

Freedom

... another word for nothing left to lose ...

A New, Non-Spiritual
Down-to-Earth Freedom
Peter's Journal
The Actual Freedom Trust

1998

Other publication also available:
Richard's Journal (2004)

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Second edition 2011

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PETER'S JOURNAL

A Personal Account on the Path to Actual Freedom

After some 15 years of fruitless search on the spiritual path, I met a man who said 'everyone has got it 180 degrees wrong', and that he had been Enlightened until he saw through the delusion it was.

He had devised a method of becoming actually free
from the human condition

and, as this was my burning desire in life, I decided to try out something new and radical. As time was running out, I felt I had

... nothing left to lose ...

I have discovered that by diligently applying the method explained in the book it is possible to become virtually free of malice and sorrow and to eventually become actually free from the Human Condition.

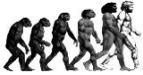
Further I have discovered that it is now possible
to live with my companion in

... peace and harmony ...

So I offer this journal to you should you be desperate and daring enough to try something new – to become actually free –

... happy and harmless.

My experience is it works.



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Foreword ...

As I sit on the balcony of our small flat contemplating life, I am moved to start writing my story. The urge has been welling in me over the last few months, so I'm now making a start. There is now ample time, given that I have all but retired, to reflect on the sense I have made of life.

Indeed, that has been the innate drive in my life: to make sense of this mad world that I found myself living in. The insanity of endless wars, conflict, arguments, sadness, despair, failed hopes and dreams seems endemic. And worse still, as I gradually forced myself to admit, I was as mad, and as bad, as everyone else. I had tried all of the solutions that Humanity offered in order to be happy, but in the end they made no sense and haven't worked to sort out the mess. But I have now done it, and the results are stunning, to say the least, and this is my story. It is a story not only of an adventurous journey, but of an arrival at a virtual freedom.

I find myself, these days, both happy and harmless in that sorrow and malice have virtually disappeared from my life. Gone now is the continuous neurosis of the relentless self-concerned thoughts spinning in my head and the accompanying churning emotions and feelings. A calm stillness pervades within and without – it is now a delight to be alive. And I have also achieved what was a driving ambition since 'adulthood': I am now experiencing living with a woman in complete peace, harmony and equity with its accompanying sexual delight – the icing on the cake, if you like. I can now look back on a life well lived, complete in itself, and free of any emotional scars as I troll through my memories.

So I'm writing to tell the story of how it is possible for any man and woman to live in peace and harmony, for indeed my companion and I are anybody – very ordinary, mortal human beings. Of course, it has only been possible because I have almost rid myself of malice and sorrow. By following a simple process,

alluded to in this book, it is now possible for any human being to do so, should they so desire. Therefore, it is possible for any man and woman to live in peace, harmony and equity. It is then obvious that all humans can live in peace and harmony on this lush, verdant planet. Should they so desire.

However, nobody but me could rid myself of malice and sorrow to the extent I have – it involved none of the usual spiritual, social or political ideals, no energy or karma, no trust, faith or hope, and no belief in, or surrender to, some Guru or God. I had to do it for myself, by myself, and I had to make it the most important thing in my life. But I do acknowledge serendipity, and it was surely serendipitous to meet Richard and Devika on a warm, summer evening in January 1997.



It started off as a slightly awkward social evening but as it continued it proved to be profound for me. I do not remember a great deal of the post-dinner conversation, but a few things stick in my memory.

‘Everyone has got it 180 degrees wrong,’ Richard said at one stage. I was starting to have some doubts about Enlightenment, and that ‘crack in the door’ was enough for me to reply, ‘Really? – I’ll think about that for a bit’.

‘The only danger is you might become Enlightened,’ said Richard about the experimental method he had devised to eliminate the identity in toto – that psychological and psychic entity that is the root of sorrow and malice and that dwells within all human beings.

‘It is possible for a man and a woman to live together, twenty-four hours a day, in utter peace, harmony and equity, totally enjoying each other’s company, and the sex is great,’ said Devika. Now I was really interested!

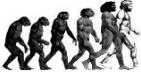
‘I was Enlightened for eleven years before I managed to break free from the delusion that I was God’, said Richard. My

brain went into gridlock, but this sounded like an interesting path to investigate, particularly considering what Devika had said about man and woman living together. Little did I know that the first statement was to lead to nearly a year of examining almost every belief I had taken on as to what it is to be a human being on this planet, and to reject every one of them as silly! And little did I know that I was soon to prove Devika's statement as a fact in my life.

And needless to say, I have managed to avoid becoming Enlightened, or indeed any form of Guru-ship.

At this stage it may be useful to state my motives for writing. As I watch television, read newspapers, listen to people and observe the relationships of men and women around me, I see sorrow – sadness, melancholy, despair, resignation and the bitter-sweetness of love; and malice – vindictiveness, sarcasm, revenge, innuendo, gossip, jealousy, violence and hate. Nowhere do I see delight, contentment, satisfaction, benevolence, consensus and cooperation. Nor do I see any men and women living together in peace and harmony. So I thought my story could be useful to anyone who, like me, hadn't given up yet, but who could see they had 'nothing left to lose' in trying something new.





Introduction ...

‘Everybody has got it 180 degrees wrong.’ We had been talking for about an hour. They were the latest of the ‘spiritual people’ who seemed to be coming into my life like a flood at the time. My flat-mate had invited them to dinner and I was curious to listen to their story and hear of what I initially took to be their spiritual experiences and words of wisdom.

I had come to a point in my life where my spiritual search had become obsessive. The major issue becoming evident to me at the time was that I did not like how the ‘Enlightened Ones’ were with their women, I didn’t like their lifestyle, and I didn’t like how they were with each other! So I did have some serious doubts about the spiritual world and desperately wanted some answers that made sense.

We had talked until 3 am in the morning and I found our guests a most curious couple. There was an ordinariness about them that was most refreshing – despite their most outlandish stories and concepts. I thoroughly enjoyed talking to them and I had not felt talked down to. What soon followed were many visits to their house. I have little memory of the details of what was said, only that I was continuously attracted to finding out about this curious new way of looking at life. I promptly rearranged my life and subsequently spent about twenty hours a week in comfortable discussions in Richard’s lounge room. Broadly, what emerged that I could relate to was that I, as a human being, had been programmed since birth with a set of beliefs, which formed my social identity, and that by identifying, challenging and investigating these beliefs they could be eliminated. Further, I had come into the world pre-programmed with a set of instinctual passions, and these instinctual passions too could be similarly eliminated. The ‘I’ that I think I am and that I feel I am, that troublesome psychological and psychic

entity, was actually nothing more than the sum total of these beliefs and instinctual passions! And the whole package could be got rid of! Not transcended as in the spiritual world, but actually annihilated. It sounded good to me ... if a touch scary.



The essential method was to undertake a total investigation into anything that was preventing me from being happy and harmless now – after all, the point of living is to be happy and harmless now, not at some time in the future, or at some time in the past. The question to ask myself was, ‘How do I experience this moment of being alive?’ Now is, after all, the only time I can experience being happy. Any emotion such as anger, frustration or boredom that is preventing my happiness now, has to be traced back to its cause – the exact incident, thought, expectation or disappointment. At the root of this emotion is inevitably found a belief or an instinctual passion. The ruthless challenging, exposing and understanding of these beliefs and instinctual passions actually weakens their influence on my thoughts and behaviour. The process, if followed diligently and obsessively, will ultimately cause the beliefs to disappear completely and the instinctual passions to be greatly minimized. The idea, of course, is to eliminate the cause of my unhappiness, ‘me’, so that I can experience life at the optimum, here, now.

It soon presents success incrementally, as freedom from these beliefs and instinctual passions will indeed inevitably result in increased peace and harmony for myself and in my relating with those around me. The method does bring up fear and resistance, because one is dismantling one’s very ‘self’, those very beliefs one holds so dearly.

It sounds so simple, but most people who had talked to Richard were not even willing to take a small step along the way. Most people would seemingly like their life to be better, but faced with the prospect of actually having to do something themselves, or

having to change the way they are, they soon turned away, only to re-run the ‘tried and failed’ methods. Of course, the major fear is that it will work and the identity will go in toto! For me, I just figured that I had ‘nothing left to lose’; it was either a slow, miserable, painful, death-like life or a quick death of what I saw as the problem – the ‘self’ or ‘psychological and psychic entity’ within.

I remember one story that Richard told where he compared coming into the world to joining the army. You stand in a line, naked, and you are given, one by one, the various items you need for army life – underwear, shirts, trousers, helmet, shoes, bag, shaving gear, toothbrush and so on, and you emerge the other end ‘equipped’ for duty. Similarly, my parents, teachers and others had equipped me – as a new recruit to the human race – with the beliefs, values, morals and ethics necessary to join and play my part in the human race. This made sense to me, and I was soon immensely fascinated in uncovering, discussing and investigating each one of these beliefs. I was challenged to investigate the validity of each of them and to determine for myself the facts – what was sensible and what was silly? Had any of these beliefs and values worked, and if not, why not?

As human animals we also come into the world already equipped with the basic instinctual passions of fear, aggression, nurture and desire, pre-wired into the brain. These instinctual passions have been instilled by ‘Blind’ Nature to ensure the survival of the species and it is common wisdom that ‘you can’t change Human Nature’. ‘Of course you can – why not?’ said Richard, and I liked that. Why not indeed?



The other thing that quickly emerged from these early discussions was the essential reference point of the ‘peak experience’, or Pure Consciousness Experience. It is an actual experience in one’s life when, for a brief period of time, one has an

experience when the ‘self’ is temporarily in abeyance and everything is experienced as perfect and pure, magical and delightful. It took me a while to remember one, and I was sceptical at first, because it was an experience I had had after having taken the drug ecstasy. It had happened some twelve years ago. I had arranged with my partner at the time to take the drug by the foreshore of a large salt-water lake, opposite a holiday house where we were staying for the weekend. We arranged a comfortable picnic spot by the lake and popped a tablet each.

As the effect came on, I remember walking in the shallow water marvelling at my magical fairy-tale-like surroundings. A vast blue sky overhead with an ever-changing array of wispy white clouds. The sun glistens on the tiny ripples of water washing gently over my feet. The feel of the mud oozing between my toes as they sink into the muddy beach. Huge pelicans glide overhead and I liken them to the jumbo jets of the bird world as they come in to land on the water some distance out. The sun on my skin warming me through and through, the breeze ruffling my hair and tingling my forearms, and the water cooling on my feet. It is so good to be alive, senses bristling as if on stalks and everything is perfect. Absolutely no objections to being here – pure delight!



After a while I turn to my partner who is sitting in the shade beneath a wonderfully gnarled and ancient tree on the lake’s edge. There sits a fellow human being to whom I have no ‘relationship’. Any past or future disappears; she and I are simply here together, experiencing these perfect moments. The past five years that I have known her, with all the memories of good and bad times, simply do not exist. It is just delightful that she is here with me, and I do not even have any thoughts of ‘our’ future. In short, everything is perfect, always has been, and always will be. It is a temporary experience of actual freedom where I, as this flesh and blood body only, am able to experience with my physical senses the perfection

and purity of the universe, totally free of any psychological or psychic entity within. I am also free of the delusion that this is all the work of some mythical maker to whom I owe gratitude for ‘my’ being here, and there are no heartfelt delusions of grandeur or Oneness. So totally involving is this sensate experience that the feelings and emotions of a ‘self’ or ‘Self’ have no place in the magical paradise of this actual world that is abundantly apparent. I am actually here, in the physical universe and enjoying a direct and unfettered involvement, every moment.

As I racked my memory in the weeks after meeting Richard and Devika, this was the pure consciousness experience, the PCE, that stood out – this was how I wanted to experience life permanently, twenty-four hours a day, and this now became my intention. To replicate that ‘self’-less experience, as this mortal flesh and blood body, permanently, effortlessly, without drugs, became my intent in life and, very soon, my total obsession.



I was fascinated to learn that Richard had been Enlightened and had now found a state that he said was vastly superior to Enlightenment. Given the doubts I was beginning to acknowledge to myself about the ‘tried and true’ methods of Religion and Spirituality, I became intrigued that here was something that was new and totally different. The other attractive part was that Richard and Devika had investigated together all the conditioning and beliefs that prevented men and women from living together harmoniously. I decided – after my fifteen years of failed attempts to find any sensible meaning in life on the spiritual path – to give this particular way my total effort.

The next thing I determined was to find out, in a practical manner, if what they were saying was factual – could it work? Could I live with a woman as I had longed for – free of jealousy, dependency, bickering, compromise, resentment, withdrawal, moodiness, etc? It seemed I had run the full range of failure in

relationships, and all around I saw only failure. What the hell, I obviously had nothing left to lose, and I disliked failure intensely!

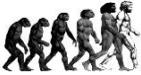
So, within a few short weeks I had several goals – to experience living on this earth as I had in the Pure Consciousness Experience, and to live with a woman in peace, harmony and equity. And I had a new method to follow for possibly achieving both!



In my life I never have been a great one for talk, theory, speculation, dreaming or imagining. I remember in architecture school being given an assignment to design a playground on a vacant inner-city lot of land. Some eighty students were involved, and it occurred to me that with this number of people and the amount of time each of us took in coming up with our theoretical designs, we could build something actual within the same time. I took on the job of organizing material and, with two days' building work, it was done! The business of being an architect, after all, is to turn dreams and visions into real buildings. Therefore, in the present situation, if I was to turn the theory into actuality, I was only missing a woman to try it with. But then, how to find one was my problem...

But I am jumping ahead a bit. First I'd like to tell you how I came to be obsessed with finding the 'meaning of life' – the real beginning of my journey...





Death ...

As I begin to put into words the sense I have made of life, I am reminded of the time I stood beside my 13-year-old son's coffin. It was indeed a shocking experience to be confronted by the sight of the dead body of someone so young and so close. Shocking to my very core. It was then that I really determined to find out how to remove the 'shackles' that I felt had always bound me, and to experience life free of them before I died! I had been, at this time, some ten years on the spiritual path, but this experience was to prove for me a seminal point – the beginning really.



Two things in particular stick in my mind from the time of my son's death. My ex-wife had wanted to see the body and the undertaker led us out to the little room in which the coffin stood on trestles, set up for our viewing. I remember looking at the body, which had been prepared to look serene with whatever skills an undertaker uses. What struck me immediately was the lifelessness of the corpse. This was obviously the dead body of someone who had abounded with almost frenetic energy when he was alive. There was a wail from beside me as my ex-wife put into words exactly what I had seen – 'He's not here, he's not here'. After leaving the funeral parlour we drove aimlessly around the small coastal town, finally parking on the edge of the river estuary. As we wandered out onto the tidal mudflats, she looked up at the greying sky and shouted out his name several times. I looked up at the sky and clearly remember thinking, 'No, he's not up there either.'



I had experienced the death of both parents previously, but the death of one of my children, particularly one so young, completely shattered my nonchalant view I had of being alive. When I was seventeen, my father had died when he was only in his early forties. He had suffered a heart attack about two years before, but had continued to work very hard to fulfil his ambition of providing a house and some security for my mother. He died when it was half-complete, and I always saw the futility in his gesture, as my mother was lonely in the house without him and sold it a few years later anyway. I guess it was the only thing he knew to do as a husband, but it always seemed such a pointless sacrifice.

I also have a distinct memory from this time of my mother trying to find a priest who would officiate at the cremation. My father was a Lutheran, but the Lutheran minister refused to conduct the service, as my father had also been a Mason, which was objectionable to the minister for some reason. So, here was my mother ringing around to find anyone with a back-to-front collar willing to do the job.

What my son's death at such a young age did for me was to intensify the sense of urgency to find the meaning of it all – after all, I saw how short life can actually be. Here I was, my father dead, my son dead; I was still alive, in my early forties, and I was obviously living on borrowed time – as I saw it. And I knew that I was not even really living yet – there was fear, hesitancy, and that feeling of invisible shackles from which I yearned to break free. What also struck me at the time was the fact that I had learnt nothing in life that I could pass on to my son about how to be happy, how to have a happy relationship with a woman, how to live life fully. My father never knew of these things, and now another generation had passed, another opportunity was being missed. I inwardly determined to make this 'finding out' the most important goal of my remaining life – my 'borrowed time' as I somewhat dramatically called it.



I vividly remember my reactions when I was first told of my son's death. I was in Poona, India, in the ashram of a guru now known as 'Osho', but who is most commonly known as 'Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh'. Some few months earlier I had finished a two-year project building a huge marble and glass bedroom for Rajneesh. I was not working in the ashram at the time of my son's death and was just cruising in one of my 'comfortably numb' periods, leisurely eating breakfast, with nothing at all planned for the day, or indeed for the rest of my life.

A woman I knew, who was involved in the ashram organisation, came up to me as I sat at the table and said she had something to tell me. 'Your son has been killed in an accident.' Immediately a wave of grief engulfed me, as though it saturated my body. I began to cry, so deeply that it really did feel as though I would sob my heart out. After what must have been only a minute or two, I then remember a deep feeling of loss – 'I won't *ever* see him again, he won't be around in my life – and I will miss him!' The crying continued for a few more minutes and then a numbness came over me which was to last for a few hours until I became involved in the practical things that needed to be organised – contacting his mother, organising travel, etc. This intense wave of grief was to return several times later in the day, but I recall thinking how calmly I was doing whatever was necessary. There was still a deep feeling of loss that he would not be in my life any more, that he would actually not be around any more. What was evident, even then, was that a large part of the grief I felt was really the fear that death had struck so close to me! That one day I, too, would die.

When I arrived at the school where he had died, I found a veritable sea of emotions. His mother was overcome with grief, the staff swamped with grief and guilt, his friends and peer group confused as to how to respond, while the younger students seemed the least emotionally affected. I was not interested in the details of

his death at all, as any questioning would only involve guilt and blame, and the deep feeling of loss was already enough for everyone. I found myself coming back, again and again, to the fact that he was simply not around any more. After the cremation, I returned to the ashram in India to resume normal life, unsuspecting of the events to follow.



Within a few weeks, as we all assembled in the meeting hall for the evening talk, it was announced that Rajneesh had ‘left his body’ earlier that afternoon. His dead body was then carried into the hall and placed on the podium, and an emotional celebration was held. Here in front of us lay the body of the man who had been for me mentor, father and Guru! For the past ten years I had devoted my life to him and his vision. I had sat in devotion for hours and hours, had worked for his ideal, and had loyally followed him through thick and thin. Being his disciple and following his teachings had given my life meaning, direction and purpose. And now he was dead.

His body was then carried through the streets amidst much pandemonium, as by now the word of his death had spread around Poona. At the burning place by the river, the body was placed on a pit full of firewood. Ghee and various perfumes were poured on, more logs piled on top, and the whole lot set on fire. Several thousand of us were gathered in the firelight and the singing continued into the night. As the crowd thinned, I watched the smouldering remains of the fire, wondering what would become of all our dreams, and what I would do, now that he was gone. The next morning I was awoken with a message to come to the ashram, where I worked with a crew all day and through the night to convert the marble bed we had completed only months before into an altar for his ashes. The huge bedroom I had helped build was now to become his Mausoleum!

Life in the ashram continued on, hardly missing a beat, with his chair ceremoniously carried in each evening, and a large screen lowered to play videos of his previous talks. We all believed he had only ‘left his body’ and ‘His Energy’ was still here. I stayed on in the ashram for a month or two, but since I was running out of money I returned to work in the West. I found a largely unspoken sympathy directed towards me because of my son’s death, and I became aware of a certain personal emotional investment in continuing my grief. The grief was to remain simmering just below the surface for some two years. I would often find myself feeling guilty, but eventually it became obvious that this was senseless, as I explored all of my actions and could see that in no way was I culpable. I realised some of the guilt was associated with the question: ‘Did I give him too much freedom?’ And the answer was always that it was better to have given him freedom than to try and tie him down. For the last six months of this period I would walk the beach near where I lived for hours and hours, miles and miles, trying to make sense of why he had died. In the end I wore out the question and accepted the fact that there was no answer – he was no more in my life. He was dead!

The death of my son proved to be a turning point in my life. It provided me with both the intent to find out the ‘meaning of life’, and a constant sense of urgency to do so. I realised two things when I saw his dead body – the living being I had known was no more, and he had not ‘gone’ anywhere else. In short, death is the end of a living being and there is no after-life – it is but a passionate myth!

Curiously enough, those two realisations were to prove vital in beginning to remove the ‘shackles’ that I felt that day by the coffin. Those imaginary bonds, restraints and confusions which are now but a faded memory. They were, however, real and very potent at the time and have required a lot of stubborn, intense effort to remove. They actually separate me, this flesh and blood body, from the sensual, thrilling experience of being alive and doing whatever is happening, this very moment, right here – even although only virtually free of any malice and sorrow.



During my investigations into death over this last year, I have become aware that the most shocking thing for human beings is that we are able to contemplate our own death. It is amazing that, of all the animals on the planet, only we human beings, with our ability to think and reflect, know that we have a limited life span and, further, that we could die at any time. We know this, we can talk about it and think about it. We see other people and animals die, and we see our bodies aging and dying. We know that death is an inevitable fact. This is the fact of the situation, but we have avoided this fact largely by making ‘Why are we here?’ and ‘What happens after death?’ into great religious, philosophical and scientific questions. Indeed, for many humans the pursuit of the answer to these meaningless questions is deemed to be the very meaning of life. The search for what happens after life becomes the point of life and the Search is endless. One is forever on the Path. One never arrives. That always seemed some sort of perversity to me. All that the religious and spiritual meanings of life have offered us is that they point to life after death – that’s where it is really at! ‘When you die, then you can really live!’



I have read the work of some researchers who have studied the responses of people with terminal illnesses and they have documented people’s reactions in the face of death. Broadly, those reactions are seen progressively as denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. It seems to me that since we all know we suffer from a terminal illness called ‘growing old’, at the end of which comes death, human beings actually live their lives in one, if not all, of the above psychological states at one time or another.

Denial of the fact of death is to believe in a Heaven, a place where we go to after death. This is common to all religions, with the Eastern religions adding the belief of reincarnation to somewhat

muddy the water. Enlightenment, with its altered state of consciousness, is a denial of death in the sense that the Guru believes Him or Herself to be in a state of Timelessness – a delusion that they are beyond death. Denying the fact that the body dies and rots, they claim the body is but an illusion. ‘I am not the body’ is a common belief. A separate entity from the physical body – the Soul, Self, Atman or whatever – is self-created, that which lives on and cheats death. Thus, even the Enlightened Ones have their place to go to after death – the various Eastern versions of Heaven.

Added to the denial of death, the denial of life’s sensual pleasures, sex, comfort and leisure is entrenched in all the religions. In fact, suffering and sacrifice are deemed great virtues in both religion and spirituality. The curious thing I was to discover about the spiritual path was that at the core of the teachings, exactly like in the Western religions, lies the desire to achieve a ‘state of immortality’, and I had not seen it while on the ‘path’. Somehow I had managed to blind myself to these facts, as I was originally attracted to spirituality for the goal of personal ‘peace of mind’ in this life – to hell with the next one. This led me to believe that Eastern Spirituality was something other than, or better than, the ‘old-time Religion’ that I had known, and rejected as silly, in my youth.

Anger in the face of death is a common reaction, and it is obvious to all of us that many people live their lives in anger. It has never been a particular resentment for me, but I do know of people who are angry at having to be here. Most of this anger seems to be blindly and wildly directed at authority, and those who people see as responsible for the mess in the world. The so-called peaceful protests, movements and demonstrations are, in my experience, mainly an outlet for this anger. When people get together to combine their anger the results can be horrific, often deadly.

Bargaining is perhaps the most insidious reaction to the fear of death because it involves the belief that one can indeed cheat or avoid death. This is, of course, nothing but a delusion, for death is

an undeniable fact. Some people seek a form of immortality by producing children, or consider power and fame as some form of immortality – ‘at least I will be remembered’. The most common bargain is the religious and spiritual pursuit, with its promise of some kind of life after death. Thus a bargain is made with one’s God or Guru – I’ll support, follow, love and devote myself to you and in return I get a ticket to the ‘next life’.

Indeed, this is trading time, happiness, leisure, sensual pleasure and freedom, which is available right now, for time and effort involved in worship, meditation, prayer, devotion and suffering, in the hope for some ‘good spot’ in a supposed afterlife. The other price paid lies in the necessity of complying with the moral and ethical codes of the particular spiritual or religious group in which you believe – the necessity to comply, conform, love, and unquestioningly trust results in a tangible and palpable restriction of freedom. It seems an appalling price to pay, given that there has been no actual authenticated report back of any life after death from anyone who has died.

Depression is not something I am very familiar with in myself, but I have seen in other people the feeling of exhaustion and futility that comes with realising there is no escape from death and indeed from the suffering of life. Those people I know who suffer from depression, ultimately see no way out of the continuing cycle of sorrow and misery. Even the time honoured methods of hope, trust and faith seem to fail them as they struggle to keep their heads above water. At the bottom of the pit, below despair, forever tempting, lies suicide.

Acceptance is deemed the last stage in the usual reaction to imminent death. It seems to me that a more accurate description of this state would be resignation. I remember my father going back to his particular church for a time after he had his first heart attack, to make his peace with God. He lasted for a few months before giving up and lapsing back into what I now see as resignation. People’s acceptance of life and its inherent suffering is summed up

in phrases such as ‘making the best of it’ or ‘that’s life’, or the classic ‘life wasn’t meant to be easy’. The description I used for myself when in this state, was of being ‘comfortably numb’.

The Human Condition is exemplified by the universal and inviolable acceptance that human life is typified by malice and sorrow and the only possible ‘solutions’ are spiritual or religious, all firmly based on Ancient Wisdom. Life on earth ‘is the way it is’ and there is nothing one can do about it. Acceptance is praised in the spiritual world as understanding that the world, the body and indeed even death itself, are an illusion. The most insidious teaching that now seems to be emerging from the East is a form of ‘it doesn’t matter what you do – it is all an illusion anyway’. For me, my son’s death ruled out the option of accepting that ‘this was all there was to life’. I wanted to be sure I got the most out of my life – to actually live the promised freedom, right here, right now, as this flesh and blood body.



What I have found is that all of the religious and spiritual doctrines and concepts about death are simply intricate fairy-tales retold and reinforced for millennia. They require constant injections of Faith, Hope, Trust, Devotion and Surrender to effectively maintain the belief in an afterlife – all to keep the underlying fear of death at bay. I remember when Rajneesh died we selected a piece of marble and had an Indian stonemason chisel on it: ‘Never Born, Never Died, Only Visited This Planet...’ as the epitaph on his tomb. Rajneesh had dictated this to his secretary some months before his death.

It seemed curious to me at the time, because I thought I had understood that the whole point of the spiritual search was the dissolution of the ‘self’ – in other words, ‘peace of mind’ or freedom for me, on earth. And here was Rajneesh proclaiming that he was only a ‘visitor’ here anyway, and even hinting that maybe he went somewhere else in the physical universe. There arose in

me more questions than answers, but at the time I took it as was merely ‘par for the course’, given the inconsistency of his teachings. Now, of course, I am able to clearly see that the denial of living as this body, on this earth, at this moment of time, of all the spiritual teachers is both legendary and well documented – if one bothers to investigate.

In some of those people around me who are religious or spiritual I see an increasing devotion and fanaticism as the physical fact of death comes closer. For others, ‘sitting silently, doing nothing’, the mid-life crisis, old age, and finally death come by themselves. Some adopt a ‘sit on the fence’ attitude of ‘maybe, maybe not’ to the idea of an after-life – an indifference that actively precludes them from a full-blooded commitment to life on earth, as a flesh and blood body only.



Acknowledging the fact of death has also had a curious effect on how I experience time. Knowing that death will come, it will just be another event to respond to the moment it occurs. It simply makes no sense to fear a fact – it is how it is, it is a fact. This frees me from the fear that I am running out of time – that I am in a hurry to fit everything in. This is not to be confused with the feeling of intensity that people falsely call ‘being here, being really alive’, a frenetic feeling which is fuelled by the fear of death. For some people this intensity is induced by a near-death experience, when they see life as ‘precious’ and not to be wasted on ‘petty things’.

Nor am I talking about the spiritual concept of ‘being here’. I remember being visited recently by a friend who has spent years vigilantly on the spiritual path, and he talked about ‘being here’. It was very strange, as I experienced him as being ‘somewhere else’, as though stoned. It was then that I fully understood that Enlightenment is actually an ‘Altered State of Consciousness’, a ‘getting out of it’, and an attempt, by a fanciful flight of

imagination, to defy the actuality of death by denying or transcending the fact of mortal earthly life.

Being free of the belief in an after-life, I am now free to actually be here, fully acknowledging the fact that before the sperm hit the egg I wasn't here, and when this body dies, I die, since I am this body. What else could I be? A walk-in, like Rajneesh? Having no belief in a past or future life enabled me to tackle the issue of my behaviour, my actions, my feelings and emotions, and, of course, my happiness and my harmlessness, right now. I have no second-chances at living, this is it, so I have to be the best I can be now. This understanding was crucial in order to be able to fully embrace the responsibility I had to free myself of the psychological and psychic entity and the ensuing malice and sorrow that was shackling my enjoyment of life. It didn't allow me any room for denial, bargaining or accepting a second-rate life. I simply could no longer postpone or avoid. It made the question of 'How am I experiencing this moment of being alive?' so vitally intense to me and meant that the process of becoming free was guaranteed of success.

Success in being free means a life led without the fear of death. No psychological or psychic fear of death, no feeling of running out of time, no spiritual belief in an after-life or 'other-world' distract me from fully living this moment of time. With no 'sense of continuity' – as Vineeto calls it – each moment is fresh, and I am doing what I am doing for the first time. This does not deny the fact that what I do is largely repetitive. I get up in the morning, have breakfast and do whatever I do and then go to bed at night-time – exactly as I have done every day for forty-nine years. Frankly, the idea of immortality appals me – I think the present arrangement is perfect and I see the attempts of human beings to alter it, or to try to 'cheat' it, as plain silly. I desire no 'remote control' to fast-forward time, slow it down, replay it, or 'change channels'. I am firmly and safely located in time, in this moment, the only moment I can experience, doing whatever is happening now.



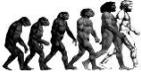
I am finally on the way to becoming an autonomous human being, happy and harmless, delighting in being alive. I simply wasn't here before I was born. And I simply won't be here (or anywhere else) after I die. I will be like the parrot in John Cleese's sketch: 'dead, extinct, finito, kaput, stuffed, no more, finished, obliterated'. Exactly as my father, my son, my mother, Rajneesh, Krishnamurti, Jesus, Buddha, and all the billions who have been on this earth before me.

I had lived in fear of death and tried to avoid death and the suffering of life by 'getting out of it' spiritually. But, in the end, by fully investigating the beliefs around death – finding out the facts for myself – I was able to acknowledge the fact of death. To acknowledge the fact of death is an essential prerequisite to begin the journey to becoming free of the Human Condition of malice and sorrow. It meant that I could no longer turn away from the facts of my mortal life in this actual physical world.

A genuine freedom from the Human Condition has to be an actual freedom, easily and readily liveable by anyone, in the world as-it-is, with people as-they-are, and not some imaginary escape or transcendence into a 'spiritual world' peopled with 'higher-evolved' ethereal beings.

Actual Freedom is, per definition, both non-spiritual and down-to-earth, and as such, is both a freedom from the need to believe in an after-life and an authentic freedom from the fear of death.





Living Together ...

It is remarkable to look back on my life and my failed attempts to live in companionship with a woman, and then to contemplate the remarkable success I am now enjoying. That this turn-around has happened in only twelve months is equally due to the willingness of my companion to probe into exactly why men and women seem unable to communicate, let alone live together, in peace and harmony. Together we have now made sense of the beliefs and instinctual passions that caused the inevitable previous failures we both experienced and we have now simply removed ourselves from the separate and warring camps that make the ‘battle of the sexes’ an ongoing and inescapable fact of life in man-woman relationships.



What a delight it is to live with a woman in easy companionship, where I can simply be myself with no pretence, no effort, no compromises, no bargains, no bonds. I am with her because I enjoy her company in all the activities we do together; just in her ‘being around’. It is delightful to have her as a companion. ‘It’s good you’re here’ is our favourite expression to each other. People around think that we are in love (little do they know!), and that it will wear off, as it always does; or that we are ‘soul mates’, having by some miracle found the ‘right one’. What we experience in our companionship is the direct result of mutual hard-won effort and not of some hand of fate or Karma. It is silly to worry whether this will last forever or that, given a change in circumstances, either of us may have a different companion at some future time. But I live with her as though it will be forever; totally, with no doubt – one hundred percent!

No emotional bond binds us, and because we are free to be together, there is simply no feeling of separateness. Indeed, we no longer belong to, or identify with, the camps of men and women; we have actually removed ourselves from the battle of the sexes and, as such, are regarded by both sexes as traitors to the cause. Seemingly, one is supposed to forever fight for sexual and gender equality, and to simply stop the fight is regarded as an act of extremely naive foolishness. We have set up as two human beings living together, and it is delicious to share time in talking, shopping, watching TV, eating, and of course sharing the luscious, sensual pleasure of sex. It is all so easy, peaceful, harmonious and equitable. I thoroughly recommend becoming a traitor to both sides in the battle of the sexes.

Obviously I'm writing as a male, but this chapter is essentially about the sense I have made of the conditioning, beliefs and instinctual passions that have caused the split of human beings into two separate and distinct species – forever trying to live together, yet perpetually at war. It's an appalling situation and one that constantly bewildered me in my relationships, as I suffered emotional wounds and found myself wounding back or even getting a shot in first! In the end I gave up trying, as I could not stand the thought of starting again only to eventually get to the same point again after the 'highs' of love inevitably wore off, and then having to go through the emotional pain of yet another failure. In the end I decided to sit it out on the sidelines. But I am again jumping ahead a bit, and I would like to go back and tell the full story.



My earliest memory of the split between the sexes was of my first day at school and being lined up and divided into two groups: boys and girls. Little did I know that, from then on, this was how it was to be for the whole of life! Any attempts to bridge this divide at school were met by stern rebuke or suspicion from the teachers, or teasing and ridicule from either the boys or the girls.

Any contact was usually best undertaken with the support of other boys and proved, for some reason, both embarrassing and uncomfortable. I was definitely entering another world – the female world – when I dared talk to girls, and it was all very bewildering. It was also very obvious that girls were different.

They were quiet, gentle, giggly, meek and shy, whereas boys were loud, rough, tough, boisterous, rude and competitive. Girls did cooking, sewing, history and ‘domestic science’; boys did science, maths or woodwork. My father went out and worked for money, my mother stayed home and cooked, cleaned and looked after us kids.

Thus it was that my early image of the sexes was set in concrete. From the moment the sperm entered the egg that was to become me, this body, I was destined to be in one of the two camps. Male or female depended on the throw of the chromosome dice. XY and you are in the male group, XX you are in the female group! From the moment some doctor noticed that little dangly thing between my legs and declared, ‘It’s a boy,’ I was fated to act in certain ways, hold certain opinions and beliefs, and ultimately be loyal to my fellow males. Equally my attitudes and behaviour towards the other camp – those with no dangly bit – was rigidly set. While some cultural differences are apparent, the male-female divide is universally established from birth and constantly reinforced thereafter. It is an inherent part of the Human Condition.



My teenage years and my relating to girls were almost completely sexually driven, a risky business in the age before easily available, safe and effective contraception. After leaving university I galloped full on into marriage, as it seemed the only safe way to have a sex partner, and besides, we were in love. Several years later my wife announced she was pregnant, and within a few years here I was, a husband and a father with two kids. We were in England at the time and I wanted to change jobs and, as we had young kids,

we decided to return home to give them a bit of space to grow up in. We bought a Land Rover, filled the roof rack with disposable nappies and headed off across Europe, the Middle East, Afghanistan, India and on. It was the sort of adventure that I liked to do when I was younger – to see the world, different cultures, different places and different people. When we completed our journey we settled down, I got a job, and eventually the two kids were in school. But ... and this ‘but’ was that I was not happy and nor was my wife. There was something missing – intangible, unknown, unspoken, but definitely missing ...!

Here I was, aged about thirty, and I had done exactly what my father had done – married, two kids, house and job. In fact, I had done a bit better: We had two cars and owned the house (well, the bank did really but we pretended, like most others). But was this really what life was all about?

I had worked for several periods in the ‘gung-ho’ business world where a man was called a good ‘performer’ if he gave his total time and effort to the firm. I found the male business world to be a ruthless cut-throat battleground where any method was justified to get a ‘deal’. Anything went in the pursuit of money, power and prestige – lies, back-stabbing, broken promises, ingratiating behaviour. If this was how it was to be in the competitive, dog-eat-dog world of business then I was a coward. Any idea of becoming a corporate warrior seemed senseless to me. Also I did not play competitive sports, drink with the boys at the pub or have many male friends. In short, I had already gone a long way towards deserting the male camp. I was a wimp, a sissy, a coward, and I simply could not hack it in the male world. ‘A nice guy, but...’ was probably how they put it.

Still, I made the best of life as it was and fulfilled my role as father, husband, provider and protector with a sufficient level of competency. I was in one of my ‘comfortably numb’ periods despite a nagging feeling of ‘is this all there is to life?’ Often I would think of my father’s only words of advice to me, ‘...it

doesn't matter what you do in life – be happy'. I was not, really, but then again, I saw nobody doing any better, so I figured this must be how it is. As good as it gets...?



But then the shit hit the fan! Over a period of four tumultuous months, my marriage crumbled, my wife left me, taking the kids with her, and joined the local Rajneesh commune! I was devastated. My life was totally shattered. If any warning signs were obvious I had either missed or avoided them. It was gut-wrenchingly agonising, as my whole world fell apart. I remember looking at old men sleeping on park benches and thinking that this was my future now that I was alone in life, with no one to care for me and no one to love.

One dark night I picked up one of Rajneesh's books, and Bingo, here was hope. There was a 'flash' in my heart that I was to experience again and again, particularly when in his presence. I was in love! I had, at last, discovered the meaning of life... here was a Sage who knew the 'Grand Scheme' of things – and I was off, unhesitatingly down the Spiritual Path. We sold the house, I quit my job and soon moved into the commune myself. I had a new name and a new life which, by coincidence, was to provide me with many fascinating insights into the mysterious women's camp.

Suddenly I was living in a commune of about 100 adults and children, and I found the women interesting, forthright and down-to-earth. For many of them it was the most liberating time of their lives. Mostly women held the positions of power and they proved to be extremely competent, practical and considerate. I began to be able to relate to women equally as human beings and to break through to the other camp.



However, in my love relationships, and in those of the people around me nothing had changed; there still existed the battles, jealousies, disappointments, conflicts and moodiness. But at least I was now able to be comfortable around women and increasingly found that I preferred their company to that of men.

An interesting experiment occurred in the commune with much mixing of the traditional work roles, but I saw clearly that many of the situations did not suit the individuals involved. This was particularly evident in the construction work in which I was largely involved. To build most things involves a degree of physical toughness that I personally have enjoyed, but have found few women do. Much was made of Rajneesh's experiment of reversing the traditional gender roles and putting women in power, but it ultimately proved to be a failure. The corruption, manipulation and illegal acts of the women in power in the Oregon commune was to provide evidence of this and ultimately, on his deathbed, Rajneesh was to leave a man in charge of his on-going Religion. Power is simply power over others, each gender has been taught to wield it in a different manner.

After the commune years I worked as a self-employed architect and builder and, for the most part, I was able to avoid the excesses of the male business world. I employed the people I wanted to employ – those who enjoyed what they did and were good at it. I always tried to ensure as much as possible that the work-site was a safe, harmonious and happy place. As the ultimate goal in my life has been to find happiness, it has been easy to place work in its appropriate context. For me work is an exchange of time and labour for tokens with which to purchase the requisites for a pleasurable life. The remaining time I then organised in such a way as to devote the maximum to studying and understanding what it is to be a human being.



The major puzzle at this time, however, remained – why did all my relationships fail? Why was it that there seemed to be things that both I, and whoever I was with at the time, would not, or could not, talk about? Why did every attempt to do so seem doomed to end in emotional scenes, covert battles, confusion and final withdrawal? It felt to me that if I ‘surrendered’ on an issue I was dismissed as a wimp, and if I ‘won’, I would have to pay for it later. I hated the conflicts and in the end hoped they would simply pass by, or I would ‘tread carefully’ so as not to upset things. The battles would pass – but then eventually, so would the relationship.

Why did I yearn to be with a woman when I was alone, and yet feel trapped when I was in a relationship with a woman and secretly yearn to be free again? Was it that I had to accept the bad times in a relationship on the basis of ‘this too will pass?’ or ‘that is the way it is – the ups and downs of life.’ In the end, like everyone else I knew, I gave up on relationships; it was just that some chose to stay in their relationships on the basis of it being as ‘good as it gets’. Others stayed because the thought of starting again was too much. I chose to give up. I simply wasn’t willing to get to the same place of ‘stuckness’ and compromise, nor did I want to inflict that on anyone else.

As I now look back on these relationships I find it amazing how my attitudes and actions were formed by my social conditioning, and that those instilled beliefs, ‘truths’, ethics, values and morals inevitably ensured the failure of an unliveable ideal. I had simply been re-taught that which had caused the failure of men and women to live in peace and harmony since time immemorial. It became obvious that there was something dramatically wrong with the whole male-female relating business, and that the problem was universal. I simply played out, like a puppet on a string, ‘my’ particular role in a play that was pre-scripted to failure or, at best, a second-rate compromise. Such was my disillusion with the whole business that, by the time I met Richard and Devika, I had not been in a relationship for some three years and had also been celibate for the same period.



‘It is possible for a man and a woman to live in peace and harmony.’ The idea set me on fire more than anything else that was said, and when I first read Richard’s journal this was what interested me most. The journal explained that he and his companion had, over years of investigation, delved into the beliefs and instinctual passions that are the very root cause of the battle of the sexes. A trenchant and no-holds-barred approach had resulted in eliminating those beliefs and instinctual passions to a point that allowed them to live together in peace and harmony.

This idea is quite the opposite to spiritual teachings that simply give no credence to men and women living together. In fact, success on the spiritual path traditionally meant one ended up alone, celibate and Enlightened. While this has somewhat loosened in modern times, one’s companion then is but a disciple, a disastrous recipe for an equitable companionship between two human beings. The appalling attitude towards, and treatment of, women in the East and their standing in society is ample evidence of centuries of Eastern Spiritual teachings put into practice. And, of course, the pleasure of sex is a definite no-no for the serious meditator and spiritual aspirant.



What was on offer was clearly radically different to both the ‘normal’ and ‘spiritual’ approaches to men and women living together but, as I had always wanted a companion to happily share life’s pleasures with, I decided to ‘give it a go’. Having made the decision, the major problem then was to find a woman.

I had been out of circulation in the social scene for quite a while so I sat down and came up with a short list of three women to whom I was physically attracted. Two of the women I had a few doubts about and that left a woman whose name I didn’t know and who I had never even spoken to. Still, if I was going to do this I

needed a woman to do it with and, as I was in a hurry, this method of choosing seemed as good as any other. I finally hunted down her name and phone number, and after a few days of dithering, I couldn't stand my lack of courage any longer. I rang, had to explain who I was, and asked her if she would like to go out for a meal. Surprisingly she said yes, and we arranged a time. After introductions and a bit of hesitant small talk, we sensibly ordered champagne, and I launched into it!

I briefly told her what I was into and said, 'I want to be able to live with a woman in peace and harmony. I realise that I have been equally responsible for the failures in the past, and I recognise that I will have to clean myself up to do this. But I'm willing to give it one hundred percent. Do you want to give it a try with me?' When I look back it was quite audacious, but it proved an effective line to get her interested. She explained later that she had previously come to the resolution that she was not going to try and change the other, or resort to blame in any future relationship – so my proposition was very tempting. But it was the 'one hundred percent' bit that really got her!

So together we entered into a simple pact or agreement. We established that the sole reason for being together was to live in perfect peace, harmony and equity and that we would each investigate and eliminate all that was in the way of that being possible. This was to not to be an aimless, listless liaison but, from the very start, a purposeful, challenging companionship.



The method that Richard and Devika proposed was simple and proved stunningly effective. The collection of beliefs, instinctual passions and behaviour patterns that are common to all human beings is known as the Human Condition. In undertaking any mutual investigation into what it was that caused the perpetual battle of the sexes that we knew so well, we resolved to put any issues that arose 'on the table', to discuss them, probe them and

make mutual sense of them. By regarding them as the Human Condition, i.e. common to all humans, we were able to largely avoid ‘taking the issue personally’, which had proved the downfall of all previous attempts at discussing sensitive relationship issues. We further resolved that anything one disclosed or discussed would not be used by the other at some later time as revenge or to score points, and this gave us the confidence to dig deeper and explore further than we had dared to before.

The other vital ingredients to guarantee success were intent and peak experiences. We both had intent. I was willing to give it everything I could, and Vineeto likewise. The point was that I was doing it for me, I wanted to make it work and I would do everything I could to make it work. I regarded this as my last, and therefore only, chance to prove that it was possible for me to live with a woman in perfect peace and harmony – nothing less would do. Then, even if it did fail, I wouldn’t be left with that feeling that I had held back; that I could have done more, that the ‘shackles’ had won out again. But, of course, failure was not on my agenda, and we quickly organised our lives in order to spend as much time as possible together. Also, we both had had fleeting ‘peak experiences’ or pure consciousness experiences in our past where, for brief times, everything had indeed been utterly perfect. I now had a goal to aim for, and I also had a willing companion who was to prove perfect for the task ahead. Serendipitous really!



Two other ingredients necessary for success are patience and consideration, and my lack of these was soon to become a major issue between us. In typical male fashion I leapt into the process, determined to make it work. I had found a ‘solution’ and I proceeded to attempt to ram it down Vineeto’s throat. I would take the discoveries about Actual Freedom I had made in talking with Richard and try to convince her of their ‘rightness’. She was still very much on the spiritual path, whereas I was beginning to

have very serious doubts. Of course, she sensibly dug her heels in – she saw it as her simply taking on yet another belief system. We often would come to loggerheads over this, and this was in stark contrast to the mutual discoveries we were making about love, sex and gender differences. Here I was again acting in stereotype – arrogant, authoritarian and wielding power. What this meant practically was that I was again doing ‘battle’, and with the very woman with whom I had vowed to end all this nonsense! Our pact had in fact been about living together and did not include her having to abandon her spiritual beliefs – that was her business, not mine.



One day, as I was driving to see her, it struck me like a thunderbolt. This is not just an intellectual theory – this is about changing my actions, changing my life. A theory is useless unless it is practical, workable, i.e. can be proven in practice that it works. If the battling was to stop, then it was me who had to stop it! This was not about changing Vineeto – this was about changing me! When I saw her that evening I told her I was not going to battle her anymore, wanting to get my way or wanting to change her. The realization that it was me who had to stop battling was so obvious, so complete and so devastating that it was impossible to continue on as I had before.

It was to prove a seminal point, a break from my past view of relating with women. It meant that instead of trying to bridge a separation, there was a beginning towards finding a genuine intimacy – to eliminate the cause of the separation. Instead of wanting to prove ‘my’ point or defend ‘my’ position the emphasis shifted to discovering what was common ground, what was mutually agreed. Instead of conflict the emphasis shifted to peaceful resolution. This realization proved to be the beginning of being able to sincerely and openly investigate all that inhibited our living together in peace and harmony – a 180-degree shift from the normal relating. Not a ‘surrender to the other’ as in losing a battle,

not a withdrawal, not a sit it out on the sidelines, but a genuine seeing and understanding of the very futility of the battle itself. It was the beginning of getting down and getting dirty to look unabashedly at all the emotions, feelings and instinctual passions that arise between men and women. To talk about and thoroughly investigate love, jealousy, dependency, sex, authority, power, gender roles, etc. without any conflict or battle.

Our investigation became an exploration of the Human Condition itself and how it was manifest in a male body and how it was manifest in a female body. We became fascinated with finding and analysing the differences rather than continuing to blindly and stubbornly defend them. Which of these differences were merely socially imprinted, which were instinctually programmed, and which, if any, were genuine? This investigation and fascination proved to be the beginning of the end of conflict, and this was despite the fact that at many times the findings were uncomfortable, confronting, disorienting, bewildering, and at times appalling.

The success of this approach brought instant, tangible results in our living together peacefully and harmoniously – so much so that an eagerness to bring all of our ‘dark secrets’ out of the closet rapidly overtook our inherent fear of exposure. At last I had found a ‘best mate’, someone I could talk to about absolutely everything – without holding back; without any men’s or women’s private stuff. I am able to be naked and honest with her – and why shouldn’t I be? I am able to say anything about myself without that classic fear that it will be used against me later in some future battle – the hackneyed ‘forgiveness’ that never works as it is only added to the store of resentment. Any exposing or discussion about ‘personal’ issues was always undertaken in the light of it being yet another fascinating discussion or observation of the Human Condition in action.

This nakedness led us to a level of intimacy that far exceeds anything that is possible when one attempts to bridge the gap between the warring camps with the notoriously unreliable and

temporary emotion of love. It is indeed extraordinary! It is so easy, so right, so effortless and so direct... There is almost nothing in the way between us: no feeling of separateness – a near-actual intimacy, not one romantically contrived or falsely maintained.



In our investigations we discovered that the very beliefs and instinctual passions which separate man and woman are very similar to the software in a computer. They form the very ‘operating system’ of human behaviour, feelings and thoughts and are the cause of very distinct and repetitive behaviour patterns, but being software, they can be altered and minimized. The surface layer is one’s social identity – who we ‘think’ we are. This consists of the beliefs, ethics, morals, values and psittacisms instilled in us since birth to make us ‘fit’ members of society. The mere fact that this social imprint varies from culture to culture is clear indication that this programming can be altered. The price one pays for eliminating this programming is social ostracization and alienation from the group, and the subsequent loss of one’s social identity. What one gains is a tangible freedom from the beliefs, ethics, morals, values and psittacisms imposed on one since birth.

The layer of programming beneath the social identity is the instinctual self – who we ‘feel’ we are, consisting of a primitive sense of self and the survival instinctual passions of fear, aggression, nurture and desire, instilled by blind nature to ensure the survival of the species. This instinctual programming has been held as inviolable and unalterable, and, as such, has remained uninvestigated up until now. The only superficial ‘tinkering’ that has been undertaken to date has been to emphasise the so-called ‘good’ instinctual passions of nurture and desire and repress the ‘bad’ instinctual passions of fear and aggression. The social application of morals and ethics provides the ‘carrot and stick’, but police, laws and armies are ultimately required to keep the instinctual passions in check. The whole of our supposedly civilised world is still, at

the very core, based on the suppression and control of these primitive instinctual passions. When this veneer of suppression or control substantially breaks down we have riots, wars, anarchy and genocide resulting.

Actual Freedom offers for the first time the experiential evidence that this instinctual programming can not only be radically altered, but completely eliminated together with the identity that forms thereof. The price paid is a complete eradication of one's identity – the alien psychological and psychic entity within the body. This eradication allows an actual freedom from the instinctual passions that are evidenced as the Human Condition of malice and sorrow. Being free of malice and sorrow, one is able, for the first time, to be actually innocent, pure, perfect and benevolent, to wallow in the sensual delights of the actual world – this paradisiacal magical physical universe.



As we became aware of the ‘big picture’ of the Human Condition there remained the issue of how to apply this to changing ourselves such that we could instigate a freedom from malice and sorrow within ourselves. We found that by concentrating on “How am I experiencing this moment of being alive” we immediately had the particular issue at hand. If something, some feeling, some thought, some worry, an annoyance, an aggravation, etc. was preventing my happiness now then that issue was the one to track down, to find the source, to investigate, to discover, to uncover. Relationships between men and women present a veritable goldmine of issues to look at, a fact I was well aware of when first propositioning Vineeto. One can feign and pretend being happy and harmless in a cave, a monastery or in a crowd, but the ‘test of fire’ is one on one. If one cannot live with one other person 24 hours a day in equity, peace and harmony, then all the theories, beliefs, ideals, sacred teachings, and holy feelings are but

unliveable dreams and ancient fairy-stories. It's called 'putting your money where your mouth is'... to put it bluntly!

The first layer to be tackled is one's social identity, the set of beliefs one has been taught by well-meaning parents, teachers and peers and that is constantly reinforced by society at large. We are taught to believe what is right or wrong, good or bad, proper or improper, valuable or harmful, true or false, etc. One undertakes a ruthless and relentless investigation into all of these beliefs, testing them against what are the facts, do they work, have they ever worked, is it sensible or silly? By replacing belief with fact one is weakening and demolishing the very need to believe itself, and one's freedom from one's socially-imprinted identity is tangible and palpable. This programming of the social identity is the 'guardian at the gate' of instinctual passions, its very instilling is designed to suppress, modify and control our instinctual behaviour. As such, it is necessary to incrementally free oneself of the associated beliefs, morals and ethics to be able not only to investigate but to eventually instigate a radical freedom from instinctual behaviour.



For the male of the species these behaviour patterns are well documented with only a few minor variations due to cultural influences. This instinctual behaviour, necessary in ancient times for the very survival of the species, is simply no longer relevant and, in fact, dooms any attempt at equitable companionship to failure. It became obvious to me that I no longer needed to hunt for food to provide for my mate and offspring – I simply work to provide sufficient money. In days of old, with the dangers and unreliability of hunting, enough was always only temporary; hence the constant drive for more and the constant fear of too little. It was necessary to compete and fight with other animals and humans for scarce food, shelter and territory and it was also necessary to

physically protect the women and helpless offspring. Indeed, survival was a grim business – an instinctual obsession.

This is just not the case with me, here, now, in modern times. I simply do not need to behave in this manner any more, it's plain silly. So much for the need to be constantly driven by this cave-man era behaviour. In ancient times the men would band together in order to hunt, attack and defend more successfully; hence bonding, leadership and group behaviour codes were developed. All this nonsense, however, is simply not applicable to me here, now. What a freedom to realise that I am now free to leave the men's camp and be rid of this rubbish – to at last leave the protection of the cave and walk upright, safely and autonomously, and freely enjoy the sensual delights of this paradisiacal planet.

However, the actual changing of behaviour required my total self-obsession in order to be aware of what I was doing or feeling at every moment. What is it, in me, which is in the road between us? Why am I upset? Why am I annoyed or moody? What is it now that is preventing my experiencing peace and harmony? I was totally interested in what it was in me.

If Vineeto had an issue she wanted to talk about, fine, and if she was willing, and we could look together at something, even better, but it was my peace and harmony in living with her that I was interested in and focused upon. And Vineeto was interested in her peace and harmony. We were then each responsible for our own actions and feelings and for doing whatever was necessary to 'clean' ourselves up – to free ourselves of the Human Condition.



We also discovered that Vineeto was similarly able to leave the female camp. Women no longer need to allow themselves to be driven by the blind urge to produce children, nurture and protect them, while desperately holding onto their man for survival, or having to instinctually 'rely' on any man for that matter. No longer

is it necessary to provide comfort and succour when he returns from the hunt. No longer do women need to gather ‘around the fire’ with the children, telling stories with the other women, wondering if the men will return. The modern equivalent of this instinctual protective huddle is the feeling of belonging to the ‘sisterhood’, the blind continuation of which only serves to maintain and reinforce the gender battle-lines.

For Vineeto, a major issue was the final dissolution of male authority; of relying on, or rebelling against, a man’s presence or opinion to guide and protect her in everyday life, or of searching for a strong and powerful man to follow or worship in spiritual life. Tackling this issue allowed her to eliminate the patterns of dependency and rebellion, expectation and blame, frustration and withdrawal – and to finally begin to become an autonomous human being, in every aspect of life. What a joy it is to be in the company of a woman who has done this – I am full of admiration for her courage and common sense. With an end to the social and instinctual gender divide, at last equity, a vital ingredient for peace and harmony, is possible between man and woman.



A word here on women’s liberation as I see it. It has been essential for women to break free of the slavery that men have used to deny them an equal opportunity to exist autonomously in the world. The repression of women has been ruthless and still continues, significantly most strongly in many Catholic and Eastern countries. Women have been reduced to exercising their power covertly, largely wielded emotionally. Feminism, however, with its striving for ‘equal’ power, justice, revenge, concessions, compensations and retributions, is still a manoeuvring on the battlefield – it will ultimately do nothing to eliminate the battle itself.

We went for the jugular and set out to eliminate the very cause of the battle. The answer proved to be 180 degrees in the

opposite direction from all the traditional ‘solutions’. The answer lay in thoroughly investigating all the societal beliefs and instinctual passions that have entombed the sexes in separation and isolation. In seeing and fully understanding the appalling consequences of following the ‘tried and true’ there was simply no way to continue on repeating this behaviour. The answer, after all, could not be found in any variations of the old methods, or they would have worked by now!

In my case I was challenging and dismantling my very maleness – ‘being a man’ and all that it entails. I was actually eliminating a significant part of the psychological and psychic entity within me. This may appear simplistic and easy, but to understand that ‘I’, the ‘self’ who I think and feel I am, is made up of nothing other than these societal beliefs and instinctual passions, and then to actively challenge them, and dismantle them, such as to actualize a change in one’s behaviour, is a process that most lack the courage to tackle. I was actively and knowingly dismantling and eliminating part of my ‘self’, and I was to tackle not only my fears but the atavistic fears of billions before me who lived with this same fear. This fear is felt most strongly as a fear not only of leaving the herd and striking off on one’s own, unprotected, but of being actively ostracised and punished by one’s peers. This is, in the end, doing it ‘cold-turkey’, against all of society’s values and morals, and without the salve of the spiritual – but it works.



An important point to make here is that in becoming free of the beliefs and instinctual passions, which make us either ‘man’ or ‘woman’, we are now free to choose whatever is appropriate and pleasurable. A man could well be husband, father, provider, homemaker, or businessman – whatever he desires. A woman could well be a wife, mother, provider or pursue a career if she wants to. In a virtual freedom – there is such an ease and delight in just being

sensible, in not being instinctually driven or socially constrained and bound.

What we found in our investigations has been quite shocking – a blow to that insidious feeling of pride that inevitably causes human beings to refuse to admit that their behaviour is just plain stupid and that ultimately prevents any possibility of radical, effective change. How could I have been so stupid? But the facts spoke for themselves. How could I have believed that simply because ‘everybody behaves that way’, I should also behave that way? How could I believe that everybody else was ‘getting it wrong’, and not me? Was I going to endlessly try and change every woman I was with or somehow try and find the ‘right one’ amongst the billions? How could I not see that the only one who I could possibly change was me?

But now, I have discovered that it is possible to change – to rid myself of the beliefs of who I ‘think’ I am – my social identity relative to others; and the instinctual passions of who I ‘feel’ I am – the ‘self’ as in self-preservation, fame. Now I am closer to ‘what’ I am: a sensate, thinking, flesh and blood body able to reflect on what an amazing universe this is – perfect, except for human beings, and even that is now possible to change. Not merely to superficially change or alter one’s human behaviour but to eventually become actually free of the Human Condition in its entirety – to become both happy and harmless.



There is far, far more magic in actually being here in this physical world than I have discovered in any imaginary spiritual world – the so-called meta-physical. This discovery of being able to live together in perfect peace and harmony with a woman was not the result of some Divine grace or ineffable energy. It was the direct result of a deliberate, intentional and total commitment of both parties to eventually eliminate the insidious sabotaging of the psychological and psychic identity that ‘lives’ in the flesh and

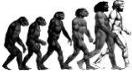
blood body which prevents an actual intimacy between human beings. This identity, as Richard puts it so well, is lost, lonely, frightened and very, very cunning indeed. The only path to an actual intimacy is to eventually eliminate this identity, the root cause of the feelings of alienation and separation.

I now enjoy a near-actual intimacy, a direct experience and knowledge of another human being with whom I have shared this amazing, tangible unravelling of myths, beliefs and instinctual passions. Here is a woman with whom I not only bared my dark side – I virtually eliminated it, together with the ‘good’ side as well. Not the emotions and feelings merely paraded out in some sort of superficial ‘sharing’ but an honest and thorough investigation to root out the source of all that stood in the way of our living together in peace, harmony and equity Deep sea diving, if you like. Boots and all, no holds barred, the full Monty, all the way.

And the rewards thus far are extraordinary – I have complete freedom to be ‘me as I am’, and for Vineeto it is likewise. No expectations, no bonds, no wanting to change the other – why should we? She is perfect; she has made herself that way by ‘cleaning herself up’. And what a delight to meet equal intelligence, equal common sense and an equally sexual being! We experience equity as two human beings and delight in the physical differences, as those differences allow us to enjoy delicious, sensual sex! The hours and hours of talking, discussing and dissecting the Human Condition; the ‘What it is to be a man or a woman’; the ‘What’s going on for me’; the ‘Oh! That’s how you see it?’ – the fascination of discovery! It is astounding to actually meet another human being, naked of pretence and defence. It leaves the temporary fickleness of love for dead!

A lot of magic happens on this
wide and wondrous path to freedom!





Love ...

Well, here we go! Love is definitely the most sacrosanct of all the beliefs and ideals that human beings hold dear! What would we be without the hope of love? At least something or someone to make it better, something to look forward to, some value that we all hold in common? When I first read Richard's journal and saw that he had eventually challenged love, it was a bit confronting to say the least, but then again I could not deny that my love life had always failed. The principle of challenging beliefs – 'to fervently wish to be true' as per definition – and looking at the facts of the situation made enormous sense to me, so I was willing to withhold hasty condemnation and find the proof in my relationship with Vineeto. After all, the very aim of being with her was for me to do whatever was needed in order that I could live with a woman in peace and harmony – come what may!



I won't bore you by going through the litany of failure of all my love affairs. One thing from my teenage years I find worth mentioning is that whenever I 'fell in love' with a girl it was a curious thing. To be accurate and honest, what had happened was that – using the current jargon – I had 'fallen in lust'. At that age, I would do anything to get into a girl's knickers, and then along would come a set of totally confusing and bewildering instinctually-fuelled emotions that sort of 'came with the territory'. In particular I remember my first serious love affair. We were both about sweet sixteen and very horny; the complication being my fear of getting her pregnant. The sexual tension mounted to an excruciating level, but I was terrified of the consequences of going 'all the way'. After one excruciating evening of 'almost', she suddenly disappeared out of my life, only to turn up dating someone else. Sure enough, she immediately became pregnant by him, and

I heaved a sigh of relief. But it did seem odd at the time – was that all she had been with me for? And what about love?



It was only when I was finally with Vineeto, with a firm, mutually agreed pact in place that I was able to experience, investigate and make sense of the full range of feelings and emotions that arise in a love relationship between a man and a woman. As you know by now, there was an unusual start to our relationship. I had met Richard and Devika some weeks earlier, had been impressed by their story, and was determined to try out the method they had evolved for living together in peace and harmony. After deciding Vineeto was the one to approach, and finding her willing, we began our association. I told her I wanted to live with a woman in perfect serenity and equity; that I wanted to look at whatever was in the way, and that I was willing to give it one hundred percent. All of these propositions appealed to her very much, although she later admitted that I was not the ‘type’ she would normally have been attracted to. Our first three weeks were a sort of sounding-out period, a getting to know each other. Sex was pretty good considering that both of us had previously been on sexual diets – more like a starvation in my case. What proved excellent and decisive was our willingness and ability to talk and to explore beyond the limits of our previous efforts. We had set our sights on nothing less than perfect, not merely doing better than before or better than average and, as such, there was no time for hesitancy, compromise or postponement. We both understood that this was our best, last and only chance at sorting out for ourselves why we could not live in peace, harmony and equity with someone of the other gender.



I wanted us to live together right from the start, but as Vineeto preferred to maintain her ‘independence’, we arranged to

spend the weekends together, plus one night during the week. This arrangement, however, was to prove perfect for me. I soon scheduled my time with work in the mornings, Richard and Devika in the afternoons and Vineeto at the weekends; an arrangement that was to continue for six intense months. I had read a good deal of Richard's journal at this stage and yet understood very little, as it was so radical and confronting to my 'normal' and 'spiritual' mind-set. Nevertheless, I did glean enough to know that the solutions to the problems of men and women relating were to be found beyond the norm, and if this meant challenging love as a way of relating then I was willing to at least consider it. When I talked to Vineeto about this idea she was, understandably, more than a little sceptical!

Looking back, those were pretty wild times! I would spend about twenty hours a week sitting in Richard's lounge room, discovering a radical new version of exactly what it is to be a human, and about thirty hours with Vineeto pouring it out to her. In the meantime I was supervising the construction of a house and, being unable to find a suitable place to rent, lived in about four different houses over the period. The time I spent with Vineeto was very good, despite the mental chaos that results when one dares to question one's dearly held beliefs. Some of the time was certainly difficult and challenging, particularly when we were considering the bewildering idea that there could be a third alternative to all that we had previously known and been taught to understand. In the beginning even the very idea of an actual world was befuddling, and when I tried to think beyond as to what the consequences might be, my mind would go into a grid-lock and seize up. But despite this, daily life proceeded merrily along and we found ourselves increasingly enjoying each other's company, whether walking the beach, lazing around talking, going out for dinner or playing in the bedroom.



Then subtly things began to get a little awkward, which I first attributed to the radical issues we were discussing and my particularly chaotic and nomadic life at the time. But something else was at the root of the problems between us – something else was causing this ‘dis-ease’ I felt.

I found myself continuously bringing up the issue of her not wanting to live with me and would strongly question her motives for wanting to maintain her ‘independence’. She was more cautious about what Richard was saying, quite rightly stating that she ‘didn’t want to just take on another set of beliefs’, but I took this as stubborn resistance. I began to become jealous of her around other men and of her time when we weren’t together. We both started to get anxious about meeting times and some misunderstandings occurred because of this. Once I misunderstood something she said, didn’t bother to check, and took it completely the wrong way. By the time a few hours had passed, I had made a mountain out of a molehill, interpreted what she had said as her wanting to get out of the relationship, decided this is how women always treated me, and that I wasn’t going to stand for it any more! However, finally I came to my senses, thinking what a good boy I was as I had ‘seen’ an old pattern of mine. Little did I know that what I had ‘discovered’ was to prove to be but the tip of the iceberg.

The final straw came as I waited to meet her one evening and she was late. As the time ticked away, so my mind raced away, and after about thirty minutes I was furious. How could she be late? How could anything else, or anyone else, be more important in her life than me? As my fury built and built, as my mind churned over countless possibilities as to why she was late, suddenly I began to see the stupidity of it all. Here I was, comfortably sitting at a seaside café, cool drink in hand, looking at a spectacular sunset on warm summer’s evening. I’m involved in the adventure of a lifetime, I’ve found out more about what it is to be a human being in the last few months than I have in a lifetime, there is this wonderful woman in my life – and I’m being neurotic because she is thirty minutes late! Gradually I came out of it and was able to be

where I was, delighting in the balmy evening air and the gaiety of the scene as the last of the beach-goers drifted home. When Vineeto arrived she apologized for being late, and I explained what had happened to me. We had a beach walk, dinner at a nearby restaurant, and tootled off home to bed.



Over the next few days something continued to nag me. Why was it that this relationship seemed to be going off the rails? Why, increasingly, were there misunderstandings, petty conflicts and difficulties between us? Why was I becoming more and more obsessed about what Vineeto was doing when we weren't together, and what she was thinking about when we were together? Over the next days I contemplated on what was wrong and suddenly it dawned on me that, despite our matter-of-fact contract and investigations, we had fallen in love! We were both exhibiting the classic symptoms, emotions and feelings associated with being in love. I was battling her and trying to force my opinions on her. I realized that I had been jealous, possessive, pushy, demanding and obsessive with her. And, most appallingly, I saw how when the impossible demands of love are not fulfilled then it could all so quickly turn to disappointment, resentment, withdrawal, spite and eventually hate. It had got to the stage where it was obvious to me that, unless something changed, this relationship was heading exactly the same way as all my previous ones – doomed to failure. This was, after all, my last chance to succeed and I was watching it wilt away before my very eyes. And, not only that, I was actively causing it to happen...! I was simply repeating the mistakes of the past as though nothing had been learnt. I was faced with the facts of the situation and could clearly see that it was the result of my feeling of being 'in love' with Vineeto. I realized my contract with Vineeto had put me 'on the hook' and there was no way to avoid the facts.

Armed with the conviction of the blindingly obvious, I confronted Vineeto with the news. I told her I was simply going to stop battling her and acting the way I had been. I remember her response as somewhat bewildered and unbelieving, but I knew that, at least, I had to stop the torment of raging feelings in me. What happened in the ensuing week was quite remarkable. I found that the strength of my intention for peace and harmony made me able to completely drop this destructive behaviour. Somehow I knew this was the only course of action I could take to make this relationship work and I knew it was my last chance. The realizing and facing of the facts, coupled with a clear intent, left 'me' with no choice. It wasn't that 'I' made a decision – there was actually no decision to make. Action happened by itself, exactly as it would in swerving to avoid hitting another car while driving.

A calmness and surety replaced the swirl of feelings; no longer was I thinking about Vineeto when we were apart, and when I was with her I was no longer suspicious, doubtful, impatient or moody. I began increasingly to accept her as-she-was. I was no longer driven to change her. This then brought a corresponding ease in myself for I was then able just to be me and more able to focus on how I was experiencing this moment of being alive? It was the beginning of realizing that the only person I can change is me and I was then able to start working on exactly that.

One thing that did arise was the fear that, given I no longer found myself emotionally-driven to the same extent, I could risk losing her, but at least I would not be acting in a way that was destructive to my happiness or hers. But what to do? The pact said peace and harmony, come what may ... and if taking a risk, and feeling some fear, was the price to pay, so be it. In the end I had to assume that Vineeto was with me because she wanted to be with me, and I was with her because I wanted to be, as simple as that. This was a free association and companionship with no other conditions, bonds or deals other than our agreement to look at anything in the way of peace and harmony.



A week later, we both realized the full extent of the dramatic change that had occurred. A certain excitement seemed to be missing, a passion and a bond in our lives. It was quite tangible, and a sense of loss overwhelmed us. It was apparent I had fallen in love about three weeks after we met and had been in love for about six weeks until I had called a halt to the battle. I hadn't recognized at the time that this behaviour of mine was really love in operation; I only saw it in the end as an emotional turmoil that was destroying my enjoyment of being with Vineeto. So, what we had seen was love in operation – a practical demonstration in our lives, not just a theoretical concept.

As we sat down to talk about what had happened we both had tears in our eyes. I knew that, for me, whatever had changed was irreversible. I could not go back, nor did I want to, nor could I pretend to. As for Vineeto, she wasn't any longer with a man who responded in the normal way, a man no longer in 'love'. This was definitely not the usual male response I had in the past when I would repress or deny my feelings. Indeed, it was only because I had experienced them so strongly and understood the effect of them so well, that it was no longer possible to tolerate their destructive powers any longer, to allow the feelings of love to ruin our peace and harmony.

At the time it was quite a dramatic and sudden change for her. She was bewildered and confused that although I no longer was 'in love' with her, I still wanted to be with her – I was most definitely not 'heading for the hills'. She soon noticed that, for her, the pining and longing in the times we weren't together subsided and she could be at ease and autonomous again in her daily work. The idea of a life without love was still a very strange, awkward matter for her as it questioned most of what she had ever learned about how to be with a man or another human being. What is left of a woman when she is not in love or hoping to be in love one day;

love being such an important, integral part of the female identity and conditioning? Yet she could not deny that the actuality of being together without love had improved the ease and equanimity of our association quite remarkably. Relating was easier and without the seesaw of intruding emotions and feelings an attentiveness to each other was apparent that was to prove the beginning of discovering a near-actual intimacy between us.



Over the following weeks we delved into exactly what love is; recounting all the experiences that had caused such difficulties between us, as well as our experiences with others in the past. The ‘falling in lust’ syndrome is an obvious one and sexual attraction or arousal causes a well-documented instinctual surge in the body – and directly experienced as an emotional response. This response, particularly when it occurs simultaneously in both parties can cause the ‘flash’ known as the ‘love at first sight’ syndrome. The other interesting discovery was that falling in love is usually a decision made, whether it is a ‘Yippee’, a ‘Yes’ or a ‘... might as well’. But by far the strongest factor in the feeling of love is the instinctually fuelled hormonal response.

Over the centuries we humans have formalized these instinctual functions of procreation, protection and nurturing into the institution of marriage. Strangely enough the concept of romantic love seems to have only come to real fruition in the Middle Ages when it was idealised in ballads, mythical tales and fables. The beliefs and myths surrounding love are mammoth, but I was only interested in the facts of how this ideal translates into human emotions and behaviour – and mine in particular.

Those facts were that I had wanted to possess, control and manipulate this woman. I would make her into ‘my’ ideal, ‘my’ woman. This behaviour is strange indeed, because one of the things that attracted me to her in the first place was her strength of will, her independence. I remember clearly in past relationships when

the battle of wills would surface as a ‘‘tis / ‘tish’t’, right / wrong undercurrent which would occasionally arise over the pettiest of issues. There would also be a subtle (or with some people not so subtle) putting down of the other, as though trying to keep the other from getting stronger than me, or getting more than me. If the other was getting more attention than me, jealousy would enter. If there was a hint of another man around her then jealousy raged up like some out-of-control monster and I would find myself driven to do utterly stupid things, or be driven to the brink of madness as my mind raced out of control. Crimes of passion and lovers’ suicides are horrific extremes of the destructive power of jealousy.

One of the prime reasons I used to have for wanting to be with a woman was the feeling of emotional support, someone to be with to ‘help me make it through the night’, as the popular song goes. I was actually seeking an antidote to living in this sorrowful world, as I experienced it then. But in fact, whenever I was really in the pits or emotionally needy, a curious thing happened: the woman would lose respect for me or regard me as a wimp. The same would happen to me when the woman was needy. I saw that demanding emotional support from another was a lot like being in a three-legged race as a kid. At school sport days we would have races where you put your arms around your partner’s shoulder, tie your adjoining legs together and hobble along in a race against others. That we should look to each other for emotional support actually handicaps both of us, trapping us forever in mutual misery and sorrow.

Love, particularly in the early heady days of a relationship, evokes an obsession to be in the other’s company – here at last is one’s ‘soul mate’, someone to spend the rest of one’s life with. No more loneliness. Well, as we all know, this never works out, even if some sort of friendship or bond remains after the fire of love burns out. If, after some time, the couple is separated by death or other circumstances, I have often witnessed that the one who is left behind pines away, his or her life finished, meaningless. This has always appalled me, and I have seen it happen with my mother and

countless others. When one's partner goes, so does the reason for living for the other. Often such people either live in misery and loneliness, or die very soon after the death of the partner. Others form in their memories an idealized version of the lost love, to be forever achingly recalled throughout the remainder of their lives.

It was obvious to me that love had failed in my life again and again. Also I have never seen any love affair between a man and woman that lasted; or if it did, it morphed into some sort of compromise or bargain. I simply wasn't prepared to accept that this was the best possible. The cynicism and the general acceptance of the continual and inevitable failure of love in relationships beg the question why people even keep trying. Hope of a True Love rings eternal in romantic novels and women's magazines while at the same time all the 'love' songs croon of the pain and suffering of lost love! Surely love is supposed to be the cure-all for suffering and loneliness?

It's just that it doesn't work and never has. Is it that human beings suffer love because they love suffering? I have experienced this bitter-sweetness of sorrow many times in the past. It's that 'at least I'm alive because I'm feeling something' syndrome. We seem to be as attracted to the suffering of love as we are to the bliss of love. I've often heard the saying that people grow and get strength from their suffering – it definitely makes more sense to me to stop inflicting it on myself and others. Love and compassion can be seen as an agreement to suffer together.



My experience with Vineeto is that love and its accompanying roller coaster of emotions and feelings is what really prevents actual intimacy – the direct experience of the other. How can two people relate to each other as human beings with this constant churning of thoughts and emotions? Love is but a failed antidote to loneliness, an attempt to bridge the separateness that

inevitably occurs when two lost, lonely frightened and very, very cunning identities attempt to live together.

The only solution is to get rid of the fearful and lonely ‘self’ in order to allow the direct intimacy hidden beneath. To get rid of imagination and belief is to enable one to begin to experience the wonder of the actual and physical. We have found that living without this emotional burden of love allows us to live together with an ease, comfort, delight and level of consideration that we never thought possible.

During this time, I remember driving up the escarpment that encircles the lush semi-tropical coastal plain where I live. I stopped and looked out at the edge of the greenery, where a seemingly endless ribbon of white sand neatly bordered it from the azure ocean. Overhead great mounds of fluffy white clouds sailed by in the blue of the sky. Right in the foreground stood a group of majestic pines towering some thirty meters tall. I was struck by the vastness, the stillness and the perfection of this planet, the extraordinariness of it all, but ... and the ‘but’ are human beings – human beings who persist in fighting and killing each other and can’t live together in peace and harmony.

It was one of those moments that forced me to do something about myself, for I was one of those 5.8 billion people. It was exactly one of those moments that forced me to do something about being able to live with a woman in peace and harmony. To prove it was possible.

No longer was it then sensible to relentlessly pursue that which has failed for billions of people for thousands of years. Hope, faith and trust, when they fail, turn inevitably to despair, doubt and suspicion. I put my stock in confidence, certainty and a good deal of bloody-mindedness to try something different and the results are already beyond my wildest dreams! First, I made it the most important task in my life. Secondly, I realised that nobody could do it but me. Then I simply had to ride out the fear that arose from changing my behaviour – from actually eradicating part of

myself. To live without the emotions and feelings of love defies all that we hold dear, but the facts are that love always fails, always ends in misery and suffering, or at best in compromise and bondage. Love is, after all, a well-meaning but doomed attempt to cover up the maliciousness and sorrow that is at the core of the Human Condition.



Of course there is an alternative to love, something vastly superior, and I knew it that day I looked out over the ocean. There is an ease, a simplicity and a delight in being in the company of a fellow human being who is equally committed to discovering and permanently experiencing this very perfection that is the physical universe.

There is a contentment, satisfaction and exhilaration in knowing we have virtually eliminated sorrow, resentment, jealousy, dependency, moodiness, pining, competitiveness, neediness – indeed, all the emotions and feelings of love. The reward is a near-actual intimacy that is tangible, sensual, priceless, magical, alive, ever-fresh and ever-present. And this direct unfettered experience of the other is both delightful and delicious! We now get to constantly enjoy the fruits of our own labours. Cute hey!

We do indeed live in virtual peace and harmony...





Sex ...

Ah! We have come to what Vineeto and I refer to as our second favourite subject.

By freeing ourselves of most of our societal beliefs and by diminishing the power of the instinctual passions which had prevented us from living together in peace and harmony, the pure natural delight of freely enjoyed sex was revealed, step by delicious step. The very process of investigating the Human Condition and putting the issues on the table to be mutually resolved rather than fearfully coveted, allowed us to penetrate this most personal, most intimate of subjects. More than this, we also dug deep to tackle the instinctual behaviour patterns that ultimately doom human sex to failure, resulting in disappointment, resentment and eventual abandonment.

What an utter tragedy these patterns of behaviour are as one can have such extraordinary sensory delight from the pure physical sexual play between a man and a woman. It requires, though, a thorough investigation of the taboos, mystique and conditioning which have been largely imposed by the priests and gurus – the very same priests and gurus who declare sex to be sinful or to be eventually transcended – abandoned on the path to Enlightenment. For centuries they have practised their denial and celibacy with monumental hypocrisy and torturous selfishness. They obviously have not a clue when they talk about sex ... and yet it is their Wisdom that we follow! Very curious.

This chapter has been deliberately placed in this sequence in the book, as the free enjoyment of sex is a delightful by-product of the process of dismantling the psychological and psychic entity within. In other words, it works best when two people are equally committed to the process. It takes two to tango of course; human bodies do it easily and naturally – it's simply a matter of getting rid

of the mental wiring that is in the way. It was also essential to bring a halt to the battle of the sexes between us, because in my experience, the bed becomes a major battleground. It was also crucial to free myself of the set of emotions and instinctual passions called love that stand in the way of the delicious intimacy so vital for fulfilling sexual enjoyment.



As a teenager it always struck me as extraordinary that sex had such a taboo around it. Sex was this unspoken thing that you rather got on with the best you could. My sex education was virtually zero, but my first big shock came when I was about fourteen years old. One night I was awoken from my sleep to hear my father yelling at the top of his voice at my sister who was about three years older than me. She had become pregnant, and he was calling her a whore and ordering her out of the house. Thereafter sex meant getting a girl pregnant and, in the days before reliable and easily available contraception, for me that meant torture. Here I was, a teenager, with raging hormones – literally being led around by my dick. In those days I sometimes even found myself in the back seat of a car groping with a girl and trying to go only so far, and no further ... or else! Consequently, when I married I was still a virgin at the ripe age of twenty-two.

Marriage, for me, was a ticket to legal and morally acceptable sex. My memory of sex at this time was of it being a very quick business with ejaculation at the end. After about five years we had produced two children, and I then decided to become sterilised – quite a process at that time. At least I had now eliminated the pregnancy risk and its associated fears and long-lasting consequences, every time I had sex. By the time my marriage ground to a halt, sex had almost ceased, and I was reduced to what appeared to be the standard substitute of masturbation.



Then came the Rajneesh years and the beginning of an at least broader variety of experiences. A great deal has been made of Rajneesh as the ‘sex guru’, and his philosophy appeared to be licentiousness as opposed to repression. I assume the ultimate goal was to ‘bonk’ yourself silly, so you finally would give up sex entirely. Curiously, as I now read back on his talks, Rajneesh was actually talking either about the transcendence of sex or the practice of Tantra, both traditional approaches of the Eastern religions. Then again, like most spiritual disciples, I wasn’t greatly interested in what he was actually saying – it was the ‘energy’ around a Master that was the prime attraction. Despite Rajneesh’s experiment, in my observations of others and from my personal experience, there was no increase at all in the understanding or the enjoyment of sex.

However, in the beginning a literal sexual smorgasbord appeared to be available and I began to feast, having a number of exciting one-night stands with a few awkward ‘mornings after’. I remember being told by one woman that she had done a therapy group in which the group leader had advised her to go out and sleep with six different men, preferably over consecutive nights, in order to overcome her shyness. So, being similarly afflicted with shyness, I decided to take the same cure! I was surprised at the positive response to my offers, but by the fourth or fifth night I found I had lost interest and even suffered equipment failure. ‘Laissez faire’ ultimately proved to be unsatisfactory and, like most others, I sought a permanent relationship. Sex without relationship was not what I was after. Soon I found myself in a relationship, which was wonderfully sexual at the start, a kind of a sexual ‘peak experience’, but it proved very elusive to recapture, and over the years sex was to decline and eventually dribbled to a halt.

Was it to be that sex at the start of a relationship was good, but then there was always the inevitable decline? From what I had seen around me, this pattern seemed to be commonly accepted in all relationships. Was this the best I could expect? I also found that any attempt to talk about sex was extraordinarily awkward and was taken very personally by either myself or the woman involved.

Ignorance and emotions abounded and it seemed that the only solution was to give up any expectation of anything better was possible.

So, in the end I gave up on both relationships and sex. At least I would cease the torment and disappointment in myself and stop inflicting it on my partners. I was then deliberately celibate, which was to last for three years, with even masturbation ceasing.



So, upon meeting Vineeto I was very wary of sex, as I knew my ignorance and failures only too well. However, now I had a goal – to investigate all the conditioning and beliefs that made up the mystique around sex – and a willing partner! When we first jumped into bed I was terrified; after three years of celibacy I did not even know if my equipment was still capable of functioning! Well, needless to say, it did, and we started a journey of a lifetime with daily rewards for our efforts, which then ushered us on to our next discovery.

The first thing that happened was that Vineeto, being a meditator at the time, would use her orgasm to ride off into a deep meditative state. I would then find myself lying next to someone who had literally ‘gone’ somewhere else. Had I been reduced to some sort of cosmic rocket launcher? Here I was, confronted with Tantra and its consequences! Was it to be that, during sex, each of us would remain in our ‘own world’, and at the end, each become ‘blissed out’ in our own separate worlds? At that moment I understood what was wrong with the teachings of the Western spiritual teacher who I had recently been following. He had said some things about sex and the sex drive in men particularly, that rang true, but he always appeared condemnatory in the Christian way – ‘sex is the Devil’ type stuff. He taught a method of pumping up one’s ‘self’ with the emotion of love, and by riding on the orgasm, one would achieve a state of bliss or God-realisation depending on one’s mood at the time.

It always seemed interesting to me that arriving in ‘the promised land of bliss’ was glorious indeed, but I was always alone. It was ‘my’ bliss, ‘my’ inner state. Even the act of talking to someone else in the same state (if indeed it was possible to talk) usually broke the spell, and it became obvious that they were not where I was ‘at’. This all became very apparent to me, and since our aim was to question all the ‘tried and failed’ beliefs, we agreed to try a different approach.



In the first two months, given that both of us had been without a sexual partner for some time, we enjoyed the usual reasonably good sex that typifies the start of a relationship. With our agreement to look into all the beliefs that make up the Human Condition, the added bonus was that we were to be able to talk frankly and openly about our sexual experiences, both past and current. Then a crisis developed. It was at the time when we began to realise that we had gone off the rails into ‘falling in love’ with its accompanying feelings of excitement, oneness, fulfilment, dependency, jealousy, longing, etc. It took us a little while to extricate ourselves, but we had both had enough of this nonsense before, and this gave us the necessary impetus to move on.

But where did that leave sex in the scheme of things? Were we really facing that hoary old ghost of sex without love? Here we were right up against the major religious and social taboo – and no way out! It was not as though we could go backwards into the old quagmire of emotions. At this period I remember that it felt as though we were strangers having sex: a bit like a series of one-night stands but without the excitement of it. It was noticeable that as the senses were becoming heightened so were the fears. Out beyond the normal boundaries of morality, feelings of sinful guilt and shame would arise: adulterers, fornicators and whores. The condemnation was almost tangible, but the sex was very sensual.

On a few occasions the fear even arose that I had reduced myself to mere rutting animal.

As mentioned previously, I had been celibate for three years before meeting Vineeto and I found a curious thing happened to me when I started having sex again. The sex drive, which had comfortably gone to sleep in the corner like an old cat, suddenly woke up and played all its old tricks again. Of course having sex again was delicious but the return of fantasising, eyeing other women and masturbation were uncomfortable and disquieting side effects. I could see clearly that these were very common sexual symptoms, but what was their source and how to eliminate them? They obviously stood in the way of our harmonious living together. One day I had an experience of walking downtown in the holiday village that I live in and seeing all the interactions between people as purely sexual. I saw this not as shocking but simply as the way things are; human beings are, after all, sexual beings. Not only do we engage in sex for reproduction as other animals do, but for humans sex is a highly pleasurable activity: and it is a delightful duet sport as well!



So, it was obvious that the sex drive was the problem and the problem was in me. As an experiment, I decided to plunge fully into both masturbation and fantasy, to allow myself to push beyond the feelings of guilt and shame that had plagued me since my teenage years. I kept going beyond self-indulgence; and something curious began to happen. It became clear to me that this was just plain silly, stupid, mad and destructive. Here I was with a willing woman, to whom I was sexually attracted, and there was this drive in me that prevented me from being with her as a real woman. When I was with her sexually I would be thinking of other women, and I knew this to be a common male situation. When I saw other women I would be sexually attracted to them and fantasise about them. Facing this squarely in myself and contemplating it led me

to a devastating conclusion. This sex drive within me is not concerned with me being happy with one woman; in fact, it is actively conspiring to prevent it!

Nature, or more accurately blind nature, wants only reproduction – the survival of the species – and it doesn't give a damn for my happiness. The physical enjoyment of sex and the euphoric orgasmic climax is a by-product of the reproductive process itself. As a male animal I am programmed with a sexual instinct, which drives me to impregnate as many women as possible. Crudely put (for it is indeed crude): find woman, fuck woman, move on; find woman, fuck woman, move on... The sex drive, when coupled with the instinctual passion of aggression, produces the rapist. In all the wars, the soldier's spoil at the end of battle was rape. And despite the attempt to 'keep a lid on it' with morals and noble ideals, this blind instinctual passion lies at the very core of man's sexual behaviour. At last I had the bugger by the throat: the very instinctual passion that prevented my free enjoyment of sex with this woman.



It is very interesting what happens with this method of ridding oneself of beliefs and instinctual passions. It actually works! I had been around the spiritual/therapy world for years, had probably heard parts of this before, done 'work' or groups on the issue before, but here I was able to go straight for the jugular. This was the core of the problem, it was in the road between us, and I needed to be free of it! After all, it was preventing my happiness and enjoyment of life now! I recognised the behaviour and feelings in myself, saw the appalling consequences both to my happiness and that of others ... and then they simply disappeared. The complete and total understanding of a belief and its accompanying emotions actually results in their elimination. It took a little time, a lot of diligence, introspection and plain 'self'-obsession – and the will to keep going, to find out. It was often very fearful and I found

myself not only dealing with my fears but also with the fear of all humans now and who ever have been. And then, as though by magic, one day I realised I was no longer driven. It had been a gradual process but it had come to an end – it worked. The sex drive, or instinctual passion, had virtually disappeared from my life.

It was extraordinarily freeing to no longer be led around by my dick, to no longer revert to fantasy and imagination, to no longer eye off other women. And I am free of the seductive power of women, that ultimate power that women exert over men. Of course, it was not merely an intellectual understanding and it translated gradually over the months into a free enjoyment of sex with Vineeto. With fear, guilt, imagination and blind nature no longer interfering, the physical act of sex reveals its delights – with a real woman, lustily sexual, eyes open, delicious, tactile, sensual, immediate, body-tingling pleasure. The actual physical pleasure of sex revealed was to far exceed the imaginative and fantasy world of sex I had previously lived in.



For Vineeto, the investigation was into the female conditioning, and sex without love proved quite daunting. All of the religious morals and society's values condemn a woman who enjoys sex as a whore and a slut: so guilt and shame were emotions to be faced on our journey. If she lifted the lid of restraint and repression, would she run amok? No. What we discovered was – surprise! surprise! – that we are equally sexual human beings. We found no essential difference in our libido, our enjoyment, our orgasms and our delight at the whole sexual experience.

Digging into the female sexual instinctual passions also proved illuminating. Although Vineeto had largely come to terms with the desire to have children and had been sterilised when quite young, the instinctual behaviour still continued. We contemplated the fact that blind nature has equipped the female of the species with an instinct to procreate. This means she needs to attract a man

to impregnate her, and preferably a physically strong one, in order to then protect her and the offspring. Then comes the need to keep the man around to provide food, shelter and defence. To accomplish this, being physically weaker in general, women had to develop what is known as feminine guile – a series of emotions, games, seductions, ploys, etc.

Even if a woman had a man, this offered no security, so she had to continuously hone and test her seductive powers on other men in case they were needed at any time. She knew that when these powers failed, when beauty faded, when old age set in, she was useless, on the scrap heap. This behaviour is all too evident in current times: women's magazines bear testimony to this, with their endless beauty and seductive tips. The threat of failure or loss of male protection meant that the support of the other women around the campfire was all she could ultimately fall back on; hence the woman's loyalty to the 'sisterhood' is much stronger than her loyalty to her man.

The elimination of the beliefs and taboos around sexuality and their related emotions meant that each of us had to give up all that we thought was essential and set in concrete in the end. My very maleness and her very femaleness.



The results of this investigation are indeed quite interesting. We have discovered a heightened sensual pleasure in sex. We have stripped away almost all of the emotions, fears, blockages, hesitations, guilt, and any withholding that occurs around sex. Now it is simply a matter of when to comfortably fit it in to the day; we generally prefer the morning, as the resulting sensations can last for hours. It's that 'Wow' or 'Hmmm' that we can get at the coffee shop later on that is so good. It is usually obvious when it is a good time to jump into bed, and not being driven takes all the 'will we – won't we' nonsense away. It simply happens whenever it suits us both. Without the sex drive dominating we are able to enjoy the

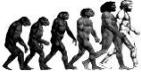
whole of the sexual act; it is not a blind mindless rush to orgasm. We enjoy the heightened physical pleasures of touch, smell, sight and sound, the senses building and building to become purely sexual.

The point is that the whole act is so delicious, and orgasm is just a part of it, but to prolong an orgasm or ride on the edge of one is to ride a wave of pleasure ... teetering ... right on the edge ... Yes! And then another wave comes along and off we go again ... it sure beats surfing! And each time it is a totally different journey – going wherever it goes! Pure physical pleasure!

And how good to find a fully sexual woman – freed of inhibitions – who equally enjoys a ‘romp’. The cells of the body afterwards tingling as though a fine electric charge is surging through – like a total cell re-charge. That feeling of toes curled up, utter relaxation in the body, and an extraordinary intimacy with this woman who has pleased me, as I have pleased her. Freely given and received, sensuous and physical, and any emotional ‘goo’ out of the way. We often would lie in bed as this physical delight emerged more and more, and say that the path to freedom would be worth it just for the sex alone!

Nobody told us about this – certainly not the priests and gurus...





Spiritual Search ...

My father came from German Lutheran church-going stock, while my mother's side was Irish lapsed Catholic. On reflection, given the times, this must have been reasonably difficult for them, but it did mean the church and religious instruction were not part of my upbringing. I went to church with my father for a few months before he died, to see what it was like. I liked the singing bits but the rest was pretty boring and confusing.

At one stage my sister became 'born again' after Billy Graham toured through town. I went to a few of the meetings but was not inspired. The idea of a white-bearded God sitting on a cloud and overseeing all this was pretty silly to me. And as for sending his Son down so he could do a few miracles, start a Religion, be nailed to a cross, and after a few days go back up to sit alongside Dad and see how it works out...!! I remember as a child clearly thinking, if there was a God, how come he made the mess in the first place, and if he was responsible for this mess, why the hell didn't he just come down and sort it out! Later, of course, it became clear — someone would probably crucify him anyway for creating this much suffering and then letting it go on for so long!

As you can probably see, God was not really big for me in my early years. Besides, I was young and there was sex, love, marriage, kids, career and travel to get on with. And significantly, the thought of getting old or running out of time didn't even enter my head. The things of 'normal life' fully occupied me up until the age of thirty-three when events came to a catastrophic crescendo. (The nice thing about writing your own book is you can put atrocious alliteration in it!)



At the time life had come to another of those ‘comfortably numb’ stages: good job, house, wife, two kids, two cars. My wife then started to make a few new ‘spiritual’ friends, all while I was at work, so I knew little about what she was becoming involved in. I knew nothing at all about anything ‘spiritual’ and we talked little if anything about it. Suddenly one day she announced she was leaving, taking the children and going to live at the local Rajneesh commune. My mind went into denial, but as the day of her leaving came closer, the enormity of my life falling apart became brutally apparent. I had lived life as well as possible within the value systems that had been instilled in me and now, in a few short weeks, it was all shattered.

I plunged to the depths of despair as all that I had loved, valued and that gave my life meaning, was torn from me. One particularly ghastly night I idly picked up a book by Rajneesh and began to read. He talked against religion and society, and alluded to a way of becoming free of sorrow. What he said appealed to the rebel in me, for I was a typical baby-boomer and had been attracted to and done my bit in the anti-war and environmental movements, but this was truly revolutionary! I remember looking at his picture and my heart doing a flip. This was the answer to the mystery of life! It all made sense to me; this was what I was missing all my life. He had come into my life, and I was in love with him. Also, it was particularly strong for me to meet all the people in the commune – here seemed to be a place of true rebellion! The communal way of life was a complete reversal of society’s values, those that had failed to give me happiness. Rajneesh and his disciples were devoted to change. Love, peace and Enlightenment promised a way out of the world of violence and misery.

They were heady, exciting days as I sold the house, gave up my job and joined the commune. Spiritual practice largely consisted of work done in or for the commune and was called ‘worship’ – to be done with love, devotion and awareness. Eventually a total community evolved with money, possessions and accommodation shared. I soon found myself back in my old

business of architecture and building, this time for the commune. At the time Rajneesh was in America and was soon to move to what became affectionately known as ‘the Ranch’ – a huge neglected cattle ranch in Oregon. The ashram in India had folded up the previous year and communes were being established around the world while the Ranch was to be developed into a city called Rajneeshpuram. It was a vision on the grand scale and I was part of it! It was a time of revolution and excitement; and working twelve-to fourteen-hour days, seven days a week, was our contribution.



Once a year the Ranch would host a vast ten-day festival for up to 10,000 people from all over the world and the whole of our commune would go there. The first time I saw Rajneesh was when he came out, outlandishly dressed, and sat on the podium in the huge meeting hall. Ecstatic music alternated with sitting in silence. It was an extraordinary, moving experience. Here he was at last, and what a show! Every day we would form up in a mile-long snaking line in the baking sun as he slowly drove by in one of his many Rolls Royces. Being part of this multi-national movement, building a city in the desert to challenge the world, to bring a ‘new man’ to the planet and to be with the ‘Master of Masters’, was hearty stuff indeed. The years in India had been the hippy years of therapy and rebellion, with Rajneesh intimately involved. These were the years of building Rajneeshpuram with Rajneesh himself in silence and isolation. For me those five years were a time of continual ‘worship’ and excitement, being part of this great experiment, and there was little time for, or emphasis on, therapy or meditation.

But beneath the surface things were beginning to go terribly wrong on the Ranch. The local authorities were becoming increasingly alarmed at what was happening and began to legally challenge the city’s development. The women in power began a

program of trenchant legal resistance and more and more resorted to covert activities of vote rigging, bugging, dirty tricks and even poisoning. Rajneesh began talking again, also to the press, goading the local community and the politicians.

The city had its own police force, and I remember seeing videos of residents training with guns, such was the feeling of paranoia that was developing. At my last festival visit some of my friends acted as guards for Rajneesh, standing on the podium with automatic weapons. On several occasions I helped to guard around the commune, but never armed. Rumours abounded that the government was going to close the Ranch, come what may, and that the National Guard was on stand-by. When the illegal activities became known, the FBI came to investigate. Rajneesh publicly proclaimed his ignorance of any wrong-doings and several days later flew out in his private jet, only to be arrested trying to leave the country.

Questions that were never convincingly answered for me from this time were: ‘Did Rajneesh know what was going on, and if he didn’t, why didn’t he?’ The answer I most often heard as a justification was that it was all a ‘lesson’ for us about power and responsibility. In other words: we were at fault, not him. I could not make any sense of it at all, but I was mostly grateful that he was eventually released and safe. The question that most haunted me later was a theoretical one: ‘If I had been there at the time, what would I have done if the city had been attacked? Would I have fought to stop them, to protect Rajneesh? Would I have taken a gun if offered? Would I have killed?’



The answer is most probably ‘yes’, given the fervour, paranoia and passion of my faith and belief at the time. I had actually experienced what it is that makes people kill others, to die for their belief or to protect their leader. In the end, his departure

diffused the situation and the Ranch fizzled to an end amidst much acrimony and bewilderment.

In the commune in which I lived, we watched most of the drama on television as Rajneesh was arrested and put into chains, no doubt as a form of public humiliation. I remember being almost physically ill as the appalling tales of deception, drugging and even poisoning emerged – this was what lay beneath the outer facade of peace and love. People had actually been psychologically and physically harmed!

As it became evident that Rajneesh had left the Ranch and the dream was in tatters, our local commune began to break up, and not very gracefully as it turned out. Much blame, recrimination and stealing took place. When the vision of love and peace faded, people generally reverted to type. Survival became the dominant instinct. I hung in there as I had given my all to this – besides, what else to do? I simply believed that those leaving were weak and had insufficient trust and faith. I was soon to swallow my pride and slink away as our commune disintegrated and a woman I had wanted to be with returned from the Ranch.



I left the commune, set up house with her, one of my kids came to live with us, and she brought along one of her own. This time the house was rented, there were two kids, but only one car. As I settled into the ‘real’ world again, Rajneesh finally went back to India to the original ashram he had left, having been refused entry into the many other countries he tried. I certainly missed the excitement of those five intense fun-filled years, but now Rajneesh had his show back on the road again – it was now just a matter of saving some money to go and be with him. The thought of going to see the famed Poona ashram was thrilling, but not so the thought of the poverty and filth of India, of which I had had a taste of in my twenties.



About a year after the end of the Ranch, I walked through the huge carved wooden gates into the garden paradise of the ashram, complete with that wonderful feeling of ‘coming home’ that I had missed since the Ranch years. I only stayed a few weeks but I knew this was where I wanted to be, so I went back to the West, saved and returned. I had money for six months and decided to do a few ‘groups’ and meditations, rather than work all the time. Rajneesh came out most evenings for a discourse and now there was more emphasis on meditation and therapy. From what I gathered, things were a lot tamer than the earlier Poona years, and a laid back ‘Club’ atmosphere was being promoted.

I was doing a bit of casual ‘worship’ in the architect’s office one day towards the end of my stay when we were all asked to come up with some ideas for a new bedroom for Rajneesh. Within a week I found myself working in the inner compound where he lived, converting the original open meeting hall into a huge glass and Italian marble circular bedroom. What an opportunity! So when my visa expired, I went back home, sold a house I had purchased with others, and returned within three months. The project took almost two years, and I worked daily in his house, gaining many insights into the inner workings around Rajneesh himself. I met him twice, very briefly, which was quite a rare event as, apart from discourse, he spent his whole time isolated in his room. My impression of him was that he was on ‘another planet’, but that was what I expected anyway. The last time I saw him was when we had finished his room, and he looked very fragile and weak.

The room was completed and he moved in for a week, and then went back to his old bedroom. I was then offered a job overseeing the building developments in the ashram, with the lure of becoming a Resident – free food, rent paid and other appropriate privileges of rank. I worked closely with the leaders of the ashram, sometimes travelling to Bombay on business, but I became

increasingly uncomfortable with the level of politicking and scheming – to put it plainly, power-tripping and ingratiating behaviour. I guess I thought things just ‘happened’ around Rajneesh, but to see this cesspool of power, plotting and intrigue below the surface reminded me of the failure of the Ranch. It came to a head at one particular meeting when suddenly I could see the whole hidden agenda operating beneath the surface. It became glaringly obvious: here was power and corruption again, but this time done by highly skilled ‘operators’, not amateurs. Whether the motive was Good or Evil, Right or Wrong, I simply saw power as power over someone else. And, of course, it had the authority of Rajneesh behind it, which was curious given that he had denied being the power and authority behind the goings-on at the Ranch.

So I did the only thing I could to maintain my integrity: I quit. I threw myself into doing groups, but after about three full-on months I realised I was just hearing the same thing again and again. Everybody had the same problems with only very slight variations. Everybody had had a bad childhood, everyone was lonely and sad, and justified it or blamed someone else or some situation for their suffering. Compared to the last twelve months since meeting Richard, it was a mere ‘scraping of the surface’, an extremely superficial look at the Human Condition. The groups involved a lot of ‘getting it out’, resulting in deep grief and tears, followed by a Rajneesh discourse tape, more tears, and ending in wonderful blissful feelings. The problem was always that the bliss did not last – either someone cut in on you in the food queue or you went home to battle with your lover again.

I also started to seriously explore meditation at this time and had quite a few experiences, as I managed to still both the mind and senses and get into a blissful state. But afterwards the same food queue problem would become evident. How to bring that silence into my ordinary life? It was a question that I and countless others asked. The answer offered was to somehow make that blissful state permanent, but in some way without effort, as desire itself was deemed part of the problem!



Still, life was sort of sweet enough. The usual thing: get up in the morning, have breakfast and then do whatever ... but the enthusiasm and idealism had definitely waned a bit to be replaced by a subtle resignation and a wee touch of cynicism. It was then that my younger son died and things took a drastic turn. No longer did I have forever, no longer could I just drift along, ‘letting things happen’ to me. My son was dead aged thirteen, and I had outlived my father: I was on borrowed time and still knew nothing about living. At the time I did not appreciate the extent to which this event would change my life. From then on I was to be driven by a relentless intent to find the ‘meaning of life’. In short, it became the most important thing to do with my remaining time ... I could hear the clock ticking relentlessly in my head. And as middle age came on I saw it undeniably in the aging of my body.

Soon after my son’s cremation I returned to the ashram and within weeks Rajneesh was dead. I remember being on guard in his house before he died, seeing him struggle to walk to his car for the drive to discourse, and thinking how weary and spent he looked. Two nights later he was dead and his body burning down by the river. I knew then that I was in trouble, as I always prided myself that I was with a living Master, not like those ‘other people’ who followed dead Masters. But the ashram went on, hardly missing a beat, Rajneesh having only ‘left his body’, and we all felt his ‘Energy’ around. For me, it was back to meditation – Vipassana was my thing. Discourses continued, with his chair carried in and placed on the podium exactly as it had been while he was alive.

One night in discourse, suddenly the absurdity of worshipping an empty chair on a podium, with thousands of other people all dressed in white robes, struck me like a thunderbolt. As I looked around, I had a brief flash of some sort of spiritual ‘Klu Klux Klan’. ‘Has my life really come to this?’ – I remember thinking. It was never to be the same again for me, although the

final parting was to take a while. It also became increasingly evident that I was actually witnessing the formation of a Religion. Rajneesh had, of course, put the organisation in place before he died, but one further incident made it crystal clear.

I was sitting at a dining table in the ashram one day with a few friends, and a newcomer came and sat with us. He had never seen Rajneesh alive and began to question us about the Ranch, what 'He' was like, etc. As I sat and listened to our responses, I realised how varied and different they were, even when we talked about the same event. It struck me that this is exactly how the myths and legends grow, as exaggeration and imagination abound. In fifty years' time nobody would be alive who knew him as a living person, and then it would really be open slather for the myths of Divinity to run riot. Not to mention the fabrications and distortions deliberately contrived by those who were now running the Religion.



By this time my money had run out and, as I did not want a paid job in the ashram, I returned to the West to resume 'normal' life. A direction-less, melancholic feeling enveloped me after the deaths of my son and my spiritual master. One day I had a phone call from the school in England where my son had died, asking me if I wanted to come and do some building for them. So I spent six months in England, returning to Poona for a few months on the way home. It was good to be there again, but it was not the same feeling of 'home'. Some friends began visiting other spiritual teachers, but I couldn't as I still felt loyalty to Rajneesh and saw the others as betraying him.

I returned to the West for more work, a bit of travelling and another relationship. Almost my entire work and friendships were within the Rajneesh community, or the 'Club' as I called it, but even this attachment was beginning to wane. When the men, particularly, would gather and talk about the Ranch, it always

reminded me of old soldiers retelling their stories and I thought: ‘Is this how I’m going to live my life out; remembering the Good Old Days?’ I went back to Poona once more but it was very clear it had finished for me. After all, the whole attraction of the spiritual path in the first place was that I regarded it not as Religion – it involved being in the presence of a living Master, and now he was dead. I had even come to see the pictures of Rajneesh that hung on the walls of friends’ houses as no different to the little statues of ‘Jesus-nailed-to-the-cross’ that I saw on the walls in Catholic homes as a teenager.



So I drifted back into one of my comfortably numb phases and I found I was not attracted to any of the other Indian gurus. I had also had enough of suffering the poverty and squalor of India: the mystery and romance had definitely gone. I had given thirteen years of my life in devotion and ‘worship’, and it had not worked, something was still seriously wrong inside me. They were good times; exciting, wonderful experiences, but here I was back to where I had started and nothing had fundamentally changed, nor had it in any of the other thousands involved, as far as I could see. And nobody had got Enlightened! Rajneesh’s great experiment had, in the end, failed.

Many returned to the West to careers, money, security, creativity, ‘New Age’ pursuits or just to drift, letting ‘existence’ do whatever to them. I also found it interesting to watch the Religion already starting to form into various factions and splinter groups. There was a purist, traditional group forming who were mainly the meditators centred in Poona, then a group of esoteric metaphysicists split off to go to America and a further group of ‘Tantrikas’ formed, with love as their message. It has been fascinating to see and experience, in my lifetime, the transforming of a commune around a spiritual Master into a formal Religion.

Even better was to learn the lessons by seeing the facts behind the facade of myth and belief – backstage, as it were.

At the same time as Rajneeshism declined in me, there occurred the failure of yet another of my relationships. I then met up with a Western spiritual teacher who said a lot of things that appeared to make sense about the Eastern spiritual scene and talked about love between man and woman, which was very appealing. One thing that I had always had doubts about in the Eastern religions was the attitude towards women – generally to avoid them and aim for celibacy. Indeed, in the East it was universally understood, if not taught, that women needed to be reincarnated as men in order to even begin any spiritual practice!



At this time I also began to intensify my spiritual search – a common thing after relationship failure. I read many spiritual books and did the ‘withdraw into the cave’ thing. I simplified my ‘outer’ life drastically in order to concentrate on the spiritual – the ‘inner’ life – and began to have many experiences of bliss, love and oneness. At last I was getting some results, but it was a little bit worrying that I had to withdraw from the world to do so, and also, that there was no woman in my life; in fact, at the time I was celibate.

I was with this teacher for about two years, but it was becoming obvious that despite his rhetoric, his teachings did not produce any tangible results in his followers. I liked the ‘energy’ of his meetings: the silence and the feeling of washing away the troubles of the world was seductive. But what he essentially taught was Tantra, something that had always seemed a little odd to me. In the end I saw that here was another teaching that promised much but delivered nothing. He had started his own religion, even declaring himself ‘Guru of the West’, which is appropriate, for his teachings are really nothing but thinly disguised Hinduism.

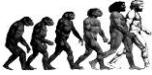
I had by now made the spiritual search the most important thing in my life and I was starting to get results. I did have definite doubts about the Enlightened beings and their behaviour, particularly towards women, but I was driven on by my search – an inner drive to seek freedom. Then I came across a young Western spiritual teacher whose message – ‘You have to give it everything’ – set me on fire! I decided that I could do more and, accepting his challenge, once more closed down my business, sold up, said goodbye to friends and moved to a spiritual commune. Once more the excitement and passion of being with a group of seekers (or Finders as they called themselves) engulfed me, but what I found on arrival was to soon disappoint me.

I was hit by a feeling of ‘been here, done this’, as I could see the same old pattern of people surrendering their time, money and will in the hope that this man would somehow make them free. I had seen thousands giving years of their lives with no result and began to see it as a hopeless system. Perhaps the most shocking thing was the sight of one of the women who had shaved her head as a sign that she had pledged herself to a year’s celibacy! I had actually again landed myself in a cleverly disguised and packaged Eastern Religion! Surely somewhere there was someone offering something different, something new, something that made sense?

So I left and returned to my previous life; curiously with everybody saying they ‘knew I’d come back’. A strange thing had happened though: it became apparent to me that I didn’t want to become an ‘Enlightened One’. I had seen enough of them close up to question how they were as men, and it wasn’t as I would want to be as a human being.

And then, within a month, I met Richard and Devika!





God ...

I was back home again after yet another journey along one of the many spiritual paths. Little did I know it was to prove to be the last such journey. In my life I have always enjoyed getting to the bottom of things, making sense out of things... At this time the question that haunted me for a while was ‘what was Truth?’, a term that I was increasingly hearing in the spiritual world.

If there is one Truth, how come each of the Masters seemed to have their own personal version of it, yet none of them can describe what ‘It’ is exactly? Is it that they are really talking about a feeling, not a fact? If they were all talking about the same Truth why couldn’t they just all get together and stop fighting each other? It made the Truth seem more than a bit suspicious. Mysterious – yes; sensible – no! It became obvious they were all just talking about God, and to call it ‘the Truth’ was just a disguise.

I had resumed ‘normal’ life again, this time sharing a house with a woman who was also on the spiritual path. Not long after I moved in, she met a man who was visiting town and who had become ‘accidentally’ Enlightened a few years previously, and she invited him and his wife to dinner at our house. His story was that he was a scientist and had been sceptical of all things spiritual. He had, however, met a woman who was on the spiritual path, and while they were in Thailand he was poisoned on a bus trip. When he awoke in hospital the next day he found himself in an ‘altered state of consciousness’. I listened to his story, fascinated. I had spent fifteen years of my life searching for what this guy got from a poisoned lolly on a bus, and he wasn’t even looking for it! This whole spiritual business was looking increasingly weird.



My housemate then heard of another ‘Enlightened’ man, this time a local, and invited him and his partner to dinner. The world is full of Enlightened beings, I thought, and where I live they are particularly thick on the ground. I was definitely having trouble making any sense whatever of the spiritual world. It was an interesting evening and we got down to some real talking after dinner, outside in the warm night air. The talk, as I remember it, was mostly about Enlightenment, and Richard spoke freely, unhesitatingly answering any questions. He said he had been Enlightened but had now got to a condition he said was beyond Enlightenment. This was certainly something I had not heard described before and I began to notice that what he was saying was different, even though I did not understand much of it! In particular I remember him saying, ‘everyone has got it 180 degrees wrong.’ It was a statement that rang in my head like a huge bell at the time. The evening ended about 3 am, and so confusing was the conversation that I thought little of it afterwards: but I had liked their company. The conversation was easy and wide-ranging – it is a rare pleasure to talk of such things as life, the universe and what sense we make of it.

About a week later, the woman I stayed with announced she was going over to visit them and would I like to come. ‘Sure,’ I said and off I went to start what were soon to become daily visits. The extraordinary thing was that, here I was, involved in easy conversation with a man who had been Enlightened, in his living room, just down the road from where I lived. At last I had found someone I could talk to about Enlightenment and spiritual matters – what about thinking, what about sex, what is the meaning of life, what is Enlightenment like? To uncover the mystery, to talk matter-of-factly about the meaning of it all. Not to mention the ‘ordinary’ – where do you buy that coffee and did you see that new show on TV? But the thing that really got to me was that he was talking about men and women living together and the pleasure of sex; how unlike the Enlightened Ones! – in fact 180 degrees opposite. It was obvious I was involved in something radically different here, and

given that all else had produced no tangible results, I decided to give this one hundred percent. I just thought I had nothing left to lose; all else had failed. So why not?



Richard had got himself Enlightened some seventeen years before by an intensive method aimed at finding the condition he had experienced some time earlier in a pure consciousness experience. He achieved an altered state of consciousness complete with feelings of Oneness and Timelessness, Love for all, Compassion, and a drive to spread his Message. What in fact he had been aiming for was what he had experienced previously – a direct experience of the purity and perfection of the physical universe, but what he had attained he eventually called ‘Absolute Freedom’ – an extraordinary state of bliss and self-aggrandisement. He became at one with God or the ‘Absolute’, as he named it. As he began to talk to people they told him that what he was saying was very like what the spiritual Masters were saying, and he then discovered that he was in a state known in the East as Enlightenment. Despite the extraordinary wonderful feelings, a few doubts remained simmering beneath the surface: why was this state different to what he had aimed for, why was he driven to save mankind, why did he feel timelessness when the clock still ticked away?

He travelled to the East seeking answers but came back even more troubled. Over a period of twelve years he was to question all of the sacred tenets of the Enlightened Ones – the massive delusion as he puts it – and emerged some six years ago into what he now calls ‘Actual Freedom’. The man I sat talking with for hours and hours in his suburban living room had actually forsaken the Glamour, the Glory and the Glitz of Enlightenment! In Eastern Spiritual terms, he had eliminated not only the ‘self’ but the ‘Self’ as well, not only the Ego but the soul.

I thought his credentials were impeccable, and he was willing and able to talk clearly about his experiences and discoveries. He had had a female companion for the last eleven years and together they have investigated what is called the ‘Human Condition’ – that set of beliefs, conditioning and instinctual passions that is the program by which human beings have operated ever since they emerged from the caves or trees. Further, they had developed a method for actually ridding oneself of malice and sorrow, the very core of the Human Condition. To become happy and harmless was the term I liked. It seemed to me an eminently sensible aim in life!



What I understood of the method, briefly, was to make being happy your immediate goal, enjoying and appreciating this moment of being alive as much and as often as possible – after all, this is your only moment of being alive that you are able to actually experience. Being happy yesterday is useless and imagining or hoping for it in the future is avoiding the issue. *‘How am I experiencing this moment of being alive?’* was the question to be continuously asked until it becomes a non-verbal attitude or a wordless approach to life with the aim to minimize both the ‘bad’ and the ‘good’ feelings and maximize the happy and harmless feelings. If you are not happy now, then you have something to look at. Richard suggests getting back to feeling good before investigating the source of the unhappiness as it makes the investigation so much easier, of course. What particular belief, conditioning or instinctual passion is causing your unhappiness in this moment? Once having discovered the cause or the issue behind the diminishing of happiness, one can root around layer by layer until it is exposed to the bright light of awareness and the silliness of it all is clearly understood.

For sorting out one’s beliefs and conditions there is a useful test that can be applied: ‘Is it silly or sensible?’ Does my conviction

make sense? Is it supported by facts, or is it a belief; does it work? Whatever is preventing my happiness now deserves my total attention and thorough investigation – simply believing the opinions, beliefs and values of other similarly afflicted people is to be gullible in the extreme. It is *my* life I am living and it is happening now. I then became vitally interested in my happiness for the first time. And I was looking to get to the root of it, to be free of whatever was causing my unhappiness, such that it would never come back. Finished, gone.

And nobody else does it for me – I do it for myself!



What Richard was saying was daunting, bewildering, a complete reversal of all I had understood up until then! But a few things appealed: he was saying that if you make your goal in life to be happy and harmless then you will succeed given sufficient intent. Then it is possible for a man and woman to live together in peace and harmony, and then peace on the planet will be possible. Well, since the spiritual path had sort of petered out and was leading in ever-confusing circles, I thought what the hell! The alternative was to go back to ‘comfortable and numb’ again (which was actually uncomfortable and tortured underneath), so I decided to plough on.

Being a practical man I went out and found a woman to try out the living-together theory. Simultaneously I proceeded to investigate with Richard all things religious and spiritual. What became apparent was that he was no spiritual Master whose ‘Energy’ created blissful feelings. There were no discourses, no spiritual practices, no meditation – just a frank and open discussion ranging over all facets of the Human Condition. What these investigations started to reveal was confrontational to the very core of ‘who’ I thought I was, because I was one of those human beings suffering from the Human Condition. Every time we would talk about something that I took as ‘right’ or ‘true’ or ‘real’, I was

challenged to look at it afresh. Was this just something I had heard or read and assumed to be a truth – or was it that I simply believed, assumed or wished it to be true? Was it silly or sensible? What were the facts of the situation? What was my actual experience about this?

My mind would sometimes go into a sort of gridlock, unable and unwilling to withstand what it took as an assault. Rightly so, because the very ‘I’ who I thought I was, was being found out as made up of nothing more than the beliefs of others, society’s conditioning and a set of primitive animal instinctual passions! It was both exciting and terrifying at the same time as I found myself questioning all that I held to be true. I was conducting an investigation into my very own psyche – how extraordinary!



Often it all felt too much as yet another wave of fear swept over me, but three things kept me going. One was the memory of the purity and perfection of the peak experience I had had some ten years previously – and I was beginning to have similar experiences again, little reminders of my goal. The second was my intent. I wanted to live as I had experienced in a pure consciousness experience. I had arranged my life in such a way that I could devote almost the whole of my time to this investigation, whether being with Richard and Devika, Vineeto, or taking the time to contemplate by myself. I was also reading prolifically to investigate what was the current wisdom on a wide range of the Human Condition. I soon found myself obsessed; so fascinating was it to discover, for myself, exactly what it is to be a human being. Therapy had been like fiddling with the parts, rearranging the furniture to suit the particular beliefs of the therapist. Here I was taking the whole package apart – stripping away and delving deeper than I ever had before. It occurred to me that no wonder nearly everyone else who had come across Richard had run for the hills!

The third thing that kept me going was confidence. What gave me the confidence to continue was my experience that this method actually worked. Every time I looked into a belief and saw that it was only a belief, not a fact, it would soon be demonstrated in my life that I was free of it. I was indeed becoming free, actually, bit by bit – my life was indeed ‘getting better all the time’ (as the Beatles sang). This progress made the spiritual years seem like kindergarten. My relationship with Vineeto had rapidly gone past the point of previous failures and was sailing into untroubled waters. Despite the occasional fear attacks, I was experiencing life as happier, less neurotic, less emotional and much stiller. It actually worked as it went – and, magically, the next thing to look at popped up at the right time. Always the aim is to be happy now, not in some future time. Of course as this succeeded, I simply raised the stakes – what about experiencing life as perfect for twenty-four hours a day, every day? Thrilling stuff indeed!



It may seem as though I have gone a bit off the trail about God, but I had to explain the alternative to God. Believing in God means believing that someone else is going to make it all better one day, and one only has to have faith and trust that it will happen. I found that I had simply given up waiting for God to do it. I was fixing myself up as much as is possible, and it was working. I just got impatient, I guess! This gave me the confidence to squarely tackle that most insidious of beliefs – that there is such a person or thing as God (or Goddess, the Truth, This, or That, Energy, Tao, Spirit, Consciousness, the Source, Love – either Divine or Universal – Essence, The Universe, Existence, Aliens, etc.); in short, something other than this actual physical universe.

When I met Richard, I had long ago rejected Western religion and had, like many of my generation, sought the answers in the East and in spirituality. Now I had begun to see, particularly by re-reading the ancient texts and stories, that Eastern spirituality

was nothing more than Eastern religion. I remember talking to friends at the time, asking them if they wanted to become Enlightened, and all of them said no. I was fascinated to find out why they followed Masters if they did not want to be like them. I would also ask people if they believed in God, and all of them said no. But when I pointed out that their particular Master taught about God in whatever form, they would all deny it. I realised that most people hung around for the ‘Energy’, and the Master could have been saying anything. It was shocking to see how gullible I had been, and only recently. (By the way, did you know that the word gullible is not even in the dictionary?)

I looked back on my years with Rajneesh and found that I could do so without any of the emotional attachment I had previously had. The only remaining bond I had had to him was one of loyalty, and this quickly dissolved. I remembered the tired and worn out man at the end waiting to go to his Heaven, and I remembered the ‘Never Born – Never Died’ inscription on his tomb in the mausoleum I had helped build. If that was what he believed, then fine; I simply did not believe in him or what he said any more. It was good to have no emotion around the memory: opinions – yes; emotions – no.



The spiritual path had originally appealed to me as I saw it offered the chance of relief from suffering in this lifetime – from this ‘self’ within me, the psychological entity. Enlightenment was far superior to and more appealing than waiting for the good times promised in Heaven. At the time the spiritual path seemed the best on offer as a way to escape the misery and suffering of the world. It certainly appeared better than trying to ‘keep the lid on it all’, like the Western religions with their morals that so obviously fail. At least it acknowledged the problem of the ‘self’ and attempted to address it. I know that spiritual people generally are well meaning and have good intentions but the problem is that Eastern religions,

by trying to eliminate the ‘self’, aim to transform it into the ‘Self’ – in other words realising that you are God or at one with God. And then, of course, as the latest saviour of mankind, one gathers disciples, scorns others who have seemingly found a different God, and eventually form yet another Religion. And so on ad nauseam.

In the end, the apparent solution to suffering actually contributes mightily to the problem – and with horrific consequences. The religious wars, persecutions, torture and perversions of the self-righteous God men are legendary and appalling, and they continue even today.

Of course, the East is equally appalling when one takes off the rose-coloured glasses and really looks. I only have to remember that I would have been willing to kill or be killed for Rajneesh on the Ranch to know this is so. Hinduism is too silly to even be taken seriously – a little reading will show that – but then again it forms the basis of much of modern spirituality! The brutality of the clashes between Hindus and Muslims in India rivals any of the atrocities man has inflicted on man.

Buddhism is another kettle of fish – or should I say bucket of worms! The core of modern Buddhism, while conveniently ignoring the inanities of its ancient God-ridden scriptures, seems firmly rooted in the principle of compassion. The dictionary definition of compassion is ‘common pathos’, i.e. ‘suffering together’. What I came to see in Buddhists was a moral smugness or superiority in following a higher code, which, of necessity, requires a lesser, poorer class to be maintained in order to practice one’s compassion on. Compassion actually works to maintain and perpetuate misery and suffering. You only have to look at the East with its appalling ignorance, arrogance, oppression, poverty, class structure and religious persecutions to see the results of thousands of years of intense devotion to Eastern religions.



To believe that spirituality holds the solution to violence and misery is to maintain faith, hope and trust in the face of the fact of total and continuing failure, after thousands of years, to bring even a semblance of peace to the planet.

If the aim of the spiritual path was to deliver to me the much sought-after ‘peace of mind’ then I had to admit that it had also failed. It was possible, through intensive effort and surrender, to still the mind, but from what I had experienced and seen in others, this involved a ‘getting out of it’, into some ‘other’ world. I came to see meditation as no more than sitting in the corner with my eyes shut, pretending the world didn’t exist. When they say the world is an illusion, they do indeed experience it that way. The inner, imaginary world becomes real and the actual physical world becomes an illusion!

I myself have experienced this when, after six months of withdrawal from the world, intensive spiritual reading and meditating, while walking along a beach I had an experience of being ‘pure love’. I was Love, and love for everything poured out of me. ‘Existence’ and I were one, and all was love. I, as I normally was, was definitely not there – I had become pure love. Or, put another way, I had an experience of the ‘self’ becoming the ‘Self’. It eventually wore off after about two hours but, on reflection, if I had continued on the spiritual path for longer with the same intensity, I could well have been typing very different words now – no doubt proclaiming myself as the latest saviour of mankind!



Somehow I knew that this was not what I was after, as I wanted to be an ordinary human being, not an extraordinary one like the Enlightened Ones. Besides, I had not met one whose life I would like to emulate. I had also seen enough of the power and authority, with its subsequent worship and adoration, to be dismayed at the thought that this system represented the pinnacle of human endeavour. Some spiritual teachers, seeing this objection

in people, are now deliberately trying to appear ‘ordinary’ and make much of the fact. Was it set in concrete that the only way to get rid of the ‘self’ was to become the ‘Self’? Was the only way to escape the misery of being a human being to become a God or God-realised? Well, not according to Richard, and that was encouraging – and inspirational!

I had to acknowledge that I was a failure on the spiritual path, and in the end I found I didn’t even want to become Enlightened. But I knew there were countless others on the path who had and will continue to suffer failure. Since Buddha’s time, 2500 years ago, there have been at least 1 billion Buddhists and, I have read, perhaps one thousand at the most have become Enlightened. That’s a success rate of 0.0001%!! I also read recently some famous spiritual pundit saying that this was a good thing: implying it was good that it was so difficult – so impossible. So many monks have spent so many hours, for so many centuries, meditating in cold monastical cells, and he thinks it’s good that it’s tough and difficult! In the East self-torture is even revered as a spiritual virtue. I remember well seeing the filthy saddhus standing for hours in tortured poses – the more extreme the better.

Well, why is Enlightenment just for the ‘chosen few’ and why – when it happens to someone – is he or she worshipped and revered like some God? Is it that it is such a miracle to become Enlightened in the first place that we bestow divinity on them, and then curry favour with them and worship them in the hope that it might rub off on us? I posed these and many other questions, as I tried to see what actual good had come out of a system that had been followed by billions of people, for thousands of years. Buddhism has been in existence for at least 2500 years and Hindus supposedly twice as long. I was looking for evidence and facts – not hopes or beliefs.



The case for the defence was definitely not looking good, but I still found myself defending at least something of the spiritual and hanging on grimly. Surely there was a ‘Something’ else? Was it possible that I, and everyone else on earth up until now, had got it wrong and that only Richard was right? I had been reading widely throughout this time to check out the facts of what Richard was saying and what I found was astounding. I found that the whole of philosophy, psychology, sociology, anthropology, astronomy, physics, indeed all of man’s knowledge, and wisdom is based on an underlying assumption of a ‘something more’ than the physical universe. A belief in the meta-physical permeates all human thinking and wisdom. If one eliminated this assumption or belief the whole lot comes crashing down like those card stacks I used to make as a kid. Then it all started to make sense to me, to fit the facts – everyone has got it 180 degrees wrong – everyone!

There has been no actual evidence nor factual proof after thousands of years to support the belief that there is a God or a Something else. The cry in the churches, temples, ashrams and satsang halls is still one of trust, faith and hope to maintain the belief in a Something else. It was as though I was able to begin to see through the whole charade and fantasy of the spirit-ual world – to be able to see things from another perspective. It was like a mist or a veil clearing. It was then that I realised that Richard was the only atheist I had met and seemingly the only one that has ever been.



I was obviously in the company of a mad man and a super-megalomaniac to boot. But then again, the wise men in the other camp were calling themselves God or at least ‘one with God’, and this seemed totally insane to me! I reached a stage when I thought I was going mad, but then again the whole world was mad anyway. I only had to watch TV, read history, or listen to the next-door neighbours fighting to know I lived in a mad house ... and here I

was worrying about going mad!! In particular I remember one day on the building site when one of the subcontractors said to me that he was having a bad morning and that he felt he should meditate, and did I mind. Given he was a straight sort of guy I thought he was joking until I saw him ten minutes later in full lotus position sitting right in the middle of the noise and chaos. And it was just at the time that I was thinking I was going mad!

In the end I ruled the mad bit out of court as I somehow knew all this was just going on in my head anyway, a sort of a last defence battle of the psyche, refusing to let go of a cherished belief in the face of facts. Further, it was not only my belief, it was insidiously permeating every human brain – it was wired-in, instinctually, genetically if you like. Stubbornness drove me on – I was, after all, in this to find out the meaning of it all; to make sense of being a human being on this planet.



Fear welled up in me as I realised I no longer believed in the Spiritual – it was obviously just the religion of the East, and religion had obviously failed in the East as it had in the West. After thousands of years, nowhere is there peace on earth or happiness. But I knew I could not just believe Richard either. The enormity of it all was beginning to dawn on me. Nobody could help me. I could only rely on the facts, my own intelligence and experience. But the facts were undeniable. And a fact is a fact, whereas a belief is only a belief. In short it meant everybody else has got it wrong and I have got it right. I knew that would place me as a heretic – the very people who are persecuted and burnt at the stake! Besides, what about all those years of belief and faith – how could I have been such a fool!

Pride reared its ugly head, but I recognised it as the same pride that had bound me to the spiritual path in the first place and had given me a feeling of superiority. I then realised the connection between pride and humility, so subtly hidden beneath the ‘good-

ness' of the spiritual world. In the end I came to realise that I would be a greater fool to continue pursuing something that didn't work, simply because everybody else was! It was useful to see Vineeto also struggling with exactly this same pride, as I often saw something in someone else that was relevant to turn in on myself. In the end I realised it was my life, and to worry about what other people thought is not to be free – and freedom was the very thing that I was after.

About this time I started to come to grips with an undercurrent of feelings that had been welling up in me as I got further along this path to freedom. As I began to increasingly understand the full extent of what Richard had discovered, I had begun quite cunningly to plot my role in the Movement that would sweep the world. Images of money and fame began to subtly occur – and sometimes not so subtly. I would see myself travelling and talking to halls full of people, spreading the message! Yes, it was good old power and authority again – the attraction of the Glamour, Glory and Glitz. No wonder the Enlightened Ones are seduced and then trapped by it! It seemed to me an instinctual grab for power by my psyche, which rightly felt threatened with elimination. I also had to admit to myself that power and authority was a definite attraction in my desire for Enlightenment – a sort of spiritual version of 'Money for nothing and your chicks for free'.

It was further brought home to me in my situation with Vineeto, as I would try to tell her where she was wrong and ram it down her throat. Finally I saw that it was up to her to do what she wanted to do with her life, and that I had no power over her. Now I would not want it any other way; it would not be perfect otherwise. A similar thing happened with friends when I tried to inspire them; they usually felt attacked and no wonder – this path is anathema to the 'self'. To see power and authority in myself and to have seen them in the Enlightened Ones was to prove the critical point in the process of beginning to eliminate them in me.

No longer would I be seduced down that spiritual path towards power and glory. I had reached the point where the spiritual path and the path to actual freedom radically diverge and go 180 degrees in opposite directions. There is an apparent similarity at first glance in that both identify the 'self' as the problem. One, the traditional, goes to God, glory, power and authority; the other goes to actual freedom, which I had glimpsed in peak experiences and which was becoming more and more obvious and apparent in my life. In my experience the other difference is crucial – one works, the other doesn't. I was becoming increasingly happy and harmless, and therefore different from other people, who remained firmly entrenched in sorrow or were still trying the traditional paths as a remedy. They were still searching while I was busy arriving.

However, what a freedom to see others as fellow human beings who choose to do what they want with their lives, and not as people I had to save. This path to freedom was proving to contain no power or authority. But then again I had only to observe Richard and how he was – and, of course, I did continuously. I could see that the path to actual freedom was eminently sensible, practical, workable yet utterly magical. And that Enlightenment has had its day; it's finished, redundant, obsolete, archaic, primitive, harmful and silly!



Another doubt that emerged about this time was that if I was to throw out spirituality could it be that I would just end up back where I had started, but without love, trust, faith and hope: the very things that made life at least bearable? Would I find myself in some bleak awfulness, some grey world, empty of everything? One day I had a flash of stark barrenness, a glimpse of stark reality – but I knew from my peak experiences that this was simply fear and, sure enough, being only fear, it did not last. I also knew the planet as a safe and wondrous place and the physical universe as indeed perfect

in every aspect and I was increasingly experiencing this perfection as an actuality in my life. I was able to go to bed at night-time saying I had had a virtually perfect day – which was extraordinary and an undeniable fact. I remember it struck me at one point that this effortless, almost constant, experience of calmness was vastly superior to any blissful meditative state, with all its struggle, torture and temporary fickleness.



I also reached a stage where I felt torn apart, as though there were two of me inside. One who believed in the spiritual world – the world of spirits – and was hanging on to it for dear life, and the other me who was simply this body with its physical senses, a delicious calmness and a sense of wellbeing that had replaced the neurosis and swirling roller-coaster of emotions. I was split apart, and it felt like past and future – the person I had been and the ‘whatever I was becoming’ – as layers were falling off me.

But despite all the facts I was still reluctant to completely let go of God. And the reason was becoming glaringly obvious to me, not just a theoretical understanding. I knew what it meant by now. Believing in God, or some Thing, or some Energy meant that I had always abdicated the responsibility of how I was as a human being and therefore would never take the necessary steps to fix myself up. I trusted or hoped that someone or something else would do it one day. If there was no God, then the responsibility was mine. Nobody can fix me up but me. Of course!

The feeling of being a split person then became apparent and useful. I knew that the trouble lay in my spiritual identity – that bundle of beliefs that I was born with, and that was passed on to me by other equally malicious and sorrowful members of the tribe. Handed on well-meaningly of course, but this passing-on is just a perpetuation of the ancient and primitive ways. Realising this, I was able to firmly identify this entity as not me, but an intruder. I always tried to avoid Richard’s astute comment that ‘a mature adult

is really lost, lonely, frightened and very, very cunning'. But once I could identify the source of all the trouble, this 'mature adult' entity inside me, I knew it would only be a matter of time before it eventually disappeared. I had the 'bugger by the throat' was how I put it at the time. It became a process of re-wiring my brain – untangling the beliefs to replace the crazed and muddled circuitry with facts and common sense. 'Silly and sensible' replaced 'right and wrong', 'good and bad'. An ease and calmness began to pervade everything, as I no longer had to keep up an effort to maintain appearances or fulfil any expectations of society or God. I remember being so relieved at not having to maintain a spiritual identity any more – it had been such a load for so long! Now there was simply no room for God in my life, no need for any authority of any sort – in short no need to believe in anything at all – no need to 'fervently wish something to be true', despite the facts to the contrary.



I had left home at seventeen when I went to university, and I had looked after myself very well since then – with or without a God to answer my prayers if I needed help, or to be grateful to in good times, if I remembered. I recall a prayer my mother would get me to say before bedtime: 'If I should die before I wake, pray the Lord my soul do take.' I always pictured him a bit like the tooth fairy who took the tooth from under my pillow while I slept and left money – except He would take my soul away, whatever that was. Now I know God is as imaginary as the tooth fairy. It is so good to live in the actual world free of all these fairy stories.

Up until now I have either buried my head in the sand and pretended that all the violence and suffering in the world didn't exist, or stuck my head in the clouds trying to rise above it all to get to where God was – basically in cuckoo-land! I now find myself bewildered that there are people of my generation who still believe

that the world is going to somehow one day miraculously change as if by the wave of some magical wand!

I often mused at how the idea of God began in the first place and why he has had such a long run despite such an abysmally bad performance. Since I do not believe in past lives, I can only guess, of course. Life must have been incredibly tough in the early cave-dwelling days – survival, shelter, food, warmth, protection, procreation, defence and attack. It was a purely animal existence, but humans had a brain that was able to reflect. Living in sheer terror of and dependency on the elements seems to have created the idea that some sort of appeasement or sacrifice was necessary to curry favour, or at least to not incur their wrath. Some of the earliest Gods were actually Fire, Sun, Moon and the Earth itself. At the heart of some modern day Eastern temples a perpetual fire is still kept burning – a tradition stretching back to these times. The leaders of the tribes would then have found it advantageous to take over the position of messengers or representatives of the Gods. This was only natural, given man's cunning, and thus were born the priests, shamans and God-men!

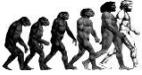


Richard had the courage to leave God behind and he has charted a course to freedom that I am able to follow easily. There is now a third alternative to being either 'ordinary' or God, and it works! You simply get out of the world of imagination and into the actual world, and leave both your 'self' and 'Self' behind. Now there is an escape route that does not involve becoming God, or cunningly becoming 'one with him' – a sort of a 'God and I are best mates' scenario that men have used to wield power over others and to wage horrendous wars for centuries. It is good to have left God, including all of his aliases (Truth, This, or That, Energy, Tao, Consciousness, Something Else, The Source, Love – either Divine or Universal – Gaia, The Universe, Mother Earth, Aliens, etc.) where He/She belongs – in the world of imagination.

Finally, it was just a matter of seeing the idea of God or anything else apart from the physical universe as pure imagination. The idea of God, the Good and Love to fight the Devil, the Bad, and Evil is ingrained in us as the only solution to fight the malice and sorrow that we are born with. But now there is available a direct, down-to-earth practical method of ridding oneself of that wiring in the brain – and it works! It does involve having the courage to leave the imaginary world of Gods, Spirits, Love and Good behind, but the understanding and experiencing that the Devil, Bad and Evil are equally illusory is the key to the door. One is then simply able to step out of the so-called real world and into the actual world and leave one's 'self' (and 'Self') behind.

To be free of both God and the Devil, both Good and Evil, and to begin to enjoy the vast freedom and physical delights of the actual infinite universe ... is yet another essential precursor to becoming actually free!





Intelligence ...

So now I had to find out what was left given that I had abandoned the belief that God or at least a ‘something else’ was taking care of, or was responsible for, me and everyone else on the planet. Even if there was ‘a something else’, it was obviously doing such a rotten job it was now time to take the helm and steer myself out of the muddy waters. And ultimately I had to give up worrying about anyone else – it was, after all, my happiness and harmlessness I was vitally concerned with.



I remember thinking at some stage what an enormous relief it was to not have to suffer on the spiritual path any more, to find something that I could actually, practically do to fix myself up. Richard said he had met many people who would agree that the spiritual path had not worked for them, thank him for pointing it out, go away and give up looking any more. Well, not so for me, thank you! However, it meant that in Star Trek terms I was ‘going where no man had gone before’. Of course, Richard had done it, had mapped a course and was waving a flag saying, ‘Over here – it’s okay’, but I still had to do it, for myself, by myself. I was faced with venturing beyond the norm – in effect, stepping outside ‘Humanity’, that biggest of clubs that clings together in fear, believes in ‘a something else’ and fights horrendous wars as to who is following the right ‘Something’ or ‘Someone’.

So here I was, about to push off into the deep end of the swimming pool, without anything or anybody to rescue me or look after me if things went wrong. And in my head I was continuously singing the Janis Joplin song, ‘...nothing left to lose...’ It sounds dramatic, I know, but I was involved in an experiment – a new escape route from malice and sorrow.

So far, only Richard had left this squabbling, sorrowful ‘Humanity’ behind but he had gone a torturous route through Enlightenment and out the other side. I saw myself as a pioneer on a new, much easier, more direct course. I am full of admiration for the Richard who did it. He likened it to discovering a new continent in the days of old, in a tiny, leaky sailing ship, taking years for the perilous journey. Once discovered it was then easier for others, and now people can fly there comfortably in hours. I likened myself similarly, knowing what I was looking for, but plotting an easier course, avoiding the ‘Rock of Enlightenment’ that had thwarted all previous attempts.

You could regard this book as the log of my journey to date. At the time of writing there is a handful of others involved, Vineeto included, making their own escape, but everyone has to do it for themselves. I thought a personal account of my journey could be useful to anyone else who wanted to ‘escape’ from malice and sorrow and allow the delights of the actual physical world to become apparent. It is a thrilling. Nothing I have done in my life even remotely compares with this adventure, and I am doing it for myself. My experiencing ‘of the wondrous physical universe of people, events and things’, as Richard puts it, daily increases as the journey into myself continues. It works on the way, and I experience this in my daily life – after all, the point of it is to become happy and harmless now. The goal is always immediate, the results actual in this moment, and the question continuously running is, ‘how am I experiencing this moment of being alive,’ here, now! It was amazing that this entire journey was occurring just inside my head. It is a journey into my psyche, dismantling the ‘who’ that I thought I was – my very ‘self’.



This brings me back to the point of the ‘log book’. I found it necessary to spend a great deal of time with my investigations into the Human Condition, removing the belief in ‘spirits’ and

‘gods’, as they have such a tenacious hold on the human psyche. The elimination of the belief in any gods then clearly leaves me responsible for me – right now and at every moment. One of the essential first steps that I spent a lot of time talking about, thinking about and reading about was what exactly is wrong – what exactly is the nature of the beast I am to tackle?

The first obvious thing was that the problem lay in my mind and my heart. I called it the neurosis – that constant delving into past events and suffering them over and over again, and that continual rehearsal and fear of future events. Some people seem to not even get to this stage of recognising that the problem is inside themselves and not elsewhere. I had always assumed that anyone on the spiritual search had this basic understanding, and that was why they were searching. I am astounded at the number of seekers who still blame other people or events for their own unhappiness. So the first thing was to recognise that I suffered from an ailment, a dis-ease, called the Human Condition – the core of which is malice and sorrow.

Sorrow was easy to see in operation in my life – it is a sad world full of suffering, and I have felt the bitter-sweetness of suffering as a human being. Indeed, being and feeling sad is held up as the essence of being human. ‘Life wasn’t meant to be easy’, ‘It was hard but I learnt a lot’, ‘No pain – no gain’ – all those sayings bear witness to the exalted place that suffering holds in our psyche. I also knew and recognised the self-indulgence of prolonging grief, of soliciting sympathy or – better still – empathy from someone else for the sorrow and sadness in me. To cry on someone’s shoulder or to have someone cry on yours is considered a noble bond – to have a best friend that one can share one’s deepest sorrow with.

Rajneesh invented a group meditation based on sorrow, which I did – two hours of crying, wailing and sorrow for seven days, followed by seven days of laughing. The big hit for everyone, of course, was the sorrow. It amazed me at the time that during the crying part there was an endless supply of sad songs, but there was

no music that made you laugh. In fact, there was no music played at all during this part. I remember experimenting with Vineeto with some CDs I had in the house and, as we listened, almost all of the music invoked feelings of sadness and melancholy. They are called 'Songs of the Heart'. Now I realise that most of what we regard as entertainment, be it movies, television or books, is but the perverse pleasure of wallowing in sorrow. The lowest of the descending rungs of sorrow I have ever got to was despair, both times over women leaving me.



Malice is a bit different as it is generally not upheld as a human virtue and most people even manage to deny it in themselves. It is always someone else who is cruel, jealous, vindictive or violent and I am simply responding to their malice! It was amazing to see in my own children unprovoked and unlearned acts of aggression. The idea that children are born innocent is just an idea, not a fact. I have some memories, even as a kid, of plotting revenge against someone – but of course most of the actual malicious actions were condemned. One didn't break things, hit people, or say certain things – I was taught to behave 'properly'. The trouble is, all the malice was then forced into cunning, clever and subversive actions that were to persist in my life. The willingness to tell a tale on someone as a subtle revenge is a classic. We call it gossiping, to disguise the maliciousness. I remember a few times actually having to will myself to stop, biting my tongue. The worst situation, of course, is in 'relation-ship' (or 'battle-ship') with a woman. The malice often took the form of withdrawal – an insidious revenge, but also a self-inflicted pain; a terrible price to pay in the long run.

I came to see a lot of New Age-spiritual-therapy behaviour as only thinly disguised malice. 'I have to be honest with you' or 'I would like to share something with you' is usually the opening line of someone who is about to take revenge or be spiteful. Again

much of what we humans regard as entertainment is but our pleasure at witnessing malice and violence inflicted upon fellow human beings. Competitive sport is another arena for malice to be played out, whether watching or participating. A few times in my life the lid would really fly off and rage would surface, quickly followed by shame.

In particular I remember a time when we were working with some Indian stonemasons in Poona. One of the workers was doing something wrong despite my having just warned him. Well, I gave him a full serve of rage, only to discover afterwards that he really was doing it right all along. I was deeply ashamed, not only that I had lost my temper, but that I had done the typical thing at the time – chosen an Indian as my victim. A few months ago I even felt the thrill of what it would be like to kill someone, after reading a newspaper article about a murder, and that really brought malice home to me. To experience it in me that intensely was shocking indeed.



This process of identifying various aspects of the human condition within me became a full-time occupation. Whenever I was not experiencing myself at the optimum level possible at the time, I had something, some aspect of the Human Condition, to look at. This constant looking within myself – my psyche – would then expose that particular belief or instinctual passion as silly, not sensible, and it would eventually disappear. Often the change was sudden and dramatic with a corresponding thrill of freedom, while other issues brought a slow, sluggish release. Often I found myself impatient at an apparent lack of progress, just to realise that this was exactly the issue to look at – perhaps the desire for excitement and achievement, or good old boredom. It was extraordinary that the next thing would come along, and the right circumstances and events would occur, confronting and aiding me. Sometimes, seeing through some part of ‘me’ as a mere belief or instinctual pattern

would come as a flash of realisation, sometimes as a slow painful dawning, which I would fight tooth and nail, reluctant to even acknowledge, let alone throw out. But gradually I could notice the psychological entity becoming thinner, actually weakening its hold over me. It then became apparent to me that I was indeed fixing myself up as much as 'I' could!

At first it felt like a very delicate process, as I was extremely sceptical and wary, given the failures I had endured previously. I was aware of the gullibility and cunning that 'I' was capable of, but I knew that fooling myself was stupid in the extreme! I would continuously check myself, being scrupulously honest with myself. Whenever some issue was on the table, or even if I thought it had been resolved, I would 'sweep around in the cupboard with a broom' – as I called it. I would check around to make sure that nothing was hiding and no 'dirt' remained.

It felt like I was actually re-wiring my brain, and that is exactly what I was doing. I, as a human being had been wired or programmed in a certain way. This wiring consists of the beliefs that had been instilled in me from the time when I was first rewarded for 'good', or punished for 'bad' behaviour and included the morals, values and ethics that made me a fit member of society. On top of it, and developing from the age of about seven were the beliefs and traits I would take on and develop as 'my own' identity. Underlying all of it were the animal instinctual passions of aggression, fear, nurture and desire that we are born with.



I remember lying in bed one night and seeing all of this programming as a huge mountain that loomed over me – vast and impossible to climb. Then I went to sleep, forgot about it, and the next day found I was busy demolishing some particular part of it. It reminded me of how I would deal with fear in my life. I would stop my mind from going off into all the worst possibilities and just do the next thing that needed to be done. Applied to the process I

was involved in, it worked well, and if it sometimes didn't, it just meant waiting for the fear to wear itself out – which it always does – and then getting on with the job.

So, I found myself using my own intelligence to re-wire my brain. With correct intent, diligence, and a reliance on 'silly and sensible', I found that I could challenge beliefs with the facts of the situation. It is plainly silly to continue to believe something when the facts of the situation prove the belief to be without substance. If it doesn't work, and I couldn't make it work after all those years and after all that trying, then 'get rid of it – try something new', became my approach. Particularly when that belief is causing me to suffer or causing me to inflict suffering on others! The multitudinous beliefs around gender and sex are potent examples of the continual failure of the traditional mish-mash. There is always a third alternative to the traditional, failed approach – always! The third alternative to staying 'normal' or being religious or spiritual is to use my own intelligence to contemplate and discover the facts of what it is to be a human being. Without a belief in a God, there is nothing else to use anyway.



I found it was definitely not the so-called 'intelligence' of men – that rational or intellectual thinking that passes for wisdom in the world. That produces tortured arguments as to how many angels you can fit on the head of a pin and which passes for wisdom in the world. Or the silly question about the tree in the Amazon jungle: does the tree actually fall down if no one sees it falling? Useless sophistry! I think this way of thinking evolved from the nonsense men talked about as they sat around campfires, looking at the stars, wondering. The modern astronomers are still trying to find God out there.

No, I am talking about the intelligence that declares: 'I am here, what can I do to make my being here better, more enjoyable, easier?' – that's common sense. To undertake a study of 'who' and

‘what’ I am – Ontology – facts not beliefs. Actual, not imaginary. I found I could wield a sword of common sense and the ‘Wisdom of the Ages’ would just crumble into dust – a pile of ancient, useless, old beliefs.



Then, increasingly, a curious thing began to happen. I remember talking to Richard one day, realising that I had got to a point where I was actually for the first time understanding what he was saying – or at least, most of it. I was hearing what he was saying rather than trying to interpret it as either fitting in with or opposing my belief system. An ability to see the facts of a situation through the fog of belief. It was as though I could see a common intelligence operating – a common sense in the literal meaning of the word. Not that there is an ‘Intelligence of the Universe’ – a concept that only turns the physical universe into another God. No doubt most of the intelligence in the universe is located in the human brain. I know you will say, ‘what about the dolphins’, and yes, I do know of people who talk to their dogs or to trees, but I am being sensible here. There is also no doubt that an intelligence that can put a man on the moon, construct a network of computers spanning the world, and perform the medical and scientific miracles that we see today is indeed amazing. I see this intelligence within the human brain as the ‘cutting edge’ of evolution.

Therefore, the intelligence within my brain is simply the intelligence of the universe – common sense, if you like. Common in the terms of it being readily available to everybody when one’s self or separate psychological entity is absent, even if only temporarily. And this body’s intelligence does have a few quirks and eccentricities due to my experiences and genes, I guess: diversity and variety are two of most delightful characteristics of the physical universe.

The common sense part of the brain has the ability to observe the thinking in the brain – a sort of checking-out function.

This is what Richard calls apperception – the mind’s ability to be aware of itself. It is simply a function of me, this body, not some foreign entity or spirit. Apperception enables me to monitor my thoughts and words, checking their appropriateness to the situation happening in this moment. This very function is the anchor point or reference point in this process of eliminating the psychological entity within me. The instinctual passions of fear, aggression, nurturing and desire contaminate this bare awareness to produce an illusion of a ‘self’. It is illusionary in that it does not actually exist, but real in the malice and sorrow it produces – not to mention all the wars, rapes, tortures, domestic violence, suicide, etc. When the ‘self’ is eliminated, or absent as in the peak experience, what remains is bare awareness or apperception.

Apperception is best understood as experienced in the ‘peak experience’, when the bare awareness gives what appears to be a 360-degree vision. One experiences life with heightened physical senses and one’s intelligence operates without obstruction, free to respond to each situation appropriately – to people, things and events. All emotions and feelings (sorrow and malice) simply do not exist. Everything is then perfect, immediate, effortless, actual and delightful – free of the psychic entity. But, of course, recalling or remembering the ‘peak experience’ is tricky since there are no emotions happening at the time and therefore no emotional imprint is left to anchor the memory. I found it useful to deliberately attempt to bring whatever information possible ‘back’ from the peak experience to the ‘me’ functioning in the real world.



The inducing of near-peak experiences is therefore an essential process and can be undertaken by whatever means best suits. For me this includes sex and certain activities I particularly enjoy – sitting on the balcony late at night or early morning or walking the beach. Ridding oneself of emotions and feelings is a shocking concept to human beings, anathema to what we regard as

our very human-ness. But therein lies the cure to the disease of the Human Condition for those courageous enough to face the illusionary demons and dragons on the way.

What I found happening was that as ‘I’ became thinner and was less in the way, an innate intelligence or awareness became obvious as functioning in my brain. A common sense was operating that made any morals, ethics, or any need to believe anyone else, simply redundant. I came to a sort of delicious point where I found I was not so much doing ‘the clean-up’ but, rather, it was happening to me. The right circumstances or event seemed to occur – an ease, a rush, as though I was on a kid’s slide, and all I had to do was let go and stop resisting ... and then whoosh, I would become more free of the psychological/psychic entity. It appeared as though I could eventually even let go of the burden of being ‘me’ – the pretence, the trying, the struggle, the effort – and would just relax into being the actual me: not *who* I am, but *what* I am. Not to become some super-ego inflated ‘Man of God’, but the me as this flesh and blood body who has been there all along; the one who was searching for a way out of the madhouse he was in; the one who knew he was similarly inflicted as the other inmates and was searching for a cure. From then on I had no more doubt that I was increasingly becoming free of this psychological and psychic entity that was ‘me’.



I used a technique that Richard suggested which was invaluable, and that was to try to mimic or move as close to the peak experience of being in the actual world when back in ‘everyday’ moments. I described it at the time as pushing myself as far as possible to the surface of the eyes – to be focused purely as my senses. This means definitely not creating a watcher or ‘Self’ with a different set of morals and beliefs – usually vastly superior to that which is being watched – but simply practising to establish a direct connection between the senses and the actual world. It is

180 degrees the opposite of the spiritual ‘awareness’, which is to focus on some blissful, still or peaceful space inside. The aim is to bring myself out of my inner world of the psyche into the actual world of my senses – to become fully engaged in the actual world as much as possible. It takes constant effort and vigilance at the start not to be sucked back into misery and sorrow, not to resort to malice.

The usual constant interacting with other similarly afflicted people creates a common ‘psychic world’ of fear, malice and sorrow as everyone battles it out for survival. It all, of course, simply happens in the imagination. This world appears to be real because of the commonly shared emotions and feelings, but it is not actual, factual. Many people I know are constant travellers in this psychic world and have developed quite an expertise in interpreting the many and varied highways and byways. Therapists, astrologers, psychic readers and mediums are the experts in this world with the spiritual teachers as the indisputable Masters.

I simply stopped believing (or trusting) what everyone else told me was right or good or real and used *‘how am I experiencing this moment of being alive now?’* as my guide. The thread that holds it together is the knowledge of the peak experience, when I know and experience everything as perfect. Everything really is and always has been perfect except for the churning self-centred thoughts and instinct-fuelled feelings and emotions. It is as though the psychological and psychic entity creates a film or skin over every thing I see, feel, hear, taste and smell. This reminds me of the similar experience of the feeling of ‘shackles’ on me that prevented my freedom. Those shackles are real in the ‘psychic world’ but, as I have discovered, they are not actual.

As this psychological and psychic entity fades in strength a veritable smorgasbord of sensual delight becomes available: the air on my skin, the sounds around, food, coffee, sex, walking, thinking, talking – the whole lot. At this point I really knew that to be free was my destiny; even if I wanted to go ‘back’ I couldn’t – and why

would I want to anyway? It is then just a matter of waiting it out. I saw it as a matter of de-hypnotising oneself, of establishing a confidence in a new way of living as a human being, outside of 'humanity'. Of getting used to the fact that in virtual freedom there are no limits – I can even become an author if I want to!



And what a wide and wondrous path dissolving this entity is. The process of getting there involves devoting as much time as possible to lazing around in comfortable positions talking with someone about what it is to be a human being – making sense of it all. I only say with someone, because that is my experience – it is just good fun to do it with a 'mate'. It is delightful comparing notes, delving into things, no matter how outrageous, how embarrassing or how fearful. It is like flexing the brain muscle, using it more than I have ever done before. Initially it can sometimes be quite tiring and bewildering, as the psychological entity screams for survival. But this fades into insignificance as the sheer exhilaration of finding things out for myself gripped me. Nobody told me there could be days like these. This path is definitely not about suffering – it is about being happy and harmless.

Soon a daring, then an obsession takes over, as it becomes the most incredible thing to do – to actually fix yourself up. Just as the body repairs itself, so can the brain be re-wired. As it becomes re-wired – more and more freed of the primitive brain and its instinctual fear and aggression – an actual freedom becomes increasingly apparent as being possible. The brain is the tool: I apply liberal doses of common sense to the affected areas and watch the beliefs fade away. Facts replace beliefs. It is so simple – and it works.

Also I personally sometimes found marijuana useful, when used with intent, as an aid to discussing a particular issue or when musing over some aspect of the human condition. I found it gave me the ability to delve deeper or see more clearly. It is a stimulant

that somehow allows an opening to the actual: free of the primitive brain. Used socially to get ‘out of it’, it is a dead loss, of course, but to get ‘in’ to the psyche, I found it was useful to me. Also, marijuana is possibly useful in order to induce a peak experience of the actuality of being here in the physical world, with all its accompanying delights, its purity and perfection. Peak experiences are like signposts on the way – invaluable as knowledge of what I am aiming for, of my destiny from the moment I decided to give this one hundred percent, from the moment I determined I had nothing left to lose.



I can now look back, astounded to realise that the solution traditionally followed in order to eradicate the psychological and psychic entity – attaining an altered state of consciousness (Enlightenment) – is actually a denial of our intelligence, as well as a denial of the physical, actual world. To regard the world as an illusion and to become God is to miss the point entirely. The East has been denying the ‘mind’ for centuries, and the poverty, repression, lack of technological progress and basic education are the obvious consequences that I see. The Eastern religions are actively and insidiously promoting the retention of the primitive spirit-ridden and fearful brain when they talk of no-mind and promote practices like meditation.

Exotic and mysterious the East may be to some people, but I like the intelligence of enjoying the comfort, health, cleanliness and ‘goodies’ of Western life. Why would I possibly deny myself these pleasures? I find it delightful and sensible to have hot and cold water and power on tap, to have a supermarket full of delicious food down the road and information available through TV and this computer. By condemning the ‘mind’ as the source of the problem in human beings the Eastern Religions have denied the intelligence of the brain and condemned billions to poverty and superstition. Seeking to become God is actively contributing to the problem, it

is not the solution. I remember watching a video of an Enlightened woman deriding the Western mind as the problem in the world. She had just been boating on the Ganges, and I wondered if she had seen or smelt the water, let alone had a swim – I guess she just saw it all as an illusion anyway.

Furthermore, I saw that the spiritual path involved surrendering your will to ‘Someone’ or ‘Something’. I then understood that in surrendering my will, I simply became a puppet of others – a total slave. Becoming free is to become free of the authority, opinions and beliefs of others – to be autonomous. I remember Richard saying that at one stage he had to ‘reach deep inside himself’ to regain his will, which he had surrendered to the ‘Absolute’. My will is the very engine needed to make me free – it is my ability to function as an autonomous human being – and to surrender that will to someone else is to be defeated before I start.

I knew someone who had a gambling habit and would consistently put his hard-earned money into a gambling machine, which was programmed with the odds stacked heavily against him. He consistently lost, and as he got deeper in debt he saw no other solution but to keep hoping and putting even more money in. I see those on the spiritual path as doing a similar thing. Despite the odds (remember the 0.0001% success rate!) people stand in front of the ‘spiritual machine’ and put years of their lives into it and keep believing, trusting and hoping for a result. I know it sounds strong but that’s how it is – the odds are that impossible – and even if you did succeed you only would end up aground on the ‘Rock of Enlightenment’ anyway!



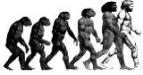
So what I initially saw as a paradox actually works: the only way to fix up the problem, which was inside my brain was to use the only tool left available – the intelligence of my brain. This is definitely 180 degrees in the other direction to the spiritual; it is definitely a third alternative. I liked the stage when I did not even

need to question any more the ‘tried and true’; I knew that it was not the solution, for it had not worked. I then simply looked at what was sensible to do in each situation. It then becomes apparent that Richard is actually trying to seduce people out of feeling sorrowful and acting maliciously, by saying ‘Why don’t you stop?’ It is really so easy to be a human being, effortless – you simply do what is happening. With no substantive ‘self’ to mindlessly run amok, to constantly be wary of, an utter ease and confidence pervades the physical universe – and I look forward to the day when I will simply be what I am as distinct from ‘who’ I think and feel ‘I’ am.

The experience of living with Vineeto in virtual peace and harmony is proof that applying common sense works.

My experience is: ‘Get it while you can’...





Peace ...

When I was growing up, as a teenager, it seemed there was a revolution happening on the planet. My father had fought in the Second World War but didn't talk about what had gone on at all. His sole piece of advice to me was, 'It doesn't matter what you do in life, what job you have – be happy.' I guess he saw that the next war would be fought with Really Big Bombs – atomic bombs – so I might as well make happiness my goal in life, because the next world war would be the last one. In fact the world was facing global suicide, with two nations, each with tens of thousands of nuclear bombs, facing each other in a Mexican stand-off; a bit like two kids in the school ground saying, 'Go on, I dare you.' The Cold War was to prove a watershed; from then on world wars meant possible suicide for the species.



I remained in childhood ignorance of the historical significance, but my father surreptitiously passed on his warning – a sort of a secret message against society's values. I had an average normal upbringing for my time from what I gather from listening to others' stories. I would play by going on long bike rides with mates, exploring the world, or sitting by myself building things with a set of 'Build-a-Bricks' – a sort of a primitive 'Lego'. I decided to study architecture when I discovered you could build big buildings as a job in life. University days were filled with a wonderful optimism and naivety as the sixties' youth revolution gathered momentum. We were going to change the world! Socialism, peace, love, sexual freedom, environmentalism – anything was possible to have or to change.

I marched to stop the Vietnam war, I poster-pasted to save the forests, I grooved to the Rolling Stones in Hyde Park in London,

I hung around in Amsterdam, I travelled to the East, I became politically and socially concerned and involved. I've thought about these times during the last twelve months – what happened to the dreams, the enthusiasm of those times? Remember John Lennon singing 'Imagine' or 'Give Peace a Chance', or watching Woodstock? We were going to change the world! And then it all started to fade a bit – I got rather lost in the daily business of wife, two kids and two cars. And then, when that crashed, I was off to the East with thousands of others, seduced and fired up by the promise of a New Man, Peace, Love, Utopia and an end to my personal suffering. In fact, the whole of the revolution of the sixties was simply sucked into the mystery, confusion and 'mindlessness' of the Eastern religions.

Of course spiritualism failed – there was nothing new in it at all, now that I look back. How could the solution lie in the past? There would have been peace and happiness in the world by now if it worked – it has had at least 3000 years to prove itself. So when the social revolution and the promised spiritual solution failed, I was back in 'comfortably numb' normal, but I couldn't rest there – that naivety was still burning within me, that refusal to accept that this was all there was to life. I am amazed to see that so many people of my generation have reverted to 'comfortably numb' – have lost their naivety. Surely the purpose in life is to be the best I can – to be the best possible.



I remember a major turning point came for me when I realised I was causing 'ripples' for other people by my every action: however subtle sometimes, however unintentional, however well meaning, but 'ripples' nevertheless. And by seeing it I wanted it to stop! It became yet another motivation to do all I could to eliminate my 'self'. I wanted not only peace for myself, but for others too.

That is why I stopped battling with Vineeto. To want her to change is the traditional 'it's the other's fault' syndrome. No, if I

wanted peace with her, it was up to me entirely. It had nothing to do with her – it was what I wanted, and what I could do, that mattered. So if I want peace in the world, it has nothing to do with anyone else; I simply need to do whatever I need to do to become a non-contributor to malice and sorrow on the planet. It is up to me, not anyone else. If I can't do it – how can I expect anyone else to do it? But if I can do it then anyone else can! Cute, hey! I have had people accuse me of not caring about the world. I find this curious because caring about the world is one of the major burning drives in my life and a major motive for ridding myself of malice and sorrow as much as possible.

At one point in my investigation of the Human Condition I was studying what the psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists and the like had discovered about human behaviour. I came across an experiment the results of which rocked me to my very core. A series of experiments were conducted at Yale University in the early sixties to test people's obedience to authority. The most famous was the 'Milgram experiment'. Stanley Milgram advertised for participants to undertake a 'memory study', and subsequently pairs of volunteers would turn up at the laboratory at the appointed time. One was designated as 'teacher', the other as 'learner', and it was explained to them that the study was concerned with the effects of punishment on learning. The 'learner' was then conducted into a room, seated in a chair, his arms strapped to prevent excessive movement, and an electrode attached to each wrist.

The real focus of the experiment was the 'teacher'. After watching the 'learner' being strapped into place, he was taken into the main room and seated before an impressive shock generator. It had a row of thirty switches ranging from 15 volts – 'Slight Shock', to 450 volts – 'DANGER, Severe Shock'. The 'teacher' was then told to administer the learning test to the man in the other room. When the 'learner' responded correctly, the 'teacher' moved on to the next item; when the other man gave an incorrect answer, the 'teacher' was told to give him an electric shock. He was to start at

the lowest level and increase the level each time the ‘learner’ made an error.

The ‘teacher’ was a genuine ordinary participant, but he did not know that the ‘learner’ was actually an actor who received no shock at all, but was faking a response. The real aim of the experiment was to see how far a person would proceed in a situation in which he is ordered to inflict increasing pain on a protesting victim. The actor-learner’s ‘response’ at about 150 volts was a demand for release, at 300 volts an agonizing scream; at 450 volts he was writhing in tortured agony.

In the test EVERY participant went on to administer 300 volts to the learner, with sixty-five percent going to the full 450 volts! Most participants obeyed the instructor, no matter how vehement the pleading of the person being shocked, no matter how painful the shocks seemed to be, and no matter how much the victim pleaded and screamed to be let out. This experiment has since been repeated thousands of times at different universities, with identical results. And those participants were just the ‘you and me’ of this world! Ordinary, average, typical human beings!

Reading about this experiment had an earth-shattering effect on me. I had already had glimpses of this behaviour in myself. The willingness to kill for a cause in Rajneeshpuram, the thrill of killing that I had felt, the joy of revenge – and this is ‘me’ at my core! What more incentive did I need than this to rid myself of this lust for violence? This instinctual passion of aggression that blind nature has programmed in us all.



I also read books and watched programs on TV about that horrendous outbreak of genocide – the Holocaust; the systematic starving, gassing and burning of millions of people. The camp guards were ordinary 50-year-old men and women – ordinary people like those in Milgram’s experiments, the ‘you and me’ of

this world. When push comes to shove, human beings become monsters, and it does not take much pushing – we even seem to enjoy it!

Another TV program I watched reported on the fire bombing of Dresden and other German cities during the war. Vast areas of these cities were turned into raging firestorms of such intensity that people were sucked off their feet into the inferno, and babies were ripped from their mothers' arms. This was a deliberate policy of revenge for the German bombing of English cities. Civilians were deliberately targeted. The Americans similarly incinerated Tokyo, causing more deaths than both atomic bombs combined. Of some 50 million killed in the Second World War, 30 million were women and children.

When the Allies saw the German concentration camps after the Second World War, they put hundreds of thousands of German soldiers in open fields – in winter – and surrounded them with barbed wire. They then fed them below minimum survival rations and slowly starved or froze thousands of them to death over the winter. To increase the torture they backed open truckloads of food up to the perimeter fence and left them there to rot. They were the 'good guys' and the other side had to be punished for their wrongs!

What we call justice is, after all, nothing more than revenge and retribution. An eye for an eye! Such is the appalling extent of malice and sorrow in this world.

The way I learned to cope was to stick my head in the sand, not watch TV or not want to know anything about it – a denial of the facts and that perverse human attitude that it was others who acted this way, not me. Becoming spiritual was a further denial in that I regarded the 'outer' world as an illusion and the 'inner' spiritual world as real. To get 'out of it' in any way possible was the aim, be it drugs, alcohol, Prozac or bliss, meditation, becoming a 'watcher' or, if you hit the 'million to one jackpot', Enlightenment. Anything was welcome to avoid feeling and acknowledging the malice and suffering intrinsic to the Human

Condition. What I eventually found was that by looking it squarely in the face and not avoiding it I was forced to do something about it in myself.

‘No more turning away’ as Pink Floyd sang.

Ultimately I was seeking peace for myself, of course, but I found it extremely useful to gather as much motive and intent as possible. It can be useful fuel or ‘back pressure’, as Richard calls it. And what better motive to find peace for myself than to become a non-contributor to the malice and violence on this fair planet. To prove peace as an actual fact – for it not to forever remain a hope or an ideal. Isn’t it extraordinary that it is now possible? I’m not asking you to believe me: but I’m unabashedly trying to inspire or seduce you to ‘give it a go’.



I am no longer continually run by emotions or feelings like sympathy, empathy, love, compassion any more – they are a failed cop out, a film I used to put over things to avoid seeing the actuality of my behaviour, and of doing something about it. Now that I know that there is an alternative that works, and that malice and sorrow is optional for people, I regard those who reject this alternative as suffering needlessly and inflicting suffering on others needlessly. One of my prime motives has been that I saw my very interactions with other people as causing pain and suffering in them, even when I was being ‘good’ and ‘loving.’ To suffer myself is one thing – to inflict it on others is malice.

I care enough to aim to eliminate my selfish malice and sorrow and I will stand no nonsense from others about not being ‘caring’; when what they really mean is not being ‘loving’. Like Richard, I’ll stick my head above the parapet and say, ‘All you have to do is get rid of your ‘self’ entirely, and then you will enjoy unparalleled actual peace for yourself twenty four hours a day, every day.’ And as more and more people care enough, peace will

gradually spread through the world like a chain letter. However, I am under no illusion that most people will keep with the ‘tried and failed’, leading a dull second-rate life of trying to repress their emotions, of being as good as they can. And yet others will continue the futile aim of transcending their emotions with meditation, right thinking, and other ‘spirit’-ual devices. Most will indeed ‘turn away’ and peace may well take a few generations to establish but at last it is actually possible for those who want it.

It is so amazing to at last begin to find ‘peace of mind’ – that for which I had searched so long. Most people seeking peace of mind have to withdraw from the real world and find that ‘peaceful place inside’. This is the traditional meditative approach, notoriously so hard to maintain outside of meditation. This approach simply develops a ‘watcher’, another superior, spiritual identity who watches and observes the normal neurotic ‘self’. This watcher or second ‘I’ can then, given sufficient intensity (or a poisoned lolly), be permanently created in the psyche as the ‘Self’ or ‘God-realisation’ or even ‘God’. What a delusion of grandeur on a massive scale if ever there was one. That it has remained unquestioned for so long is tribute only to the desperation of the followers of the various God-realised men and women. Therein lies the cause of the problems that Richard calls the ‘institutionalised insanity’ of the spiritual and religious worlds.

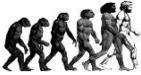
That delusion is definitely not what I refer to as peace of mind. What I experience now is a lack of almost any disruptions, neurosis, worries, emotions or feelings in my day. Waking up in the morning knowing I will have a virtually perfect day is what I call peace of mind. This contrasts markedly with the so-called peace or transcendence of the Enlightened Ones, some of whom I have personally witnessed as being angry, frustrated and wearied. Reading biographies of others served to shatter the myths of those ‘held in esteem’, and I do not regard the legends of the long dead ones as worth the stone they were supposedly chiselled on (...or the rice-paper they were supposedly written on!)

The continuous experience of the much sought after 'peace of mind' is proof that this method works. The total elimination of malice and sorrow is now a possibility. There is now a third alternative available for the adventurous and caring. Now it is simply a matter of choice.

The remarkable thing about the path to an actual freedom is that it will eventually make peace a fact for me and for others. Not only to be happy but to be harmless as well is to enjoy peace for myself and to be a non-contributor to suffering and malice in the world.

So why not 'give peace a chance...', for yourself and others?





People ...

One of the things that happened to me in this journey into the Human Condition is that my attitude to people underwent a radical change. I think it is a good time to talk a bit about people, because in the previous chapter I have given human beings rather a hard time. I was trying to explain some of the things that motivated me to ‘clean myself up’. Richard put it well the other day when he said that people put on rose-coloured glasses so they do not see the awful world. Seeing that people have grey coloured glasses on in the first place, merely swapping glasses is all a bit silly and it does not work!

His remedy is to take both glasses off – and what a wonderful, delightful, actual world is revealed when one takes the risk of eliminating that lost, lonely, frightened and very, very cunning entity that resides within. Of course perfection and purity is here all the time – only now I am closer to experiencing the actuality of it. It is amazing that I now get up in the morning and take it for granted that I will again have a near-perfect day.

But it does take effort, commitment, drive, ambition, stubbornness and sheer will power to get there. I called on every one of those attributes whenever I needed them. I remember casually talking to someone about meditation and he said dismissively – ‘Well, what you are into hasn’t even been proven’. That was enough to plunge me deeper into it; a sense of ‘bugger you, then I will prove it is possible’. And if it is possible for me to do then, of course, it is possible for anyone. It is simply a matter of facing and dispensing with the imaginary demons of beliefs, instinctual passions and moralities. Prime among these demons are the ideas about how we relate to other people, be they family, friends, sexual partners, religious groups or whatever. Much of the

‘who’ we think and feel we are, is actually ‘who’ we are in relation to other people – the ‘what do other people think of me?’ syndrome.



I had what I regard as an average childhood and being part of a family structure, I had my role. I was the younger of two kids and, as such, everyone knew more than I did. I was taught things and was expected to learn things. I saw that my parents put in a lot of effort to support the family. My father went out to work, my mother was working around the house until both of us kids went to school, and then she was able to go out to work as well. Then my father died and I went to university the next year and my mother supported me in the first year before I got a scholarship. I knew it was tough for her, so I got part-time work as a barman in order to be financially independent. Also, it was not good living at home, just the two of us; it was way past the time to leave the nest.

So, as soon as possible I left, with the feeling that I was setting her free for a new life, as well as taking my own freedom. My attitude changed towards her after that, because I figured we had set each other free. She and my father had done their job: I had grown up and was ready for the world – or so I thought. Little did I know that it would take another thirty years to really even begin to grow up!



I have explained living with the other sex, but having children was an interesting experience. What an extraordinary thing to see a baby emerge into the world, and to see the pain that a woman goes through. What an extraordinary thing that the body is arranged to pump extra amounts of endorphins into the system, but it is also good also to see the relief modern pain-killers bring. I am told that women can have an amazing orgasmic experience when birthing – a good thing as far as I could see. It seemed to me that my role as a parent was, like that of my own parents, to provide

comfort and support in the childhood years. Having two kids, it was fascinating to see such different people emerging from a common background and any idea of my intentionally moulding character or influencing behaviour seemed doomed – it was happening anyway. It was also bewildering to see spontaneous, unsolicited outbursts of fear and aggression in my children at times and wonder why. Now I know: we come instinctually ‘wired’ that way – the ‘innocence’ of children is but another unsubstantiated myth.

A competency to cope and exist in the world – the very skills of survival – are useful to pass on but beyond that I tried to adopt a ‘hands-off approach’: mostly, I admit, because I felt I had no wisdom to pass on anyway. In the end I could only pass on my father’s advice – ‘be happy’ – not that I knew how to at the time.

It also happened in my children’s early life that both their parents launched themselves on the spiritual path with considerable gusto. This meant that from an early age they lived in various communities in different places with different people. Sometimes, when the situation got a bit shaky or wild, I would wonder if I was being a ‘good parent’, and of course in most people’s eyes I wasn’t. But I knew I had to live my life, to do what I had to do, otherwise I would end up resenting the children for the sacrifices I had made, or expecting them to make similar sacrifices for me one day. Our noble ideals of ‘giving’ and ‘sacrifice’ are in the end hollow ideals and when not reciprocated, resentment abounds. I simply wanted no commitments, bonds or deals done – freedom on both sides. Of course, at times I had to put my nose down and forsake what I wanted; after all, this was the deal of having kids. I always did what was necessary to give them the best I could, but never did I expect anything in return. I saw in others how much pain that attitude caused – the expectations, the bondage, the resentment on both sides.



The last time I met my older son was interesting, as I was able to see quite clearly that here was a young adult with little experience in life, and yet he was so opinionated. He was mostly repeating what he had heard from others and he took it to be true – actual. Given that some of his opinions and values were really my past beliefs, I was able to see – quite shockingly – that ‘who’ we think we are consists of nothing more than the opinions and beliefs of others. I thought then of how I had been at that age – trying to make sense of life and grabbing on to anything that seemed to make sense or had appeal. So what ‘I’ was made up of as a social identity was nothing more than the opinions and beliefs of others – my father’s and those of my father’s generation, which in turn came from their fathers, and so on, back into the dim dark ages of the cave-men and cave-women.

This particular experience spurred me on to find out the facts of things, rather than simply believing others. I was determined to find out for myself, to explore, to try something new; anything to break this stranglehold on me. No longer would I trust the opinions of others, no matter how hallowed or learned, sacred or dear to me they appeared. It was to prove a wonderfully freeing experience. The intellectual ‘Giants of Humanity’ became just some guys (usually dead) with a particular opinion, belief or idea, but all of it just another version of the same old stuff. And the famed and holy ‘God-men’ became charlatans, masters of hypnotism, spells, spirits, double talk, and mystical drivel, all with a direct lineage to the witchdoctors of the primitive cavemen.

Then the whole concept of any authority outside of me, anything or anyone higher than me, completely disappeared. No more ‘Big Daddy’ or ‘Big Mummy’. What responsibility! But what freedom!



Living in the communes around Rajneesh gave me an excellent opportunity to meet and work with many people and see

how people are together in a group. The initial feeling of ‘I have found my family at last’ was indeed euphoric. Not only to have found a Sage but also a community of like-minded people – all with the same beliefs and desires – a community of seekers! Because Rajneesh spoke so strongly against religion, society, morality, values and conditioning, we all found ourselves willing and actual outcasts from the rest of society. We all wore red clothes and had a necklace of wooden beads with a photo of Rajneesh on it. As a symbol of leaving the past behind, we were given Hindi names – mine was Prem Prabhat, meaning ‘Dawn of Love’. We lived communally, worked in commune-owned businesses, and the kids were cared for and lived together.

These were heady days of purpose and idealism, heightened by a feeling of ‘them’ and ‘us’ – meaning everyone else was Wrong and we were Right. We were superior, as we were followers of the ‘Master of Masters’ – the only one! And of course everyone else was a pagan, an unbeliever and needed to see the light. They were not one of ‘us’ and thus were missing out. An arrogance, inherent in being the Chosen Ones, was apparent. With this attitude it is no wonder that resentment grew in the community at large around us, and Rajneesh and those close to him simply added fuel to the fire. And fear is the essential fuel for creating a feeling of love and oneness; after all: no fear – no need for love; no devil – no need for God.



While most of this public conflict occurred in America at Rajneeshpuram, we had similar experiences in our commune. We wanted to establish our own school in the country, but ran into vehement local opposition, and of course the press beat up the story, inflaming the issue. In the end the tenders were reluctant to go to the local town even to shop and we would truck down our own food from the city. I remember working all day and then driving the builder’s truck loaded with provisions for a four-hour night drive to

the school. I had a girlfriend working at the school and it was all very exciting at the time. We would jump into bed for some furtive sex, sleep for two hours if I was lucky, and then I would drive back and do a day's work. The sense of being persecuted and the subsequent fear actually strengthened our resolve and made us stronger and more close-knit. We never got to the threat of an armed conflict as on the Ranch, but after four years the verbal abuse and vandalism against us was increasing. I remember at the end of the Ranch we were no longer required to wear red clothes or the necklace, and I took them off real quick. I did not enjoy any more being a target, particularly when I knew we had also incited the persecution. We gave as good as we got.



When the Ranch folded I would never again have that same enthusiasm, nor would many others. We had taken it from inspiration, through isolationism and fanaticism, to the brink of martyrdom, until Rajneesh pulled the plug and flew the coup.

I still find it amazing to have seen and been inside a religion while it was being formed. When my faith in Rajneesh finally faded several years after his death and I saw what was happening in the religion, it became obvious to me that I had to get out of the 'Club'. After the last visit to Poona, I decided it would be hypocritical to continue using my religious name and so became Peter again. I remember being out with a group of Rajneesh friends and being introduced to someone as Peter. From his attitude towards me, I was obviously an outsider for him – a bit like meeting a Muslim at a 'Bar Mitzvah'. Now I simply see Rajneeshism as just another of the 6000 or so other religious groups. They merely belong to a particular group who are 'Right' and 'Good' and who fight and fear other groups who are 'Wrong' and 'Bad', simply because they believe in a different God or 'God-man'.



The gathering in groups is for support, strength, protection and ‘belonging’ and is seen as a way of overcoming fear, whereas much of the fear is generated within the group itself or in its teachings. Religion against religion. The Catholics fight against the Protestants, the Hindus against the Muslims, the Rajneeshes against the American Christians and everybody against the Jews. The battlegrounds are legendary – Ireland, The Middle East, India-Pakistan, The Balkans and Indonesia are on the latest list. One is right and so the other must be wrong! One is good so the other must be evil! It could be seen as merely humorous but we are, after all, talking about human beings fighting and killing other human beings over which imaginary God is the ‘right one’ or the only ‘True’ one! It’s like a battle between different Gods with human beings as the willing and active participants – the actual armies of the psychic Gods. An appalling, eternal battle as to which God is the most powerful, and new Gods are added as some of the old and weaker ones fall away.

Each army has their own God as leader; their own doctrine, law, morality and passion. Fear and hatred for the other armies is preached and spread. Active recruitment is an encouraged activity in the name of ‘rescuing’ others. Allegiance and loyalty are essential traits of a good follower, so trust, faith and hope are invoked continuously. Rajneesh and others like him preach fear from the pulpit, and it is deliberately provoked to keep the group numbers up and strong. Never was Rajneeshism to be as strong again as it was in the days of persecution and enemies – and the boys still sit around, happily telling ‘war’ stories of the good old days. And the myths and legends will grow and grow with time, enhanced and embellished by the priests and priestesses.

A religious army is essentially no different to a nation’s army. One does battle for beliefs, ideals and morals, and as I know from personal experience, its members are willing to kill or die to defend those beliefs or to attack the beliefs of others. A nation’s army does battle to defend the territory of its members, or attack the territory of other nations. And all are subject to the whims and

directives of whoever is the perceived authority at any time, for they have ‘Good’, ‘Truth’ and ‘Right’ on their side in the fight against ‘Evil’. When the competition between the Gods is played out for ‘real’ it has resulted in the death, torture and suffering of billions of people for millennia in endless religious wars and vendettas.

So much for belonging to a group and sharing common beliefs!

‘Let me out’ I screamed, as I gradually came to see the facts of all this. The very act of believing serves only to obscure, distort and pervert the facts. The very act of acknowledging the facts was to demolish my very ‘self’ – my beliefs. No wonder I fought like hell to deny seeing the full extent of all this. But I did remember that time in Poona where I had seen it in a flash – worshipping an empty chair! It just took me eight more years to get free of it all.



Since I met Richard I have been challenging the very act of believing itself, and I am actively dismantling the beliefs that I find so as to strip away the veil of misery and sorrow, which they maintain and constantly reinforce. No longer seeing the world through grey or rose coloured glasses, no longer with my head in the sand or in the clouds, means that I am different from other people. I actually experience the world as it is as a near-perfect place (except for human beings, of course). It requires no belief, faith, hope or trust to see that this is the case; the physical universe simply is perfect, pristine, pure, infinite, and happening this very moment. Human beings have just been programmed, socially and instinctually, into believing that this is not so. This programming consists of the instinctual passions of fear, aggression, nurture and desire that we are born with, overlaid with the beliefs we have been indoctrinated with since birth – in total called the Human Condition.

Further the advice of parents, teachers, priests, gurus, philosophers – indeed all of the human Wisdom – is founded on the belief that you can't change Human Nature. Not only is life on earth a sick joke, but there is no cure possible! The Mother of all beliefs!

It is only a belief-system, but it is very insidious. It creates an imaginary world, made of beliefs, that is so dense, so elaborate and so convincing that it seems real. But it is not actual or factual. And when one first peeks through a crack in the door out from this world it can look overwhelming fearful – that is why it takes sincere intent and certain courage to tackle the journey out.

The essential thread for me was having had a significant pure consciousness experience in which I had experienced an absence of 'self', and where I actually experienced the delight, ease and magic purity of this planet. I think most people have had similar experiences at some times in their life and these glimpses of such a startling potential sent so many to the East in the first place. But then, of course, with the newly acquired 'spiritual' beliefs firmly in place any subsequent experiences became spiritual in nature – and I've had a few in my time. I am not talking about the fickle feelings of bliss, love, beauty, or oneness experienced in an altered state of consciousness.

Here I am talking about a direct experience of the actual physical world of people, events and things as they physically are – be it an ashtray, a sunset, a rainy day, talking to the cashier at the bank, the bedroom ceiling, going to work on a Monday, getting a flat tyre, doing nothing or something, having breakfast for the 17,000th time – in short, everything and anything actual. The world of people, events and things – not the world of imagination.



By seeing the facts of what it is to be a human being I now associate with people in an entirely new way. Gone is the need for

'friends' to share my sorrow with. Gone is the need to be part of a 'group' as a protection from imaginary fears, or for the sharing of common beliefs. Gone is the need for someone to look after me, someone to care and support me. I have no need for love as a temporary bridge to overcome the feelings of loneliness and separation. I have always been on my own and looked after myself very well in my life, and people have simply come and gone, for varying periods of time and involvement. It's only that now I don't have any pretences or bargains, where I do something for someone only in return for their helping me. Now if someone does something for me it is an unexpected bonus and if I do something for someone else it is a pleasure, freely given.

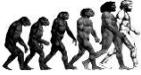
I am, for the first time, beginning to live my own life, not someone else's. The bargains, bonds, deals, clinging and neediness have all but disappeared. I now regard allowing freedom, as far superior to giving love, with its accompanying needs and expectations. To allow anyone I meet to be free of me, as I am free of them. A free association. I am now able to enjoy and delight in the company of my fellow human beings for as long as is appropriate. It may be rather constantly with Vineeto, or briefly with the checkout girl at the local supermarket. However, I am under no illusion, and know that the essential nature of people is malicious and sorrowful; in fact, now it is even more obvious to me, so well do I now know the Human Condition. I am now free to take people as I find them, without investment or expectation, suspicion or competition, attack or defence. Consequently my interactions are invariably delightful and interesting. I harbour no hidden suspicions or doubts, fears, secrets or ulterior motives – those feelings we usually label as 'intuition'. What you see is sincerely what you get. It is such a relief not to have to battle it out or herd together with others in order to 'survive'.

What I have found is that this is the only game to play in town, and it's called actually becoming happy and harmless, not just pretending or avoiding. I become more free incrementally, as each belief is replaced with the facts. If something pops up that is

preventing my happiness or causing me to be harmful to others right now then I have something else to look at. And I simply work my way through the list... Then the day will eventually come when being happy and harmless is my very nature, rather than being malicious and sorrowful, as is Human Nature. Only then it will be effortless – once my part is done.

It is indeed a wide and wondrous path to freedom...





Fear ...

One of the authors I used to like reading was Kurt Vonnegut Jr, and one short story of his particularly struck me. It was set in the future in some mythical world enslaved under the tyranny of a totalitarian government. The authorities had devised various devilish means to prevent excellence from occurring – a sort of levelling out process to ensure everyone was ‘equal’ and kept in their place. He described going to watch the ballet where the ballet dancers had bags full of lead weights strapped to their ankles so they couldn’t leap so high – the better the dancer, the more weights. I have come to see fear and doubt as these weights on my legs, preventing me from being the best I can be. These are the very shackles that I would feel, holding me from breaking from the safety of the herd, from striking off to explore and find out for myself. I doubted that I could do it – and I feared the consequences if I did it.



In the end a spirit of adventure drove me on from a life merely lived: suffering a slow death of ‘comfortably numb’ with the herd. I was damned if I did try this, and yet I knew I was doomed to a life of slavery to the Human Condition if I didn’t.

I knew the problem lay in my ‘self’, this construct or wiring in my head and I equally knew I was dealing with imaginary fears and doubts – yet real enough in that they can cause me to be both malicious and sorrowful. In abandoning god and the spiritual path I was abandoning the good, striking out on my own with neither the protection of the herd nor of the gods. It does take a certain psychological courage. Richard likens it to everyone huddling in fear around a fire on a dark night, and he wandered off into the darkness and found it to be both safe and delightful. But people,

looking at him as he says ‘it’s okay – there’s nothing to fear out here’, see only demons and the devil. I can also now report thus far that they are only imaginary, and it is safe and delightful in the actual world of things and events. Exactly as it was in the peak experience I had all those years ago.

I remember a time about six months after the Ranch had finished and I was back in the ‘world’ again, and missing the heady excitement of the commune days. A friend came around to visit and, as we sat in our courtyard chatting, she mentioned that she was going to do a parachute jump. She explained that after two nights’ instruction, you went for a full day’s training on a Saturday and then jumped on the Sunday. Without thinking about it at all, I said ‘that sounds fun, count me in’. Well, the two nights passed and we did the Saturday’s training, but the Sunday jump was cancelled as it was too windy. The next Sunday was too windy as well, but the following Sunday proved to be okay. We did some quick refresher training as it had been a while since we had first trained. The sense of foreboding grew during the morning and my mind seemed unable to grasp what I was about to do. From the moment I had said casually, ‘count me in’, I had committed myself – the only way out was cowardice.

Time seemed heavy as we loaded into the tiny plane with the door removed, thundered down the grassy strip and took off into the air. ‘What have I done, how did I get myself into this, can I push the ‘fast-forward’ button so it’s all over?’ But I knew I couldn’t chicken out. The roar of the engine and the buffeting of the wind mirrored what was going on inside me. I was the last to go – three disappeared out the door before me. The instructor clipped my static line to the floor of the plane and signalled me to get out the door. The idea was to step out on the wheel, then reach out and hang on to the wing strut, so I did what I was told, as I now just wanted to get the whole horrible thing over with. ‘Go!’ he shouted, and I let go.

I don't remember the next seven or eight seconds at all; they simply did not exist. I think my mind just closed down in terror. Then I felt a jolt on my back; my brain suddenly registered where I was and came up with 'parachute', and my eyes opened to see the silk canopy above me. I checked it out as I had been instructed, and it seemed okay. Thank bloody goodness, I thought, because the idea was that if the parachute was tangled or had not opened properly, you pulled a handle, which cut that one loose and unfolded another one. You only got two chances!

Well, once I could see that everything was as it should be and I was going to live, I looked out and down at the earth below. Here I was, some 1000 metres up in the sky, hanging by some thin cords from a piece of cloth! I had about thirty seconds, I guess, of looking around at the earth, the fields, the horizon and then I realised I had to orient myself and get ready to steer into a landing. This is done by pulling on various cords to steer the parachute and soon I was coming in to collapse in a heap on the ground. I had finally got to where I had wanted to be when I was going up in the plane – back on the ground again. I had done it and wasn't a coward!

As we hung around after, in a sort of post-thrill 'high', a girl was stretchered by with a broken ankle from an awkward landing and a macho guy was describing how his first chute got tangled and he released it to drop 100 metres before his reserve opened. Never again, I swore, would I deliberately place myself in physical danger – I like being a coward. There is a certain sensible safety to it that I like.



That type of fear is obvious and readily understood – it is when there is an actual physical danger. I, as this body, did what it did – it blacked out awareness when needed. The emotions I felt were just the interpretation of the event as fear by my psyche. The fear that I faced at the start of this process of ridding myself of a

psychic entity, and on the way through was psychic fear – fear that was present in my psyche. It is the very same fear that ruled my every action and thought for most of my life. The: ‘what does that person think of me?’, ‘what am I going to do next?’, ‘what if something goes wrong?’ – the instinctual passion of fear I was born with. The fear we transform into doubt, and more doubt. I remember calling it the ‘what if’ syndrome at some point. In the face of it the most usual reaction is to freeze – not do anything.

I saw it as a bit like when you drive along a country road and a rabbit appears on the road. Blinded by the headlights he freezes, and splat – dead rabbit. The only difference for me when I met Richard was that wobbling around in doubt or freezing in fear meant simply more of the same – prolonging my ‘normal’ life of suffering and confusion. The suffering of knowing that something was seriously wrong in my life but staunchly denying it out of pride, or hoping that the latest guru or belief would work, when deep inside I had already seen it wouldn’t work. The confusion I was in at the time was because I had seen ‘behind the curtain’ of the spiritual world. I had seen the Gurus for what they were, and I had started to see that it was all the same ‘old time religion’. The facts didn’t gel with the beliefs and there was a certain discord; a ‘Something’s not quite right’ – not that I knew what it was at the time.

So when I met Richard I found myself saying ‘I’ll give this a try, and I’ll make it the most important thing in my life’. That, as I look back, was my innate intelligence operating – the ‘if it doesn’t work, throw it out and find something that does’ or ‘don’t just freeze in the headlights’. Common sense, really. It wasn’t courage – it was common sense. I also had to retrieve my will and not ‘surrender’, leaving it up to Someone else or Existence – some imaginary roll of the cosmic dice. ‘Leaving it up to Existence’ is to accept being malicious and sorrowful – the dice are in fact loaded that way.



My investigations into fear were most revealing. What I came to discover was that human beings are born with an instinctual passion of fear. I only had to observe the animal world to observe fear in action. That world of varying species, all somewhere on the food chain for another species; that world of death and carnage, fight, defend and attack. Kill or be killed, mostly for food to survive, often just for the killing's sake. Human beings come programmed with exactly this same instinctual passion, of course.

My old ancestor Cro-Magnum was, after all, an animal fighting it out with other animals for food, territory and survival. Can you imagine waking up one morning in your cave, the kids are hungry and crying and a bear, tiger or pack of wolves is sniffing around outside, waiting to have you for breakfast? Or you are coming home after a hard day's hunting and you run into another human on the path with a long spear and he wants you for his supper. Now that's actually fearsome. And night-time must have been horrendous – so many animals have better night-sight than humans. The noises in the night must have sounded like demons. No wonder the sun was worshipped. So Cro's fear was the fear of an animal, and very real – the fear of survival; the survival instinct.



But we present-day humans are also 'wired' with that very same instinct to survive and as such are forced to go on repeating the same patterns even if it is no longer necessary – even if it is harmful to ourselves! I see this in documentaries of animal behaviour – some of the great migrations in animals are actually suicide runs where birds will fly for thousands of kilometres over areas of good feed and climate to go to some particular spot, and only a tiny percentage survive. But the pattern is repeated again and again and again – for generations and millennia. And it is not only taught to the siblings but comes pre-wired as an instinct.

Similarly I was born with a set of instinctual passions that in present times are not only redundant but are actually harmful in that they cause malice and sorrow in me. Blind nature – the animal instinct in me – cares not for my happiness and wellbeing: in fact, it is the very cause of my misery and pain!

Of course it gets a lot more complex than that, because humans have a highly sophisticated brain, able to reflect and communicate, and also a rudimentary ‘self’. This ‘self’ has developed into a cunning and perverse entity, layered with beliefs, myths, morals, fears, fairy stories, gods and devils. The psychic world was born and flourished in fear and superstition, peddled by the witches, shamans, priests and God-men. A world of spirits – the spirit-ual world of Good and Bad. The world of ritual and ceremony, prophecy and divination, belief and faith, charms and omens. Supreme in this world on the side of the Good are the saints, popes, and the Enlightened ones, not to mention a few thousand Gods. And a continual battle is fought against Evil, the non-believers, the heathens and the godless. It is all fought out in the ‘cosmos’ – some sort of ancient mythical version of cyberspace. And it is fought over vast eons of time in alternate universes, on different planes or astral dimensions.

The Heaven I was told about as a kid – and thought to be silly – has nothing on this! The whole world is increasingly becoming a psychic battleground as New?-Age bookshops, and the magazines, therapists and gurus provide the ammunition. They are selling medicine and remedies for fear, while at the same time actively fuelling people’s fears, as it is good business to do so. The predictions and prophecies of doom and gloom, the stories of suffering and mental anguish are insidiously spread, reinforced and embellished to actively promote and maintain fear.



I remember after the Ranch I was living in a seaside town that had a small Rajneesh centre. Rooms were available providing

various people a chance to offer sessions in past lives, tarot, astrology, psychic readings and other divinations. A friend and I would often look at the notice board, fascinated at the ever-increasing variety on offer. One day we decided, as a prank, to place a fictitious advertisement in the community newsletter offering ‘Capology – the Ancient Tibetan Art of Knee-cap Reading’. It went on to describe that the knees are a critical junction point for the flow of ‘Quong energy’. We also offered half price to pensioners and amputees! We gave the telephone number of the local Concerned Christians, a cult-busting group, which had occasionally given Rajneeshees a hard time. We thought nothing more of it until the editor of the newsletter bailed us up one day to tell us that the Concerned Christians had rung up to complain that they had had so many phone calls, and how come? Which made me think, even then, that people will believe anything. It just took me a while to admit to the fact that I was as gullible as everyone else.



So in this journey out of the psychic world – 180 degrees in the opposite direction to accepted Wisdom – those lead weights of doubt and fear around my ankles had to be tackled and removed. Once I remember waking up in fear: ‘What have I got myself into? I must be mad to even begin to presume that everyone has got it wrong! This is pure delusion, megalomaniacal, and, even worse, I have involved Vineeto in it too!’ When I explained to her what was going on inside me, she simply said: ‘No, it is my choice. I’m with you because I want to be and I am exploring this for myself because it is fascinating.’ Upon reflection I realised that, as a human being, I had lived my whole life in fear of something or other.

However, I found, as each of these fears was investigated, contemplated upon, made sense of, and understood completely, the belief that supports the fear wilts in the face of facts. And each of these fears then disappears, one by one, demolishing the bricks

forming the illusionary ‘wall of fear.’ I simply keep going to where I want to go and the fear melts away – remarkably leaving no emotional scars. It is, after all, just an illusion; the instinctual, primitive ‘self’ hanging on for dear life – silly bugger!

I remember at one point looking at all the beliefs that made up ‘me’, and I saw them as a mountain, dauntingly impossible to climb. I remember fearfully holding on and desperately clinging to ‘my’ beliefs – a sort of a ‘if I let go of them, what will happen to me?’ However, that fearful image disappeared with the passing of time through the diligent and constant questioning and examining of each of these beliefs. What happened for me in the later stages was that fear would return in small and intense packages, which could be termed ‘panic attacks’. ‘Am I mad?’ ‘Am I a fool?’ ‘How come nobody else has seen this before?’ ‘Why me?’ etc, etc. At some stage there was nothing to do but recognise that this was fear itself, and just ride out the swing, but only if, after assiduous searching, I found no particular cause to be investigated. Then I became aware that the issue was the very instinctual passion of fear itself.



Gradually the attacks became weaker and further apart. Finally a ‘sit and wait it out’ period seemed to come about. Then I started to realise that it required no effort to be here, nothing was needed to be done beyond a few practical considerations to maintain my existence. This meant beginning to letting go of control, having confidence that I, this body, will simply do whatever is required to sensibly maintain my existence. Of course. The experience of effortless ease and delight that I am increasingly experiencing on this path to freedom serves only to emphasise that the fearful and aggressive entity in me is both senseless and destructive. ‘I’ am definitely the only thing in the way of my freedom.

It is obvious that this body does very well by itself to survive; in fact, any emotions on top of are actually a hindrance in a genuine situation of danger. I remember recently walking across a field and coming upon a snake. By the time I had registered any emotional reaction, I had seen the snake and had responded automatically before my attention even became focused. I noticed that fear was a redundant emotion, occurring after the fact. And it could well have turned the situation into a danger if I had ‘frozen’. As it was, it was nice to stand and watch the creature for a while, and then move on, giving it a suitable wide berth. It is well chronicled that many people who have experienced life threatening situations have not had an emotional feeling of fear during the event. Often a feeling of calmness or bare awareness was apparent. I see this as the innate intelligence of the body over-riding the ‘natural’ fear. To live in this unemotional state of bare awareness permanently is possible if ‘I’ and its inherent psychological instinctual fear eventually disappear.



So I’ll come back to the parachute jumping, because I want to explain fear as well as I can. I was at one of those times in life when the thought of a bit of excitement was appealing, so I just decided to do it. The same was true when I met Richard. I just decided to do this thing. Sure ‘I’ was fearful, and ‘I’ encountered fear on the way. This is only natural, as fear is an instinctual passion that we are born with and in life we are surrounded by it. Also, it is constantly reinforced by parents, politicians, priests, media and fellow human beings. It’s the very core emotion in all of us. Further, as I began to challenge and minimize the very instinctual passions and societal beliefs ‘I’ was made up of, this very ‘I’ began to squirm and object as ‘my’ very survival was threatened. Hand in hand with fear can also come doubt – ‘I can’t do this’, ‘I’m not good enough’, ‘I’m going mad’, ‘Why me?’, ‘What have I got myself into?’

Once I got the knack of it, I would use the fear in rather the same way people do with parachute jumping and in other dangerous sports. I would take the fear and the obvious excitement, and combine them to experience the thrill of what was happening. Here I was digging into what ‘I’ am made up of, looking inside my head at ‘who’ I am, and how ‘I’ work, how ‘I’ operate – fiddling with and adjusting the programming, re-wiring my brain! I was fixing up all the stuff that I’ve been told, throwing out all the falsehoods, myths and beliefs – looking at the facts, discovering and understanding them. Allowing the brain to operate freely, uninhibited by the restraints of past wisdom and animal instinctual passions. And once in a while I would come across fear and I would either wait until it went or ride on the thrill that the fear brought.

But the danger was to let it fester into doubt. Doubt is the very ‘self’ rearing its ugly head again! In the end I knew that whenever fear would come up, I was on the right track – I was tackling fear, wearing it out. And, of course, it is but a mirage that soon disappears, and I never had more than I could deal with at one time. But do be beware of doubt – the alternative is to freeze in the headlights and suffer a slow fearful death as the years ebb by. Get it over with quick, was my motto. And what an adventure! It beats parachute jumping.



The fear of survival that we emotionally experience appears real but it is only the fear of survival of the psychic and psychological entity within the body. It is nothing but an elaboration of the base animal fear inherent in the rudimentary ‘self’ that we are born with. Exactly as a dog or any other animal will lash out and fight or cower in fear, so do we. The challenge for human beings now is to rid ourselves of these behaviour patterns and the key is to recognise, understand and wipe away this instinctual fear from our brain via ‘self’-immolation.

These instinctual animal behaviour patterns are located in what is commonly termed the lizard brain. So what we are talking about is an actual disconnection from this part of the brain. Such that the lizard brain becomes redundant and obsolete in humans. Rather like the appendix which, as I understand, is now a redundant organ left over from our grazing days. Richard personally experienced it as a physical disconnection from the lizard brain – ‘Like the turning over of a long playing record’, but to never, ever to turn back again. Extraordinary! And what ‘I’ am able to do is to prepare and facilitate the possibility of that happening in me. To lay the ground-work with sincerity and honesty. To eventually self-immolate. To die as a ‘self’. It is fascinating beyond belief to be aware that a re-wiring is occurring in one’s own brain. To know and experience that it is possible to change Human Nature. Definitely the adventure of a lifetime!

I’ve always tended towards the practical in my life; above all I’ve liked things that are simple and that work. My job as an architect and builder has meant that I have built other peoples’ dreams, but my concern has always been the practical – have I got the materials on site, will the roof leak, and so on. My dream was to become free of the neurosis inside my head and the passions in my heart, that undercurrent feeling of ‘Is this all there is’, that feeling of having shackles on, of seeing and knowing that things were wrong in me and in the world. The doubt, the discontent, the feeling of something being wrong, was really the innate knowledge that I was not being the best human being possible.

Then I came across Richard who had devised a practical method to become actually free. Since then the constant improvement in my life, the increasing times of being able to experience the perfection of the physical universe, meant that fear and doubt were seen for what they were – illusionary. But given my intent, and the support of the innate drive of the physical universe towards the best, fear will eventually have its swan song, never to return.



No longer do I dwell or wallow in the psychic world. No longer do I need good spirits, masters, guides, omens or charms. No longer does a battle constantly rage inside my head or my heart. By being virtually free of fear, doubt, feelings and emotions I am more able to be here, in this moment of time, sensing the physical world – delighting in typing, with a fan blowing cool air on my back, my body still loose and tingling after a ‘romp’ with Vineeto. The near-actual physical experiencing of the perfection of the physical world, the ease, the comfort, the pleasure of food, sex, coffee, writing, reflecting, talking. The delight, the thrill of doing what is happening is definitely where it is at!

To be free of my ‘self’ and the psychic world will be to be eventually totally free of doubt and fear.





The Universe ...

‘The Universe is Really, Really Big’ – I recall as a line from a Monty Python movie. So big that the astronomers seem to have given up finding the edge and are now postulating holes somewhere that lead to some parallel universe. And, of course, there cannot be only one; there must be an infinite number of parallel universes! I always wondered, if there was something outside the universe (or universes), would the universe be sitting on God’s coffee table like one of those glass balls that you tip up and the ‘snow’ falls. Does He/She/It sit there in an armchair saying ‘Look, they are fighting in Herzegovina again’? And if there are parallel universes, is it like a stack of plates in some cosmic cupboard? And where is the cupboard located? If the Universe is doughnut shaped, as some cosmologists propose, what’s outside the doughnut? And is that space infinite or does that have some shape, and if so, what is outside that? And ...



As part of my investigation into the Human Condition I made it a point to read what the cosmologists and physicists are currently up to. It seems to me that, as they become increasingly frustrated with not being able to find the edge of the universe or the beginning of time or the ‘theory for everything’; they are seriously losing the plot. How come, after eighty years, Einstein’s theories are only theories and not laws like Newton’s and others? Every time the scientists come up with infinity in an equation it doesn’t compute, of course, so they resort to spurious imagination called theories and chase their tails in ever diminishing circles – some even declare that they have discovered God or discovered the mind of God! I recently watched a program where Stephen Hawkins even posed the question, ‘Who created the Creator?’ The question

that I ran in my head for a long while was, ‘What if the physical universe is infinite and there isn’t a somewhere else?’



I remember going sailing once. A wealthy businessman I knew, a Rajneesh disciple, had a luxurious 26 metre long wooden cruising yacht built to sail the world. Well, he got as far as Sri Lanka, left it there, and then got back into the business world. A friend took on the job of bringing it back home, and asked me if I would crew. We flew out to find a tired looking boat that had been mouldering in the tropics for a year. After a bit of maintenance, and stocking up of some vegetables and a few dead chickens from the local market we headed off – and straight into a storm. ‘What the hell am I doing here?’ I asked myself as the boat heeled at seemingly impossible angles while crashing and shuddering through the waves. The curry I had eaten the night before disappeared overboard and over me, and I found myself looking for that ‘fast-forward’ button again. But within a day or two the storm was a thing of the past and we were cruising.

A few days after that we ran out of wind as we hit the Doldrums – that area in the tropics where there often is no wind for weeks. Like all sailors before us we all went a bit mad as we drifted aimlessly in a flat mirror-like ocean beneath a baking cloudless sky. The only point of orientation was a faint horizon line separating two almost identical shades of blue – the sky and the sea. Our diesel fuel, unbeknown to us, had been contaminated in the tropics, and we had no alternative but to sit it out and wait for a wind, day after day.

I would deliberately take the midnight-to-dawn watch, alone on deck at the helm, while the others slept below. The sky was velvet black, carelessly strewn with diamond stars, the moonlight dancing on the dark ocean. The sky was intense, endless in depth; the ocean fluid, also seemingly endless in depth, and I and the boat I was on, insignificant in size and location. The nights

were superb; it was a constant pleasure and delight just to be alive – just to be here! These were nights when I experienced the vast endlessness of the physical universe and there was no question of a god or an ‘energy’ or a ‘creator’ of any sort. It was all actually sensational – purely of the senses. The warm feel of the tropical air, the salty smell of the ocean, the movement of the boat, the sound of the water on the hull, the delightful feast to the eyes – the vast stillness and purity of it all. I was no-where in particular, a mere speck on the globe of the earth, hanging somewhere in an infinite black space. The days had no names, the hours no numbers, so time had no reference, I was simply here. Night after night of close to peak experiences – doing nothing but being thrilled at being a part of the physical universe. Not at ‘one’ with it, but the bit of it that was able to go ‘Wow – how amazing!’ To delight and contemplate on the wonder of the physical universe.

Of course the experiences I had on the boat wore off when the journey finished. But they stayed tucked in my memory as an experience of the actuality of the physical universe. I was a human being sitting on a boat located no-where in particular in the majesty of the universe. On reflection, those nights and other similar experiences have had an accumulative effect on me. A year or two later, when I did intensive meditation sessions, it was always a little strange to me that the meaning of life should be to sit rigidly for hours on end with my eyes shut trying to get somewhere else. How come the meaning of life was to either deny life or hide from it?

This last year’s journey of discovery into my psyche, to eliminate my identity – that accumulation of societal beliefs and instinctual passions that I am ‘me’ – has provided the answer. The answer is, of course, not to deviously shift my ego or identity into the realm of the Spirits, but to journey 180 degrees in the other direction, into the realm of the senses – not to the spiritual ‘Universe’, but to the actual physical universe of people, events and things.



Recently someone said of Richard's writings: 'Why is he talking of everyday things?' Well, when I wallowed in the world of emotions, feelings, energies and spirits, it was a full-time neurosis, and I couldn't savour the delights of food, sex, conversation, doing 'nothing', playing FreeCell, reading a book, walking, sitting and watching the sky (or the ceiling). Now increasingly I do. Having nothing meaningful or useful or significant or urgent or exciting to do, day after day: and yet experiencing every day, each moment as near-perfect. Everyday life, everyday things. It has to be lived to be fully understood.

We rent a small flat, television, video, a couple of computers, two couches, a balcony with another couch and a couple of comfortable chairs, and a kitchen stocked with our favourite foods. In short, there is everything I need in life, and I live life in this flat almost as I did on the yacht those nights, many years ago. The physical ordinary things of life in this house are as actual, as extraordinary, as the wonders of nature. The universe has done a wonderful job in providing me with all the necessities I require for a delightful life, and I only need to work a little to earn sufficient money to pay the bills.

I remember about twenty years ago there was a lot of talk about the future, when automation and computers would reduce the amount of boring, repetitive and dangerous work humans did. And that then we would all work less and have increased leisure time. Well, that time has come, and suddenly we are calling it unemployment and a crisis! A few years ago I took on a young lad on the building site and he has turned out to be a good carpenter, so I figure he can take my place in the workforce – I'll take the leisure time. And as for 'Sustainable' communities and ecology, I see them as nothing else but sustainable already – they already exist! And in constant change of course, as that is the nature of things. That the universe exists involves no effort on my part. When I get up in the

morning I am aware it is here and doing well again. After all, there is no one in charge – there is no one running this show – it is actually self-sustaining.



The physical universe is infinite and perfect – the ‘stuff’ of the universe being defined as animal, vegetable and mineral. The ‘energies’ of the universe are purely the physical forces of the universe, regulating the ‘stuff’ of the universe. And I, as a human being, am made of the same stuff as the universe. Undeniably, I am the product of the meeting between a sperm and an egg. I remember once looking at my hand and it was obviously the claw of an animal, and a sexual one at that. I was not here before birth and I will not be here after death. I already know from my peak experiences that there is nothing ‘inside’ me as this body or separate from me to continue after I die. As a physical animal in the physical universe I have made it my aim to be happy and harmless, and the universe will do it’s ‘universe thing’ to aid in the creation of the best possible.

I remember pondering this one-day while walking along a country road and seeing a tree that had seeded beneath a log. It had bent around the log and then grown out at a steep angle towards the light. It only grew limbs on one side of the trunk so as to maintain its balance and strength. To say there is a God who looks after every tree, giving instructions, is plainly ridiculous. It is a life force, if you like, but the tree was growing in the best way possible.



Another image that struck me was a showing the beginning of the formation of a human foetus. It showed the growth in the first days when the main activity is the fervent multiplication and creation of new cells. The cells lined up to form an ever-thickening line, which was to be the child’s backbone. As the cells began to form the beginnings of limbs and a head, a sack formed in the chest

area, and a pulsing motion could be seen. All in the first few days! Astounding to see, and so extraordinary, that to put a God or anything else in the way was to entirely miss seeing the physical universe in operation. To call life ‘sacred’ is to completely miss the point. Removing God, energies, emotions and feelings is seeing and experiencing the actual world free of a skin or film layered over the top. That I, as this body, am a collection of pre-programmed cells that forms a whole, which is sensate, mobile, able to think, reflect and communicate with others, and that this whole bundle eventually wears out and dies is so extraordinary, so amazing!



What I have now discovered is an ongoing experiencing as I had on the yacht – close to experiencing the perfection and purity of the physical universe. I, as part of this universe, made of the same ‘stuff’, am able to see and reflect on the universe. From my pure consciousness experiences I know that what I am the universe experiencing itself as a human being. When there is no ‘self’ in operation – no malice and sorrow – I am able to not only see but directly experience the innate purity and perfection of the universe. And that malicious and sorrowful person I used to be is now getting ever closer to experiencing this perfection – cute hey! Perfect and delightful, simple and obvious.

The answer to the mystery of life is in the actual world, here, now, not in some physicist’s ‘parallel universe’ or on some spiritualist’s ‘other dimension’. It’s definitely not a feeling of ‘oneness’ – a sort of ‘the universe and I are one’ scenario, produced by the delusion of the ‘Self’.

On my computer I have a photo of the earth taken from the moon, with the rock surface of the moon in the foreground. In the distance, hanging in black space, is the huge ball of the earth – white spirals of clouds against a blue ocean background with tips of green and brown land showing. Just hanging there somehow!

Most of the astronauts who went to space came back as changed men, typically to declare it was all God's work!



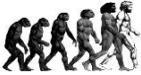
‘But what if it wasn’t?’ was the question I had constantly run in my head, which provided me with the answer. What if the physical universe is ‘it’, the whole story, actually infinite, no parallel bits, no ethereal otherworlds, no heaven, no hell? I remember pondering on that for a while, and realising that there was no evidence to support the belief that the universe is anything else but infinite. The scientists have all their theories, and are increasingly saying that it’s all God’s work. And the world still waits in hope for Buddha or Jesus or the Spirits to either come back and sort out the mess, or whisk us away to somewhere better.

The answer lies in experiencing the infinitude and perfection of the physical universe as everyone has in a pure consciousness experience. Perfect, except for instinctually driven human beings, but of course even that will change now, for whoever wants it.

It’s just so good not to have missed the bus to freedom, and to be more and more arriving in the actual world.

It is certainly the ride of a lifetime...





Time ...

‘Life is what happens to you while you’re busy making other plans’ sang John Lennon in 1980. It was a line from a song he wrote for his son, and it’s from a man who had wealth, fame and power. For me, it has a similar ring to it as my father’s advice of ‘it doesn’t matter what you do, be happy’. Why is it that so many people feel, as the clock ticks on, that they are ‘running out of time’, ‘too busy’, ‘don’t have enough time’? Why, as they face the end of their lives, do they think that they have wasted time, wondering where it has gone? Why do people continually dream, work, plan and invent things to do, and then complain of not having enough time?

I remember sharing a house with friends one Christmas, and everyone decided to go off on camping trips for their holidays. Days were spent in busy preparation and off they all went. I decided, given I already lived in a wonderful beachside town that people were straining to get to for their holidays anyway, why not holiday at home? I had a wonderfully relaxed time; days spent reading, walking to the beach, lunching in town and then home for an afternoon nap in my own bed. Several days later they all arrived back and I watched another busy day of unpacking and cleaning up. I had started to see through a lot of the traditional neurosis about time before I met Richard, but then I decided to really change my life, to begin to rid myself of the neurotic behaviour I could see I was programmed with. Little did I know what the consequences of that would be!



After my son’s death I began to have a different attitude to time. It was a seminal point in my life in that I then began to really focus on finding the meaning of life. This meant devoting as much

time as possible to that pursuit. Given that my father had literally worked himself to death, I quickly realised that work for me was to become only a method of buying time to do what I wanted to do. I like to live in reasonable comfort and not deny myself now for some probable future, so at that time this meant working some eight months of the year, building houses. The rest of my time I organised as simply as I could, to allow myself as much time to devote to finding freedom. At that time my search was on the traditional spiritual path. This meant visiting Poona, chasing Masters, reading and meditating.

I also developed a liking for ‘doing’ as little as possible. It was curious, because the less I did the more I noticed that other people were endlessly driven to doing things and then, when that plan was completed, immediately invented more things to do. I discovered that I actually began to enjoy being by myself with nothing to do. To take this further, I then deliberately chose to live alone – and what a good time I had! I lived in a lovely little flat, ate well, read spiritual books, listened to music, daily walked the beach, but also had long periods just lying on my couch. Then, sure enough, I began to have ‘spiritual experiences’, given that this was what I was into at the time.



When I met Richard I soon realised that I had not even scratched the surface of what was necessary in order to become free. I quickly re-organised my life into a semi-retirement of working about three hours a day, in order to devote the rest of my time to be either with Richard or Vineeto. Thus, the major focus of time and effort I devoted totally and selfishly to my burning ambition in life. I also found that I needed time to myself to contemplate and mull over what was happening as all the beliefs were being challenged – uninterrupted time to string some thoughts together, to dig around, to make sense of things. The hours and hours spent with Richard and Vineeto were largely devoted to this

exploration, but I had to sort it out for myself, and that takes time. In this period, time wasted on unnecessary things was simply time wasted.

A curious thing began to happen when I contemplated on what it is to be a human being, when I pondered the Human Condition, when I became 'self'-obsessed. Soon everything that I did, every action, every word, every thought, was analysed in terms of 'how am I experiencing this moment of being alive?' Then I was able to identify the lost, lonely, frightened, and very cunning entity that 'I' am - the cause of malice and sorrow within me. This is definitely not meditation, it is 180° degrees opposite. This is being fully occupied in the world of people, things and events: not retreating or hiding from it. The whole point of the exercise is to identify that identity in action – a sort of a psychic 'search and destroy' mission, if you like – and the aim is to become as happy and harmless as is humanly possible. The point of meditation on the other hand is to merely ignore and 'rise above' the behaviour in question: to dissociate from and transcend it, as they say. Transcending, per definition, is to 'go above and beyond', which is really 'Above and Beyond', as we all know.

The other essential difference is that Richard's method concentrates all of the attention on this moment in time, this actual moment now. The whole emphasis is on how am I experiencing myself NOW? This has the effect of eliminating the future as something to worry about, and the inevitable postponement that it brings. The 'there's always tomorrow', 'one day I will...', or the spiritual 'in my next lifetime' are simply a cop out. By bringing my attention to the fact that this is my only moment of being alive, and that if I was happy ten minutes ago and I'm not happy now, the fact is: I'm not happy now. So what is the cause, the source? I don't deny that I didn't have a goal and that this goal was in the future – to be happy and harmless 24hrs. a day, every day. However, my immediate aim was to be happy and harmless now, in this very moment of being alive! But it does take time to work

through each of the societal beliefs and instinctual passions, to thoroughly investigate them. I always considered it nonsense to delude myself with the advice that I was already Enlightened, 'That' or perfect, when I knew exactly how I was inside and how I acted. It always seemed as though I was kidding myself that I was all right when, if I was honest with myself, I knew I wasn't.



So my retirement in the last twelve months was really a retirement from the busyness of life, with all its effort, emotions and worries. A retirement from constantly 'being', from having a purpose and a continuity. Then increasingly I become aware that I, this body, is simply doing what is happening, which right now happens to be typing these words. I know that at some time today Vineeto will go off to work, I will eat, type whatever words come, laze around and eventually go to bed. I know that later on, if I'm still alive, I soon will have to work to earn some money, but beyond that there are no plans, no desires, no expectations. Of course, I have preferences and also practical things to do, but I will simply be doing them when I'm doing them; they require little, if any, planning.

This has nothing to do with the spiritual 'being in the moment' or 'being here', which is an attempt to hold on to an inner state of bliss, which in turn involves practising a constant detachment from the physical world, the body and the emotions. To attempt to bring one's meditation into the marketplace is to attempt the impossible. As I know from my experience meditation is an artificially contrived, imaginary state of bliss that is notoriously fickle and temporary. Only very rarely does it lead to a more or less permanent altered state of consciousness, but then the real trouble begins as one practices losing all touch with the actual, sensual world.

I learnt from my pure consciousness experiences that by not 'being', or becoming, or having come from somewhere, or going

somewhere, I, as this body, am safely and firmly located in time. I am never out of time. I am never busy or not busy. I always have enough time because it is right here, this very moment of being alive, doing what is happening now. This moment is the only time I can experience; the past is nothing but a memory stored in the brain cells, only some of which I can recall if required. And the future hasn't happened yet, and when it comes it will be this moment. Living this as an actuality leaves no room for the 'self', that identity who always has a past and a future. By doing what is happening in this moment, 'I' momentarily cease to exist, for my awareness is involved fully in what is happening, in this case typing these words, feeling the cooling breeze on my legs and occasionally being aware of traffic and bird calls outside.

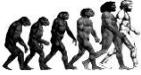
It is all becoming so eminently effortless, near-perfect but, as I discovered, it does take time to get used to living this way. There was a 'can it be this easy, this simple, this lazy, this effortless, this good, this near-perfect?' It goes totally against the ideas of struggle, effort, achievement, being creative or useful. I now see everyone else as wasting time by avoiding this very moment by living with their past, usually sad memories, or by dreaming and planning their future in a futile attempt to give purpose or meaning to their lives. They all are avoiding or missing out on the thrill of experiencing this moment of being alive as a sensate human being.

The method Richard devised to eliminate the identity – malice and sorrow – is flawless and ruthlessly effective. If my awareness is constantly focused on 'How I am experiencing this moment of being alive?' as a silent attitude, a non-verbal attentiveness, there is simply no room for a past or future, a sense of continuity. There is no room for feelings or emotions or for 'going inside' as a way of avoiding and withdrawing. Should they occur then there is something to look at – the aim being to get back to being happy and harmless as soon as possible. Practised assiduously, the psychological and psychic entity actually withers and will one day eventually die, as does anything starved of nourishment or sustenance.

Then ‘what I am’ will eventually emerge one day, I as this body, the one that was here anyway, the one that had been struggling at the shackles for freedom. Fresh each moment ... again and again and again.

I am now beginning to discover the meaning of life.





Evolution ...

The means to finding peace for oneself and harmony in living with others is actually so simple and easy. In fact it is devastatingly easy; it weakens and virtually eliminates malice and sorrow. In large part it involves looking at the facts of living as a human on this earth and courageously investigating all of the societal beliefs held as sacred or set in concrete. We, as human beings, seem to intrinsically know that something is wrong. Is life really a sick joke? Are human beings doomed to forever live in misery, suffering and violence; living in eternal hope that some imaginary God will come back to stop the suffering? Is this really some sort of halfway house where we have to suffer rightly according to some Ancient Wisdom of some long dead Guru or mythical God? Is the best that we can aspire to become either a Saint or an Enlightened One – those appallingly arrogant and deluded God-men? Or are we part of some vast cosmic game plan in which the Chosen few will be whisked away to some utopia either in this universe or another? Of course not!



If, as a human being, you are concerned with these matters, this book offers the benefits of following in Richard's footsteps ... not as another solution within the 'tried and true' system of beliefs that has forever bound human beings to the concept of 'it's impossible to change human nature'. The fact is that an evolutionary change has now begun, pioneered by a human being who simply dared to question the accepted wisdom of 'Long Dead People'.

There is simply no 'Wisdom' to be had in believing what Zoroaster, Jesus, Buddha and the like are supposed to have said precisely because they lived thousands of years ago. They lived in

a primitive time when humans had only recently emerged from the caves, believed the world was flat and the sky was another world inhabited by Gods.

It is now time for an evolutionary change that will simply make the past beliefs and animal instincts not only archaic and redundant but silly. The way is now open for a new species of human beings to supersede the old. The method to achieve this is simple, direct and straightforward; the results immediate, actual and apparent. When you are ready to give up on the idea that there is ‘someone’ or ‘something’ else that is going to fix you up, then you are ready and able to do it yourself. As it begins to work it becomes obvious that no one else could do it anyway. A confidence gathers, soon an obsession takes over and it quickly becomes the adventure of a lifetime.



The fact is that every human brain has been wired with a particular societal belief system and a set of instinctual passions. Long ago they were necessary for the survival of the species but now they are redundant. It is now time for a human evolutionary change and it is fascinating to be here, on earth, at this time and being aware of the re-wiring happening in my brain and watching it happen in others around. It is fascinating to begin to be alive as a sensate, thinking, human being doing this thing and being able to write and describe it as well!



In my life I have been involved in many revolutionary movements and I had many ideals about changing things. In some thirty years of adult life, I have been involved and concerned with movements for peace; for environmental, political, social and spiritual change. And I have come to see all of them as revolutionary – in other words, going around in circles. I participated in a spiritual revolution with a living Guru deriding the

past traditions and the idea of religions only to see him eventually form his very own Religion and become part of the traditional religious warring campus. And the so-called 'New Age' of today is really nothing but a return to the Dark Age of spirits, omens, divination, witches and shamans.

And so it has been going on for millennia ... round and round in circles ... revolution after revolution. It is so good to be free of that nonsense and to have found a process that is evolutionary, that actually works. A process that is easy, simple, uncomplicated, describable, direct, and that produces both instant results and an assured evolutionary change— to eventually become actually free of malice and sorrow. It is now possible to change Human Nature. There is now a cure available for the disease called the Human Condition – for those who want to be free of it.



So let us look at some facts about the evolution of human beings. When I first came across Richard and his discovery, I set about reading and making my own investigations to ascertain the facts of human evolution, as they are known by archaeologists and anthropologists. Prior to the present species of mankind there existed a race of very primitive humanoids known as 'Neanderthal Man'. The only evidence remaining of their existence indicates that they were almost ape-like in both their physical abilities and their level of intelligence. Then, some 40,000 years ago, there started to occur evidence of a new species Cro-Magnon with stone huts, tools, rope, a variety of weapons and even the beginning of art and trading.

Some have called this sudden change the 'great leap forward'. Although it apparently occurred over a few thousand years, in archaeological terms it was sudden, and eventually Mr. and Mrs. Neanderthal disappeared from the earth. I was immensely curious as to what caused this great leap forward. A statement that particularly struck me about Cro-Magnon was that they were fully

modern in anatomy, behaviour and language ability and could have been taught to fly a jet plane.

I balked at this but there is evidence, even in my lifetime, of so-called primitive people who, given a modern education or training, are indeed capable of flying a jet plane. Yet despite this capacity for intelligent thinking, nothing much has basically changed in human behaviour in the last 40,000 years. War, rape, torture, suicide, persecution, domestic violence, and despair are still endemic.

Undoubtedly the human brain has been responsible for amazing technological advances and I have been witness to so many of them in my brief lifetime. As a child I helped my father deliver bread by horse and cart; we had no telephone or television. I learnt mathematics with a slide rule and went to Europe by ship as a 20-year-old. So the achievements of Cro-Magnon are indeed extraordinary but obviously we are still trapped by the primitive behaviour patterns and emotional responses of our ancestors, the very people whose ‘Wisdom’ we hold in awe and reverence. And nowadays the more ancient, the greater the wisdom is thought to be. We are still at core cavemen and women with their same primitive beliefs and instincts, but now we live in comfort and, in most cases, safety. Our knowledge of the physical world, and access to and ability to process information, has had an astounding quantum leap forward in this past 100 years. These times bear no resemblance to the times of Plato, Socrates or Buddha and, as such, their values and opinions have absolutely no relevance now.



It then became blindingly obvious to me that the past could hold no solutions. And all the revolutions trying to find ‘new’ solutions to violence and misery are simply re-runs of the past failed attempts, doomed to run their cycles of failure. In Richard’s words: ‘The tried and true is nothing but the tried and failed.’ And the excuse that the solutions are right and it’s just the people who

are at fault I now see for what it is: just another excuse and a debilitating one at that.

It is understandable that when ‘Cro’ was in his cave, it was essential for his survival that he fought and killed the others of his species for his territory, his food, his women and his children. When a sufficient group gathered together, tribal laws, customs and authority needed to be established. The sun, moon, stars and elements would have been held in fear and awe. As such they were talked to, appeased, soothed and worshipped. I would guess that the concept of God(s) with their subsequent wrath and benevolence was soon introduced to give power to the shamans and witches. But in my life the facts are that I haven’t found it necessary to fight for food, to capture and rape women, to protect my children by using violence, to be part of one group for protection and to fight another group for territory or sport. This behaviour is simply becoming redundant in most parts of the world now.



In my life I simply exchange a bit of time, working for someone else, for some tokens called money, which I then exchange to rent a comfortable flat, for food, clothes, and the surprising little else I actually need to enjoy life. My hunting and harvesting is done with a trolley in the local air-conditioned supermarket and takes me thirty minutes a week. Humans, at least where I live, have organised an amazingly effective administrative, legal and commercial system that, combined with my sensible actions, serves to provide a safe and wonderfully comfortable life for me. Every pleasure I need in life is located in this flat or within walking distance.

So much pleasure that Vineeto and I sometimes have to run a little schedule to decide which pleasure next – sex, food, play on the computer, watch some TV, a walk...? One has to be wary of ‘pleasure stress’ when this actual world of delight and sensual pleasure is revealed. Hedonism really – and the word has such a

bad press in the real world of suffering! This is not to deny that I could be confronted with danger or indeed ill health at some time, but then I will just respond appropriately at the time. It is truly amazing that I now virtually experience the planet as a safe and delightful place in which to live, while all around live in fear and aggression.

An evolutionary change is now beginning to happen in that a new species of human beings will emerge on the planet. Human beings who will be actually free of fear and aggression – actually free of the Human Condition. I propose an appropriate name for this species would be ‘Homo Delightus’. Given that this evolutionary change happens in the brain, a re-wiring if you like, the only one who can begin to cause this to happen is me. And it is now available to whoever wants to make the effort to become happy and harmless.

I am no guru and this is not a spiritual or philosophical theory. And this is not yet another belief system called ‘Richardism’, nor does it involve belonging to yet another group. What Richard has discovered is that Human Nature can be changed and he has devised a simple method to bring this actual freedom about. It is not transmitted by any ‘energy’, is not to be had by believing, trusting or hoping. It does, however, involve diligence, stubbornness, audacity and a burning intent to become free. Reading and re-reading Richard’s journal and his other writings provided sufficient information for me to conduct my own investigations to determine the facts rather than accept ancient beliefs.



So I’m writing my story, as an ordinary human being, one of 5.8 billion others on the planet. I’m not driven to proselytise or save the planet – it’s just that somewhere there may be another Peter or Vineeto who would risk trying something new. I was, after all, lost, lonely, frightened and very, very cunning – the only difference

is that I chose to admit it. I accepted responsibility for actively contributing to the endemic violence and suffering. And I wanted to change. I knew, as everybody else does, that something was wrong. Why when I had everything I wanted, wasn't I happy? And why, despite my best efforts, did I hurt other people? And why did the tried and true methods to find happiness – religion and spirituality – fail again and again? So in the end it simply meant going off down a new track – trying something new. I literally had 'nothing left to lose' except more and more of the same second-rate life – and then I'd die.

... nothing left to lose ...

I did ask for a while 'well, why me?' and 'how come no one else?' But when I started to reap the benefits of freeing myself the question of doubts or delays were irrelevant. It is in the end setting in motion a willing extinction of what one comes to experience as a malicious and sorrowful social and instinctual identity who is totally opposed to my being here, as this body only.

So I am writing of my own experiences, of the facts of being a human being, and of what sense I have made of living on this wonderful planet. The very act of writing this book is indeed part of that making sense. I am very aware it is something I do for myself, a sorting out of an exhilarating journey down 'a wide and wondrous path'. And it may well be that this story offers someone else a 'crack in the door' of the insidious belief system that plagues humanity. If not you, then there will be others – this evolutionary change in human nature is destined to eventually spread throughout the world like a chain letter.

However, I am under no illusion that this will happen quickly, as can be evidenced by peoples' reactions to Richard over the years. An initial curiosity is quickly replaced by a 'dash for the door' when it becomes obvious that to become happy and harmless would involve change! I heard recently of a tribe of South American Indians who all suffer from an untreatable genetic

disease that is causing their extinction. Doctors took gene samples with the hope of finding a cure but the elders refused to cooperate and said no because it would involve the tribe changing and they wanted to stay as they were. They decided for extinction rather than change. Such is the perversity of the Human Condition – to continue to suffer and decide for extinction rather than change.

Galileo was persecuted and ridiculed for stating his discovery of the fact that the earth revolves around the sun and not the opposite, as people had previously believed. Richard says it is a fact that you can change Human Nature whereas Ancient Wisdom says you can't. But then again, for me, the facts speak for themselves and are in the end indisputable. The point of this journal is to say that, in my experience, Richard is right – it is a fact. Do we really think that human beings, as they are now, with all the wars, rapes, murders, domestic violence, suicides, tortures, sorrow and despair, represent the pinnacle and completion of the evolutionary process? Of course not! I certainly knew I was not the best me I could be!



I am now in the process of actually becoming a free autonomous human being. The idea of causing harm to another human being has simply disappeared: I am virtually free of malice. And also the idea that this wondrous, bountiful, beautiful earth is a miserable place to be has simply disappeared: I am virtually free of sorrow. This is indeed a perfect, delightful universe I am in, and I experience myself as near perfect and delightful. After all, what else could I be? I am, after all, one of the 'human being bits' of this marvellous universe, made of the same stuff as the universe.

So it is possible for me to evolve myself. And it beats sitting around waiting for Godot. It's the most thrilling and fascinating journey ... I can't recommend it highly enough. This is a new, non-spiritual path to a down-to-earth freedom – an actual freedom. All my wishes are coming true and more. Life was meant to be easy,

friendly, comfortable, peaceful, harmonious, ever-changing, fresh each moment, direct, obvious, and my senses allow an intimate involvement with each person I meet, each event happening, each place I am in. And I can think, reflect, talk and write about what sense I have made of living as a human being ... pure delight...

And I now await the day for the change to be actualized, to be 'set in concrete', as it were. The last bit obviously can't be 'my' doing, because 'I' cannot get rid of my 'self' but I've given the dismantling of 'me' one hundred percent, so success is guaranteed. And it is thrilling to know that the moment is coming.



It is a fact that men and women can live together in virtual peace and harmony; I have proven that with Vineeto.

It is a fact that peace and harmony is possible on earth.

... peace and harmony ...





... Afterword

Well that's it – it's finished, my first writing attempt. I must admit I like this life of an author. A couple of hours a day at the keyboard, a lot of lazing around talking to Vineeto, an occasional walk downtown or on the beach, great food and sex, and an addiction to 'FreeCell', a card-game which came with the computer. So I guess if you have got this far, you may have enjoyed the book. I don't expect you to believe me, I would just hope you don't believe everything that everyone else has told you...

After all, that is the point of this book...



It would be impossible to pretend that this is my book alone and it was such a joy and delight to have had Vineeto as a companion in this amazing journey as well as her equal contribution to the production of this book and the web site. Although it is written as a personal journal it is really our journal and is the result of many hours of fascinating mutual discussion and pleasure. She has written a 'little' bit at the end about her own journey.

Richard's journal was both the initial spark, and the constant fuel, necessary for this journey (and this journal) to have happened at all. He has said that the only thing that will impress him is someone becoming actually free. I plan to impress him one day.



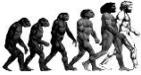
I remember when Richard first said 'Everyone has got it 180 degrees wrong' and I struggled to consider the enormity of the statement – it was hard to conceive. But I asked myself over and

over – ‘What if he is right?’ And the more I thought about it, the more it explained a lot that was wrong. It allowed me a ‘crack in the door’ and began this wonderful journey on the wide and wondrous path to freedom. So should you be moved to try something different to the ‘Tried and Failed’ then more information is available.

Richard’s journal, answers to questions, feedback from correspondents and much more is available on The Actual Freedom Trust website – a veritable gold mine of information:

www.actualfreedom.com.au.





In the End

Peter's Report of Becoming Newly Actually Free

(30th of December 2009)

In the end, my seamless transition from being a feeling human being ensconced within the human condition to a completely autonomous human – actually free from the human condition – was a simple 3 stage process that ran its course to a finality in a matter of hours.

The setting for these events, as Richard has alluded to, was a remote end-of-river location in the subtropical forests of the Eastern Australia seaboard on two moored rafted-up houseboats that form the physical genesis of the world's first convivium – in our case, a floating convivium.

The circumstances were that I found myself alone with Richard as the other potential convivium members had recently departed in a fear-fuelled flurry. Departing was not an option for me given my conviction that convivialist living would offer a practical demonstration of the ingredients necessary for a contagious out-breaking of global peace-on-earth.

Thus the setting and circumstances occasioned the perfect ambience in which I was able to contemplate the fact that indeed it was Richard and I who had first been prepared to do whatever it took to bring about a floating convivium. We reminisced about the time when two 60 year old grey-beards were prepared to build a boat by ourselves by pooling our combined labour, income and assets so as provide a guest cabin for sincere actualists as a way of facilitating the spread of a virtual and actual freedom.

And here we were, the very same grey-beards, a convivialists' ship on my electronic drawing board almost ready to be built, and the atmosphere was pregnant with the next taking-action step. Given the circumstances it was obvious that it was I who needed to take that step (to lead by example as it were) and that Richard had a pivotal part in bringing that step (my becoming actually free) to fruition.

Some time in the evening of a day of delightfully relaxed reminiscings, reflections and musings, I leaned forward wondering what it was like for Richard living in the actual world of people, things and events as distinct from living in a self-created illusionary bubble of one's own making. Wondering about the nature of his experiencing, I suddenly became aware of a quite extraordinary sweetness – a sweetness that was palpable rather than feeling based. I heard the words 'This is not only for me, this is for everybody' as I was literally being bathed in this sweetness^(R1).

This all-consuming experience of sweetness^(P1) lasted perhaps less than a minute but this precursor left me with the utter confidence to proceed further into the actual world – indeed it was so seductive an experience that I was literally compelled to investigate further. Perhaps an hour or two later in an increasingly intimate ambience between us, I moved over to sit beside Richard on the couch as I wanted to be closer to him rather than talk over the coffee table that separated the two couches.

I happened to remember that Richard had often said that he had been on his own in the actual world (for 17 years to date) and that he would like someone else to join him in the actual world and not for his sake but to prove that he was not a freak-of-nature, as it were, but as definitive proof that global peace and harmony amongst human beings was indeed possible in that an individual actual freedom from malice and sorrow was a repeatable occurrence.

As I remembered where Richard was, I reached out and touched the side of his actual face^(P2) with my fingers. As I tenderly

stroked it, I ‘saw’ him as Robinson Crusoe – on his own but not lonely – on a tropical desert island, playfully content and self-sufficient, but ever casting an eye out lest a playmate hove in to view over the horizon.

In that moment I knew that Richard’s first playmate in the actual world of sensate delight would be a male best-mate playmate and that female playmates would then follow soon after ^(R2).

After this, the sweet relaxed atmosphere that I experienced between us continued and became all-consuming as the “outside world” faded more and more in the background so as to completely disappear, as did the experience of time moving as I became more and more totally absorbed in the conversation and events unfolding, as it were.

The following evening, I found myself back on my couch, leaning across the little table that separated us, explaining to Richard that I experienced him as being on the other side of a veil – with only his face bulging through as it were. As was I explaining this to him, I was waving my hand in front of my face so as to illustrate the veil and I happened to look down at the table in front of me.

On the woven tablemat my attention was drawn to a dark blue plastic cigarette lighter, an empty glass, a tobacco pouch and other sundry items. All of a sudden, Richard’s phrase “the actual world of people, things and events” came to mind and I found myself acknowledging that the things on the table existed in actuality, i.e. did in fact actually exist, and this being the case, here I was waving my hand in front of “people”, in this case Richard, saying that I experienced him as if behind a veil, i.e. not actually existing. It took only a few more seconds of switching my attention from the things on the table and my waving hand for the whole illusion of a separating veil to collapse – along with my illusory self-centred identity as I was gradually becoming aware of.

The whole experience was like a seamless transition between two worlds – from being a feeling being trapped within an illusionary all-encompassing self-created and sustained bubble to being here in the actual world. There was no dramatic end for ‘me’, no death-like traumatic experience, no prior psychic events or escapades, no “wall of fear”, no “abyss” – rather there was a profound experience of sweetness, a ready acknowledgement of my destiny and a final understanding that the feeling of separateness was nothing other than an illusion of ‘my’ own making. (R3)

What pleases me most about becoming actually free of the human condition is how easy it was for me, which means that there is no reason that it should not be equally easy for those who will follow in my footsteps, and Vineeto has already proven that this is the case.

The other thing that has become startlingly evident, now that I am actually free, is that whilst my freedom was, in part, facilitated by an actual intimacy with Richard, the first human to become actually free from the human condition, this direct contact with Richard will not at all be necessary for others. When seen in a broader context (as a humanity-specific as distinct to a personal-specific experience) for each of us the desire was for an actual intimacy with a fellow human being (finally bringing to an end of the feeling of separateness that isolates every human being from other human beings and from the actual world) and that the overarching motivation for each of us was to facilitate (by taking direct action) the spreading of peace on earth.

Such perfection ...

Cheers ... Peter

[\[go to end of footnotes\]](#)



Footnotes:

(P1): This all-consuming experience of sweetness:

- [Peter]: Upon reflection and from a hindsight viewpoint of being actually free, I would say that this experience of sweetness is the closest experience that I, as a feeling being, could have of the innate sweetness of having the on-going, sensuous direct experience of the benignity, purity and perfection of the paradisiacal playground-like world that flesh and blood body-only humans actually live in. [\[return\]](#)



(P2): As I remembered where Richard was, I reached out and touched the side of his actual face:

- [Peter]: Whilst being a feeling being one can never see an actual face, an actual fellow human being, let alone an actual tree, an actual house and so on, due to the fact that a feeling being is forever isolated from the actual world by a thin veneer of self-created ‘reality’ of his or her own making. [\[return\]](#)



(R1): I was literally being bathed in this sweetness:

- [Richard]: Be duly advised how the portrayal of the out-of-the-ordinary experience which follows this indispensable preface will have diverse effect dependent upon where the reader/the listener is coming from, where the reader/the listener is at, and where the reader/ the listener is heading for ... namely: if the reader/the listener is of a materialistic conviction it will be an account of a weird and whacky event^[1]; if the reader/the listener is of a spiritualist persuasion it will be testimony to a miraculous and magnipotent manifestation^[2]; if the reader/the listener is of an actualistic attitude it will be a report of a marvellous and magical prodigy^[3]. [\[return\]](#)

For the sake of clarity in communication here are some dictionary definitions:

[1] a weird and whacky event (materialism):

- event: something that happens or is thought of as happening; an occurrence, an incident; now esp. one that is significant or noteworthy. (Oxford Dictionary). [\[return\]](#)

[2] a miraculous and magnipotent manifestation (spiritualism):

- manifestation: a phenomenon or number of phenomena by which the presence of a spirit is supposed to be rendered perceptible. (Oxford Dictionary). [\[return\]](#)

[3] a marvellous and magical prodigy (actualism):

- prodigy: an amazing, marvellous, or unusual thing; a wonderful example of some quality. (Oxford Dictionary).

Accordingly, then, at the moment when Peter leaned forward, wondering as he did as to my experience of the actual, wondering as to the very nature of the actual, the brilliance of the atmospheric lighting fluctuated (as if household lighting was increasing/decreasing via a dimmer switch being turned up and down to a regular pulse) which alerted me to his imminence; as he came ever closer, experientially, the up-and-down brilliance fluctuation segued into a side-to-side resonance of atmospheric timbre (as if pulsing back-and-forth from the walls of a hollowed circular space) and acquainted me of his immanence; as he reported becoming aware of a quite extraordinary sweetness his features were suffused with a radiant glow (not dissimilar to a sunburnt face ruddy with gleaming epidermal heat); as he advised of being literally bathed in that palpable sweetness his shining face shimmered with bands of iridescent pinks and mauves, subtlety chasing each other upward from bottom to top, which more than amply conveyed the radical range and extent of his experiencing; as he had profound intimation of words portraying the philanthropic nature of altruistic ‘self’-sacrifice he expressed how sweet ‘his’

ending was to be; he spoke with soft intensity of how ‘he’ would go gladly into a sweetness of such all-consuming magnitude, of how sweetful a demise it was such that no human could ever have possibly wished for; of how there was no (expected) fear so vast as to best be called dread whatsoever; of how there was no darkness, no blackness, no abyss, no whatever, at all but, instead, only this incredible all-encompassing sweetness to go blessedly (my word not his) into oblivion with.

Then he gently withdrew from where he was separated only by the flimsiest of films from my actual presence, leisurely departed from those environs immediately in the surrounds of his bubble of actuality, gradually left me on my own again in this actual world; his features gently reverted to normal, his face leisurely took on its typical mien, gradually leaving me so as to once again be the man known to me so well; we chatted, easily, readily, about the significance of this (magical) episode like the two mates we unquestionably were; we spoke of our first meeting, a dozen or so years ago, where the moment he stepped out into the backyard patio, in the early evening of that night, there had been an instant recognition (of fate and destiny intertwined); we reminisced of how we had conversed about matters profound until two in the morning yet all he could recall was me saying how everyone had it all 180 degrees wrong; and of how my recollection was of him saying how people like him relied upon people like me to provide a road-map to the pristine paradise this verdant and azure planet indubitably is.

And thus was the scene set for the second stage, about to take place in a scant hour or so hence, of this marvellous and magical prodigy unfolding in all its wondrous magnificence, on this fateful eve of an entirely new epoch. [\[return\]](#)



(R2): A male best-mate playmate [and that female playmates would then follow soon after].

- [Richard]: Again be duly advised how the portrayal of the out-of-the-ordinary experience which follows this indispensable preface will have diverse effect dependent upon where the reader/the listener is coming from, where the reader/the listener is at, and where the reader/the listener is heading for ... namely: if the reader/the listener is of a materialistic conviction it will be an account of a weird and whacky event; if the reader/the listener is of a spiritualist persuasion it will be testimony to a miraculous and magnipotent manifestation; if the reader/the listener is of an actualistic attitude it will be a report of a marvellous and magical prodigy.

Accordingly, then, when Peter began to experience an increasingly intimate ambience he first sought to proceed as per the first stage, physically, from where he was sitting on the other side of the coffee table betwixt the couches; just as the first fluctuations in atmospheric brilliance began he was prompted to move over and sit the couch beside me; as turning to face each other, fully, thus necessitated one leg/thigh tucked up on the couch cushion, and as the brilliance fluctuation had temporarily abated, it was entirely in keeping with the relaxed ambience to suggest there be no need for formality; accordingly, cigarettes were casually rolled and lit, all the while chatting easily and readily about these episodes unfolding, and the informal seating became even more akin to a sprawl; as Peter recalled me speaking often of being on my own for these last seventeen years, but never alone (let alone lonely) due to an actual intimacy, the fluctuations in atmospheric brilliance recommenced; as he remembered me speaking of looking to have somebody join me, here, as a demonstrative replication of my condition (thus no longer, arguably, a 'freak of nature'), with the consequent probability of then ushering in a global peace and harmony, the up-and-down brilliance fluctuation segued in a familiar way into the side-to-side resonance of atmospheric timbre; just then, as he remembered how to find me, his hand came through that flimsiest of films (which completely enclosed and isolated his bubble of actuality from the real-world reality) and actually stroked

the left-side of my face with the most perfect touch; it was a caress of absolute perfection such as could only occur when this particular feeling ‘being’, tenderly feeling the utmost caring possible per favour the near-innocence of naiveté personified, was thus granted privileged access to slip part of their host body through a compliantly temporaneous rent in their veil.

As this had been my experience twice before – once on the previous night, when another feeling ‘being’ had inadvertently slipped bodily through^[1] a similarly compliant temporaneous rent in their bubble of actuality, and on a first occasion many years previously when my second wife (de jure) briefly had this privileged access – it came as no surprise because Peter’s tactile confirmation of a flesh and blood body actually existing (in his bubble of actuality) is entirely in accord with the way things work here – which is, of course, magically – so as to provide the requisite physical proof this direct-route pioneer needed to reliably ensure consummate safety for all humankind; all the whilst this utterly perfect caress continued he spoke most tenderly of me being as if a ‘Robinson Crusoe’ type of person, on my own but never lonely on a paradisaical tropical isle, entirely content and sufficient unto myself yet ever alert for somebody of a comparably playful ilk to have fun with; and then, after having mellifluously spoken of populating paradise with both male and female playmates, his hand (it was all of his right hand, actually, plus his forearm half to the elbow) gently withdrew, as he leisurely departed, gradually leaving me on my own again in this actual world.

And thus was the scene set for the third stage, about to take place the following evening, of this marvellous and magical prodigy unfolding in all its wondrous magnificence on this fateful eve of an entirely new epoch. [[return](#)]

*

[1] another feeling ‘being’ had inadvertently slipped bodily through:

The reason why the word inadvertently is apt is because that feeling ‘being’ – just as was the case with my second wife (de jure) many years previously – was not of sufficient qualification to be the direct-route pioneer essential for global peace and harmony; indeed, this inadvertent access was of an ‘innocent abroad’ nature, to use a popular expression, and the dilettante quality of such a privileged access – despite being complete, as it was, with the most perfect bodily touching (a physical caressing of absolute perfection) – led to their worldview-shattering discovery of my actual age (worldview-shattering only for ill-informed/ill-prepared dabblers); this worldview-shattering shock of theirs, accompanied by much wide-eyed staring and the plaintive crying-out of the words ‘Two worlds!?! Two worlds!?!’ instigated the panic-stricken dash for (presumed) safety from an (assumed to be) insane man – as concluded from an amateurish ‘split-personality mental disorder’ diagnosis (based solely upon an automorphically ascribed adult personality who was, supposedly, co-existing with a ‘left behind’ teenager) – and the consequent mutiny as others were affectively-psychically sucked, willy-nilly, into a collective panic.

As the word collective here refers to blind nature’s affective herding/flocking survival package a shipboard insurrection/insurgency is essentially no different to any such seditious/subversive civic disorder, whether on land or at sea, whereupon the much-touted ‘community spirit’/‘communal rallies’ can abruptly turn, in a collective flash of affective-psychic power-play, into the notorious ‘mob riots’/‘mob violence’ which ruling classes through the ages have feared so much (as in peasant uprisings/working-class revolutions).

The solution?

None other than the extirpation of the entire affective faculty/the identity in toto formed thereof – whereby all hierarchical civic order via civic control becomes instantly redundant – leaving only equity and parity (not equality) where previously there was an instinctual jostling for pecking order.

And thus was the scene now fully set for the third stage, about to take place the following evening, of this marvellous and magical prodigy unfolding in all its wondrous magnificence on this fateful eve of an entirely new epoch. [\[return\]](#)



(R3): The feeling of separateness was nothing other than an illusion of ‘my’ own making

- [Richard]: Peter’s seamless transition between two worlds – the world of the psyche (aka the real world) and the world of the senses (aka the actual world) – entailed no marvellous and magical prodigy for me to experience (no fluctuation in atmospheric brilliance; no resonance in atmospheric timbre; no physical caress of absolute perfection) but, rather, the everyday ‘magic’ of the way things work in this actual world.

And the reason why the word ‘magic’ is utilised (magic as in prestidigitation and not as in a sorcerer’s magic) is because no other word currently exists to adequately convey how a lifetime of cares and woes – all the misery and mayhem which epitomises the human condition – can vanish in an instant (and vanish so completely as to have never been in the first place).

What I have written elsewhere may be of some assistance in comprehension. Vis.:

- [Richard]: (...) it has to be experienced, as a flesh and blood body only (as in here in this actual world) in order to understand how things operate in actuality. And, just as stone-age natives thought of cameras/photographs as ‘magic’ boxes/‘magic’ pictures (and not as the readily explicable technology it is) so too is the way in which things can operate here quite ‘magical’. (January 7, 2010).

In other words, just as it took millennia for humankind collectively to comprehend heliocentricity, for instance, so too may it be ages before the way things operate in actuality – how things

function here in this actual world – be properly examined, be hypothesised about, be rigorously tested and, thus, explained in such a manner that the word ‘magical’ (as in ‘magic’ boxes/ ‘magic’ pictures) need never be utilised again.

Ain’t life grand! [[return](#)]

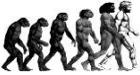




And now a bit of Vineeto... including her report of becoming newly actually free ...

Followed by a bit of Richard that I found inspirational – it's the introduction to his journal...





A Bit of Vineeto ...

I have always searched for freedom in my life. Whenever I have felt stranded or trapped I eventually moved in the direction that appeared to offer greater freedom.

When I left home at nineteen and went to live in a big city I thought that was freedom. It seemed to me that at last I could do what I wanted with no one constantly looking over my shoulder. I could finally explore what life was really about! The first limitation I found was in experimenting with sex. Apart from the fear of becoming pregnant there were other restrictions and morals to think about. Should I be in love with the man before I went to bed with him? Was he of suitable class, race or religion? Did I need to consider a life-long relationship every time I felt attracted to someone?

The outcome of these considerations was that I decided on a committed long-term relationship living with a man. The pressure from both the families eventually became too strong and, although I was hesitant at the time, we decided to get married. We lived together with five other students and at the same time I was also having a relationship with another man in the group. I shared different interests and experiences with him than with my husband. I consoled myself that marriage was only a facade and in reality I could still do what I wanted. However, I found myself trapped by society's morals and the expectations of family and friends to be faithful to one man for life; every other sexual relationship was considered a sin. So I felt I had to get out.

Divorce was a significant step away from past restrictions into the freedom of living as an individual, finding out for myself how I wanted to live. It was also a big emotional upheaval at the time because I was considered the bad girl – after all, I was the one who had broken up the marriage.

While at university I checked out all the political solutions to society's problems that troubled me at the time. There were the liberals, the greens, the socialists, the communists and the ultra-left, all with their various concepts and ideals. As I worked through their pompous words, statements and interpretations I found that none of it made much sense. None of their solutions seemed to me to be really applicable, as they were often too theoretical and not practical at all.



Then a new idea caught my attention: 'Male solutions fail because they are male. Give women the power and they will solve the world's problems!' Women's liberation took not only a political viewpoint about changing the world, but introduced the idea of investigating and improving the relationship between men and women. I went head over heels into this new adventure to find freedom, this time freedom from being dependent on men for their emotional support, practical help or social and financial security. I started to more and more explore what it is to be a woman standing on my own two feet. I learnt practical skills like building and fixing things. I started to have my own opinion and to take care of my own life in every possible aspect. It was an exciting and adventurous time, but I encountered the same basic trouble in the woman's liberation movement that I had already found disturbing in the different political student groups. Women would not only unite to fight against men but also fight between themselves to get to the top of this new class – 'women'. Women claimed to be better than men but would still fight exactly the same petty power battles between each other as men did. And if lesbianism was supposed to be the solution, I saw that it still had jealousy, competition, dependency and all the other problems of heterosexual relationships.

However, by becoming less afraid of tackling life's issues on my own, the fear of men also diminished, although it didn't

disappear entirely. And despite female liberation I hadn't resolved the issue of authority. Beneath it all I was still relying on male authority for comparison, orientation and approval, while rebelling against it at the same time.



Another part of the female agenda was the desire to change the world by nurturing means: education and social work. After I had dismissed revolutionary changes as not applicable, I thought people could be taught to be more happy by 'right' education and by changing people's social conditions. But after working with drug-addicts for two years I had to admit failure. I had nothing to teach them; I was as ignorant as they were, and I had no solutions for society's misfits, let alone myself.

Along with my social-work studies came an interest in therapy, both for myself and for my work. I tried most of the Human Growth groups available. I expressed and re-evaluated all the different emotions and examined every possible issue but it did not really get to the bottom of the matter. I continued in later years with 'spiritual' therapies, where psychological understanding was combined with devotion, awareness and meditation. In terms of freedom I looked for redemption from misery, fear, anger, jealousy, dependency, tension and self-doubt. Every approach had a slightly different answer, though none offered lasting solutions.



When I became a disciple of Rajneesh another aspect was added to the search for freedom. Now the idea was to get rid of something called the 'ego', the 'mind' or the 'self', as the solution to whatever was wrong with my life. It seemed to make great sense in the beginning. Here I was with all my conditioning, ideas and experiences, and in order to become free of misery I would have to transcend every manifestation of the ego and then I could live constantly in the land of bliss. And meditation was the ticket and

the tool. This was definitely the best on offer up to now! Not just ‘rearranging the furniture on the Titanic’, which was what therapy merely ended up doing, but the promise to get rid of the whole problem, my ‘self’, altogether! I only had to find out what this ‘self’ consisted of and then turn away and transcend it!

But exactly this was the problem. First of all, I could never determine exactly what this ‘self’ consisted of. Secondly I could only turn away temporarily. It was never for good. Problems, feelings and emotions didn’t dissolve; I only occasionally got more ‘distance’ from them. The nice effects of meditation like silence, ease and peace of mind never lasted.



Apart from having a good time with other sannyasins living together in communes I was eager to pursue my dream of a life without misery – which enlightenment was supposed to bring. Over the years I realised that to achieve this dream I had given up career, a possible marriage and children, a place to settle as well as financial security – in short, everything my parents and society had expected me to accomplish. Also, like most others, I had little contact with non-sannyasins. Not that it was a problem at the time, but it left me dependant on living with other like-minded people to feel secure, strengthen the belief and keep away the doubt.

And then there was my devoted and unquestioning relationship to the Master. For me He was the ultimate authority; with sufficient devotion to Him we, his disciples, would achieve enlightenment. For that reason, His wisdom and comments were the only ones I would rely on when looking at issues in my life. What is this ego, what is meditation, how to relate with a boyfriend, how to work, what is it to be a woman or a good seeker? Since I was trying to get rid of my mind, come what may, it meant that I applied the offered advice without question. In doing so, I not only surrendered my will, but also my ability to think for myself!

In the end I found that what initially looked like offering freedom from misery had turned into yet another bondage. This I only experienced fully three years after Rajneesh died when I left the commune to live in Australia, outside the familiarity and security of the ashram – ‘in the real world’. Although I was desperately looking for friends in this new country I nevertheless restricted my close relationships to similarly devoted Rajneeshees. I was, in fact, quite suspicious and afraid of people who were ‘non-believers’. The path to the promised ultimate freedom, to enlightenment, seemed to be becoming narrower and narrower, away from being at ease in the world, from happiness and the physical delights of life. Something didn’t match with how I had imagined my life to be – a life of freedom I had sought on leaving home, all those years ago.

Throughout all these stages in my life, although I was looking for freedom, I always found limitations in the offered solutions. However I could not, nor did I want to, settle for any compromise, for something that did not show success – for anything less than an actual and permanent freedom.



So when finally I came across Richard and found a simple, straightforward method to actually get rid of emotions, instincts, the ‘self’ as well as the illusion of the very big ‘Self’, I was really interested! Here was someone who stated that there was more freedom possible than even enlightenment offered! Having come this far, having explored so many other approaches in my life and moved on when I saw that they failed, I did not want to turn away from this opportunity.

More freedom than enlightenment? Yes! More freedom than believing somebody else’s experience and trusting His method of meditation, despite seventeen years of no reliable results? Yes! A practical simple method, and the tangible lasting success that I

was increasingly experiencing living with Peter in a way that far exceeded any relationship in the past? Yes!

After all I am a rather practical woman and I like things that work! I like a car that drives, a computer that functions quickly and smoothly and a job that is fun. And I appreciate immensely a method that cleans me up, makes me happy and harmless, and rids me of the burden of my imaginary, yet very effective two selves – ‘self’ and ‘Self’, ego and soul. It took me a few months though, to gather enough courage to change gear and direction, but since then the journey has been a wonderful and delicious adventure, sprinkled only occasionally with a few quivers of fear.



Recently I discovered that I was still safely hiding behind Peter despite my determination to become free. I regarded him as more of an ‘authority’ on freedom because he had met Richard first and was writing his journal. It suddenly dawned on me that I had decided to wait for Peter to become completely free before I would dare to consider it for myself.

I have observed so many times in the past how women are caught in the typical female role of staying in the shadow of the man, playing a supportive and meek role. Most women around Rajneesh considered devotion as the highest fulfillment of their lives. It seems the pinnacle of a woman’s spiritual career is to become the personal caretaker of an enlightened Guru! And I had just repeated this female pattern of putting myself second! Enough!

I went to Peter and told him, ‘I am not taking a back seat now, watch out, I might be the first one to be free!’ Funny, hey! Of course, it is not a race in the usual sense – eventually we both will be actually free – but I have come out from behind the oven, so to speak! I am leaving the comfortable and safe hiding place that is usually the woman’s world. I have placed myself in equity with the man. No more comparison, either way!

Peter chuckled and said, ‘Good, maybe you want to write a bit, and then we’ll put it at the end of the book.’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I had thought about that too!’ So the printing press has been put on hold until I finish my bit. And being as lazy as I am, I am glad that Peter has covered most of the ground, so I am only writing about some of my discoveries on the way to freedom.



When Peter rang and invited me for dinner for our first date, I thought his proposition was downright stunning. The lot about an actual freedom I brushed aside as too new and scary – I couldn’t take it in at the time. But I was fascinated by his offer to live in peace and harmony with a woman in an actual permanent intimacy. And he was also prepared to commit himself to it 100% – boots and all! Usually the men I have met had to be seduced and manipulated into the little bit of commitment that I wanted, and here was someone who offered all of it, all by himself. I couldn’t believe my luck! As he looked a sensible and sensuous man who could be fun to be with I decided to ‘sign’ the contract and give it a go!

This contract had only one condition. It consisted of each of us being prepared to look at every issue that would be in the way between us, so that we would be able to establish a direct intimacy with its resultant peace and harmony between us. It had been almost a life-long yearning, especially intense for the last two years before I met Peter, to find the ‘right’ man for the ‘perfect’ relationship. I had been studying other relationships, what made them click or fail, and I had already come to the conclusion that it would only work if both partners were willing to look at themselves. Also, after long years of experience living in a partnership with its inevitable power battles, manipulations, frustrations and heartache, I decided that, no matter what, I did not want these battles anymore. Either I could like the man and live with him as he was – or not. But I would not continue my past

pattern of blaming the other and trying to change him. This was my dowry for the new adventure.

So we both agreed to look deeply into ourselves, come what may, to remove all that formed a gulf between us – all that prevented intimacy. Together with Peter I have explored what it is to be a human being and what exactly makes me tick as a woman – this program of beliefs and instincts with its resulting feelings and emotions. Along the path to freedom I have evaluated and discarded all of the so-called female attributes and values, which women so proudly claim as their main territory – emotions, feelings love and intuition. I had been fighting a continuous battle within me and against others as to which is right and which is wrong – the male version of demanding, desiring, rationalising and displaying emotions or the female version. I have found that both versions are silly, useless and redundant.



Women are usually better equipped and more experienced in the ‘psychic world’ of emotions, feelings and intuition, having been trained and conditioned differently than men. Of course, we women use exactly this know-how as our sharpest and most effective weapon to manipulate and control, whinge and whine, scream or sulk, leaving the man baffled and confused as to what exactly he has done wrong. Also I was usually not able to, or willing to, explain clearly what I was being emotional about. Telling the whole story of my ‘upset’ would take away the mystery that secured my power, and often the man would put down my emotional reaction as inappropriate and irrational, thus adding fuel to the fire. So I wouldn’t talk about the actual issue and consequently didn’t bother to find out for myself what exactly were my emotions and what were the reasons that triggered them. I can now understand and acknowledge how I had used my psychic and emotional power in all my relationships to win the ‘battle’, if only

temporarily, and to take revenge for hurts, disappointments and frustrations.

It was a great step towards an actual freedom and a permanent happiness when I learned for the first time that I could not only explore my emotions to their very core, but actually get rid of them and live without them. But it definitely meant giving up the means of power over men. Since I had already agreed to discard battling as the solution, it was obvious that I had to give up the fight first. If I want peace I can't wait for the other to start to lay down his arms. This does not work. I have to give up battling because the battle itself is the problem. The solution is not to try and change somebody else, but to look into the very cause of my own unhappiness. Once this condition was understood and agreed upon, we could both cease battling, sit down and talk about any situation that caused disagreement.

Now I would not only ask myself, 'how do I feel?' but also question the very necessity of having this feeling. Understanding that emotion itself was a major component of my (female) identity, and of my 'self', allowed me to explore what lies behind any upcoming emotion – what thought, what belief, what investment, what instinct. By examining the validity of the underlying cause I was then able to eliminate the subsequent emotions, one by one, including the greatest and holiest of them all: Love itself.



The very first belief I had to get out of the way, before I could even start questioning love, was the Christian virtue of unselfishness. The idea of having to be 'unselfish' in order to be considered 'good' was causing a lot of confusion in my life. Who was to receive the benefit of my unselfishness? What was the limit? What actually was considered selfish or self-centred? And why was unselfishness so highly valued?

Examining my experiences with, and behaviour towards, other people I found that I have always pursued my own goals in life, as I could see everyone else was doing. Whatever my good intentions and considerations for others, there was always an aspect of personal interest involved. Ultimately I had followed the moral of being unselfish and helping other people in order to be accepted and loved, to reach heaven or become enlightened. The other part of the deal was that I in turn expected to be helped should I be in need of support.

Recognising the fact that every interaction has ultimately self-interest at its core made it easier for me to throw out this hypocritical idea of having to be unselfish. Now I just find the most sensible way of being happy and harmless which, of course, includes considering everyone who is part of the particular situation. For me, this also involves cleaning myself up so I can be free of misery and malice – not contributing to the chaos people usually create for each other.

Everybody seems to live everybody else's life, perpetuating the cycle of misery by consolation, sympathy, empathy and compassion – thus helping people to stay helpless. I can supply practical help if someone asks me to, but I am not responsible for anybody else's happiness and neither is anybody else responsible for my happiness. It makes life much less complicated if I stop trying to find the solution for 'SEP', 'Someone Else's Problem' and focus my intent and effort on becoming happy and harmless.



I remember my last disagreement with Peter nine months ago. I had just come back from overseas and, although I still had rented a house to live in, I decided to live with him. I had shifted my belongings into his flat, but one evening I got the wind up! Scared of the new adventure ahead of me I felt the 'poor victim' of being trapped in a place where I suddenly didn't want to be. What I wanted was the solace of Peter's love, which should bridge the

expected difficult times, and his reassurance that everything would be all right. I used all my old manipulation skills to convince Peter to see the situation my way and offer me comfort and sympathy.

But he simply responded, ‘Look, I know you are an independent woman and perfectly capable of looking after yourself. If you don’t want to be here this evening, you could go. The car is downstairs, you still pay rent for the other place – you are free to go there any time!’ This simple stating of the facts switched on my intelligence again. Well, this was obviously the case. It meant I had a choice in the situation; I was responsible for myself, instead of being a victim of the circumstances. I could change the situation without his help. Out of this clarity I realised that I chose to be with him because I wanted to be! It brought me straight back into the actual situation, and all need for comfort, compromise, manipulating and changing the other simply disappeared into thin air.

And what a relief it was, that I had no power over Peter, no way to make him do what I wanted! I could not bend him in any direction because he wasn’t afraid to be on his own. Thus, my tools in the power battle had failed and could finally be thrown out of the window. Also, I discovered that I wasn’t afraid to be on my own either. So in our relationship we do not need to win the battle of ‘dependency’, we can focus on each of us being *here* – where we can meet freely and enjoy each other’s company whenever we want to.



My traditional response to the feeling of being trapped had been that the man should give me his love and reassurance. But the way to the intimacy that I had already experienced and wanted to have with Peter all the time, was that I had to question, examine and eliminate the notorious bunch of feelings called love. Peter’s description of our adventure into freedom and intimacy is certainly not just a male point of view. Did he love me enough or not, or did

I love him enough or not, was not the question – I discovered that love was not the solution but the problem itself!

The answer again lay 180 degrees in the opposite direction to what I had come to know up to now. I had expected or assumed someone was to love my ‘grotty self’, when even I could not stand those parts of me! A person who ‘loves me’ is supposed to accept all those ‘quirks of my personality’, which no intelligent human being would be able to put up with without blind nature’s intoxication known as ‘being in love’. And for years I had tried the same with the men I had ‘loved’, without success or happiness, let alone lasting intimacy. Intimacy can only happen when there is no emotion, no feeling or projection in the way between us. So, one of the first things that we discovered to be in the way of actual intimacy were the feelings of love – that sweet syrup that was usually poured over the spiky, malicious, miserable ‘self’, which I was most of the time!

One thing that I particularly didn’t like about falling in love was the pining. Whenever I was not with Peter I felt I was tied to him on a long elastic cord and not able to fully enjoy whatever I was doing by myself. Digging into what could be the reason for my pining, I discovered what I call the ‘Cinderella-syndrome’ – the romantic dream that most women have about the perfect and noble man. We are not only looking for someone who takes care of us when our own strength fails us, but also for someone who gives perspective, meaning, definition and identity to our lives, be it as father of our kids, provider of social status, security or a purpose for life. According to this dream Peter should be the answer to the question which I wasn’t willing to face myself: ‘What do I really want to do with my life?’



I remember a Monday evening after a weekend together, and I had been pining the whole day. I had not enjoyed work as I found myself struggling to get out of this exhausting dependency.

Here I was, 44 years old and as silly as a teenager! After work I took a long walk across rolling hills into a spectacular sunset, trying to work out what I wanted to do with my life. In the end, I had to admit that, whatever it was, it had not the slightest thing to do with anything Peter could do for me.

I wanted to be perfect and I had to do it myself. I still had to clean myself up. Just having found a probable good mate had nothing to do with the fact that I wasn't the best I could be; that I wasn't free. I decided there and then to face the challenge, to abandon the love-dream and go for the actual experience – meeting another human being as intimately as possible instead of looking up to him and waiting for him to be the 'hero of my dreams'.

That very evening the situation changed. My pining stopped. The fog in the head cleared. My expectations disappeared. I could again stand on my own feet and equally enjoy the time when I was by myself. I had recovered my autonomy – my autonomy in the sense that I am the only one in my life who is responsible for my happiness.



Detecting and debunking the romantic dream placed the first big dent into the wobbling monster of love. Now it was much easier to look at what it was in my 'self' that cried out for this love. It has been quite scary at times, to rid myself of the very identity I had as a woman. What would be left of me when I didn't feel love? How could I relate both to Peter and other people, if not with emotion or intuition? What would I have to offer in friendships or conversations, if not sympathy and consolation? My whole edifice of 'who' I was, who I believed myself to be, began to crumble in a heap as I questioned and demolished the attributes of love and emotion. Now naked of all those characteristics and beliefs as well as their resultant emotions and behaviour, which have kept man and woman apart for millennia, I am experiencing for the first time in my life actual intimacy with a man. Now there are no dreams, no

expectations, no emotions or any other restrictions that could cloud the thrill of meeting another human being. Now instead of random moments of ‘sweet love’ I am able to give Peter my full attention and clean attentiveness each time we communicate and so does he.

Even after dismissing love as a concept or an option of relating, I still had to be watchful of my ‘love-attacks’, as I called them. They would come through the backdoor, seduce me with a rose-colored mood and appear so nice and cosy – such a temptation to surrender back into loving Peter instead of meeting him directly. However, I had understood and experienced often enough that any feeling for the other, howsoever sweet and soothing, would only make him a projected imaginary figure on my own screen of emotions, which can so easily change at the slightest whim. It had nothing to do with the actual person or situation. Being vigilant and persistently nibbling away at my habit of falling back into love proved to be a long process. After all, love and empathy are praised as woman’s greatest virtues!



Later, love changed into the subtler version of feeling ‘connected’ to Peter, of having, through him, some kind of identity in my life. I caught myself wanting to use him as an outline for my own existence, as an anchor to define me as ‘person-in-relation’, a ‘self’. Examining it closer I discovered that this need for an anchor derives from the female instinct for protection. Only when I feel ‘connected’ to a person can I keep up the illusion that I can rely on this person for ‘bad times’.

However, whenever I managed not to fall into the trap of love – what a delight then to discover the actual person, thrilling, alive, meeting for the first time and not knowing what either of us is going to say or do next! Love was then replaced by this delicious state of crisp and exquisite awareness, where I am utterly by myself, there is no relationship between us whatsoever, and the next moment is unpredictable and without continuity to any past or

future. Remembering again and again the joy of those wonder-filled moments always gave me the necessary intent and courage to keep removing any feelings that the ‘self’ kept producing.



I remember in the past whenever I had talked with girlfriends about the qualities of the future ‘perfect’ man, the worst and most terrible vision was to live with a man who was without feelings and emotions! The only option I could think of then was that he would repress his emotions and eventually explode, or that he would be a robot, a walking computer! At that time it was simply unimaginable that I would be able to relate to, let alone delight in living with such a man. And because my only identity and power had been to feel and express emotions, it was also inconceivable for me to be without them myself.

Now living together is so simple, each of us minding our own business, down to details like money, car, sewing on a button or taking care of one’s health. And each of us is free to do it the way each prefers. Of course I enjoy making Peter a cup of coffee or he delights in cooking a meal for us. But neither of us interferes in how the other wants to spend his or her time. Because the ‘grotty’ parts are cleaned out we are able to delight in each other’s company as well as enjoy our own company.

There is no separation caused by us being in different camps, where the man never understands the woman and vice versa. When Peter talks about an issue, an experience or how he perceives a situation I know exactly what he is talking about, and so does he when I tell my story. We are not in different movies or from different planets; we live in the actual, factual world, able to understand each other’s train of thought and make ‘common sense’ of our experiences. There is no female, emotional world for me to wallow in and no male, rational world for Peter to retreat to. By not being in different camps there is now no need for love, whose only function in the past was to provide a ‘bridge over troubled

water’ – the abyss of gender. The actual permanent intimacy we enjoy now is vastly superior to any temporary good feelings of love, which we both had experienced before.

People might say that I have simply surrendered to the male camp, that I am the man’s clone or carbon copy, repressing my emotions to please the man and have superficial peace. In my experience repression has always failed because it is utterly unreliable. It delivers neither freedom, happiness nor peace, it only causes withdrawal, moodiness, suffering, manipulation, anger, resentment and frustration.

Applying Richard’s method is forcing me to examine and eliminate the very issues and beliefs that are triggering those emotions. It reveals to me that emotions are the crucial part of the ‘self’ – the very cause of my being unhappy and malicious. It enabled me to question the beliefs that both defined and confined me as a woman. Chiselling away my psychological entity has made emotions and feelings virtually redundant and has left me increasingly free to enjoy every person I meet, every situation that happens and everything that this abundant universe offers. In my ‘role-play’ I am neither a ‘woman’ nor a ‘man’, but simply a human being ... a female, of course!



Some time ago, in a spiritual magazine I read an interview with a woman who, after years of failed relationships, has made celibacy a part of her spiritual practice. In this interview she talked about the ‘freedom’ she now has because she doesn’t have to bother with all the ‘problems’ of being a female: her attractiveness, her female sexual role-play and desire, and the problems of falling in love with their seemingly inevitable bonds and dependencies. I was shocked in disbelief! She actually thinks that by using her willpower and repressing her sexual desire she would gain freedom from her conditioning as a woman. She just cannot see where the

problem is! It's like taking a vow of silence because you stutter! Where is the freedom in this?

The solution to the problems inherent in being a sexual 'animal' for me was not denial, because sex is simply a delicious function of my body. Nothing is wrong with it. What is wrong is the mental programming of the sexual instinct, which drives me to go out, find a man and get pregnant – and the consequent need to secure the protection of the potential father. Curiously, my decision not to have any children and to be sterilised did not change this underlying instinctual urge at all!

In order to control, channel and obscure this instinct in a socially acceptable way, society instilled in me the appropriate morals, beliefs and behaviour of male-female role-play. This merely resulted in seduction, manipulation, denial, guilt and fear of sex, and the ongoing search for the right, appropriate sexual conduct – most of it passed down centuries ago. Looking back on what my idea of a sexual identity consisted of, I found that I had been either too sexual and threatening for men, risking being considered a wild and immoral woman, or on the other hand, I was not 'open' and pleasing enough, causing the man to fall short in his idea of the good lover he imagined himself to be.



When Peter and I started to throw out love it had a great impact on my sexual 'identity'. It was an intense and scary time because right behind the nice, embellishing veil of love lingered all the monsters and demons of being an animal, a whore, a slut, not human and having sex with a 'stranger'. Enjoying sex without 'being in love' is still considered one of the greatest sins of Christian morality. And Eastern spirituality regards any kind of sex as the biggest obstacle to enlightenment.

Not only had I to face my own personal conditioning about sex but I was also confronted with the fact of stepping out of the

collective accepted behaviour and limits that every woman had been taught. Demons of atavistic fears would present me with their ferocious stories, as though I was still living in the Middle Ages, where women were burnt at the stake for leaving the fold or were expelled for not conforming. It took some effort to understand that both fears and beliefs around sex were simply inherited from other people, they don't have any actual relevance for me.

Digging deeper, stepping outside of the realm of sexual conditioning and beliefs I then discovered their underlying force – the sexual instincts. This inheritance from our animal past is simply installed to blindly ensure the continuity of the species. It has nothing to do with my happiness and inhibits any sensible behaviour. Those blind instincts cause, among other troubles, possessiveness, jealousy, rape, murder and overpopulation. Identified and seen as what they were, these instincts eventually lost their significance and their grip over me. Now I can enjoy the sensibility and pleasure of sex without being driven, free of the need and dependency that used to be the inevitable consequence. I now don't need to reinforce my female sexual identity or practise my manipulative power over men – hence the need for flirting has disappeared. Relating to men without the restriction of sexual flirtation is indeed a freedom to meet them in a new and fresh way.



Stripping away the ideas of 'who' I am supposed to be, leaving behind the identity of both the virtuous girl and the sinful whore leaves the pure physical sensation of sex. This pleasure I can now easily and delightfully share with a man who also has no idea of 'who' he is supposed to be. I remember one evening early in our relationship when Peter suddenly stopped in the course of foreplay and said, 'I don't want to feel like I have to pleasure you or be giving! Something is wrong here!' We discussed and explored his objection and looked behind the habit of sexual role-play. The man usually thinks he has to give a good performance,

please and pleasure the woman, and the woman thinks she has to make the man happy, either by surrendering to his wishes or – in the modern version – to have to ‘act’ super-sexual and have multiple orgasms. We investigated the whole scenario of these strange defining roles and inhibitions, with their expectations, bank-balances and hidden resentments, and considered them silly and unnecessary.

Since then giving and taking, right and wrong, pleasing and selfish is of no concern, each simply enjoys the physical pleasure of sex. Now sex is a dance with a wonderful mutual rhythm that evolves each moment, ever changing, thrilling, sensational, delicious and exquisite. Riding the waves of pleasure – each time off the scale. The freedom to leave behind the identity of being good or bad, loving or receiving and to follow and enjoy the rhythm of the bodies without any restriction of the ‘self’ whatsoever is an unsurpassed delight. No consideration, fear or worry pales the intensity of this very tangible exquisite sensual delight.



The next major issue that quickly surfaced in our relationship was both my dependence on male authority and the subsequent fight against it – a constant struggle in itself! In my life I had focussed on several, mostly male authority figures – naturally starting with my father. I had loved them or followed them or fought them – often at the same time. This was the main reason not only for the frustrations and ensuing failure of all my relationships in the past, but also for my difficulties in working relations or friendships. Being either subservient to or fighting against authority would constantly spoil my being at ease with people.

Interestingly, I could only get rid of authority by tracing its cause to the very root: What do I want or need authority for in my life? Why do I create authority? What do I get out of it? What was the ultimate authority behind each representative of power? Which version of good and bad, right and wrong was I to follow? Could I

consider living without an external or internal authority in my life? And what would be the consequences?

I explored and discovered in myself the underlying belief that there was Someone or Something, who had created the guidelines of good and bad, right and wrong. And what those different authority figures represented was nothing but the particular values of moral – or later spiritual – improvement that I took to be right and necessary. These were the values and inhibitions to be followed on the ‘right’ path to a meaningful life. Simply rebelling against these authority figures did not invalidate the power of their opinions over me – I had tried that since childhood. Again and again I found myself dependent on their approval, their love and their support, but I had never questioned the very values themselves. I had only followed or fought those who represented these values. Usually, when I succeeded freeing myself of one authority figure, I soon found that I had only replaced them with a supposedly better one – but it never solved the problem. Slowly I started to understand that in order to be free from authority I had to eliminate the need for, and support of, those very beliefs and values underlying the authority.



Finally one evening, when talking and musing about the universe, I fully comprehended that this physical universe is actually infinite. The universe being without boundaries or an edge means that it is impossible, practically, for God to exist. In order to have created the universe or to be in control of it God would have to exist outside of it – and there is no outside! This insight hit me like a thunderbolt. My fear of God and of his representatives collapsed and lost its very substance by this obvious realisation. In fact, there can be no one outside of this infinite universe who is pulling the strings of punishment and reward, heaven and hell – or, according to Eastern tradition, granting enlightenment or leaving me with the eternal karma of endless lives in misery.

This insight presupposes, of course, that there is no place other than the physical universe, no celestial, mystical realm where gods and ghosts exist. It also implies that there is no life before or after death and that the body simply dies when it dies. I needed quite some courage to face and accept this simple fact – to give up all beliefs in an after-life or a ‘spirit-life’. But I could easily observe that as soon as I gave up the idea of any imaginary existence other than the tangible, physical universe, everything, which had seemed so complicated and impossible to understand became graspable, evident, obvious and imminently clear.

When the enormous consequence and implication of slipping out of this insidious belief in any God or Higher Being dawned on me, I was at the same time free of anybody’s authority. I was free of the fear that had been spoiling every relationship with every man in my life: father, brothers, male friends and boyfriends, employers, teachers and Master.



Now I am my own authority, deciding what is silly and sensible, using the common and practical intelligence of the human brain. I am responsible for every action in my life and I can acknowledge that now. However, this means that from now on I cannot blame anybody for making me jealous, miserable, grumpy, afraid, angry or frustrated over any petty issue. Now there is no more excuse, no more hiding place. They are *my* reactions and *my* behaviour, which I have to face and change in order to be free.

After I had seen through the fairy-tale of God and the subsequent power of the authority figures I was finally able to question my relationship with the Master. When Peter and I first met I was firmly rooted in the search for enlightenment, was part of the local community of sannyasins, and in love with Rajneesh. For months this subject was taboo between us and we agreed ‘not to talk about the war’! At the time there were still lots of other interesting issues to explore but the joy and obvious success of

examining and eliminating them finally gave me the courage to investigate this stronghold of my last seventeen years. I decided to find out what could lie behind my love, loyalty and devotion for the Master, and what were the evident results and facts of my search for enlightenment.

I had already dismissed the idea that love was a necessary and basic ingredient for a happy relationship with a man – quite the contrary was the case! Now I started to question the idea of higher love and compassion – whether they were values that still had any significance for me on my way to freedom. Given that I had seen through the belief in the ultimate authority of God I could now more easily explore the nature of the bonds with the Master and face the fears which came along with dismantling my relationship with Him – he who claimed to represent the ‘Absolute Truth’ in the spiritual world. I now set out to compare his promised ultimate goal of enlightenment with my already experienced delightful glimpses of freedom.

My only knowledge about enlightenment had consisted either of what I had heard and read from the Master or of the borrowed bliss or ‘energy’ that I felt when sitting devotionally at His feet. He had been ‘big daddy’ for me, he knew what was right and wrong, he told me what to do with my life, where to search and what to find! But then ‘big daddy’ had died and I had not found any tangible evidence of my being closer to enlightenment despite a lot of intent and effort. Also, there existed no consistent pathway or map, which could establish my position relative to the goal. When I noticed that friends were having a harder time to cope with the ‘world’ after long meditations I didn’t know if that was to be considered a success or a failure. After leaving Poona I meditated regularly for two years and tried to really understand Rajneesh’s teachings. However, the hope of finding something worthwhile in my spiritual search started to fade, but because of my life-long habit of blaming myself, I did not dare to question the validity of the teachings themselves. ‘It is only because I am not pushing hard

enough, I am not meditating enough, I am too dumb or too lazy', I thought.



After I met Peter and began to use Richard's new method of examining and stripping away beliefs, I was challenged by the success of our continuously improving relationship. My life was becoming easier, happier and more thrilling every time I explored a new issue. However, I found myself quite torn apart because I was also desperately trying to hold on to my old ways. I was afraid to leave the fold – this imaginary 'community' where right and wrong was clearly defined and confirmed by everyone around me. I was trying to live in two worlds at the same time. Loyalty to the Master became quite a gut-churning issue. How could I dare to question His love, His authority, His power, His great vision? How could I be a traitor, stepping away yet again from another group that had provided me with meaning and a sense of belonging as well as financial and emotional security?



Finally, a minor car-accident shocked my spinning mind to a halt. It was followed by a peak-experience on the same evening that shed some light on my dilemma. Having smoked some marijuana I wandered off into the vast spaces of my imagination, exploring the 'psychic world', as I tried to make sense of the diametrically opposed options that had presented themselves in my life.

I seemed to perceive my questions in a wider context and had intense sensations about pains and processes in different parts of my body. Watching the people around me I had a deeper understanding of their behaviour and how they related to each other. I could even see the 'energy-lines' between the people relating to each other. Each presented a protective shield of a particular personal image, and this 'image' would act and operate,

relating to the others while the actual, fearful and aggressive person remained hidden.

At the same time that I was watching this I was distinctly aware of my thinking and my journeying in this magical ‘inner’ world. At one stage I even experienced what it is to be mad. I understood the temptation of staying forever in an easy, illusory world of psychedelic wonders, where the mad person is the magician in his own world enjoying the power and safety of his dream. But anybody who dares to question this dream has to be considered a deadly enemy. However, I was always aware that I had the choice to stay in this imaginary world or not.

When I tried to tell Peter about my experiences and insights his simple response gave me quite a shock. ‘But all this is just inside your mind, it is simply your own interpretation, it may appear to be real, but it is not actual.’ Yes, that was true. I could easily see that I was inside the ‘mind’, roaming about in the different chambers of my assembled beliefs-systems, trying to find the one that was ‘right’ and ‘true’ – while in fact, I was just having a little grander and unusually complex perception of this huge labyrinth of thoughts and feelings! I could see more of my ideas or concepts and other people’s ideas, but they were simply ideas. None of them had any relevance to the actuality of the physical world!



In seeing the fact, everything stood still and the whole construct of beliefs suddenly disappeared. Then, for the first time in all my years of the spiritual search, I experienced several hours outside of the ‘psychic world’. Being outside, I could see that this ‘world’ is a huge, all-encompassing construct, created and held in place by the dreams, beliefs, bonds, power-battles, emotions and different spiritual ideas of all of humanity. Everyone is part of it, weaving and reproducing bits of this ‘psychic carpet’. The more people believe in one particular version the more that version becomes ‘real’ or ‘true’. Intuitive or ‘psychic’ people are simply a

little better acquainted with the rules and occurrences of this ‘other-world’. It is never actual though, because it relies on constant re-creation through imagination and belief. The moment people cease to believe in a particular religion, idea or value, that very concept eventually disappears from the earth. Actual, on the contrary, is what is already here without anybody applying a feeling, an interpretation, a belief or any other ‘psychic effort’. It is simply here, visual, tangible, audible and tastable.

That night I had stuck my head beyond the blanket of beliefs – including good and bad, right and wrong, love and evil. In the first moments, with the ‘psychic world’ disappearing, this new place was stark, black, scary, a big hole and a bottomless abyss. Suddenly the ground under my feet wavered as the very existence of beliefs ceased. For a while I was lost, frightened and bewildered.



After a minute or two that appeared to contain an eternity of complex understanding, Peter said to me, ‘Hello, how are you? Good that you are here!’ ‘Here’ obviously meant that there existed a place outside the belief-systems! I turned round, out of my shock and bewilderment, into the actual world, and saw that I was simply sitting on the couch with Peter. Here was someone sitting next to me, another human being, not particularly a man, lover or boyfriend. Just a human being, smiling and pleased to meet me, eager to explore with me the next event in life. He is interested. And I am interested. Who is this person? What will happen next? What will he say next? What will we do next? It is exciting, alive, right here and a great pleasure!

The pure and immediate adventure of experiencing this moment of being alive was so utterly superior to everything I had come across in the name of meditation, bliss or ‘satori’ that it spoke for itself. Being in the actual world, everything is simply obvious, needs no explanation or theory, and contains no emotional memories of any past struggle or fear. There is nothing that blurs

or edits the experience of the world around me, which is both wondrous and delightful. Freedom is living each moment as it happens, without any objection. It is not the end product of years of building up a structured belief-system; it is the opposite – destruction of everything that lies between me and the experience of the actual world. Freedom is simply what is left after I rid myself of every layer of the emotional and instinctual ‘self’, which is the only obstruction to my direct experience of the universe.



The next morning, when the effects of the drug had long faded, the understanding of the night before was still vividly present. I clearly remember walking around a crowded out-door market, looking at all the different stalls with people offering their products together with their particular belief-systems, as they tried to convince the customers of the reality of their particular version of ‘truth’.

There were all kinds of proposals to find ‘truth’ or meaning, whether religious, spiritual or secular. Feral feathers and karmic wheels, goddesses and herbs, ways of natural living and an impressive array of spiritual bookstalls, offering a hundred different solutions to life. Colourful Turks were selling their local hot coffee and delicious cakes; a black boy was playing romantic songs on his guitar, selling them by the hour. He was successful – people bought his dreams, his love songs! A woman in purple dyed feral clothes was selling self-made dream-catchers, talismans and other symbols of her particular conviction.

There were traders of organic vegetables, Indian farmers and food-vans with a wide variety of exotic meals – all served with the conviction of their producer: healthy or hearty, plain or spicy, Italian, Thai or Indian, home-made or magically healing. Hippies from the hills sold their produce along with their dreamy, chaotic life-style; drumming ferals with uncombed tasselled hair presented their life as the most juicy and happy of all. Ecologists proclaimed

that only purely native rainforest trees should be planted to save the environment. Everyone was utterly convinced of what they were offering, complete with their corresponding outfit, make-up, special ‘language’ and music. I was quite taken aback by the enormity of what I saw. Being outside of *all* those beliefs made me see what they consisted of – merely ideas, thoughts, constructs, dreams and hopes; nothing was factual about any of them.



This peak-experience proved to be the most significant turning point in the last turbulent year. It began to dawn on me that perhaps I also had just another belief-system – my particular search for enlightenment with this ‘special’ master and group of people. I could no longer completely deny that possibility. However, it took another two months until I gathered the courage to actually investigate my dearly held conviction. I had already one foot in the actual world while the other foot was still stubbornly trying to march in the direction of the spiritual search. Up to now I had not found a reliable compass to decide the course, but now the very idea of believing anybody else became questionable. I decided that I wanted more of this actual freedom. Now, for a change, I would start relying on facts and actual experiences instead of someone else’s vision or dream.

Once I had made that decision things became easier. I started to look at every ‘truth’ as possibly just another belief. I feared the reaction or consequences this would cause, but was determined that this should not stop my investigation. There were lots of fears – but the direction was clear now. If the answer lay 180 degrees in the opposite direction I had passed the 90 degree midway point. I had reached the point of no return, where I was willing to question *everything* that I had simply believed up until now. It became all ‘downhill’ from that point onwards.

However, there was still some holding on as I tried to keep at least some of my old identity. Fear would well up, seeing that I

was going further and further away from what I used to know as good and right. At that time I was reading a book about J. Krishnamurti written by the daughter of his life-long mistress who described, vividly and sincerely, how she had experienced him and his life behind the public facade. She wrote about how he was in everyday life, how he related to other people and to those he called his closest friends. I was shocked and appalled to find that he was as jealous, malicious, vindictive and treacherous as one can be! The idea that an Enlightened person was without flaw turned into a myth. Krishnamurti was moody, insecure and even power-hungry, glorified by Enlightenment and the power of his teachings, who could not live up to the image he created!



So slowly and hesitantly I started to investigate my own religious beliefs. Surprisingly, after taking away the love and loyalty I had felt for Rajneesh I did not find much left of his great myth and wisdom. When I listened to his discourses without the infatuation of love I discovered the underlying power structure. I saw him weaving *his* net in the ‘psychic world’ – he had called himself the Master of Masters – and I saw the whole construct from the outside. I had wanted to belong to the best master and best group of all, hoping to change the face of the earth along with my life. I had wanted to be loved and to be free of misery, and for that I had been willing to pay with devotion, loyalty and undoubting trust – anything but be on my own in the world. In throwing this last authority overboard, I am now on my own – free of the need to rely on or believe in anything.

To question all of the values agreed upon by humanity was, of course, not possible without re-instating and lubricating my common sense, my intelligence. It had originally been trained in school and university, but had been distorted and weakened through my conditioning as a girl, a woman and later as a spiritual seeker. To release this common sense out of the cupboard and to start using

it in order to understand the actual and factual world was essential for me to be able to distinguish belief from fact and silly from sensible. Every time I recognised a belief as just ‘taken on’ from some authority, it faded into irrelevance and left me with this new thrilling experience of freedom, confidence, autonomy and equity. After all, intelligence is possible in all human beings, it simply needs to be re-instated, polished and exercised, disentangled from beliefs and superstitions and freed from the stupidity of instincts and emotions.



Exploring a way no one has ever gone before has been, and still is, immensely scary at times. First the fears had names like ‘I am afraid of losing friends or my job’, ‘I will be lost and lonely when I leave the fold’, ‘I will be persecuted as a traitor’, ‘I will grow into a poor old woman and nobody will take care of me.’ Each time I had to encounter the dominant fear at the time and examine the belief that supported the fear. It always took some effort to not believe in the fear, but to take a closer look. Once the belief behind the fear was identified as just a belief the next thing to do became obvious and easy. I realise that I can easily take care of myself and I am actually safe – nobody is hurting me, I won’t die of hunger or face any other terrible danger.

Eventually those fears are becoming less and the survival instinct itself, the ‘fear of disappearing or dying’ surfaces – quite a serious threat. But it is also the very thing that I am intending to do, to eliminate this ‘self’. I have learned to see that whenever such a fear-attack would rush through me, it was the ‘self’, my identity, which caused the fear in order to re-affirm its existence. I find that I can sit out those fear-attacks on the sidelines, once I recognise them for what they are – simply an emotion or feeling, not a fear produced by an actual danger. Once identified they lose their power and eventually fade, giving way to the direct experience of the world as it is – a marvellous, wonderful and safe place.

Writing this chapter has activated my fears once more. I thought, ‘Oh dear, when this book gets published, the shit will hit the fan. People will despise me, won’t talk to me, and will turn away. Everybody will know that I don’t agree with their beliefs... I will be all on my own.’ I was tense for hours, trying to get to the root of this fear, to name it and understand it and to not let it have power over me. Eventually I could see that I am on my own already and, in fact, have always been so. I live a happy, magical life, once in a while I meet some old or new friends, but I am utterly contented on my own or in Peter’s company. Realising this, I could feel the fear dissolve like a fog, leaving me unrestricted and free to experience life again as the crisp, clear, delicious and intimate adventure that it actually is.



I liken the journey as travelling on this path of freedom and eventually hitting an obstacle on the way made up of a belief, a fear or any other emotion. If I avoid the challenge of examining this obstacle, I end up in the thick of the jungle where there are many more ‘real’ and imaginary dangers to be tackled. Only by getting back to the original obstacle and clearing it out of the way am I able to once again delight in strolling freely on this wonderful path of freedom – chiselling away my ‘self’ while at the same time thoroughly enjoying myself.

Not being able or willing to support other people’s belief-systems has put me outside the women’s camp and normal female role-play. I notice how I move further and further away from the usual way of relating – to share sorrow or grumpy-ness, pat each other’s back, look for support or discuss and ‘share’ similar beliefs of the ‘psychic world’. My ‘friends’ were simply those who were living in the same part of the ‘psychic world’ as I did and would therefore ‘understand’ me and ‘support’ my struggles and beliefs.

In not complying with those belief-systems I am left with no role to play. More and more whatever happens when meeting

any particular person is fine. Maybe we have fun, we find some common sense to share, an intimate moment, a laugh – or not. I expect it with anybody or nobody. It can happen with a person I have known for years, with the girl at the bank or an overseas customer on the telephone. It can happen with anyone who comes in the door – or not. It does not matter what happens, because I am at ease with my own company.

A few weeks ago I met a woman at a party and she said to me, ‘I don’t know you much, but I know all about you,’ meaning that she had read Peter’s manuscript. I was surprised at the prospect of people knowing about me after reading this book and had to check if I could live comfortably with this. Musing about it I realised that, well, these stories and incidents happened, yes, and it is my story of the last year as much as Peter’s, but nevertheless it is just a story. My life goes on, things change and in fact, nobody knows me. I will live my life as anonymously as ever even after everyone reads about me. It is a story of the past year and it is past. And as life is fresh each moment I don’t even know what will happen next, let alone next week. But I am sure it is going to be a dance and a delight!

Finally I want to say that it has been enormous fun to put this book together for publishing – learning the necessary computer programs, studying printing requirements and formats, designing the cover as well as the great pleasure of finding and editing the pictures. Discussing with Peter all the different options of how to do it best has been intimacy in practice – wonderfully easy and exquisitely delightful. So this is our joint presentation, and as I am looking at it I can say that I am pleased about the end result. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as we had fun creating it.



The Fat Lady Has Sung

Vineeto's Report of Becoming Newly Actually Free(V1)

(4th of January 2010)

When I returned, after a short leave of absence to the two moored rafted-up houseboats that provided our present convivium, I found myself in the company of not one, as expected, but two actually free men. Peter had become actually free in the days of my absence!

Those last few days of Vineeto, the identity, were filled with playfulness and laughter and thus provided me with a carefree environment for the last explorations of just what were my remaining obstacles and inhibitions to joining my fellow convivialists in the actual world.

During those days I found myself living in an utterly safe but nevertheless vivacious and sparkling ambience, which was all the more enhanced by the magic and innocuity of the rainforest wilderness that surrounded our mooring place. In this ambience I grew more and more confident that 1) this actual world actually exists (and was experienced more often than not as being right under my very nose) and that 2) the actual world is an utterly safe place, free of any kind psychic influences or normal-world emotional conflicts.

A few times I got to experience the actual man Richard, unconcealed by my projections that I usually pasted over his person as an image but each time I came close I pulled back – scared to take the final irreversible step to join him forever in the actual world.

In those days I also experienced the sweet intimacy of living with 2 actually free people for whom intimacy is a 24-hour everyday experience, unconditional and unrestricted, a by-product

of being free of any identity whatsoever. Chatting, joking, playing, swimming, boating, doing maintenance, washing the dishes, cooking, wining and dining – all those activities I was able to experience in this ambience of utter safety and playfulness.

I had known this sweetness from previous occasions – one such experience happened during the video-shoot of the ‘Out-from-Control’ DVD we present on the website. This sweetness always accompanied an experience of closeness, barely any separation to the other person (usually Richard), but also an experience that I was close to my destiny and an awareness that what I am doing/longing for is not merely for my ‘peace of mind’, but that it is for everybody, for every single man, woman and child on the planet – for peace on earth.

This sweet longing has always propelled me forward to go all the way, to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles and fears and now I had the privilege to experience this sweet intimacy day after day, morning to night.

This experience of ongoing intimacy was so much better than any PCE I ever had, and of course better than any excellence experience I enjoyed because it was dynamic and effervescent, moving closer and closer to my destiny, encouraging me to take the decision to allow the last, final and irrevocable step to happen.

On Monday evening the fourth of January 2010, I knew I was running out of time. We expected a guest for the next day and I didn’t want to wait until we three were on our own again. I consequently sat on the toilet taking a few minutes longer than usual to gather any scattered bits of intent that were missing to make up the 100% I needed – I pulled out all the stops. When I returned to the living room a dynamic and quite frivolous interaction developed and in that uninhibited hilarious atmosphere I blew the last remaining cobwebs of seriousness, cautiousness and social correctness out of the corners of my psyche. It was all very casual, jovial and funny, unrehearsed and spontaneous and I became confident that this is how I wanted to live my life forever.

I heard myself saying to Richard that ‘We’ve got all the time in the world’ and when I contemplated on the sentence that had just slipped out, time suddenly stood still.

I stopped in mid-sentence and the ensuing silence caught the attention of my two companions.

It was all over, in an instant. [\(R1\)](#)

There was no fear, no experience of death, no physical phenomena or changes, just the realization that I have always been here in this eternal moment in time, in this luminous magical world, more naked than I was born and utterly safe.

The stillness in my head was palpable (and has remained so ever since). Richard asked me a few test-questions to confirm what just had happened. We exchanged a few notes of how it is to live in this actual world and we found that our experiences matched.

For instance I noted that sentences were now coming out of me as if from nowhere – there was no causal sequence of thoughts preceding a conclusion (such as because A there is B and therefore C) but my thoughts/words were rather emerging from a surprising overall all-encompassing awareness that then voiced results out of a reservoir of my accumulated knowledge and experience on a particular topic.

The next morning was the real test – I half-expected that I had reverted back to normal but the world was just as brilliant, beneficial and wunderbar [\(V2\)](#) as I had experienced it the night before. I am still surprised how easy it all turned out to be in the end.

Make no mistake in thinking that it needs a personal contact with Richard in order to take the last step to becoming actually free. What it needs is the unwavering and undiminished intent (100%) to bridge the separation that stands in the way of an actual intimacy with another human being – any human being and secondly the

awareness and intent that what one is doing is not for oneself but for everybody in order for the self-less purity to unfold its magic.

Cheers Vineeto

[go to end of footnotes]



Footnotes:

(V1) The Fat Lady has finally sung:

[Wikipedia]: It ain't over till (or until) the fat lady sings is a colloquialism, essentially meaning that one should not assume the outcome of some activity (e.g.: a sports game) until it has actually finished, similar to a common proverb. It is a perception of Grand Opera, typically overweight sopranos, and perhaps Brünnhilda's final arias from *Die Walküre* or *Götterdämmerung* in particular ... [\[return\]](#)

(V2) Wunderbar:

German for 'marvellous, miraculous, prodigious, wonderful, glorious, terrific, tremendous, magical, splendid, delightful. [\[return\]](#)



(R1) It was all over, in an instant:

- [Richard]: Vineeto's experiential confirmation of the accessibility, safety and utter simplicity of the direct route to an actual freedom from the human condition, pioneered by Peter only six days earlier, also entailed (just as with his actual freedom) no marvellous and magical prodigy for me to experience (no fluctuation in atmospheric brilliance; no resonance in atmospheric timbre; no physical caress of absolute perfection) but, rather, the everyday 'magic' of the way things work in this actual world.

Again, and purely for the sake of emphasis, the reason why the word 'magic' is utilised (magic as in prestidigitation and not as in a sorcerer's magic) is because no other word currently exists to adequately convey how a lifetime of cares and woes – all the misery and mayhem which epitomises the human condition – can vanish in an instant (and vanish so completely as to have never been in the first place).



Now that both a male and a female have demonstrated, experientially, that my condition is indeed replicable all what is required henceforth, and preferably sooner rather than later, is for a person (or persons) having never met me physically to experientially demonstrate how physical contact – being physically in my presence – is not a requisite for an actual freedom from the human condition to occur.

Put succinctly: as I thoroughly enjoy and truly appreciate my current life-style and living arrangement the biggest (and better than best) favour someone can do for me, right now, is to experientially demonstrate that I am in no way physically needed as part of the actualism process from the beginning to the end.

Any takers?

(There is a place waiting, in the history books yet to be written, for that person to fill).



Just for the record, then, here is a by-no-means exhaustive checklist of the main properties pertaining to an actual freedom from the human condition (in addition to the outstandingly magical property spelled-out further above):

1. No identity whatsoever.
2. No affective faculty at all (including its epiphenomenal psychic facility).
3. Utterly impervious to, and freely functioning without, both affective ‘vibes’ and psychic ‘currents’.
4. No separation (an actual intimacy) whatsoever betwixt this body and every body and every thing and every event.

5. Eternal time (no movement of time whatsoever) as expressed in, for instance, 'this moment has no duration'.
6. Infinite space (the direct experiencing of limitlessness).
7. An apperceptive awareness (whereby all thought emerges from the full field of consciousness) of being alive/being here.
8. As a flesh and blood body only (sans the entire affective faculty/identity in toto) one is this infinite and eternal and perdurable universe experiencing itself as an apperceptive human being ... as such it is stunningly aware of its own infinitude.

And this is truly wonderful. [[return](#)]



Richard's Journal

INTRODUCTION

**AN ACTUAL FREEDOM FROM THE HUMAN
CONDITION**

(It is now possible)

It is possible to live in this modern era, freed from out-dated Philosophy and Psychiatry, challenging every Spiritual and Metaphysical tenet and surpassing any of the Altered States Of Consciousness. Discarding all of the beliefs that have held humankind in thralldom for aeons, the way has now been discovered that cuts through the 'Tried and True' and enables anyone to be, for the first time, a fully free and autonomous individual living in utter peace and tranquillity, beholden to no-one.

It is now possible for any human being to be totally free from sorrow and malice; the two fundamental elements that prevent one from being happy and harmless. Gone now are the days of having to assiduously practice humility and pacifism in an ultimately futile attempt to become free by transcending the opposites ... the traditional and narrow path of denial and fantasy, negation and hallucination. A wide and wondrous path of blitheness and gaiety is now available for one who wishes to live the freedom of the actual.

Actual freedom is a tried and tested way of being happy and harmless in the world as it actually is ... stripped of the veneer of reality or Greater Reality that is super-imposed by the psychological or psychic entity within the body. This entity is that sense of identity that inhibits any freedom and sabotages every well-meant endeavour. Thus far one has had only two choices: being 'normal' or being spiritual. Now there is a third alternative ... and it supersedes any Mystical Altered State.



Philosophical wisdom, Psychological knowledge and Spiritual enlightenment have had their day and are proving themselves inadequate to meet the requirements of this modern era. For thousands of years – maybe tens of thousands of years – humankind has known of no alternative manner of living life on this verdant planet. The passing parade of Philosophers and Preachers, Masters and Sages – geniuses and thinkers of all description – have failed abysmally to deliver their oft-promised ‘Peace On Earth’ ... in fact, instead of their much-vaunted love and virtue, they have left in their wake much hatred and bloodshed, the likes of which beggars description.

Millions of well-meaning followers have diligently put their Teachings into practice, prostrating and belittling themselves like all get-out in a hopeful attempt to live the unliveable. Yet no-one, it seems, dares to question the Teachings themselves; instead the humiliated penitents obligingly blame themselves for failing to achieve release from the ‘Human Condition’. To seek freedom via profound and lofty thought or sublime and exalted feelings is to blindly perpetuate all the horrors and sufferings that have plagued humankind since time immemorial. The time has come to put to an end, once and for all, the blight that has encumbered this fair earth for far too long. It behoves one to question all of the received ‘wisdom’ of the centuries, all of the revealed ‘truths’ ... all of the half-baked inanities that pass for understanding. Then, and only then, there is a fair chance that one can come to an actual freedom ... a freedom the nature of which has never been before in human experience.

The blame for the continuation of human misery lies squarely in the lap of those inspired people who, although having sufficient courage to proceed into the Unknown, stopped short of the final goal ... the Unknowable. Notwithstanding the cessation of a personal ego operating, they were unwilling to relinquish the Self or Spirit ... and an ego-less Self or Spirit is still an identity, nevertheless. In spite of the glamour and the glory of the Altered State Of Consciousness, closer examination reveals that these

'Great' persons had – and have – feet of clay. Bewitched and beguiled by the promise of majesty and mystery, they have led humankind astray. Preaching submission or supplication they keep a benighted 'humanity' in appalling tribulation and distress. The death of the ego is not sufficient: the extinction of the identity in its entirety is the essential ingredient for peace and prosperity to reign over all and everyone.



All through the ages and in all cultures, one basic predicament exemplifies the problem of human relationship: man and woman have never been able to live together in peace and harmony and delight for the twenty-four hours of every day. Each and every person alive today has entered this world the only possible way ... one is the progeny of man and woman and the quality of the start of life is in part dependent upon the quality of the relationship of one's progenitors. The child can only blindly follow the example – and the precepts – bequeathed with love and compassion by the parents. What I have done has been an investigation and an exploration; an uncovering and a discovering of the problems which have tormented both genders ... difficulties which were seemingly set in concrete and not to be disputed. I could not and would not accept the status-quo. I started from a basic premise that if man and woman could not live together with nary a bicker – let alone a quarrel – then the universe was indeed a sick joke. This appalling prognosis I was patently incapable of believing.

I was already in an Altered State Of Consciousness and my companion had, prior to our meeting, experienced moments of perfection and purity in what is known as 'pure consciousness experiences'. In such a peak experience everything is seen, with unparalleled clarity, to be already always perfect ... that humans are all living in purity ... if only one would act upon one's seeing. In these moments, good and bad, love and hate, fear and trust, generosity and parsimony ... all these and more, are simply irrelevant. Gods and Goddesses, Devils and Demons, all the battles

that have raged throughout the ages are but a nightmare of passionate 'human' fantasy. There is a marked absence of hierarchy; no Religious figure can match the matter-of-fact equality that pervades everything. A quality of kindly understanding prevails, dispensing forever with the need for Authority and Love and Truth and Power. And ... of course man and woman live together in peace and harmony. So we both had reason to try for the 'impossible' dream of complete harmony between man and woman.

The Actual Freedom Trust has published this semi-autobiographical journal that calmly yet trenchantly explicates just what has been going wrong and what can be freely and happily done to correct all the ills of humankind. It will be seen that the writing is both heretical and iconoclastic ... a fact that I make no apology for. The wars and rapes and murders and tortures and corruptions and sadness and loneliness and grief and depression and suicides that afflict this globe are far too serious a matter to deal with for me to spend time in mincing words. The Divine 'Beings' have been peddling their snake oil for centuries to no avail. Their time has come to either put up or shut up ... how much longer than these thousands of years do peoples need to further test the efficaciousness of their failed Divine Message? If Love Agapé and Divine Compassion, for example, were the way to go, then there would already be global peace, as they have had two to three thousand years to demonstrate their effectiveness as being the ultimate solution. There is no 'Peace On Earth' ... nor has there ever been; there has only ever been a truce from time to time between warring parties. To call these periods 'peacetime' is to misuse the word and make it mean something it does not.



In actualism it is readily experienced and understood that Divine Compassion – which is born out of sorrow – is but a paltry substitute for the over-arching benevolence of the actual world. Similarly, Love Agapé is seen and known to be a pathetic surrogate

for the actual intimacy of direct experiencing ... Love Agapé and Divine Compassion are deep feelings which the psychological or psychic identity within creates in order to sustain itself and perpetuate its self-centred existence. Love is born out of loneliness ... or in the case of the Enlightened Ones, out of Aloneness ... and is touted as being the cure-all for humankind's failings because it imitates the intimacy of the actual via a feeling of Oneness. The feeling of Oneness creates an erroneous impression that separation is ended ... but the self survives triumphant, only to wreak its havoc in the real world once again. Life can be a grim and glum business in the real world, for separation ceases only when the psychological and psychic entity inside the body – the ego and the soul – is extirpated. In actual freedom there is a universal magnanimity which is so vastly superior to petty forgiveness or pardon that any comparison is worthless.

The self is what one is born with – it equates with being born in Sin, or being immersed in Maya – and can be dispensed with by a curious physiological occurrence in the brain-stem ... most probably in the Substantia Nigra, which is located within the Reticular System. This mutation, which eliminates the entire psyche, was triggered by an intense urge to evince and demonstrate what the universe was evidently capable of manifesting: the utter best in purity and perfection which all humans could have ever longed for. Blind Nature, which endows all creatures with the instinct for survival, has now been superseded, paving the way for a truly edified species of fellow human beings to live together in complete peace and harmony.

The way of becoming actually free is both simple and practical. One starts by dismantling the sense of social identity that has been overlaid, from birth onward, over the innate self until one is virtually free from all the social mores and psittacisms ... those mechanical repetitions of previously received ideas or images, reflecting neither apperception nor autonomous reasoning. One can be virtually free from all the beliefs, ideas, values, theories, truths, customs, traditions, ideals, superstitions ... and all the other

schemes and dreams. One can become aware of all the socialisation, of all the conditioning, of all the programming, of all the methods and techniques that were used to produce what one thinks and feels oneself to be ... a wayward social identity careering around in confusion and illusion. A 'mature adult' is actually a lost, lonely, frightened and very cunning entity. However, it is never too late to start in on uncovering and discovering what one actually is.



One can become virtually free from all the insidious feelings – the emotions and passions – that fuel the mind and give credence to all the illusions and delusions and fantasies and hallucinations that masquerade as visions of The Truth. One can become virtually free of all that which has encumbered humans with misery and despair and live in a state of virtual freedom ... which is beyond 'normal' human expectations anyway. Then, and only then, can the day of destiny dawn wherein one becomes actually free. One will have obtained release from one's fate and achieved one's birthright ... and the world will be all the better for it.

It is now possible.

