- But how are you able to make such a statement?
- *Through the medium of awareness... I already said it*
- But as a scientist, you are bound not to accept anything as proven unless it can be proven in all relevant circumstances?
- *True*
- Is there a circumstance where awareness is not present?
- *Obviously, I personally cannot actually say there is. No*
- Then can you think of any other statement that can actually be proven other than 'awareness is always present'?
- *By your process of logic, no*
- I say to you that there is only one provable statement that can ever be made, and that is: 'there is nothing but awareness'
- *Too clever by half, sir*
- Even the statement 'we are continually aware of the presence of death in life', which you already made, cannot be made without awareness
- *All right*
- Therefore life is awareness? It certainly cannot be proven otherwise
- *I am still bound to assume there is a universe of inert matter that is clearly unaware!*

- If you assert it, you are no scientist! If a universe of inert matter be outside awareness itself, could someone please inform me where it resides? In fact, has anyone ever been able to locate an object outside awareness? Further, if such a universe were outside, how on earth could we be conscious of the fact that we were not conscious of it? Awareness is clearly all there is, all there ever can be. Can awareness *appear* to be obscured? Most certainly it can. And you just proved that little fact with your attitude - what I might call your 'stoical materialism'. But my real question is: *to whom* can awareness appear to be obscured?

- Well, *to me*

- Exactly. To you. You, who are *nothing but awareness*.



6. Continual Birth of the Individual Ladies and Gentlemen, let's begin with a white

empty screen. We shall draw dots on it and call them 'particles'. How to define a particle? Quantum physicists seek to 'isolate' particles to study their actual nature, only to discover they 'seem only to come into existence in relation to one another'. How then did so-called Particle A get its 'identity'? Because of the so-called 'identity' of so-called Particle B? Why bother to distinguish so-called material particles at all since they are obviously 'co-dependent dancing ghosts'? We face the problem of the elusive. Things only appear to exist for extremely small amounts of time, and their properties are phantom: they are here and they are not. Heisenberg noted, in his Uncertainty Principle, that a so-called particle appearing in time has no particular location, or if it has, its duration at that location cannot be measured. Now if a so-called particle can't be located either in space or time with any certainty it clearly does not exist with any degree of reliability. Its existence relies on faith (ie: illusion). What intangible force pushes the field to create these particles? It is the Energy, the Joy, the Pulsation. Many will call it dissatisfaction or desire. But whose? The *Who* is awareness. The origin of the 'material object' is in the apparent relationship between the observer and the observed. The factors in the observer-observed relationship only come into existence 'in terms of relationship', ie: they have no self-existence, no independent arising. Since the observer therefore cannot be proved to exist, he continually needs to find a *reason* to exist - hence he conceives the *object* that allows him to become the *subject*, or observer, of a *relationship*. This becomes his 'hypothesis', his 'narrative', his 'discourse'. Hypothesis leads to conclusion and he invests in it since it validates him. And now the observer can permanently exist as long as he permanently observes the so-called permanent objects he calls his own. These he can believe in. Because, oh my god! without this relationship he can't exist. 'Objects' thus become habitual. What materialist scientist wants to admit to this? Not one, because it would shred his role, his status, his identity. So, out of this observer-observed relationship anything can be spun, as a spider spins the web out of itself. The *idea* of knowledge comes into being, *idea* of time and space and atom, and hence science, and hence particle physics, which is nowadays the science of trying to materially manipulate that which is never materially there. All our little worlds come into being like bubbles, like Hermann Hesse's glass beads. We construct the world of solid matter out of non-solid particles, build concrete existence on non-concrete foundations. Can one build a house out of thin air? Apparently one can.

Who or what does exist then? We should understand the notion of relationship, of negation. Yin-yang, you-me, love-hate, good-bad, observer-observed. If something cannot exist except in relation to something else, we have the following options: (1) neither exists at all (2) both exist, in which case they would have to be permanent and unchanging which clearly they are not (3) both are exactly the same thing, which clearly they can't be since there is a relationship between them, or finally (4) both are completely different, which they clearly can't be since neither exists prior to the other, ha ha. Under the paradigm we have set ourselves we must find an answer - any answer - or we will choke. Or disappear up our own backsides. Or never fall in love again. Perhaps the Buddhists have it sussed when they say all is 'interconnected'. But if everything is interconnected, where is the boundary between any 'thing' and another? If truly interconnected, there cannot be any boundary, and therefore no interconnection. Thereby it is one big soup. No particles at all. Nothing individual. All is One. Therefore nothing happens. Nothing ever happened. Ooops.

But the idea of observer and observed persists! If subject and object come into being as a result of one another, then both are phantoms, and they dance a ghost-dance forever. And if forever, never. Listen: conscious being through the polarising force of pulsating energy, allows 'time' and 'space' and 'cause' to come into existence as 'the matrices of so-called events'. But since the event is nothing but the observer, then 'seer and seen' are simultaneous, and therefore beyond (invented) time and space. Why claim then, to measure in those 'matrices called time and space' that which can't possibly be measured? That which can't be measured can only be claimed to exist, it can't be proved. We thus choose our own paradigms, ladies and gents. We are seated in the power of powers, and what do we do with it? We let our polarising judging intellect run rampant! And all our 'worlds' will last forever, and we will struggle forever, since we believe in them forever. Welcome to your own life-movie at 24 frames per second. We have no choice but to dwell in belief. Belief is what holds the worlds together. The Jew pops on his skullcap and lo, he is a Jew. The Islamist pores over his Koran and lo, he is a Muslim. The Christian cries buckets over Jesus and lo, he is a Christian. The Communist invents a nice box for you to live in, the size of a coffin! The Capitalist expands the box to the size of a house with a bunch of expensive bling and a crippling mortgage. Some of us need to be loved, some need marriage, some sex, some religion, some yoga... Choose your cage! We all need cages and crutches. And that ultimate crutch, the ultimate cage - is the need to exist as *individual*. How to appear to be individual? You have to believe it. How to believe it? Establish a relationship with something, anyone, *outside*. But what's the boundary between you and that other? Nil. You and It are a single dance. You don't believe this? Try living without air, without light. Try living without food or love. Do 'I' come into being because these are there? I believe I do. Do I come into being because you are here? I do. Yet if we were truly eternal, timeless, spaceless - we wouldn't be sitting here cogitating on this. And I certainly would not be writing it. But here we all seem to be!



7. There Are Multitudes Within Us All possible spheres (contexts, worlds) are myself, and all exist at once. Any expansion of consciousness, however small, leaves us amazed at our self-imprisonment. The sphere of emotional attachment and aversion called *vital*, which gives rise to fixation and judgement and slavery to karma through the limiting choices we make - rules us. This attachment in its turn colours the *mental* realm - our

choice of narratives based on our experiences of attachment and aversion. In its turn, the *intellectual* sphere, the power of discrimination between helpful and unhelpful acts (be they mental, emotional or physical), is coloured by our experience in the 'lower' spheres. And the *causal* realm, by which creation pulses out of the self-absorbed emptiness of pure being-consciousness, is deeply coloured by continuous feedback from the lower-realm experiences as described. So when we 'leave this physical', we clearly undergo a re-appreciation, a re-evaluation in light of the deeper realms, and just as at 'death' we rise up in a column of light (within the spinal column) through the crown of the head (the reverse of our entry before birth) so our exit from a particular cycle of physical incarnation must thereby be subject to review, to analysis and evaluation by whatever means are at the disposal of our own higher powers - followed then by return to these spheres of attachment, and commensurate with our level of detachment from past karmic threads. Yet all so-called levels or spheres operate as if like Russian dolls, one within the other, all affecting all others, all in fact being aspects of one another. So this exit and re-entry called 'death' and 'birth', this cycle of involution followed by evolution - akin to in-breath and out-breath or to sympathetic and parasympathetic waves of energy in the spine (*etcetera*) - is a misnomer at best and diabolical attachment at worst. As long as the self believes itself to be limited, it is subject to the spheres of influence, and when the self knows it is unlimited, the spheres are subject to it. As Whitman said: there are multitudes within us. We are the eternal denominator, the experiencer of all spheres. Awareness does not exist in, or as, time, space or death. All is forever retained. These incarnations are inescapably fitted to our past acts, and we choose to utter these narratives in the matrix of time and space. We make our bed and we lie in it.



8. Value Beyond Pessimism Some of us are vain enough to be disturbed by the contradictions of our existence. First, we may posit an eternal emptiness where absolutely nothing ever changes. Or else, we may posit infinite possibility driven by eternal force, where all worlds and forms manifest in pulsation, resulting in permanent displacement. This latter is *Samsara*, force of desire, ever hoping, ever becoming, ever wandering, ever insecure, ever inconclusive. Further, it is convincingly said that 'that which changes' cannot ever be itself, and therefore can literally have no value. But surely in *Samsara*'s eternal pulsation, all must have its 'use and purpose', however ephemeral? One argument for this lies in the fact that 'nothing can be missing from the absolute'. We thereby affirm that value lies in 'the absolute fulfilling its uses and purposes', whether we understand them or not. A brave positive vision! Next, we must ask: *who is it* that claims that since things continuously change and disappear, that there is no ultimate value? It is precisely the seer of all phenomena. Is there anyone else? Certainly not. Further, he who decides whether something is real or unreal obviously knows himself to be real. Why then, we disingenuously ask, should the seer be any kind of pessimist, and hence a sufferer? Is it because the pulsation, the becoming (*Samsara*) is an eternally recurring condition of limitation, ignorance and self-estrangement, whereby our understanding is clouded, cropped, tenuous? There is no alternative but yes. What stays then? It is clearly the one who is ever himself, the aware one, the seer. Yet he is expert at masking himself! And life is tremendously tough! For myself, I hang by a thread to the hope of understanding... and yet *here I am*, and I am whole, for without being whole how could I ever experience fragmentation? Likewise, the one who is whole can by definition never suffer. Yet he who forgets that he is whole, he who is fragmented, will suffer. He is fragmented as pulsation, displacement, as atom and word and

time and space, as a vortex of eternal repulsion and attraction. He is led to the notion that life will always be both meaningful and meaningless, both valuable and valueless. He asks: what hope of attainment, freedom, peace? Yet he who thus debates, obviously knows himself to be real, otherwise he would not be interested in or qualified to make such judgements about reality and unreality, wholeness and fragmentation. Who in the end assigns meaning and meaninglessness, value and valuelessness? Who conducts the polemic? It is *you*. Absolute *you*. Therefore *you* may free yourself of your habit of feeling hopeless... But again arises the power of the veil, in the form of doubt! - where shiftless *Samsara*, in its restless seeking, again raises the spectre, the demon, of hope and its destruction.

If only... If only...

Listen again. The philosopher Schopenhauer's pessimism is born of lack of control, of a feeling that being utterly immersed *in and as being* we are utterly dependent, that the totality (the id) 'wipes us out'. Yet should we lament our absolute Being? We *are* the Being, and in Us there is only pulsation, the will to create, the *experience*. Force and counterforce exists within us alone. Thereby, to say we are dependent suggests we are somehow independent, since we have absolute power to feel and to experience and to suffer! Why then does Schopenhauer feel that 'will is the eternal repetition of ignorance', that there can be no evolution toward liberation? Consider: if there were no such evolution, how could the self envision any 'gradations of life'? We have already come a long long way to be given human form! The Seer obviously deeply desired it all, from out of his eternal psyche. And though human suffering may seem exquisite (such is our advanced narcissism) our power to remove it is surely equal to the need to do so; this is the law of compensation. Nietzsche affirmed how philosophy is conjured out of *need*, where human will is the force of striving for better, and here is the very source of the idea of evolving. But where ego is present there will always be pessimism. Why? We feel the very preciousness of the self, and we express this self as ego, which, since it is the desire to immerse and die in all the delights and forms of the world, is always helpless. We really cannot ever let go of this. We are romantics. We are in love with experiences and people and things... But finally and ironically, pessimistic Schopenhauer was right: there is no evolution, thank god! Evolution is a narrative, and narrative is *desire*, and it ends, ceases to exist, when it is no longer needed. When will this be? People speak of detachment from desire, the end of the need to wait, the end of waiting in *time*, the end of belief in thought as anything but thought, the end of belief in, and slavery to, any particular feeling. Instead, there is a singular and absolute attitude to life as 'utterly unchangeable and therefore empty' which in fact is the possibility of an all-encompassing love. This attitude is simply and merely the *recognition* of our total and utter identity with Absolute. Here and Now. This Vishnu, this renewal, this presence, this mercy, alone is the death of pessimism. Enquire into pessimism, Mister Schopenhauer! Do it a million times if you have to, but always you will come back to the sole problem: *who* is the enquirer into the so-called problem? It is *you*. And you are all that there ever is. And when we actually *see* pessimism for what it is, at that moment we are not pessimistic. Let that moment repeat itself, and rule. No seer of the truth can ever be pessimistic.

Fruit

9. The Dividual What measure of choice do any of us have? Take a fundamentalist, who demands the utter surrender of self and others to his cause. Is he mad? No. For him this world is utterly flawed, and his purpose, his ‘holy war’, is to annihilate or self-annihilate. Sickness or not, it is his choice. You may disdainfully reply that we are ‘mere particles’, ghostly atoms in a churning miasma of being, where incalculably greater forces shape our ‘choices’ and ‘destinies’ forever. Let us assume you are totally correct about this. But these parts, formations, constituents, ingredients, objects: all are *without self-nature*. They are conjurations, fantasies, projections, dreams in the air. And dreamed by whom? They are not the immortal self in us, they are not the eternal presence that we are, they are not *the one real substance that is the spark of the individual*. They are not he *who knows* he is obliterated, unborn, never formed, always gone, a ghost in air, a vapour in the sky... yet who is ever present, ever capable of choice, ever aware of his predicament. He is ever subject to conditions yet always *not* subject, because he is beyond conditions, beyond change, beyond fantasy, beyond dream, beyond his own mutable ghostliness. He is the one who is ever alive, ever knowing, ever present. And he makes choices. His choices are battered and burned and baked and boiled and smashed and ridiculed as Life - but he makes them. And he is also ‘immortal beyond all change, beyond all mutation, all choice’. Perhaps he is *The Dividual*, the one who is both ever indivisible and ever mutable... according to how he chooses.

Choice is not a choice

10. She is Ever of the Wide Universe The borderless awareness stores all as memory, to be set in train again as karma’s child. Things pass away, fall out of shape; and in the end there is only the utter moment, whatever trivia it contains. Embrace the new and relevant, people say. But ‘you and I’ never do cope with this absolute. Krishna the god was begged by his acolyte Arjuna to show the true nature of the cosmos. So he did, and Arjuna nearly went mad, crying out and begging for the unutterable horrific bedlamic vision of death and change to stop! No. Our experience is always a sheltered, calibrated, tamed, pointed, simplified choice. We never learn how to flow as the world’s chaos... So I think of the demented, who wordlessly cry out for all the things they lost or discarded. Have we seen the suffering chaos of these we love, when their identity is sucked away behind the glazed pools of their eyes? Here is thought-genocide, a sped-up version of what we all experience. Or perhaps dementia is temporary: released at last from the thickened brain a person comes to herself in a wider freer country, truly conscious and unconfined. What is birth in this body and brain anyway but confinement? And what is freedom but the death of confinement within thought, idea, imagination, memory? We all whisper: they are passing away now, passing away... a cognitive dissonance with our own sparrow lives of non-achievement. Faith and effort and hope are all gutted, futile. But if it is reality, how can we ever say it is a problem? Where do we ‘pass on’ to anyway? The sum total of energy cannot diminish in this absolute being. It is ‘the ever-present change of form’, eternally passing moment on moment, endlessly becoming, and therefore nothing at all. We are not ever what we are. But, but, we live, we live.

What am I to make of it then, I ask myself, when a person in an eighty year-old form is presented to me in a casket and I am told ‘this is the body of your mother’? Is there a single thing about this ‘body’ that is less or more unreal, less or more substantial than the person of sixty, the person of forty, of twenty, the baby of one month, the fabled twinkle in her father’s eye? I saw death for what it is: a complete fake, a misnomer, a

meaningless idea, a dumping ground for all superstition and ignorance. Listen. Whatever form you appear to take is passing away with each breath, each atom-second, into another form which passes away to another form, forever. This, in any million myriad combinations, depending on the size of the optical tool we might look through. And none of these so-called forms is anything other than a phantom, an *idea*. And when this 'last form' appears to disintegrate, when the light of the windows of the eyes seeks the beyond, when the zephyrs of breath labour and flow outward into the wide air, when the bag of flesh hesitates, falls and hugs the earth and will not get up or walk on no matter how its companions urge it to, then we can say that the person, whosoever and whatsoever that may be, has moved beyond our sight into another room, a new garden - to pluck a fresh adventure, new entertainment for her eyes, a new movie to titivate her, fresh parlay with the ineffable converse of life. Inside or outside time and space, we cannot say. But one thing I can: she left behind for me a store of memories with which I can and will do as I like. And I will reconstruct her story, or not, and reframe her former outward being in my eye, in my own tangle of grief and love, my narrative. Until I will think of her no more, since I also will have moved beyond this frightened quivering set of atoms, breathed too many of these intemperate breaths, replaced too many of these beaver cells, and walked on down the hallway into the dark or light. And then a hush will fall on our mutual mother-son soap opera, our construction, our painted little stage set, for whom there is no audience any more, and for whom a hush and a forgetting now falls in the camera-show of the world of men. And whom will we meet and do our business with in future pleasure gardens? It may be our chosen familiar ones or it may be strangers. Walk on. Be sure of this: nothing ever stays as it is, and yet no fish is ever plucked from the borderless sea. Walk on. Don't look sideways, or grasp at myriad operas of invention that beckon from the verges of your cosmic road. Instead be the garmented nothing that you are, and let your train trail behind you like the stars of an emperor, and let those who come behind pick up the cloth and treasure it - or not, as they choose.



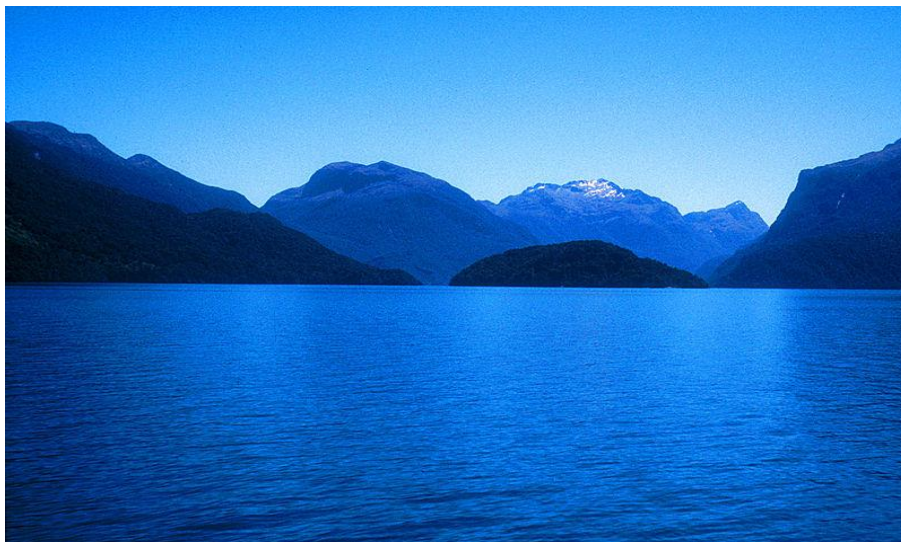
10. ENDLESS DIALOGUE OF A SELF

So, we at last embark on the battle to remember the reality of Ourselves alone. We know that there is nothing but the Storyteller talking to himself. And it doesn't matter if we wax repetitious for it is all waves (all this writing too) and the cresting of a wave is nothing but the negation of its trough. All crests and valleys, they *flow* as the nowness, hereness, no-time-ness, nowhere-ness. Memory is nothing but the detritus of a need to hold on. History is nothing but obsessive scrounging for meaning, the past nothing but a child's game of imagination where 'event' is viewed like some snapshot frozen in time, a reference point for all manner of theorising and storytelling. The snapshot never was; the 'point' is an impossibility, an absurdity, and if ever there could be such a frozen thing, the entire universe of flow would utterly explode into nothingness. There is nothing but flow... and if nothing but flow, nothing but nothingness. The problem really is: how to play the great pantomime of 'meaning' knowing that all is erased now and forever? I am writing this consequential blurb in order to cover up the terrifying fact that life is utterly simple. Yet there is no choice but to fight out our own relentless conversations, without end, without end...

'In the beginning we take the world as real, and its power controls us utterly (so says the first Voice) even while its totality is continual alteration. We try to grasp at happiness in myriad paths, products, experiences. In time we see that suffering comes from transformation itself. So I tell you once and for all, you are nothing but the ocean of awareness and the world is nothing but your own forms. (A second Voice interjects) *Then what is the nature of forms?* (First Voice in reply) They are of the nature of awareness. *So if they are of the nature of awareness, are they other than awareness?* No, there is only awareness. *So forms are unreal?* They are real since they are of the nature of awareness. *But they are illusion since they only appear to appear. Is not illusion illusion?* Correct. *So form cannot exist.* Except as name, the nature of awareness! Awareness as energy only appears to create. The only 'relationship' is said to be between awareness and object. (And there is no possibility that so-called forms can have any 'relationship' to one another.) *But how can awareness ever be in relationship to itself?* It appears, according to the mysterious energy arising in it, to continually extrapolate or limit itself. *We who are real have to live as if form is real?* Who takes it as real? *Me, I, myself.* Who is that? *All right, I am awareness. Do I know then that my world is unreal?* The world is not unreal! *But you said...* The world is of the nature of the only real substance, awareness. *Understood, but is awareness ever anything but itself?* No. *So the changes of the worlds are unreal.* They are unreal. There is no change. *Is suffering unreal then?* It is us, in our refusal to accept ourselves! We chase the illusion of 'wanting other', and we suffer the difference between what we want and what we have. *So there can be no suffering outside this illusion?* Correct. *How can an unreal thing cause suffering?* Precisely because we make it real, and thereby we attract confusion, ignorance. Meanwhile we, as awareness, generally know that we are suffering. 'I know that I am, and I know that I am suffering'. There is always one who is aloof from suffering. Why? In order to be the one who suffers, that is, the one who is in relationship with suffering, we have to be the one who does not suffer. *I am the one who is aloof from suffering?* Correct. *How then did I get to be in relationship with suffering?* You grasp, you make the false step of thinking you are separate, as ego. I don't blame you! The power of formation is absolute. *But separate from WHAT?* From yourself, in effect. You call 'you' the ego, and define what is 'not you' as

Other. You therefore enter relationship, which is false for the very reason that it is separative, relational, relative. *But we can't do anything about ego. It's an absolute force, a phenomenon.* We can divest ourselves of the false idea that we are separate. *What am I then?* You are the absolute awareness, boundless, eternal, free, indescribable, formless, total, pure. *Hegel said all things are defined only by their negation.* But he also said that a thing and its negation must logically be components of a greater unity. *So I create my suffering?* As I said, you attach yourself to illusion as if it were real. And the first and only illusion is that you create the false, limited 'I'. You put 'I' at the beginning of every sentence. 'I' creates all worlds. 'I' is the original and only thought. Take it away, and all worlds are gone. *So beyond that, there is nothing to do?* Absolutely nothing. *Then why are we having this conversation? Words generate illusion!* Because we honestly seek to end suffering. *Awareness cannot suffer!* Apparently it does. Who else could? *It cannot!* Well done, keep thinking that. *But there is suffering!* Only when we indulge in the limitations caused by grasping desire. *Suffering is necessary, to learn and to grow!* You are right, you are right... until it is necessary no more.'

How can an unreal thing cause suffering?



Is this speculation the exquisite torture of hiatus? This writer hopes not. Yet again he is lost in the pulsation of his mind... 'The ever-present timeless spaceless causeless pulsating reality - is that wherein all possible things occur simultaneously, without precursor, always fresh, always new. It is miraculous potential, scintillating as itself. This numinous presence appears to act, to distribute itself as parts, polarities, attractions, repulsions, atoms, causes, effects, places, circumstances, moments, flavours, regions, senses... The seer's pure vision seems trapped and conditioned by the deepest formations and involutions, the lowest denominators, the lowest depths! Yet these levels are nothing but the breathing of life itself, its at-all-points densification and rarefaction. Knowing this absolute pulsation, knowing that all its so-called parts and attributes are utterly harmoniously and rightly evolved out of it and as it - the only attitude to be taken is that of *itself* - which is utter freedom in the *inclusion* of all things. All 'things' are the rapturous expression of it, and they have no substance but it, even as

they seem to have their uniqueness. And so they are all gone, and yet are all present, for they are nothing but the pulsating One.

Imagine an onion. Peel away all its layers. The onion is born out of emptiness! We must never take ‘object’ or ‘mass’ for granted, because these are ‘compounds of utter emptitude’. At the ‘origin’, and in the utter process of every divisible strand, there is indivisibility. Hegel was right. If there is relationship at all, it is but the in-breath of emptiness into form, and the out-breath of form to emptiness. We must ask: to whom does ‘relationship’ occur? Answer: to the One who manifests the idea of it. *But this seer is empty, unmanifest?* It seems he cannot be, for he takes form. *Is that form actually manifest?* It seems it cannot be, since it exists as seer. Here is the ultimate and only paradox. *Can form beget form then?* Form is never form! I told you, only emptiness may appear to ‘beget’ form. All is ‘manifest in the emptiness of the conscious seer’. Please ask: how can a living being ever register anything that is not itself? Example: the scientist Oppenheimer looked into a vacuum and before his eyes ‘particles’ spontaneously appeared. *Why then do we insist on the concept of quanta (things) in physics?* Because (a) we cannot admit to the unchanging reality of eternal emptiness. Because (b) we cannot admit to the nothingness of physics itself. *How does solidity seem to occur then?* Absolute being-awareness can be termed ‘absolutely solid’ because it is the only substance that exists. It is ‘all densification, all rarefaction’. *What is Cause then?* There is but one ‘cause’, that of manifest ‘dancing’ unmanifest. Form is nothing but pulsation of the One. But it is a vexing thing - that pulsation *per se* cannot be said to have existence, since no form can ever be what it is except in relation to some node or negation with which it ‘pulsates’. Pulsation is relationship, but since there cannot ever be said to be two distinct things that mutually pulsate, it must be accepted that there is no vibration at all. *Tricky fellow!* Yet form is *said* to be ‘pulsation between unmanifest and manifest’. We go in circles! Or in spheres, or in magnetic vortices. *At last, there is nothing that does not partake of the nature of itself.* Correct, self is absolute. *As you said: how can a living being ever register anything that is not itself?* Yes, the so-called two are one. The proof that two are one is that duality is perceived by One, as One. *And who is that?* Ha! Therein is the endless mystery... All one can say is that it is YOU.

Is there relationship?

There is no Other. There is absolute being, and there is nothing other than it There is absolute awareness, and there is nothing other than it. There is absolute bliss, and there is nothing other than it. These are (three in) one, subject to no relationship, no ‘law of compensation’, no ‘yin-yang’, no ‘force and counterforce’. *How then does limitation, objectification appear to appear? And again, how is there suffering?* If awareness, as innate energy or pulsation, appears to identify with limitation (in reality it cannot ever do so) then ‘subject-object relationship’ comes. This is the idea that there are ‘things and the seer of things’. The ‘seer’ is nothing but the arbitrarily limited ‘I’, which is nothing but identification with ‘body-mind’ and ‘object’. The world is a fiction created by the idea of limited observer. From limitation and objectification, language follows, everything gets named, and one is locked into a paradigm called ‘cause and effect’ that by force of habit is hard to shake. How is ‘world’ so utterly pervasive? Because the original illusion is unquestioned. Some will blather that this is a weak explanation, and that materiality-objectivity is permanent. But if one is to question the process of perception, that is: ‘who perceives?’ one quickly arrives at the truth. All objectification is arbitrary. *Yet is*

objectification-illusion a permanent state of being-awareness? It cannot be, since it is illusory, and illusion cannot by definition exist. *All right, but again, how does it persistently appear to exist?* The answer again is: because the self appears to limit itself as ego, so that all 'objects' are a mere reflection of the original appearance of limitation, of the little 'I'. There cannot be any sentence or thought without 'I' as the subject. 'Unlimited I', on the other hand, is the Absolute Self. Can existence be limited simply because borders appear to be imposed? No. Can awareness be limited simply because objects appear to be imposed? Never. Objection is made by materialists and empiricists, who have entirely the wrong end of the stick. They say things like: awareness is not only limited to the brain, but is generated or created by the brain (a lump of meat inside a bone cavity). They say things like: awareness evolved gradually out of inert matter through 'stages of evolution'. What! They provide not a skerrick of evidence as to how the inert could possibly become conscious. And all the while they ignore the fact that they are inventing their theory absolutely and entirely in the context of awareness. Can a fish deny it is of the sea? *Water, what water?* says the stupid fish. The truth is, awareness is absolute, and cannot possibly be subject to any kind of evolution or becoming. All experience, all objectivity, all matter - is deconstructed as awareness. So go ahead, materialists. Perpetuate the cardinal, fundamental, only mistake: believing there are objects distinct from awareness. They will reply: *Absurd! Of course there are 'things' outside our personal awareness of them.* But are they outside awareness itself? If they are, could someone please inform me where they reside? In fact, has anyone ever been able to locate an object outside awareness? Further, if they were outside awareness, how on earth could we be conscious of the fact that we were not conscious of them? There can be nothing outside consciousness, hence there are no objects separate from it. They are mere so-called 'objects of consciousness'. But is this latter nomenclature ('objects of consciousness') useful or misleading? Profoundly oxymoronic misleading, is the answer. Sole provable fact: I am, and I am aware that I am. But in subject-object awareness I believe I am separate from any object that I 'know'. This delimits the definition of me (the subject) as 'little I' - as opposed to 'absolute I'. Thereby I accept limitation, and therefore accept the equation 'I versus Not I'. This is a false relationship, a lie, an illusion. This original limitation idea creates all limitation. The philosopher Derrida sought to 'deconstruct the object' in order to bring it back to undifferentiated consciousness - and he made a reputation out of it. But his enquiry is ultimately cumbersome: it is like letting the tiger out of the zoo then marshalling all forces to capture it again. The idea that there is an object to be deconstructed is a falsehood. There is no object. There is no Other. To 'sustain the world' is futile. To live awareness is bliss. To live subject-object awareness is suffering. Which do you prefer?

Idea of limited seer = the fiction of the world

Within sentience, how can insentience ('object') occur? This is impossible except as 'the idea of relationship'. This is known as 'death'. Let us now follow a chain of fundamental mistakes. One, that 'object' consists of 'matter'. Two, that 'object' is thereby inert. Three, that awareness cannot be present in so-called inert matter. Let us blunder down this line and ask: in which regions of matter does awareness reside? In the 'brain'? In the 'synapses'? In the electricity that connects the synapses? In the 'nervous system'? And so on and on. Such reasoning births absurdity. Awareness does not reside 'in matter' for the simple reason that there is no difference between so-called matter and awareness. If you want to call yourself a materialist, then realise that awareness is the only material! The term 'matter' can only be used as a tag for so-called 'objectification of

awareness', whereby matter appears to be 'inert'. This is because the one who posits matter as exempt from awareness identifies with 'body' and 'mind' as distinct entities. This utterly false limitation is ignorance itself. The origin of modification or objectification is in the *desire to know*. But how can such desire, such division, such fractation, such 'knowledge' be fulfilled, when being-awareness is eternal and absolute? Awareness cannot be other than aware but it forever appears to polarise, which is the genesis of 'unawareness'. In the face of this profoundly persistent polarisation, this experience of relativity, we must continually ask: *To whom does it occur? To whom does it occur?* There are two possible conclusions: (1) He to whom it occurs is beyond relativity. (2) He to whom relativity occurs is permanently subject to it, thereby giving to relativity the supreme power. By either conclusion we make the mistake of seeing relativity as real, ie: as having self-nature.

Awareness appears to perform two movements: contraction and expansion These are otherwise termed 'form and emptiness'. In contraction the awareness 'focuses', flowing to a singular point to the exclusion of all else. In expansion the awareness divests itself of focus - before the next contraction arises. It is impossible to hold any point in perception except as a series of rapidly pulsating contractions and expansions. Further, while an object is perceived, there can be no perception of any other. For example, while sound or light is perceived, there is no perception of silence or darkness. Thus, whether perception is in contracted or expanded mode, there is always a 'singularity of awareness'; that is, there is never anything but continuity of awareness. *There is never anything but a sense of oneness*. Whether as in-breath or out-breath, there is nothing but air. To consciously deconstruct perception by means of contraction and expansion (form and emptiness) is to expose the 'phantom matrixes of time and space'. We ask: what happened to the point that was? (contraction) It is instantly gone (expansion), just as 'the point it transforms into' (contraction) is also gone (expansion). We see there is certainly no such thing as 'point' (form) independent of 'context' (emptiness). Being-awareness, in whom relativity is said to occur, ever shines as unbroken Self. The one who is purported to 'see the other' can *never* see the other, since the 'other' would by definition not be a part of himself. Therefore, we conclude there is no other - though the seer forever appears to create it.

Never any experience but oneness

To assert non-existence is to assert the context of existence Contraction-expansion forever underpins ideas of 'point and context'. Example: We see a point of light originate in 'a thing called darkness', and we realise that 'the idea of a point of light simultaneously originates the idea of darkness'. Or else we feel that 'a point of light' has distinguished itself from 'an unseen state of absolute light'. Again, we hear a 'sound' (vibration) coming out of 'a thing called silence', and we realise that 'the particular sound originates the idea of silence', or else we feel that a particular sound has distinguished itself from 'an unheard state of absolute sound'.

Yet, again we ask: how can silence register ('know') sound, since it then would no longer be silence? In other words, how can a thing register anything that is not itself? Will we proceed to claim that 'sound' has no existence at all? No, because to assert the non-existence of a thing is precisely to assert the context of existence. 'That which is itself' can only seek to know itself by creating 'other'. You and I thus perceive the idea of relativity within a oneness who cannot be 'other' except 'to appear to itself as negating itself'. Duality is truly a marvellous mirage, the sleight-of-hand of the veiling power of energy. To take any position (contraction, form)

is to experience relativity, that is, to 'become unconscious'. But to do so is mere *slowness* - the very definition of ideas of materialisation, of matter, of density, of ignorance.

death is nothing but the idea of difference

'Sound' thus appears only in terms of a relative context called 'silence', 'light' in terms of a relative context called 'darkness', 'solidity' in terms of a relative context called 'rarefaction', and so on. But if awareness is the ground and source, then 'awareness of limitation' is a very strange oxymoron. 'Form' is a mere signifier, formed by the differentiation of the 'holy sound' (pulsation, wave) into so-called relationships which appear to be in opposition, appear to express otherness, relativity, polarity, particulation and so on. In fact these 'relationships' are nothing but the 'undisclosed perceiver', one without parts, eternal, silent, without qualities. Self may appear to darken, to limit, but that is mysterious energy pulsating within the self! It is only and always within and as self. Where else? Thus, 'death' is nothing but the idea of difference, whereby one thing 'dies' because another thing is purportedly 'created'. Absurdity! And to 'appear to occur' is oxymoron, impossibility - or rather, flight of fancy. 'Object is separate' is a statement occurring to self, therefore an impossible statement. That this statement is deemed 'possible' is testament only to the omnipotence and omniscience of self... Thereby, do we really think we should be concerned about death - this time-and-space soap opera of ours? You are not a victim. You are seated in the power of powers, and you have decided you are victim to the circumstances you create. Why limit yourself? You are the creator of worlds. How did you do it all? You are the bliss of oneness, the bliss of being-awareness. How did these worlds come? They never came. There could never be anything but being-awareness-bliss. How then do they appear to come? As idea. What is idea? It is a warp, a wave in the ocean of mind. It is nothing but impulse of the life toward 'self-expression'. And if you the looker look, you will see that in your looking you are making the thing you look at. You self-entertain. This world is a dream of your own making. Who else could have made it? There is never anything but you, there never could be anything but you. You are the god, the avatar, the responsible one, the now and the here. And you create the idea of ego, of point, of atom, of sphere. And you let these so-called spheres appear to be distinct. But anything that appears to be separate is utterly unreal. No thing has any kind of self-nature. Materialists invest in and as 'a universe separate from the seer', and talk of energy and matter and atom and change and relationship and distance and time and cause and effect... These have no existence whatsoever outside absolute seer, who is ever himself and none other. Anyone who purports to participate in this universe cannot ever be anything but himself, now, here, without conditions. So do not worry about this dream called death, my friends. You are the ever-living eternal presence, and the dreams you create do you no service at all. Do you want to be victim? Do not be the victim of your own dreams.

... an unseen state of absolute light... an unheard state of absolute sound

Nothing ever evolves In the beginning, mountain is mountain. Under scrutiny it ceases to be mountain. At the end it becomes mountain again, and you are the mountain and the climber of it. We begin as if in a basement of confinement, and wish to end as if on a mountainside touching our fingers to the sky. Is confinement forever? Or is confinement the last most elusive mirage? We must persist in our enquiry. The persistent obsession with the discreteness of so-called objects entrenches automatism. Our friend Charles Darwin signifies the obsession,

though he was originally a believer in the divine. It is a remarkable thing to create a fantastic and complex series of labels, and then, tracing the movements of these labels, to call it 'evolution'. To invent a complex series of pathways and call them 'species', to designate a fantasmagoric cosmos of creatures and to persist in thinking they are in some way distinguishable from their 'environment', and that therefore they survive in it by 'adaptation'... **Where is the boundary between creature and environment?** Is a fish other than the sea? You may say that the tension between volition, the need to survive, and a 'hostile' environment allows a creature to clamour for 'independence'. Yet there is no manner in which a creature, even with volition, can ever be independent of anything. And its so-called volitional powers, apart from being an infinitesimally small part of the forces operating upon and within it, are nothing but the product of its nature, which nature is of course nothing but the presence of life as 'environment'. The term environment is nothing but a 'relative space' in which a so-called 'creature' operates. Where volition (will) is the originator of all illusion, Darwin should rightly have asked the deepest question of all: *Wherein is the spirit of survival?* or *What survives?* If all else is created, transformed, converted, transmogrified by so-called evolution, what *survives*? Only life itself. And that which lives, that which is life itself, is forever aware. And if we 'take refuge in time' in order to create another arbitrary 'point' in order to 'measure difference', we find that that point or state we selected is utterly arbitrary since it is merely relative to some other arbitrary point or state. The supreme empirical proof is that if a creature 'survives' by 'adaptation' in a given environment, it can in no way be separate from the conditions of that environment... which of course themselves undergo continual change. The reality is: change occurs only in the context of that which survives, in other words that which *never changes*. And what is that? It is life as awareness. All else is but a description, an imposition, an idea. Darwin invented or traced a set of ideas, labelled them 'species' and merely watched the labels change. The reality is, the eternal unchanging self that is awareness appears to express itself in 'time and space' as the so-called 'phenomena of the world'. We might just as well call this process *involution*, a movement *out of the heart*. Meanwhile, Hegel showed that any so-called object or event, encountering its necessary negation, must logically fuse into a more comprehensive unity. Here then is the best expression of evolution - *a movement inward to the heart*. Yet the fact remains: no 'thing' has self-nature. A walled basement has no self-nature. The human body has no self-nature. Death has no self-nature. And suffering - which we are clearly most concerned about in this life, is nothing but the difference between what we think we have lost (utter freedom) and what we seem to have (confinement, ignorance). Ignorance is nothing but the fear of losing something. There is nothing to be lost, and our ignorance is nothing but our investment, our clinging. A breath, a hair on our head, a heartbeat: have we 'lost' these? And do we lament? No doubt we require illusion to live, but we are never confined.

Is a fish other than the sea?

Manifestation has been called 'the eternal effort to die' Our struggle is the hiatus between the need to cling and the need to surrender, to cease clinging. We are unable to cope with all the ignorances of the world, and so want to make islands of ourselves in order to fight and evolve and overcome. But the price of our island is repetition, is weariness, is cynicism - and we are doomed to believe in our own limitation. Yet we are forever total. Why the need to prove it? That need is expressed in mental perception, vital desire, physical formation. The Self self-entertains. Relativity, the Other, is the 'original problem'. And life is then deemed to be 'survival', which is expediency, the manipulation of circumstance. Life, by mysterious power, will do anything to express

itself or kill itself. Ego is simply that desire, the creation of mental waves, the focus on circumstance, on the acts that conjure worlds in tension. But what possible ground is there for a thing to be isolated from anything? There can be no relationship between so-called objects, as materialists would have us believe. Yet we are caught forever in a no-man's-land wherein neither context nor thing has any meaning. We oscillate continually between the two, inventing relationships that we hope will elucidate 'meaning'. But to create 'thing' is to obliterate context, and to create 'context' is to obliterate thing. To divide totality into things, or time into moments... this is the torture of tortures. There is no meaning outside the simplicity of awareness! And here is the koan of koans: *'Who casts a veil over the real?'* People fear death, but consider this: no matter how hard you try, you cannot ever kill yourself. Life has no ultimate power to kill itself, only to endlessly obscure itself in 'time' and 'change' and 'relationship' and 'transformation' and 'relativity' and 'polarity'. If this is the death instinct, the instinct to manifest, to objectify - it is none other than a great refusal, a repulsion. It is the mysterious pulsing energy, it is relativity, it is the fight for 'little self', for a limited, false self. Manifestation has thus been called 'the eternal effort to die'. By definition it can never succeed. Life allows ignorance and suffering, and the question is: can the great battle ever end? Where is the death of the death instinct? We can't kill limitation, and we can't kill illimitation. They are two aspects of the one thing. Know therefore that there is no other. Know that there is no attainment, only embodiment. Know that there is nothing to become. Know that there is nothing to be done. There is nothing to be done. The only possible sufferer is absolute seer, and he by definition cannot suffer. Be still, be quiet. And if you were thinking of suicide, think again.



The last question is: *wherein is the spirit of survival?* The proper attitude, and I embrace this to the absolute particularity of my heart, is that I don't care about anything that ever happens, ever again. I will never be traced. I am nothing but wave and phantom. All is gone and all is to come and all is gone again. The spirit of survival, though it is some kind of magical conjuration of becoming called the world - is not ego, not confinement, not mental labyrinth... not cruel, not torturing, not deluded, not insatiable... It is the spirit. It is the free self. Rely on it. It is eternal awareness. Absolute fact. Sky.