

ACTUAL FREEDOM

**(SURPASSING ANY ALTERED STATE OF
CONSCIOUSNESS)**

RICHARD'S JOURNAL

ACTUAL FREEDOM

(SURPASSING ANY ALTERED STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS)

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 thrall 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 here now in the world as it actually is ... stripped of the veneer of *reality* or *Greater Reality* that is super-imposed by the psychological/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 un-liveable. 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 interaction: 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 interaction between 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/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 *Oeness*. The feeling of *Oeness* 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.

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FOREWORD

A BRIEF PERSONAL EXPLANATION

My questioning of life, the universe and what it is to be a human being had all started in a war-torn country in June 1966 at age nineteen – when there was an identity inhabiting this body complete with a full suite of feelings – and a Buddhist monk killed himself in a most gruesome way. There was I, a callow youth dressed in a jungle-green uniform and with a loaded rifle in my hand, representing the secular way to peace. There was a fellow human being, dressed in religious robes doused with petrol and with a cigarette lighter in hand, representing the spiritual way to peace.

I was aghast at what we were both doing ... and I sought to find a third alternative to being either ‘human’ or ‘divine’.

This was to be the turning point of my life, for up until then, I was a typical western youth, raised to believe in God, Queen and Country. *‘Humanity’s* inhumanity to humankind – society’s treatment of its subject citizens – was driven home to me, there and then, in a way that left me appalled, horrified, terrified and repulsed to the core of my being with a sick revulsion. I saw that no one knew what was going on and – most importantly – that no one was “in charge” of the world. There was nobody to ‘save’ the human race ... all gods were but a figment of a feverish imagination. Out of a despairing desperation, which was collectively shared by my fellow humans, I saw and understood that I was as ‘guilty’ as any one else. For in me – as is in everyone – was both ‘good’ and ‘bad’ ... it was that some people were better than others at controlling their “dark side”. However, in a war, there is no way anyone can consistently control any longer ... ‘evil’ ran rampant. I saw that fear and aggression and nurture and desire ruled the world ... and that these were instinctual passions one was born with. Thus started my search for freedom from the ‘Human Condition’ ... and my attitude, all those

years ago was this: I was only interested in changing myself fundamentally, radically, completely and utterly.

For many years I sought genuine exploration and discovery of what it means to live a fully human life, and in October 1992 I discovered, once and for all, what I was looking for. Since then I have been consistently living an incomparable condition which I choose to call actual freedom ... and I use the word 'actual' because this freedom is located here in this very world, this actual world of the senses. It is not an affective, cerebral or psychic state of 'being'; it is a physical condition that ensues when one goes beyond *Spiritual Enlightenment*. In September 1981 I underwent a monumental transformation into an *Altered State Of Consciousness* which can only be described as *Spiritual Enlightenment*. [See Appendix #1 on page 264] I became *Enlightened* as the result of an earnest and intense process which commenced in the January of that year. At approximately six o'clock on the morning of Sunday 6th September 1981, my *ego* disappeared entirely in an edifying moment of awakening to an '*Absolute Reality*'. I lived in the *Enlightened State* for eleven years, so I have an intimate understanding of the marked difference between *Spiritual Enlightenment* and actual freedom.

I travelled the country – and overseas to India – meeting with people from all walks of life in an attempt to discover why *Spiritual Enlightenment*, which has been within the human experience for thousands of years, had not delivered the Peace On Earth it seemed to promise. As the process of becoming *Enlightened* is an extreme test of one's mettle, requiring nerves of steel, it seemed that only a rare few humans were destined to become *Self-Realised* ... only .0000001 of the population, in a recent estimate. The question that commanded my attention was why this was so. I was looking beyond the superficial and questioning even the most closely held ideas and beliefs. Was there something more to discover ... something that lay beyond *Enlightenment* that would usher in the beginning of a genuine possibility of peace for all? Some *Masters* hinted at and alluded to "*Going Beyond Enlightenment*" ... yet their *Teachings* remained exactly the same. Some disciplines suggested that such a condition existed after physical death: when the *soul* "quit the body". The Hindu *Mahasamadhi* and Buddhist *Parinirvana* are two examples of this kind of thought.

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Over the eleven years I had numerous experiences of a condition that seemed so extreme that one must surely die to attain to it. [See Appendix #2 on page 268] To go beyond *Enlightenment* seemed to be an impossibility whilst still alive and breathing. Then at midday on Friday the 30th October 1992 a curious event occurred, due to my intense conviction that it was imperative that someone evince a final and complete condition that would “deliver the goods” so longed for by ‘humanity’ for millennia. Just like my *ego* had dissolved, back in 1981, my *soul* disappeared. I was no longer a *Self* existing for all *Eternity* and transcending *Time and Space*. I no longer had a sense of ‘being’ – or ‘Being’ – and I could no longer detect the ‘presence’ of *The Absolute*. There was no *Presence* at all. [See Appendix #3 on page 271] Since that date I have continued to live in a condition of complete emancipation and utter autonomy ... the condition is both permanent and actual. This is different from *Enlightenment* in that it is most definitely substantial: there is no longer a transcendence, for I have neither sorrow nor malice anywhere at all to rise above. They have vanished entirely, leaving me blithesome and benign – carefree and harmless – which leads to a most remarkable state of affairs. The chief characteristics of *Enlightenment: Union with the Divine, Universal Compassion, Love Agapé, Ineffable Bliss, The Truth, Timelessness, Spacelessness, Immortality, Aloneness, Oneness, Pacifism, Surrender, Trust, Beauty, and Goodness* ... being redundant in this totally new condition, are no longer extant. Herein lies the unmistakable distinction between this condition, which I call actual freedom and the *Enlightened State*: I am no longer driven by a *Divine Sense Of Mission* to bring *The Truth, Universal Love* and *Divine Compassion* to the world. I am free to speak with whomsoever is genuinely interested in solving the “Mystery of Life” and becoming totally free of the ‘Human Condition’.

Thus, after *The Altered State Of Consciousness* has manifested itself, the *soul* is still present as *The Self*. No matter how *Enlightened* or *Liberated* one may be, an ‘I’ is still in existence ... *Timeless* maybe, but still an ‘I’, still in the body. The *soul*, as *The Self*, is a psychic entity identifying as being an *Enlightened Master*. The *ego* is only half of one’s *identity*; the other half is the *soul*. When the *ego* dies, one has dispelled an illusion – the illusion of a personal *self* – only to wind up living in a delusion ... the delusion of an impersonal *Self*. To take oneself to be *The Self, the Immortal Soul, The Supreme, The Absolute, or God On Earth*, is nothing short of institutionalised insanity. The delusion must be dispelled in order to be actually free: along with the “death of the *ego*” there must be a corresponding “death of the *soul*”.

Then 'I' – the *self* or the *Self* – do not exist, psychologically or psychically speaking, in any way at all. Then the *Eternal Present* also vanishes ... along with all that other capitalised nonsense. Surpassing the *Altered State Of Consciousness* is the third alternative ... an actual freedom.

Spiritual Enlightenment has been around for some thousands of years ... and there is still no peace on earth. Nowadays I know, experientially, why *Enlightenment* does not deliver the goods ... and, of course, I now know what does. I am not an *Enlightened Master* sitting in an exalted position ... and what a relief that is. I am a fellow human being, who happens to live in a condition of perfection and purity, offering my experience to whomsoever is interested. We are all fellow human beings who find ourselves here in the world as it was when we were born. We find war, murder, torture, rape, domestic violence and corruption to be endemic ... we notice that it is intrinsic to the 'Human Condition' ... we set out to discover why this is so. We find sadness, loneliness, sorrow, grief, depression and suicide to be a global incidence ... and we gather that it is also inherent to the 'Human Condition' ... and we want to know why. We all report to each other as to the nature of our discoveries for we are all well-meaning and seek to find a way out of this mess that we have landed in. Whether one believes in re-incarnation or not, we are all living this particular life for the very first time, and we wish to make sense of it. It is a challenge and the adventure of a lifetime to enquire and to uncover, to seek and to find, to explore and to discover. All this being alive business is actually happening and we are totally involved in living it out ... whether we take the back seat or not, [See Appendix #4 on page 275] we are all still doing it.

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In spite of the fact that every single human being has had at least one pure consciousness experience – and usually more – in their lifetime, they somehow cannot differentiate between that peak experience of apperception (wherein 'I', the thought and felt '*being*', temporarily quits the scene and the actual world becomes apparent) and their pre-conceived notions that everyday *reality* is an illusion disguising some metaphysical *Greater Reality*. The Glamour and the Glory and the Glitz of the *Altered State Of Consciousness* have a tenacious grip upon the minds and hearts of a benighted '*humanity*'. It is indeed strange, to the point of being bizarre, that so many persons will turn their backs on the purity of the perfection of being

here now – of being fully alive – at this moment in time. Here in this actual world, which is where this body is living anyway, is the peace that everyone says they are searching for. All that is required is that one comes to one's senses – both literally and metaphorically – and spend the rest of one's life without malice and sorrow. One will be blithe and benign ... that is, carefree and harmless.

It is, of course, a bold step to forsake lofty thoughts, profound feelings and psychic adumbrations and enter the actuality of life as a sensate experience. It requires a startling audacity to devote oneself to the task of causing a mutation of consciousness to occur. To have the requisite determination to apply oneself, with the diligence and perseverance born out of pure intent, to the patient dismantling of one's accrued *social identity* indicates a strength of purpose unequalled in the annals of history. It is no little thing that one does ... and it has enormous consequences, not only for one's own well-being, but for humankind as a whole. With an actualism spread like a chain letter, in the due course of time, global freedom would revolutionise the concept of '*humanity*'. It would be a free association of peoples worldwide; a utopian-like loose-knit affiliation of like-minded individuals. One would be a citizen of the world, not of a sovereign state. Countries, with their artificial borders would vanish along with the need for the military. As nationalism would expire, so too would patriotism with all its heroic evils. No police force would be needed anywhere on earth; no locks on the doors, no bars on the windows. Gaols, judges and juries would become a thing of the dreadful past. People would live together in peace and harmony, happiness and delight. Pollution and its cause – over-population – would be set to rights without effort, as competition would be replaced by cooperation. It would be the pipe dreams come true.

But none of this matters much when one is already living in the actual world. In actual freedom, life is experienced as being perfect as-it-is. One knows that one is living in a beneficent universe ... and that is what actually counts. The self-imposed iniquities that ail the people, who stubbornly wish to remain denizens of the *real world*, fail to impinge upon the blitheness and benignity of one who lives in the vast scheme of things. The universe does not force anyone to be happy and harmless, to live in peace and ease, to be free of sorrow and malice. It is a matter of personal choice as to which way one will travel. Humans, being as they are, will probably continue to tread the "*Tried and True*" paths, little realising that they are the tried and failed ways. There is none so contumacious as a self-

righteous soul who is convinced that they know the way to live ... as revealed in their ancient and revered sacred scriptures and secular philosophies. So be it.

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I live in peace and tranquillity, beholden to none. With no loyalty to bind me, I have nothing to defend. With nothing to defend I have no need to attack. I have no sense of mission to “change the world”. I am not driven by mystical forces to evangelise, to proselytise, and to convert. If anyone is genuinely interested in finding out what the reason for their existence is, I am only too happy to participate in their enquiry. Nevertheless, I can only help those who wish to be helped in the only way that I can help. I am free to be here now in the world as-it-is. Unadorned and unencumbered, I can stand on my own two feet, owing allegiance to no one and nothing at all. I am supremely content with life as-it-is, for perfection can be found in what others call imperfection ... and I have no desire to change anything. To be here now, intimately here in this moment in time, where this actual world is such a marvellous place to be alive in, is a satisfaction and fulfilment unparalleled in the chronicles of antiquity.

Actual intimacy – being here now – does not come from love, for love stems from separation. The illusion of intimacy that love produces is but a meagre imitation of this direct experience of the actual. In the actual world, ‘I’ as *ego*, the *personality*, and ‘me’ as *soul*, the ‘*being*’ – both subjectively experienced as one’s *identity* – have ceased to exist; whereas love accentuates, endorses and verifies ‘me’ as being *real*. And while ‘I’ am *real*, ‘I’ am relative to other similarly afflicted persons; vying for position and status in order to establish ‘my’ credentials ... to verify ‘my’ very existence. To be actually intimate is to be without the separative *identity* ... and therefore free from the need for love with its ever un-filled promise of Peace On Earth. There is an actual intimacy between me and my companion. Actual intimacy is a direct experiencing of the other. I am having a superb time ... and it is a well-earned superb time, too. Nothing has come without application – apart from serendipitous discoveries because of pure intent – and I am reaping the rewards which are plentiful and deliciously satisfying. Actual intimacy frees one up to a world of actual splendour, based firmly upon sensual and sexual delight. The candid and unabashed sensate enjoyment of one’s body and the world around one is such a luscious and

immediate experience, that the tantalising but ever-elusive promise of the mystique of love fades into the oblivion it deserves.

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This is an actual freedom. It is possible to be actually free, here on earth, as this body, in this lifetime.

RICHARD'S JOURNAL

ARTICLE 1 IF ONE IS DRIVEN BY SOME FORCE THEN ONE IS NOT ACTUALLY FREE

It is a particularly fine day in late summer and I am walking along a beach that stretches unbroken for many a kilometre. The sun is shining yellow-golden in an azure blue sky bereft of clouds and the ocean is sparkling a million diamonds atop the dancing waves. I am walking on the hard-packed sand at the water's edge, allowing a particularly larger wave now and then to come creaming over my feet and ankles ... a deliciously cooling sensual delight as it is a hot day. It is extremely pleasant to be wandering along my way with nary a care in the world, for I have been living in an *Altered State Of Consciousness* for five years now ... and my life is fabulously beautiful in every respect. I call this *Altered State* that I am living in *Absolute Freedom* for, although resembling *Spiritual Enlightenment* in many respects, there is something that is not quite identical to what I have read of others in such a *State* ... and observed in them in my travels overseas. I also call it *Absolute Freedom* because there is definitely a metaphysical *Absolute* in all this – as distinct from the temporal relative – that is ever-present, and this *State* immediately imbued me with *Love Agapé* and *Universal Compassion* for all sentient beings. Since then, because of my intense urge to evince and demonstrate whatever was possible for this universe to manifest, I have been looking into both *Universal Compassion* and *Love Agapé* to see what they are made up off.

I have been busy with these matters because I seem to be driven by some force to spread “The Word” and that was never my intention all those years ago when I first had what is known as a pure consciousness experience (PCE). This peak experience initiated my incursion into all matters *Metaphysical*, culminating in the “death” of my *ego* and catapulting me into this *Divine State of Perfect Bliss*. My intent back then had been to cleanse myself of all that is detrimental to personal happiness and interpersonal harmony ... in other words: peace on earth in our life-time. Instead of that rather simple ambition, I find that I am impelled on an odyssey to be the latest *Saviour of Humankind* in a long list of *Enlightened ‘Beings’* ... and this imposition does not sit well with me, as they have all failed in their *Divine Work*. After something like five thousand years of recorded history, ‘*humanity*’ is nowhere nearer to Peace On Earth than before. Indeed, instead of the much-touted Love and Compassion, much Hatred and Bloodshed has followed in their wake. This abysmal fate is something I wish to avoid repeating, whatever the personal cost in terms of losing this much-prized *State Of ‘Being’*. My diagnosis is simple: If I am driven by some force – no matter how *Good* that force be – then I am not actually free.

I spent the winter of last year living in silence and isolation on an uninhabited island off the tropical coast far to the north of here considering these matters – without coming to any definite conclusion – but experiencing a possibility of something else. I am presently living in this little seaside village attending what is known as a *Satsang Retreat* – being in the presence of a *Realised ‘Being’* from overseas – to ascertain just where it is going wrong. My plan is to head north to the islands again for the winter, once this episode is over, and resolve this dilemma once and for all. Something is seriously incorrect about the *Enlightened State*, and I am determined to discover just what that is. Exactly how this will all eventuate I am none too sure ... but I have supreme confidence in my ability to plumb the depths of ‘*Being*’ to root out anything that should not be there. I am ready and willing for whatever it takes to resolve or dissolve whatever stands in the way of genuine peace-on-earth for anyone and everyone. Obviously something totally new has to come into existence, and I have already had some intimations of what that could be. Hence my investigation into the make-up of *Love Agapé* and *Universal Compassion*, as they seem to be the ‘guardians at the gate’, as it were.

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I am walking along this deserted beach with a woman from the *Satsang Retreat* who, up until now, I did not know to speak to as the retreat is being conducted in silence ... and I have not made any effort to get to know anyone or their names. A little while before I had become aware that someone was walking some distance behind me – and moving fast as if desirous of catching up to me – so I had gradually slowed my step accordingly to allow this to happen. Now, having made contact, we are walking abreast and have moved on from discussing the shortfalls of the *Satsang Retreat* to the main subject of mutual interest ... freedom itself. She had become very interested in me the night before when she found out from close associate of mine that I was living the *Altered State Of Consciousness* that the meditators back at the *Satsang Retreat* were aspiring to attain to. She had read some excerpts from some of my writings and had expressed an interest in furthering an acquaintance with this “would-be guru” ... as she rather cynically saw me. We do seem to have a lot in common, however, so soon enough we sit down to rest and pursue these matters in detail. After telling each other about our life stories – albeit briefly – there is a pause as we sit there looking at each other. Our conversation rapidly becomes far more personal than either of us would expect:

“I have always wondered whether it is possible for man and woman to live together intimately; in perfect peace and harmony.”

“It must be possible, surely, if not ...”

“If not, then human life is nothing but a very sick joke!”

“I cannot believe that for a moment.”

“Me neither ... but both would need to be free.”

“Do you know any couple like that?”

“No, I cannot say that I do ... definitely not.”

“For over thirty years I’ve been observing couples ... especially those who are said to be happily married. I’ve always had this fascination, you see.”

“And?”

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I pause for a moment and sit here looking at her quizzically. The late summer sun is virtually overhead so we cast little shadow as we sit, man and woman, halfway along this deserted white beach. We have just met ... about

half an hour ago ... was it really only half an hour ... near total strangers ... a chance meeting at a *Spiritual Retreat* ... and yet what is this sensation, this so familiar yet so new atmosphere humming around the two of us?

“Well if that is what’s called being happy, then I’ll never get married. The full one hundred percent. That is what I go for.”

“I want something much, much better. The best”.

“People don’t like to hear that, do they? I’ve always been called too idealistic ... wishing for the moon ...”

“I have never been able to understand why people will settle for second-best. Many is the time I have been told that you cannot change human nature ... that this is how it is and that is all there is to it.”

“Oh ... that one of accepting people as they are?”

“Yes, that one. That one where we are all supposed to realise that this is how it is to be human ... the ‘Human Condition’, it is called. I cannot accept, for one moment, that humans are fated to forever bicker, squabble, argue and fight – with rare moments of relative peace in between, moments of temporary happiness, snatches of harmony which seem to hold a promise – only to disappear again in a general discontent. This I will not accept.”

“A promise ... like in the fairy-stories we have all been brought up on. You know, I have always felt cheated: after pages and pages of fury and dread, you are supposed to be content with the last half-page of seeming bliss ... and the promise of ... of what? Of a mere: “... and they lived happily ever after.” Nobody ever writes the sequel! That’s my goal in life: to make the sequel possible.”

“To live the sequel ... yes ... why not ... and every day again.”

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I am looking at her with an increasing curiosity tempered by bemusement. I have been single and celibate for nigh-on five years – though not because of any misplaced vow – and there have been numerous women attracted to both my character and my life-style throughout this period. Each and everyone had passed on by, upon closer examination, and I had continued happily with my itinerant and solo life. Nevertheless, this sensation happening here, this atmosphere feeding back and forth now, has been intensifying and changing. Mixed in with it now is some welcome thrill – some barely contained thrill at that – for what is a life without the odd tingling excitation? Could it be that I have finally met that ‘someone’ with

whom I can pursue the age-old human dream? Do I dare to anticipate? Was I, who having met women before whose company initially augured well only to once more fall short over and again, going to tread that same old path again? Is this yet another tantalising chimera? Am I, after all, pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp here? The thrill is moderated with caution, yet this ambience is here, this very moment ... there is no denying of this. There is almost a breathless hush. Who will speak it? Who will say it first? Who will be the one to spell it out, to acknowledge the immanence that is the very air between us? Will either be bold enough to seize the moment? Who will chance rejection?

“For it to be successful, we must have the same goal ...”

“Both of us must have the same single-mindedness.”

There, this is it! The words hang pregnant with meaning. We are no longer speaking in general terms; it is now out in the open. “We” and “Us”. We are sitting here, in the space between man and woman, becoming ... what ... a trifle apprehensive with our daring? We are backing off, slightly, for this intimacy is growing a little uncanny. She says, in an offbeat manner:

“You don’t look like the person of my dreams.”

“What did you imagine, then?”

“I’m not too sure ... I didn’t expect it to be this close ... we are amazingly close for strangers, somehow.”

“Is this somewhat startling, do you think?”

“It’s certainly ... almost alarming ... yet funnily enough, there is a sense of familiarity which is very comfortable ... we are strangers, though ... how come we ... ?”

“Well, hello stranger. How are you? I am pleased to meet you.”

“And I am delighted to have met you, stranger!”

We laugh and any tension is dissipating. We become aware again of our surroundings. The hot sun is beating down and the sound of the ocean beckons invitingly. Do we feel like going for a swim in the cool waters?

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I am the first to move, rolling over off my belly where I have been lying on the sand, sitting up facing the blue Pacific Ocean. Some sweat trickles down my chest, so stripping off my cotton shirt, I dab the skin dry. I like the feel of the sun upon my shoulders as I lean forward, resting my forearms on my bent knees ... as if to contemplate my future the better. I am feeling good, very good. The ocean looks simply exquisite, inviting. Indeed

the whole world is starting to look even more inviting than before ... and it was fabulous then. And something is happening which is showing me, after nearly five years of celibacy and puritan living, that the wonders of the actual world of sensual delight need not be abjured anymore in the name of an absolute freedom.

The woman next to me is moving ... sitting up she begins to remove her blouse. My heart seems almost to miss a beat as – not wishing to be seen to be staring – I look past her along the beach. Until the moment the material is over her face, that is. For one long second I can feast my long-denied male eye; for one long moment her left breast impinges itself indelibly upon my consciousness. I will remember this moment, vividly, for the rest of my life as being the pivotal point in my search for an actual freedom. It is a soft, well-formed breast tipped with an outstanding nipple, pale-pink and standing proud. For one long second I can drink in the vision ... and I am moving my eyes to meet her amused gaze as the blouse clears her head.

“*That’s better,*” she says, as I stand up, facing the ocean and moving forward. I am untying the sarong from around my waist and it is dropping to the sand behind me as I am walking toward the waves. I am well aware that my sun-tanned body will be having some similar effect upon her.

She later wrote about this moment:

“I took all my time to watch his strong back and his taut, tanned buttocks moving gracefully away from me. His gait has dignity, I thought. It is not a rehearsed, put-upon dignity, but an actual, earthy way of moving. It was a way of moving that had attracted me straight away, earlier that morning, when I was walking some distance behind him, before we met. I felt free and at ease in his company, different from being with other men. Although there was a sweet sense of sexuality moving between us, he somehow seemed to know how to soften the usual tension ... as if to say: “Hey, sex can do without all that stuff”. For the very first time in my life I felt natural and beautiful as I was ... he likes me, I realised, as I am. With the unabashed freedom of a young girl I stripped off my bikini-bottom and ran into the waves where he was waiting for me with a delighted smile on his face.”

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After a refreshing swim we come and sit on the sand again, letting the sun dry our naked wet bodies. We are talking animatedly, for we have much to discuss. We both delight in the other's equal fascination with the intricacies of living life ... comparing notes together on just what is involved in being here on earth, in this particular era. We are both in our thirties and have some considerable experience behind us. I have been married, raised a family, and am now a separated single parent. My new companion, whilst never being married, has been involved in numerous passionate relationships, which had all come to love's inevitable end. Indeed, her latest love affair having ended abruptly some eight weeks ago – with her lover of a few short and heady months being involved in a tragic car crash – leaving her to grievously mourn the lost love. So we are both ready and ripe to embark on a new and totally different association to what we have had in the past. Although from opposite sides of the world, we were both raised in a western society so our upbringing was similar. However, we realise full well, that we will have to review all our pre-conceived ideas about what makes for a harmonious association ... but we resolve to have fun while we do it.

Virtually unnoticed, so busily absorbed are we in our dialogue, the sun has been slowly moving through the western sky. Besides, we have become rather peckish and thirsty, so we decide to walk back along the beach the several kilometres to the nearby village ... all the while engaged in a constant exchange of free-flowing ideas. To our surprise, upon seating ourselves at a beachfront café and seeing the time on a nearby clock, we discover that six hours have elapsed in animated conversation. Little do we realise that this afternoon's chat is but the prelude to years of earnest talks.

We are going to do it.

ARTICLE 2

THE MYSTIQUE OF SEX WAS A CHALLENGE TO BE MET

The wind has been easing as the day progresses towards early evening, but I still have sufficient to fill the sails. My companion and I have been spanking along all afternoon, driven before a stiff sou'-easterly, making splendid mileage and having an exhilarating ride. Now, as the sun sinks lower in the sky over the mainland far away, it is pleasant to be gently wafted along. The island I am heading for is looming larger, growing increasingly distinct as the yacht slowly approaches. I can easily make out the strip of white coral sand at the edge of the deep-green tropical vegetation which covers this uninhabited island. A small promontory juts proudly out westward from its southern end, sheltering the little bay thus formed from the worst of any weather ... I will have a safe anchorage for the night.

The sun is turning the western sky into a blaze of glory as I come wide around the promontory and into the bay proper. The wind, now virtually non-existent, causes the boat to drift slowly into a suitable position ... I am loath to start the engine and disturb the tranquil calm. Besides, I am in absolutely no hurry at all ... I like to savour the moment of coming to the end of a day's sailing. It is dusk before I let go the anchor and lower the sails; the yacht slowly swings into place as it falls back on its anchor-rope. We lean over the bow-rail, naked in this warm evening air, basking in the contentment of the moment.

Nearly twelve months of being together with my new companion, for twenty-four-hours-a-day, has given both of us plenty of opportunity to explore our sexuality. What better way to do this than living on a fine yacht, in tropical waters, sailing from island to island as the whim takes one? When I first purchased this trimaran I replaced the existing bunks with a double-sized futon. However much it dominates the rather small cabin, it exemplifies

my priority ... we spend an inordinate amount of time discovering what our bodies are capable of. Although not virgins when we met, we were still encumbered by some of the beliefs and expectations impressed upon man and woman about how they should behave and perform sexually. I wanted to find out why there were repressions; I wished to know the cause of the sexual ‘hang-ups’. I found it a must that I uncover my fundamental sexuality ... and she hers.

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From the outset I had resolved that we are frank with each other ... and the honesty has been paying off. Many an hour do we sit together, sharing our experiences of what it is to be raised as a woman or as a man. Both of us experience it as if we have a spy in the other camp! The ‘secrets’ of our genders, never before divulged to our previous partners, are freely revealed. Because of a pure intent, with its implied agreement not to intentionally hurt the other, we can lay our cards on the table, revealing our gender’s ploys and defences, secure in the knowledge that our ‘secrets’ will never be used against each other. I am determined that we strip sex of its mystique. For a man, the mystique of sex lies in the woman, who seemingly promises to deliver the treasure of love that he has longed for. But after his orgasm, with the promise strangely unfulfilled, disappointment sets in and he is afraid that it is because he has tried to possess her ... plundering her treasure. For a woman, the mystique holds the promise that the ‘right man’ has the power and authority to unlock the mysteries of the unfathomable depths to her sexuality. He seems to promise, that by inviting him in he will touch her deeply, fulfilling her at the core of her being, thereby revealing the mystery to them both.

Curiously enough, the mystique is enhanced by failure. Sometimes the woman blames herself for not being ‘giving’ enough; at other times blaming the man for only gratifying himself ... “just using her”. Sometimes the man blames himself for misusing his authority, merely ‘taking’ her; at other times he blames her for “holding back”. The expectations produced by the mystique can never be met, of course, they lead irrevocably to dissatisfaction and disillusionment. Both man and woman are inevitably frustrated. Strangely enough, the mystique of sex is a body of attitudes and beliefs invented, as being *The Truth*, by peoples long dead ... and reinforced throughout the ages by the “Ancestors”. It is a fantasy, comparable to the

Holy Grail, based upon the procrustean conditioning which arbitrarily divides 'humanity' into 'man' and 'woman' ... psychological *identities* that have no basis in actuality. When it is realised that both male and female are equally programmed, one cannot blame oneself or the other. This liberation from blame enables one to examine the conditioning itself ... which leads to questioning the mystique. The mystique, one finds, is but the very promise of this conditioning; it is touted as the *Ultimate* reward for surrendering one's integrity ... and for submitting to the suffering endured whilst obediently lying in one's procrustean bed.

The essential ingredient of any mystique is that it is to forever remain unexplained. Therefore the believers in mystique must quell any desire to find out ... they must stay oblivious to the actual in order to sustain the hope that what is promised will be granted them one day. This is the reason for the insidious silence which surrounds the "unfathomable core" of sexuality. This is why it is shrouded in mysterious secrecy. I experienced it as a bold step when I first started to strip away the layers of the mystique ... the feeling being that nothing would remain and sex would become insipid coupling ... a boring repetition of what is already known. One's courage stems from one's pure intent ... and one's steadfast purpose of dispelling any illusion, however seductive it might seem to be. I was determined to never, ever, live in an illusion ... or a delusion. Only whatever was actual and unaffected would satisfy me. If unadorned sexuality would turn out to be banal ... so be it. It was a risk I was prepared to take, for I would not stay ignorant. The mystique of sex was a challenge to be met.

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It is delightful to be eating dinner, reclining at my ease upon gaily coloured cushions on the after-deck, with a sumptuous meal spread before me on a sun-bleached tablecloth. The well-stocked refrigerator and food lockers provide all the ingredients fit to satisfy the most discerning palate. Some solar-powered lights I have strung in the rigging gently illuminate the scene. It is now full night with the star-studded sky hanging vividly close overhead, transforming the potential darkness into a velvety smoothness. It is extremely calm ... nary a ripple disturbs the tranquil ocean – except for an occasional fish leaping out of the water and falling back with a splash – all is quiet. There are no waves to crash upon the shore, which is dimly visible as a sliver of silvery light in the near distance. From where I am sitting I can see into the

cabin below. Softly lit by concealed lighting, with its homely furnishings of carpets, bedding, pillows and curtains, it looks snug and inviting. Light, seeping from the curtained portholes, casts a cosy glow around the hulls, reflecting this exquisite home as it sits safely upon the inky-black water. I am indeed having a wonderful time ... and it is a well-earned wonderful time, too. Nothing has come without application – apart from some serendipitous discoveries because of pure intent – and my companion and I am reaping the rewards.

The dividends resulting from taking the risk are plentiful and deliciously satisfying. The abandonment of the mystique freed me up to a world of actual splendour, based firmly upon sensual and sexual delight. The actual and unabashed enjoyment of our bodies and the world around us is such a luscious and immediate experience, that the tantalising but ever-elusive promise of the mystique is slowly fading into the oblivion it deserves. Somewhere, shrouded in the Mists Of Time, humans were deprived of their birthright; their exquisite sensual and sexual joy was usurped by the mystique. With its unfulfillable covenant – its promise of an ineffable, never-to-be-explained, unfathomable core of *Mystical Bliss* – mystique had become the successful repressor of human being's genuine sexuality and sensuality.

This easily explicates just why, throughout the ages and the cultures, both men and women have been repressing a woman's sexuality. In the western societies the more obvious 'reasons' for repression are no longer valid: every woman is well-educated in genetics, is basically able to live independently of a man's financial support, has easy access to contraception and, with the advent of modern medical discoveries, has no need to succumb to the "old wives' tales". This made me question why the repression continues. This made me ask why, in most orthodox sexual information, the emphasis is still only on menstrual cycles, sexually transmitted diseases, pregnancy procedures and a clinical description of the genitalia. Why is it that mothers – and fathers too, for that matter – do not talk about the excitement of the sight and touch of an aroused penis? Or the titillating feeling of erect nipples? The crawling, tingling, tickling sensation in the lower belly? The warmth of the vulva which opens to the moist and full-coloured lips? Why are parents not revelling in talking about the glorious sensations when touching, stroking, licking, rubbing, pressing ... the acutely responsive clitoris ... the readily excitable penis ... the increasingly juicy tension building up ... unabashedly wallowing in the sensual and sexual world of purely sensate physical delight.

The answer was both clear and simple: people would rather be *Sacred* than actual. ‘Unfathomable’ translates into *Holy* ... suppressed sexuality and sensuality can produce the *Sublime Experience*. To end repression is to abandon *Spirituality*. A bold step indeed. Yet I discover that this actual world – in which this body is living – easily fulfils all the longings and desires that are commonly channelled into the *Spiritual Realms*. That mystical, *Other-Worldly Dimension* is, in other words: anywhere but here and any time but now. Why then would people rather be *Sacred, Spiritual, Holy* ... not actual? Because their only alternative is to be vulgar, worldly, pagan ... which they associate with the *Diabolical*, the *Demonic*, the *Sinister*. Enmeshed in a world-view wherein everything is divided into opposites, nobody is able to consider a third alternative: to be actual. In the divided world-view, the actual is never seen, and the physical is perceived to be uncivilised, anarchical, and hedonistic ... and categorised by them as being profane. My intent is to find a way to continue to live in this undivided and indivisible actual world as ascertained sensately, instead of the ambivalent world-view of opposites with its necessarily discriminating groups, its opposing camps.

I already know that the divided world-view does not work ... there is no peace and harmony anywhere in the world, nor at any time in history. It can only promote war and truce. I am extremely interested in why it does not work. To find the answer, I clearly saw the need to question – to scrutinise – each component, each belief and each value that made up ‘Good’ and ‘Bad’, ‘Right’ and ‘Wrong’. It was, at times, rather daunting and alarming for us to ask such questions as: “If we women intuitively understand ourselves and each other unequivocally, as we would have everyone believe, why then are we so unable and unwilling to explain ourselves to men?” Or, conversely: “If we men are so convinced of our authority and our ability to solve problems using its power, then why have we been unable to solve our conflict with each other and with women?” These queries lead to more specific questions like: “Why is love manipulative?” ... “Why is authority deemed essential?” ... “Why is love so fickle, unreliable?” ... “Why does problem-solving create more problems?” ... “Why is the promise of love so elusive; does love actually subvert intimacy?” ... “Why is power corrupt; does authority actually subvert peace?”

It is well-known that the war between the sexes is a power-battle. It is kept alive by the woman's identification with *Love* as being the *Ultimate* and by the man's identification with *Authority* as being the *Ultimate*. Both the power of *Love* and *Authority* vie for supremacy ... *Love* has its intrinsic *Authority* and *Authority* has its intrinsic *Love*. Both provide the illusion of security so desperately sought for by billions of people throughout the ages. Whenever we trip over an issue of man-woman differences and find ourselves falling back into our *gender identities* we notice, while looking at each other over a gulf of separation, a marked lack of equity and mutual intimacy between us. Then again, in our long periods of mutual intimacy, we experience that neither *Authority* nor *Love* plays any role. Can we contemplate a life together where intimacy and equity are paramount? Wherein the power of *Love* and *Authority* become irrelevant? Any *Authority* precludes equity ... and therefore intimacy. Any *Love* precludes intimacy ... and therefore equity.

It all stems from separation. There is a separation of male and female from each other by gender identification as '*man*' and '*woman*' – two distinct *social identities* – leading to a localised discontent and resentment, causing the battle between the sexes. Then there is the separative '*I*' or '*me*' – a psychological and psychic *identity* – forever alienated from one's body and from the world of people things and events, leading to a generalised discontent and resentment, causing wars between tribal groups. To end the separative *social identity*, one can whittle away at all the social mores and psittacisms ... those mechanical repetitions of previously received ideas or images, reflecting neither apperception nor autonomous reasoning. One can examine 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 control what one finds oneself to be ... a wayward *ego* and compliant *soul* careering around in confusion and illusion. A 'mature adult' is actually a lost, lonely, frightened and cunning psychological entity overlaying a psychic '*being*'. However, it is never too late to start in on uncovering and discovering what one actually is.

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I have finished my meal and am leaning back at my ease, enjoying an after-dinner cigarette. I am pleased with what I have done so far in order to arrive here at this stage in my association. There is more to come, but if my experience thus far is any indication then the future looks even rosier than what I have right now. I could never believe that it was impossible to live together, man and woman, in perfect peace and harmony, so I will leave no stone unturned in the quest to achieve this goal. Some might say I am mad to risk my association, again and again, to prove the impossible to be possible, but I demur. Nothing is achieved without some risk ... and the ultimate goal is well worth any perceived peril. It all depends upon how willing and determined one is to solve life's problems once and for all. To be convinced that one's destiny lies here on earth – and that it is within reach of those who are prepared to go all the way – is the essential prerequisite for assured success. This conviction I have in plenty.

It is certainly possible.

ARTICLE 3

THE PROMISE TO FORGIVE AND FORGET IS NEVER CARRIED OUT

To have a crackling hot fire going on a crisply cold morning in mid-winter gives such a satisfying feeling. I have woken early and shivered my way to the cast-iron wood stove in the lounge room to stir last night's embers – heaped with ashes before going to bed – back into life. To see the cheery glow ... to pile on kindling and small pieces of wood ... to feel the first flame ... all this is a delight. Then, whilst I am performing my morning's ablutions, the kettle is slowly coming to the boil; its joyful whistle coincides with the completion of my toilet and it is time to sit in front of the warming fire, sipping the best cup of coffee I have tasted. What a way to start the day! When all this is done in the company of the finest companion one could ever dream of ... then life is surely bountiful.

I have been with my companion for some time now ... a time of fun and finding out, a time of delight and discovery, and a time of enjoyment and enquiry. I have been busily engaged in unravelling the mess that is human interaction for many years now, and I have uncovered a lot. There still some way to go – I am under no illusions about that – but already my association far exceeds '*normal*' human expectations. Yet strangely enough, my findings are apparently the cause of some controversy among my peers; my exposures of society's Holy Cows are received as ruthless iconoclasm. Their sensibilities are offended; feeling attacked in their beliefs anger and hurt follow automatically.

Human beings are taught from an early age to make the offending person feel guilty for "hurting my feelings". The offender is equally trained to then feel remorse ... and is compelled to repent and apologise. The power now lies with the hurt person, who is programmed to graciously forgive. If

this bizarre operation is carried out to its inevitable conclusion “we are now friends again” ... and all should be forgiven and forgotten. However, the one apologising feels resentful for being the loser in this power-battle and secretly plots revenge at the first possible opportunity. The one forgiving feels grateful for winning, but secretly despises the abjection of the loser. Equity, the essential prerequisite for intimacy, if nowhere to be found. Thus the entire time-honoured process – one of society’s *Holy Cows* – is fatally flawed. It can only ensure the on-going “battle of wills” ... which is a misnomer because it actually is an egocentric drive for supremacy.

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The early-morning mist has lifted and although the sun is shining, it is weak and fitful in an over-cast sky. The day has remained cold and the fire’s hearty warmth has enticed us to breakfast on the heaped cushions in front of it. I am warm, cosy and feeling very good about myself, as I relax back amidst the debris of the meal. Faintly, from a distance but coming closer, I hear the engine of a car as it negotiates the winding driveway up to this remote house in the country. By the time we have cleared away the plates, the car has stopped outside the french doors. I put the kettle back on the stove to boil water for a pot of tea and invite the visitors in. It is a married couple I have talked with several times before ... they have separated twice prior to knowing them and seem to be well on their way to a third. They have expressed interest in how I am relating and have told me that they feel inspired by our discussions. This time they want to talk about a very personal matter. He has been having an affair and although it is finished – and she says she has forgiven him – he still feels punished on a daily basis; their sex-life is non-existent.

He is of the opinion that she cannot really forgive him, although she says that she has ... and that keeps him feeling guilty. She maintains that she is not punishing him, explaining that it takes a while to trust him again. She does not feel like making love; she is unable to have “just sex” without love and trust. I query her use of the word “just”; it being pejorative indicates that she is putting sex down as being nothing worthwhile on its own. Sex for sex’s sake is what we experience as being extremely enjoyable. I have, some time ago, stripped sex of all its mystique and am well pleased to have dared to do so. Pure sex is utter satisfaction ... for me the immediate is the ultimate and the relative the absolute. My marriage is not based upon love and trust ... a

condition which both shocks and intrigues him. He, of course, wants to know what it is based upon. I pause for a while to consider their situation.

The question is: do they consider it possible for a man and a woman to live together in perfect peace and harmony? They think that “it would be nice” and they would like to hope that it could be possible ... but I see that they are not too sure. It is an uneasy question for them. Of course “it would be nice” but what I am asking is do they consider it to be actually possible for them? For unless this is their goal, their first priority in their marriage, they will not have the will, the determination and preparedness to pursue the matter. The moment that one sees and knows that it is possible, a total focus, a single-mindedness, comes into being. One will then find the ways and means to rid oneself of whatever is standing in the way; one will see through whatever is preventing one from being peaceful and thus living in perfect harmony. There is a complete dedication of one’s life to achieving this goal.

My marriage is based upon knowing that this is possible.



I am interested to hear what they have to say concerning what is the most immediate thing standing in the way of them living together in peace and harmony. She feels that it is this affair ... and the lack of trust. I remind her that this is not the first time they have had a separation and enquire as to what steps they took in the past to come back together again. She starts in on a long and involved tale about how she had been going through a bad patch, feeling discontented, feeling depressed ... she had a fling. She asks me not to “get it wrong” for she really regrets it, but it was because she was not feeling appreciated ... “un-loved”, she supposes. She realised that she had hurt her husband and felt strongly that she wanted to be back with him. So she had ended the “fling” feeling rather silly. However, she now suspects that her husband has just had an affair to pay her back ... which he denies at first and then allows that it may have played a part in it all. He adds that she had lost interest in sex long before his affair. To which she again charges him with wanting her for just sex. We are back to the “just sex” complaint again. I ask if they see a pattern, a definite cycle in all this?

The pattern they see is that when the marriage goes stale they start looking around outside the marriage for what they want. And then, feeling bad about this course of action, they come back together. As they tell their story they feel that it all sounds a bit neurotic. Of course, one can call it

whatever one likes, but will that actually eliminate the problem? It is all learned behaviour, reactionary behaviour ... and what has been learned can be un-learned. The cycle I have discovered lies in how humans have been taught to deal with this learned behaviour. It starts at the beginning of the association: A man and a woman are initially separate, they meet, fall in love, feel totally accepted, appreciated and loved for being who they are ... everything is rosy. They want to spend all their time together, the sex is marvellous ... until the love diminishes, the 'honey-moon' is over, and they start feeling their separation once more. This brings frustration, they blame each other for not being loving enough. "You never bring me flowers any more", or "You are no longer the sexy woman you once were".

One starts to become irritated by the other's character traits – which one used to find so endearing when one were in love – one starts to niggle, one begins to pick fault, one attempts to hurt the other. One picks a fight, after which there is often a silent going your separate ways. One feels bad. The one who ostensibly started the fight begins to feel sorry: if there is sufficient remorse, the other will forgive. The love flows again, one makes promises, trust is restored – one has "made-up" – until next time, that is. This entire process of love, hurting, anger, remorse, forgiveness and then love again is learned behaviour. And nobody seems to question the validity of this time-honoured process. Does it work? Does it produce a lasting intimacy? Does it produce perennial peace and harmony? Does it produce perfection? Is there something original, authentic, genuine, that will?

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There follows a baffled silence; they both look puzzled and a trifle uncomfortable. She protests that everybody does this ... that it is '*normal*' human behaviour. He is silent for a while longer, worrying away at something. He remembers that I said that my marriage is not based on love and trust ... have I then, discovered something original? He sees that humans have been copying, without ever doubting its value, what everyone has been doing. This cyclic procedure is being blindly reproduced by couples all over the world, who teach it, by precept and example, to their children ... as it was taught to them by their parents. And the worst thing is that it does not work anyway. At best it produces a temporary illusion of togetherness via love. When love inevitably diminishes, as it does over time, the whole cycle is repeated with less and less 'success'. Why is it that it does not work?

'*Man*' and '*woman*' are in two separate camps; it is as if they are two different races. So they start from separation ... and love seems to promise to bring them together, to provide the intimacy they all long for. But my question is: why are humans separate to start of with? Is it an actual separation – apart from the physical differences – or have humans been trained into an artificial separation? Is one not conditioned to think – and feel – as a '*man*' and as a '*woman*'? Has one not taken on a *gender identity* and think and feel it to be '*me*'? So is there not an artificial entity, an '*I*', that one takes to be me as I actually am? One's most intimate '*being*' is a fiction anyway, so any *gender identity* overlaid is equally false. If '*I*' am false, artificial, then any connection – a bridge – between two psychological entities can only be as artificial as the separation itself.

Love is this bridge. Love is artificial. Being artificial it needs constant stimulus to keep it 'alive'. Therefore, the moment it starts to sag, the cycle automatically swings into action; frustration, niggles, fights, hurt, resentment, remorse, repentance, forgiveness, promises ... then back to love and trust again. Although everybody promises each time, in contrition, to forgive and forget, they never do. The promise to forgive and forget is never carried out. The hurt, frustration and anger is unconsciously stored away, adding to the already existing resentment that '*man*' and '*woman*' feel toward each other for being separate in the first place. This entire process has no chance of producing anything other than an artificial intimacy.

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Having distinguished the artificial from the actual, the need for upholding and defending the *gender identity* vanishes. '*Man*' disappears, '*woman*' disappears ... '*I*' as a *gender identity* disappear. I have thus uncovered and discovered a more actual intimacy. This more actual intimacy far surpasses the artificial togetherness produced by love and separation. Where there is no separation – which is false anyway – there is no need for love with all its side effects. Sex, released from its burden of bringing the couple together in love and trust, is now able to be what it actually is: delightful and delicious sensate fun.

It is sensible to live in peace and harmony.

ARTICLE 4

PURE INTENT PRODUCES TOTAL DEDICATION

My companion and I are walking in the garden on this exquisite, late-spring day ... idling along quite aimlessly. I simply wish to be here at this moment rather than doing some specific task. Although there has been months of activity to turn the wilderness that was into this delightful paradise, there is still plenty to do. Yet all through these months I have wandered idly, doing something only when an irresistible impulse occurs. This unstructured way of operating – sometimes exasperating to my peers – has worked wonders. In those few short months this area of weed-choked, over-grown land on an ex-dairy farm in the sub-tropical rainforest, has been transformed into a garden of fairy-tale excellence. Even I am amazed at the extent of my undisciplined energy; although untold hours of action were required to produce this result, it has all seemed like play.

The early morning sunshine gently caresses our bared skin; in this remote spot, at this time of the year, clothing is only required when one cycles to the small town a few kilometres away to go shopping. One's nudity is as unconstrained as one's intimacy with the earth and the other. It epitomises one's determination to leave nothing to hide from the other or oneself. This progression of intimacy needs no planning for it steers itself ... one is impelled toward the next thing that lies obvious to the front. My unstructured way of operating would never succeed though, were it not for pure intent; which is the quality that one obtains from a pure consciousness experience (PCE) which we related to each other the first hour of our meeting, some considerable time ago. I am so happy to be here; with the bulk of the exploration into man-woman problems behind me, my marriage is eminently satisfying. Rarely these days do I experience the wrenching away

of the other ... the effects of a life-time's conditioning that has put people into the opposing camps of 'man' and 'woman' are wearing very thin indeed.

The quality of pure intent is what pulls one forward with impunity ... one does not punish oneself or the other for any mistakes that may inadvertently be made along the way. Pure intent transforms into action one's determination to live a life full of gladness, peace and harmony with oneself and a person of the other gender. It enables one to proceed, without knowing in advance, the "how" of the way in which this will be achieved. What one can anticipate, however, is that one will have to review all the pre-conceived ideas about what makes for a happy and harmless life and a peaceful and harmonious association ... and be ready to dismiss those that prevent genuine intimacy. Pure intent produces total dedication. It is experienced as an irresistible enticement. It makes it impossible not to do what is required, or to sweep an issue under the carpet, or to let sleeping dogs lie, or to continue to conform to the long-failed dictates of the status-quo. One finds oneself unable to neglect, or fail to care for, oneself or the other ... or for the plants, if they need tending. One cannot ignore their plight. This glorious garden is a clearly visible example of how one can operate with oneself and another.

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All about is alive with colour as I wander along, pausing now and then as some particular bunch of flowers or clump of ferns captures my fancy. Myriads of 'Busy Lizzies', taken from cuttings, predominate; their range of colour and ease of growth appealed to my imagination from the very start. In this climate, growth is prolific: azaleas, begonias, petunias, marigolds ... the list goes on. All interspersed with tree-ferns, palm trees, philodendrons ... I amble along ... ficus, poinciana, jacaranda ... I am now beneath some wattles ... some bananas I planted on day one are over my head now, so rapid their growth. Skirting the stream which meanders through the middle of the garden I cross the causeway that I built when I arrived. In the pond thus formed, shaded by over-hanging trees, a large blue-grey wading bird is hunting for the little fish and shrimp that thrive in these rich waters.

The chickens come running to meet me as I approach their wire-netting pen; they peck away busily at the kitchen scraps I toss over the high fence. In the adjoining pen, which the chickens inhabited last year, the vegetables and flowers planted in early winter have produced an abundance ... I pick some ears of corn from the shoulder-high stems to throw over to the

chickens ... some zucchini, some tomatoes ... whatever is to hand ... the chickens live well on the excess ... some peas, some lettuce, some beets. I pick tomatoes for our own breakfast, collect the freshly laid eggs ... and turn on the garden sprinklers as I leave.

Upstream ... past the gurgling waterfall ... crossing over the quaint little bridge ... the scent of jasmine hangs heavy in the air ... I am easily enticed to linger. I seat myself at the gaily painted picnic table and chairs. Little birds, chirping and whistling, are flying and jumping from branch to branch in this secluded grove of trees. Nearby a kookaburra starts its laughing call ... and is soon answered by its mate. The sunlight streams down, dappled here by the leaves ... all is well, I am extremely content with this world ... the ambience is such that I could sit here forever.

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I do not, of course, for this early-morning stroll is but the prelude to a full day. A large box of rainforest trees, seedlings yet in their little pots, that were purchased last weekend at the local market, are waiting to be planted out. The bare lower slopes of the hill on the other side of the newly dug large lake are begging for some growth. I could not resist the impulse to produce some greenery; a lush, future forest is, I consider, definitely called for. I have already built a bench seat halfway up the hill and my companion painted it yellow and brown. We often go to sit there of an evening, where one can overlook the entire property as it changes colour whilst the sun is setting behind the long mountain range that looms large to the west of here. Inspired into action, I soon find myself in the garden shed collecting tools, stakes, mulch, some chicken manure for fertiliser – I like to give the trees a best possible start – and I water the box of seedlings and place them, with the other things, in the wheelbarrow, ready to go. The sun is still not high in the sky; the temperature will remain pleasant enough to allow some heavy exertion for a while yet. Time enough to have an early-morning cup of coffee on the verandah. There is no sense of rush or haste here; it is as if I have all the time in the world.

What I do have, in actuality, is sufficient time to achieve all that needs to be done. It is one of the many charming characteristics of life that emerges spontaneously when one is activated by pure intent. Pure intent is not to be confused with being a “do-gooder”, or being full of “righteousness”, or being “moralistic”. Pure intent is the quality that encompasses what morals

and ethics aspire to but never reach. ‘Good’ fails to reach its desired goal because it opposes ‘Bad’ ... the fight between Good and Evil has raged for centuries. Pure intent enables one to be liberated from both Good and Evil. This freedom from perversity is a guarantee of success. By perverse I mean not only being corruptible and corrupted, but obstinately persisting in being corrupt. Absence of perversity enables one, each moment again, to perform in the optimum manner; be it physically or psychologically.

Initially, pure intent will disturb one’s conditioned behaviour, throwing one into an apparently opposing direction, with one defending what one had been socialised into believing to be ‘Right’. One can experience it as being an attack by the other for holding one’s own gender’s views; often it will look as if one is going in the incorrect direction ... into separation instead of intimacy. One can strain in vain to apply the time-honoured methods of resolving marital disputes. Gradually one discovers that pure intent will pull one relentlessly into examining the underlying reasons for these separations. It is a must that one explore, find out, uncover, reveal ... and one does. Each time again one discovers that all one has been taught – and believed in – to be the “*Tried and True*” is, in fact, an encumbrance. One sees, and sees again on each occasion, how people behave like automatons ... mere marionettes on the strings of conditioning. Does one have the temerity to question the ‘*wisdom*’ of the ancestors? One’s parents and one’s parent’s parents?

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Wherever I looked I saw that they all lived a dismally unhappy and harmful way of life – trapped in this perversity that prevents success – in no matter what culture or society I examined. Did I have the courage to start afresh on human interaction? Did I dare to originate something totally new? Yes, I did, for I could not believe for a moment that male and female were fated to be eternally in conflict ... and with no other option but to pass it on to their children in turn. To create a life, to bring newborn babies into this age-old battlefield – called ‘*humanity*’ – and force them to conform, was horrific to contemplate. Only ignorant irresponsibility – cruelty through disregard – can excuse a person for continuing to perpetuate the status-quo. All societies are based upon the premise that the war between the sexes is ‘*normal*’.

My companion and I could not continue to live as before. I was already living in an *Altered State Of Consciousness* and my companion had

had – when we were still living on opposite sides of this earth – personal experiences of moments of perfection. These pure consciousness experiences (PCE’s) which usually occur in a “peak experience”, as they are sometimes called, change one’s lives forever. In a PCE everything is seen, with unparalleled clarity, to be already perfect ... that humans are all living in perfection ... if only one would act upon one’s seeing. In these moments, ‘Good’ and ‘Bad’, ‘Love’ and ‘Hate’, ‘Generosity’ and ‘Parsimony’, ‘Fear’ and ‘Trust’ ... 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 *Beauty*. And ... of course man and woman live together in perennial peace and harmony.

These pure consciousness experiences are so actual, so ultimate yet immediate, so relative yet so absolute, that they cannot be ignored. They leave a lasting impression upon one ... which can take the form of a pure intent. Pure intent is a palpable life-force; an actually occurring stream of benignity that originates in the perfect and vast stillness that is the essential character of the infinitude of the universe. It is no longer a matter of choice ... it is an irresistible pull. This pure intent is so impelling that it has kept us together for virtually twenty-four-hours-a-day from the moment we met on that sunny beach, a few short years ago ... and we are utterly pleased to have found one another. To have as a companion someone who shares the identical goal in life to oneself is occasion enough in itself for celebration. Then to have the success after success that we have had throughout our time together, is proof indeed of the benevolence and wisdom of a life well-lived.

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The river-washed stones of the gravel path, which we have laid from the shed to the verandah, make a satisfying scrunching sound under my feet. Depositing the basket of eggs and tomatoes on the table in the miniature kitchen of the quaint little caravan that is home, I busy myself with the domestic tasks I enjoy so much. It is exquisite to be always doing things together, for my marriage is eminently satisfying. Soon enough, the aroma of freshly-brewed coffee is filling the air, enhancing the atmosphere.

There is time aplenty for our morning cup.

ARTICLE 5

WITHOUT GENDER IDENTITY ONE HAS ACTUAL INTIMACY

It has been raining overnight and I wake to a morning made fresh and cool ... a welcome relief from the sub-tropical heat of the past few weeks. The mid-summer sun has been bearing down intensely as I awaited the onset of the wet season; I delight in this seasonal largess. The sun rises early at this time of the year and, although behind some large clouds, it is well up into the sky as I sit here at ease in my adjustable deck chair. Sipping my morning cup of coffee, I am relishing the scope of the colourful garden which surrounds the sweet little caravan that is my current home. The picturesque scene is a feast for my eyes ... I can never tire of these salutary rewards for the past year's feat of phenomenal stamina that transformed a deserted tract of wasteland into this paradisiacal wonderland. With those powerful white clouds in the sky above the hills to the east of where I am sitting on this homely verandah ... what more could I ask for? This remarkable life, this exquisite world, is truly fabulous ... made all the more fabulous by the complete harmony between my companion and I ... between male and female.

I do not use the word "complete" lightly. I have lost count of the numerous times that people have told me that such harmony – this perfect harmony – is just not possible. They have told me, time and time again, that I was too idealistic ... it was a "pie in the sky", or one was "wishing for the moon". Some were even of the opinion that any harmony should only be in moderation otherwise life would become boring ... disagreement, apparently, "adds spice to life"! Others warned me that "too much of a good thing is bad for you", or that "one should accept one's lot in life", or that one "should not be perfectionistic, you will end up lonely". The trite and hackneyed phrases were endlessly forthcoming. I would listen with one ear to their alarmist

advice; their proverbial guidance and sinister superstition I consigned to the waste-bin. I would not give in to the peer pressure prudence based upon the sageness of ‘old wives’ tales’ and conveyed to me with well-meant but ill-considered confusion.

Yet my marriage is now complete. I have an exemplary life with my companion; what I talk of is not Theory or Idea, it is a fact. My wisdom comes out of my day-to-day experience. I have unravelled the mess that is orthodox ‘*human*’ interaction ... I not only know what I speak of, I demonstrate it daily in my living. Some people now say we are lucky to have met each other and do not want to hear me when I say that luck has nothing to do with it ... for we put in the first years of being together in an intense exploration and delicious discovery of what it is that prevents consistent ease and harmony betwixt male and female. As nothing is gained without diligence and application, born of pure intent, I could not give in to the status-quo ... we did not compromise. Dedication and perseverance were required to reach this wonderful completion.

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They have tried to teach us the ‘art’ of compromise. One ‘happily’ married couple, for instance, came to visit us one fine evening about three or four months ago. Sitting with us on the verandah, brusquely brushing aside our most recent discovery about an exciting aspect of man-woman association, they proceeded to enlighten us with the accrued ‘*wisdom*’ of their ten years of marriage.

“The secret to a successful marriage, you know,” he said, “lies in keeping what is essentially yours separate from the relationship.”

I looked at him somewhat startled, bemused. Seeing my puzzlement he felt persuaded to explain himself further. Sitting forward in his chair he drew an imaginary oval on the floor.

“It’s like this,” he expounded, “it’s like a football field; at this end is my territory, the male area. Down at that end is her territory”.

His wife nods her full agreement. “In the middle,” she says, “is the communal area. That is where we can mix, where we can have equal say. That’s the area where we make our compromises.”

I ask, with interest, if they ever invite each other into their respective territories. I am interested because we have been doing nothing but this since

the first day we met. I know that actual intimacy cannot exist where there is separation.

“No!” they exclaimed, simultaneously. She went on: “If you don’t keep those areas sacred you lose all privacy; you then have no respect for each other.”

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Nobody, to my knowledge, has made the distinction between the physical male-female and the psychological ‘*man*’-‘*woman*’ ... regardless of the fact that the psychological ‘*man*’-‘*woman*’ is an easily observable stereotype, anyway. Without this distinction there can only be confusion. Physical intimacy is, of course, problematic so long as these stereotypical psychological entities remain intact ... creating, therefore, separation. At best the feeling of love can, temporarily, bring these entities together in an illusion of intimacy. Yet it is simply a contradiction in terms to desire intimacy but all the while keeping an area of oneself private; that area wherein one calls oneself ‘*man*’ or ‘*woman*’. At the core of this area is one’s *identity* ... that ‘*who*’ one thinks and feels to be ‘*me*’. If the other trespasses into this area, ‘*my*’ very *identity* is under attack. This, one thinks and feels, is ‘*me*’. ‘*I*’ must stiffly resist any change. Of course ‘*I*’, as ‘*man*’ or ‘*woman*’ need constant affirmation from other ‘*men*’ or ‘*women*’ ... from ‘*my*’ camp. Among ‘*men*’ this is called “male bonding”; among ‘*women*’ it is called “Sisterhood”. Literally, from birth onward – pink for baby girls, blue for baby boys – humans know of no other *social identity* than that created for them by this ongoing process.

This creation, this psychological entity, is what one takes to be ‘*me*’ ... and ‘*I*’ will defend it with ‘*my*’ life whenever necessary. Yet all over the world people are complaining endlessly about loneliness; about how “no one will love me for myself”, or “no one will accept me as I am”. Yet ‘*I*’, as ‘*man*’ or ‘*woman*’ am a creation. Created by society, by other ‘*men*’ and ‘*women*’, ‘*I*’ am as artificial as they are. This body has been encumbered with an artificial psychological *gender identity*. Being a fiction, of course one feels alienated ... alone and lonely. Such a composite figure can only need to belong with other, likewise composite, creatures. In order to belong, though, one must conform to the dictates of those who created ‘*me*’. As they do not like their own creation, they will never like ‘*me*’, completely. Thus arises the necessity for concession and compromise.

have such serious consequences it could be seen as a hilarious process ... they want 'me' to turn out to be as neurotic and argumentative and unhappy as they are. This procedure is called socialisation.

Almost every trace of naiveté humans were born with has been rigorously beaten and seduced out of them until they arrive at adulthood not knowing what they can be, in actuality. The war between the sexes has thus been carried on unto the next generation. This has been going on for centuries; peoples today are being dictated to and ruled by their ancestors; people long dead are preventing the modern human from being happy and living in peace and harmony. When one realises this, one initially feels stupid. One feels stupid because, after all, one co-operated in this ongoing process. Maybe one can be partially excused because it all started when one was too young to know any different, but one has sold oneself out, nevertheless. However, it is never too late to know. Once it is realised that 'I' am not actually me, a sensate human being, 'I' am keen to start unravelling the whole sorry mess.

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The sun has emerged from behind the clouds; the garden is sparkling and glittering a billion diamonds as the raindrops hang from every leaf. I have long finished my drink and have been looking through the cupboards, the canisters, the refrigerator ... I enjoy composing the shopping list. An extremely pleasant bicycle ride through the undulating farmland, dotted with grazing cows, will bring me to the nearby town; an activity I know will bring me nothing but delight and joy ... and my marriage is complete. The sure knowledge that nothing remains in me of *gender identity* enables me to not only enjoy this moment fully, but to anticipate an ongoing future happiness. To be able to take it for granted that nothing untoward can occur to disrupt my equilibrium, gives me a security that the word rather fails to adequately describe.

For me the war between the sexes does not exist. 'I', as a *gender identity* have vanished. Therefore I do not feel the need to belong to any institution, be it marriage, family, peer group, tribe, religion, or nation, in order to bolster and sustain a culturally created *social identity*. This psychological entity is one who believes in "safety in numbers" ... and in "the more the merrier". Yet the resultant wars within and between marriages; within and between families; within and between peer groups; within and

between tribes; within and between religions; within and between nations all occur – and continue to occur – because something as basic as the war between the sexes has never before been dissolved.

Rather than addressing a root cause, people prefer to align themselves to a group, which, being bigger than their own puny *self*, gives them the illusion of a stronger sense of *social identity*. At the same time it serves to justify the living out of the resentment, the frustration, the aggression and the hatred, all of which stem from believing oneself to be the culturally created *gender identity* ... a social construct. The stubborn refusal to see and relinquish this lonely creation is reason enough for calling it perversity. I am not perverse; I saw and relinquished. Without a *gender identity* I have discovered an actual intimacy.

With actual intimacy the war between the sexes is over.

ARTICLE 6
CONFIDENCE AND CERTAINTY RENDERS TRUST AND FAITH
IRRELEVANT

It is one of those balmy evenings wherein there is contentment at simply being alive and moving about in a leisurely fashion. It is exquisite to leave the office of the motel, that my companion and I are managing, to show a guest to their cabin ... I step out into the warm summer air and I am immediately clothed in the friendliness of the humid sub-tropical ambience. As it is after dusk, all the little garden lights are on, shedding their diffused radiance between the prolific plants in the shrubbery between the units. Brick-paved pathways meander through the gardens and lawns, inviting me to meander with them. It is more a holiday resort than the typical motel with its rows of brick veneer rooms, and most of the patrons who come here come for a holiday. This way I get to see people at their best; except for the odd one or two professional whingers, it is a delight to meet and mix with peoples from all walks of life when they are at their happiest. I am enjoying my time here for this reason ... and also because the blue Pacific Ocean is but a scant one hundred metres away.

As the last guest has now arrived, I can hang up the “No Vacancy” sign at the front. This is always a satisfying moment; it means a virtually undisturbed evening, cooking dinner, without being called away. I am chopping up the crisp, fresh vegetables and sorting out the aromatic spices when there is a knock at the door. It is not a customer; it is a man I have not seen for a few months, with whom I have had several talks about human relationship, as he and his wife had been having some domestic problems. He is momentarily embarrassed to catch us at dinner time, but when I explain the reasons for the late meal he soon relaxes over a glass of wine whilst we carry on. Before long the curried chicken – hot Madras style – is gently bubbling

away on low heat, and he can come to the actual reason for his unannounced visit. His wife has left him for another man. He is vehement in his protestation of his love for her and is nonplussed as to how she could do such a thing. He had faith in her and thought he could trust her to remain faithful ... and he is at a loss to understand.

Why does one feel the need to have faith and to trust another? To trust someone indicates a lack of confidence in oneself, and faith indicates a lack of certainty about living in general. All things happen for many reasons and it is useless to apportion blame ... the emotional investment in blaming is debilitating and prevents the clarity necessary for honest appraisal. Likewise the ardent stake one places in faith and trust to produce the desired effect is also enervating ... and it leaves one open to self-induced feelings of betrayal. People have been taught have faith and to trust – or not have faith and not to trust – somebody or some event, without ever questioning whether the action of faith and trust itself is an appropriate tool for living one’s life. Can humans dispense with faith and trust altogether? It is not set in stone that faith and trust is a must; one can make one’s own way in life without carrying all that baggage of belief that humankind has been burdened with for centuries. What about knowing? With knowing, one has confidence. Confidence and certainty renders faith and trust irrelevant.

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He does not comprehend what I mean by this and in puzzlement wishes to know how come I do not have faith or trust. He cannot believe that I do not, as he knows that I have an excellent marriage. It is commonplace, in the *real world*, to jump to the opposite when one contemplates another course of action. I had discovered, long ago, that there is always a third alternative: it is not a case of not having faith or not trusting the other ... I do not feel the need to have faith or trust at all. The words “faith” and “trust” are not in my vocabulary, as I have consigned them to the waste-bin where they belong. Knowing oneself so thoroughly, there is every certainty and confidence that the correct action will occur. He is not convinced, however, and poses the question as to what would happen if one of us were attracted to another ... as his wife has been. Apparently it caught him by surprise; he never suspected that she could do such a thing. So much for faith and trust ... it made him blind to the obvious signs I ascertained from him in our discussions some months ago. I am not at all astonished at the turn of events in his life and it

affirms my stance: emotions equip one with a disability. They are a hindrance, not a help. Feelings – emotions and passions – are a liability; life is infinitely cleaner and clearer upon their demise. It is not a popular view, however, for people are attached to their feelings; they believe – they think and feel – that feelings are the touchstone of actuality. Nothing could be further from the fact. They keep *reality* alive.

So, what if my companion was attracted to another? Nothing, in relation to another person, is guaranteed in life; this is where certainty and confidence engendered through knowing oneself renders faith and trust irrelevant. I am my own person and am totally satisfied with my own company ... I can rely upon myself wholly. I do not need the other, nor do I need to be needed. This is to be unique. There is a much used cliché: “we are all unique individuals” ... whereas, in actuality, everybody has been socialised into carbon copies of some social blue-print. Such peoples can only be shallow and predictably deceitful ... in order to fit this blue-print. And on top of that, they are invariably contumacious when it comes to ameliorating their situation ... people are amazing in their stubborn perversity. Their resistance to discovering a new way of operating – even listening with both ears when it is told to them – is legendary to me by now. I have come to expect it ... this is what I mean by knowing, for how can I be disappointed when I know what to expect? Still, I am dumbfounded, again and again, at the depth of the opposition to living a life that is blithe and gay ... and an astoundingly reliable life for all that. I have lost nothing beneficial in giving up on the “*Tried and True*” – which is actually the tried and failed – and have gained immensely.

He reproaches me somewhat for being judgmental and, stating that “we are all different in our own way”, proceeds to enlighten me on the current political correctness. Apparently I am not allowed to be so candid and frank ... which is my point entirely. He brazenly thinks he is different from other people! Could he give me an example of this? Already he has indicated that he is the same as everybody else by believing in faith and trust ... and now by believing in this new rule about not being judgmental. He avers that everybody needs to believe in that, otherwise there would be anarchy, war. As people are already at war with each other – and with themselves – I rather fail to appreciate his point. Where he said “we all need to believe, etc.” was he not telling me that he belonged to all, to society, to the blue-print? That therefore he is not as unique as he thought himself to be? He wants to know if I am trying to tell him that the reason his wife had left him was because he is

predictably shallow? Am I implying that it is his fault that she left? But no, I am not apportioning blame; in my appraisal I simply assume the causes to be fifty-fifty. Blaming is not the point at issue. What is at issue is the lie of uniqueness and the belief in it ... which requires faith and trust. To know oneself – and others – is to be original, authentic and, of course, sincere. Such a person is fascinating to be with. Each moment again is full of freshness and delight for oneself and for the other. Where there is deceit – selling oneself out to fit society’s straitjacket – there is a need for faith and trust. Faith and trust in another is nothing but the hope that somebody else believes as much in self-deceit as oneself does. By “blue-print” I mean conditioning into society at large. What I am particularly concerned about is the effect this socialisation has had upon him specifically. Can he see that he has been constructed, from birth onward, to fit into a mould, a pattern? Can he see that this has been so effective that he has taken this construct to be what he actually is?

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He is shifting uncomfortably in his chair and looking a trifle shamefaced. He takes a slow sip from his wine to buy time. Dinner is simmering gently on the stove and it is high time to give it a stir ... and bring some rice to the boil before turning it down. The lights are low and the sweet scent of night-flowering jessamine wafts powerfully in through the screened windows, complementing the aroma of the spices that are cooking slowly. Overhead the slow-moving ceiling fan creaks slightly as it stirs the air. Altogether it is a very pleasant evening and I am happy to be here. Having attended to the culinary deeds I settle back into my seat, as he seeks to assimilate what I am talking of into his already existing mind-set. He explains that I have a way of confronting people with new concepts and can I please slow down as I nearly have him spinning in confusion. But he has indeed become aware of the automatic clichés he has been using – and believing in – and admits that I am right in that he is not as unique as he would like to think.

Can he remember any pure consciousness experiences? Can he remember experiencing a moment – or moments – wherein everything falls into place correctly and perfectly? Wherein everybody, oneself included, and everything, is utterly pure? There is an ambience of total peace and harmony. Kindliness and spontaneous generosity of character come spontaneously and easily. One knows, with an absolute certainty, that it is possible to be free of

all the ills of humankind ... to become free of the 'Human Condition' is the only solution to life's troubles worth pursuing. In the PCE, 'I' temporarily abdicated the throne and I knew, by direct experience, that freedom was already actual. It was 'me' that was the problem, not the absence of perfection. When 'I' ceased to be, perfection became, as always, apparent. One sees that there is only one person who can actually manifest one's own freedom from failure in human interaction. Me, myself ... yours truly. It is very important to have confidence in one's own ability to discriminate between current 'human' knowledge and what one personally knows from the PCE's. This will give one that essential optimism and assurance ... it is the ability to plough on regardless of whatever stands in one's way until one evokes one's destiny. It is all to do with a certainty ... the solid knowing, born out of the PCE, that it is here for oneself and anyone ... if only one will act upon this sureness. Can he relate to this?

He can. He starts hesitantly, but gaining assurance goes on. He has never told this to anyone before, not even to his wife, because it was a very precious experience to him ... afraid to be made fun of. It happened back before he was married, when he was single and living out in the bush in an old shack. He had hitch-hiked back from town and was dropped off at the nearest intersection. He was walking the last two kilometres ... minding his own business and not thinking of anything in particular ... he remembers seeing some cows in a paddock on the right-hand side of the track ... they were black and white ... and they were especially vivid that day. As he went around the curve in the track ... past a big old tree ... the valley opened up before him. He knew all this as he had walked this track many times before ... but on this occasion he and the trees and the cows and the valley ... were ... sort of ... transformed. It was all as I had just described to him: everything and everybody is in its place, utterly correct and simply perfect. There is this total contentment with life as-it-is inside of him ... and outside, too. And all this has nothing to do with anything ... meaning that it is not precipitated by something. It just happens. Everything is absolutely wonderful exactly as-it-is. It is an amazing experience.

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I can see, by the look on his face, that he is again having the flavour of this experience. What can he say, now, about faith and trust? Does he feel the need for them? Or is there only confidence and certainty? It is important

that one remembers this. Right now he is experiencing it as an actuality, whereas five minutes ago he was struggling to understand it intellectually. This experience is what I mean by being authentic and original. And what does he see, now, regarding this construct of beliefs ... this social blue-print? He sees all this as enormous ... absolutely enormous ... what he now understands is that he is made up of many, many beliefs ... is it possible to rid oneself of each and everyone of them ... there are so many? Of course it is. Why does he think he had that pure consciousness experience? It showed him what life actually is, stripped of the images humans have placed over it. Everybody has had similar experiences over the years ... experiences in which one sees and knows that everything outside of the experience has to go. All the beliefs and concepts one has accumulated – which one has taken to be what one was – are false. One sees that ‘I’ and/or ‘me’ as the *identity*, a psychological and/or psychic entity, is standing in the way of perfection, peace and harmony. My companion and I, in the first couple of hours of having met, formed an agreement which was to be the basis of the association. We were both convinced, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it was possible for a free male and female to live together in perfect peace and harmony. There was an agreement made to be scrupulously honest with ourselves and with the other, however stupid and ridiculous it would seem at the time. One has to explore to find out, uncover to discover ... one knows in advance that one will, inevitably, make mistakes from time to time.

One therefore resolves to never hold a grudge, nor to “sweep anything under the carpet”. One will not let “sleeping dogs lie”, and one understands that it will be trying, at times, but because of the purity of the infinitude of this universe, as experienced in the PCE, one can tap into a pure intent. That is one’s guiding light, as it were. Overall we have had a lot of fun finding out about ourselves and each other and the ‘Human Condition’. The moment one sees a ‘*truth*’ for what it is – a belief – one finds that it has already disappeared because of the seeing, leaving nothing behind, except perhaps a vague memory that one once thought like that. The disappeared ‘*truth*’ seems like a bit of a dream ... was it actual? The next ‘*truth*’ – because that is how one has learnt to call beliefs – automatically presents itself in the normal course of one’s daily life. One cannot but welcome it, because one’s life becomes clearer and cleaner and more pure. This “seeing” is pure awareness, based upon pure intent born out of the peak experience. It is not an intellectual ‘seeing’, nor is it emotional ... passions play no part in becoming free. Passions are only needed for defending one’s belief in the

status-quo. With pure seeing one becomes more and more fascinating, once one has the ‘knack’ of it. Life itself becomes a wondrous experience.

In doing so, I have done away with the need for trust, faith and belief. Instead I have certainty, confidence and a solid knowing. By now he is becoming genuinely excited, alert. He states that the confidence and certainty comes from the PCE and that trust and belief come from within. He sees that he had faith in and trusted his wife ... and not only her ... but everybody that was important in his life. Rather than having confidence in his own judgement, he opines that he had been giving way to public opinion ... to keep the peace, he now supposes. I take it one step further. One does it not only to keep the peace but mainly out of fear ... fear of being an outcast, is this not so? Society punishes the authentic individual with ridicule and ostracism ... and the fear of loneliness is the instigating factor in selling oneself out. If one does, then one also sees that one is living a lie. All for the sake of conformity and the illusion of security. This is so true, he is exclaiming, but as this is how society is, what can one do?

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The important thing to remember is pure intent, which is the result of one’s peak experience of the utter purity of the infinitude of this universe. One’s daily life will improve with every discovery, with every seeing-through of all that is not me. One will be lighter, cleaner and more pure every day, as the artificial burden of other people’s ‘truths’ drop away. Authenticity promotes intimacy. To have no authenticity and originality is a very high price to have paid. This is the correct motivation for exploring deep into one’s psyche and discovering just what one actually is. The fringe benefit is the ease of keeping your companion interested in you, because being me – as-I-am – is delicious ... not only to oneself, but to the other. Does he still believe in faith and trust?

Does he still believe in Santa Claus and the Tooth Fairy? He sees that it amounts to the same thing; they are made up of ... of air! He feels so much better already; it has been so good to talk like this. It all suddenly makes such sense ... even his wife leaving him. Although his pride was hurt he is happy to acknowledge that his marriage was not based upon the intimacy of perfection that he sees here now. Right now he even sees his wife’s desertion as a “blessing in disguise”, for he had always thought – like most people – that a ‘good’ marriage is dependent on the amount of faith and

trust and likes and dislikes and hopes and beliefs that the couple share together. But what he understands now, talking with me, is that without the authenticity born of perfection, genuine intimacy is not possible. And genuine intimacy is what he has always wanted.

It is here right now for the living.

ARTICLE 7 THE SOCIAL IDENTITY IS A BELIEF NOT A FACT

My companion and I have been invited to a young couple's house for a drink and a chat. It is early evening in autumn; a time of warm days and cool nights. Soon enough there will be a chill in the air, but for now it is pleasant to be sitting out on their verandah, enjoying the onset of dusk; a part of the day with its own special, if fleeting, quality. The air is filled with the sounds peculiar to the eventide: the trilling of the ubiquitous crickets, the shrill song of the cicadas in the trees all about, and the melodious croak of the frogs in the small stream that runs past the front of the house. Another reason we are all seated on the verandah is that the man of the house is a newly reformed smoker ... and now smoking has been banned inside. He is in the kitchen, bustling about with kettle and teapot, sticking his head out of the french doors to ask if soya-milk is okay ... they have taken up being vegan, too. His girl-friend, a trifle nervously, tries to make small talk, as the invitation was more his idea than hers. Soon enough, however, we are all seated comfortably, sipping the herbal teas. I am curious as to what else they have given up, as conversations can tend to be rather one-sided and defensive when someone is newly committed to the '*Healthy Life*', or the '*Human Potential Movement*'. It could be a lively evening.

He relaxes back in his chair with an expansive sigh of approval and indicates how good it is to "just sit and talk". It transpires that they have given up their television set also, because it "stops communication" and results in a "veg-out" in front of "mindless rubbish". They have only recently moved to this old farmhouse – about two weeks ago – and are full of good intentions. I hesitate to query further into their proposed world of total change from what she is calling "dissipated city life", but I probably will not be able to resist. Life is much too much fun to be at all serious about people's

borrowed beliefs and adopted values. Besides, it is exquisite to see earnestness in action, if a little misplaced. Sincerity is a character trait that is sadly lacking in many people. I have a high regard for will – provided it is not *ego*-driven – and prefer to see it channelled into something original, rather than frittered away on personal growth issues or dietary concerns. He is looking fondly at his woman, now, with whom he has been living for just three months. After a disastrous relationship lasting four years with a single mother of two children, he relishes his new life: a new woman and a new hope for the future.

We have all met before, and the last time we had fallen into a discussion about beliefs – one of my pet subjects – and he reminds me now that I had stated that humans are all made up of different beliefs given to them, with love and compassion, from their parents ... and from any other well meaning adult. They can sense the truth of some of this but, it emerges, they cannot get at their more basic beliefs. They have discussed their differing beliefs, resolving some and quarrelling over other, more contentious, subjects. What they want to know is what belief is true and which is false? There are so many beliefs to choose from ... who is right and who is wrong? As they question there is scepticism and doubt ... even mistrust verging upon suspicion. So how can they know? My stance is clear: why go groping around in the ‘Right’ and ‘Wrong’ beliefs at all? Looking for the *True Belief* is to go from the ridiculous to the *Sublime!* Start with a fact – a verifiable, objective actuality – as one’s base. Use it as a touch-stone to test the actuality of whatever ‘*truth*’ one suspects to be a belief. Separate out facts from fiction; find out which part of one is demonstrably a fact. What one actually is is observable by anyone. Anything else is fiction, an illusion. They are the beliefs one holds about oneself. What, precisely, is one fact about you that is indisputable?

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She is the first to respond, venturing the opinion that her body, being female, is a fact. Whereas her being hopeless at mathematics because she is a woman is a belief. This is a good point, for it is a contentious issue as to whether boys and girls are inherently equal in regard to their brain’s capacity for certain subjects or not. This maintains my view that beliefs, fiction, always lead to dispute, disagreements, fights, and in the long run, war. Facts always bring people together in concert and therefore promote peace. The

curious part in all this is that facts are always here, open and observable to all who wish to see with the clarity born of the PCE. This being the case, they want to know, how and where did beliefs come in? And why? It is not too difficult to comprehend, for beliefs come in from another person, or persons, starting from day one as a new-born baby. Mother and Father – or a substitute parent – require the child to conform to the already existing world of inherited realities. Through actions and words, carrots and sticks, the child is taught to believe until it is sufficiently educated, having made these beliefs their own *'truths'*. The child cannot compare these beliefs with anything outside of their environment, because they do not have the ability to have confidence in the certainty there is an alternative to everyday *reality* as is evidenced in their peak experiences ... so they have no reason not to swallow the entire package, this whole *reality*.

This process of indoctrination is called socialisation and results in forming the *social identity*; a process which may take, perhaps, up to twelve years to complete. All this while the child has learned, by trial and error, reward and punishment, precept and example – with endless repetition – how to feel afraid, secure, loved, disliked, greedy, proud, lonely, etcetera ... no matter what culture you are born into. Humankind is sufficiently programmed into believing that “human nature” is what human beings are and that it cannot be changed ... *'humanity's 'wisdom'* says we are all stuck with it. Such is the extent of believing. What one can do, however, is ask oneself whether one wants to continue to live an unsatisfactory life? Following blindly in the footsteps of ancestors is to perpetuate fiction over fact as being the only way to live. One has taken on their beliefs and made them one's own ... their beliefs are in part who one is. One's image of oneself is a totally borrowed picture ... which one believes to be one's very *identity*. It is what one thinks – and feels – one is as *'me'*. Yet what one is this very body ... does one wish to continue to defend an illusion? *Family* ties, *tribal* customs and *national* mores all contribute in the making of one's *social identity*. *Religious* beliefs, *ideological* creeds and *cultural* values all go to cement the psychological and psychic make-up of one's very *real ego* and *soul*. One's *social identity* is what one has adopted as being *'me'*. How much longer does one wish to go on defending *'someone'* that is not me? How much longer do you want to go on living in pathos as a group member ... which is what a social entity is.

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If you think – and feel – that this *social identity* is you as you really are, then you must belong to a group. Out of loneliness you must have a sense of belonging. This culturally created psychological entity is always lonely for it is an alien, a fictional creation of the group, who cannot exist outside of the group mentality. But what about me as-I-am? Stripped of the *identity*, I am never lonely, for I am complete, sufficient unto myself. Loneliness is as fictional as the *identity* that has been created as ‘*me*’ by all those other lonely entities which were here before one arrived as a baby. One has made it one’s own and called it ‘*me*’. Whereas I – as this flesh and blood body – am not a belief. To strip away the *identity*, ‘*I*’ can cease believing, hoping, trusting and having faith and certitude... which are but the antidotes to disbelief, despair, distrust, doubt or suspicion. ‘*I*’, having the courage of ‘*my*’ convictions – which is the confidence born out of the solid knowing as evidenced in the pure consciousness experience – thus develop a superb confidence and an almost over-weening optimism. Therefore nothing can stand in ‘*my*’ way in this, the adventure of a life-time.

One of the ways of ascertaining whether a ‘*truth*’ is a belief or a fact is that a belief demands loyalty; you give allegiance to it and to the group that espouses it. And confused loyalties at that ... if you have more than one belief it causes difficulty, as your loyalties can be torn apart. You can feel chaotic, not knowing which belief is ‘true’. It makes you very insecure ... at moments like that you wish that there were one person who could tell you what to do and what not to do ... what to believe and what not to believe. You desire some “Big Daddy” or “Big Mummy” to tell you what is ‘Right’ and what is ‘Wrong’. Yet, insecurity starts in childhood, from the first time that you noticed that your father held differing beliefs from your mother. Although you may not have been able to comprehend what the issue of the argument was about, you nevertheless saw your parents in opposition with each other. Who is ‘Right’? Who is ‘Wrong’? Whose beliefs are the *True Beliefs*? As a child when you felt chaotic, you could appeal to the parent you esteemed most and they would tell you what to believe ... with well-meant love and compassion. They were an *Authority*. What you are looking for now is the *Big Authority*. Unfortunately, there are numerous *Big Authorities*, all with their interpretation of *The Truth*. They believe that their version of *The Truth* is the *True Belief*. Yet a belief – a *truth* – is not a fact. A fact is apparent, there can be no confusion or argumentation about a fact.

One knows, from the perfection of freedom from “human nature” as evidenced in the PCE, that it is possible to live the actuality that is already always here. What ‘I’ do is unreservedly allow ‘my’ eventual demise to occur. It is not for the faint of heart or the weak of knee ... but pure intent, born out of the connection between one’s inherent naiveté and the perfection of the infinitude of this physical universe, will provide one with the necessary intestinal fortitude. And once embarked upon the wide and wondrous path to an actual freedom, you are not on your own: this perfection is with you all the way ... but if you waver, you are indeed doing it on your own. It is a matter of having the courage of your convictions and letting nothing stand in your way; determination and perseverance are the essential prerequisites to ensure success ... coupled with application and diligence. To sum it all up: having the “courage of your convictions” has nothing to do with believing, trusting, hoping, having faith or building a certitude that it be possible. Personally, I never believed or trusted that it was possible; nor did I have hope or faith or certitude, for such an action of believing, trusting, hoping and having faith and certitude perpetuates the believer, the truster, the hoper and the faithful certifier. On the contrary, I could no longer believe that it was not possible ... which is a different action entirely. I stopped believing, period.

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We all move inside, for the night chill is descending rapidly. Besides, they have decided to forgo their recent rule forbidding smoking in the house, for they have become fascinated by the discussion. Instead they choose to light-up themselves ... they have some herbal, quit-smoking cigarettes for this very purpose. A pleasant aroma of cloves thus soon fills the air and the crackle of the newly-lit fire is music to my ears. With a fresh pot of hot tea and the warmth from the grate stealing into my bones, I am content to sit back at my ease and continue to explore just what it is like to be a human being living in this world of wonder. All the while she has been talking vivaciously about what we have all been discussing, when all of a sudden she interrupts the conversation by exclaiming that she sees for herself that the *social identity* she took to be ‘me’ is nothing more than a collection of beliefs. This is magnificent! There is so much confusion and disinformation about, that it is a delight to arrive at that which is actual. It is always a joy to participate in another person’s seeing of a fact for themselves

... and their resultant exhilaration at their priceless discovery. To be released from belief is relief unimaginable.

It is excellent that you are actually experiencing it for yourself. Most people only see it intellectually ... and this is of little use unless one is literally seeing it, realising it for oneself. Otherwise they would only be believing me, making me into an *Authority* and *Power*. If a person believes me, then they are right back to where they started from, with yet another belief to add to their collection. And their 'I' is still intact. A *social identity* thrives on believing, for it is comprised of nothing but beliefs. The *social identity* is a belief, not a fact. One has, for all of one's life, invested in believing ... without belief 'I' would not exist. Seeing this is the putting of awareness into action, is it not? Is this not different from indulging in a practice? All this is not something one can use as a technique, as a device, a ritual ... or put into practice as a discipline, as a meditation, or as a visualisation. The seeing through of a 'truth' as being a belief is the very ending of it. It dissolves completely, leaving only a rapidly fading and vague memory that one once thought like that. It dissolves so well that one wonders what all the fuss was about. Did it actually exist in the first place ... or was it all a dream? One realises that I have always been here ... and that 'I' was an illusion. The realising of the actuality of me as-I-am is the end of an illusion; 'I' disappear with nary a trace. With no beliefs to defend, I have no differences to resolve. Most people try to resolve their different beliefs through compromise. Two people, holding on to their own beliefs, will get into an argument, a fight. They are separate. One is always trying to get the other to believe in their own belief through manipulation and persuasion ... and by giving or withholding love. The one who is stronger, the most adept in this, wins the other over. As neither can stand separation, they will grab any means to come together ... even if this means mutual concessions, or the swapping of one's belief for the other's.

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Seeing that both beliefs are irrelevant, by virtue of the fact that they are beliefs anyway, they can dissolve completely. Then there is nothing to resolve, the problem itself is eliminated. Hence a permanent lack of conflict. With the absence of belief there are no more power battles over whose belief is 'Right'. Separation is no more ... equity prevails.

The result is actual intimacy between autonomous individuals.

ARTICLE 8

COMMUNITY SPIRIT SEEMS TO BE DEAD ON THE GROUND

My companion and I are seated on the broad steps I built that lead down to the water's edge of the duck pond we dug out last summer. It is late spring and I am idling away the heat of the midday sun, dangling my feet in the water. The water lilies we planted are flowering now; floating tranquilly on the calm surface amidst their broad-green leaves, they are a splash of blue-and-white brilliance which is a delight to the eyes. In the middle of the pond on a small island I created, a massed array of "Busy Lizzies", which have quickly taken root from cuttings garnered from all parts of the garden, display themselves in all their natural glory. They are a profusion of oranges and reds, pinks and magentas, whites and variegated hues. The sun has no bite to it here in the shade of the over-hanging trees and I am well content to linger. We have already put in a full morning's activity; mowing the grass, weeding and mulching around the many trees we have planted in the months long past. We are very happy to be here and are extremely content with each other's company.

We have a position as live-in caretakers at a community centre a few kilometres from town. The main hall is in the last stages of being built – by voluntary community labour – and we are concentrating upon improving the grounds. Gardening is a pastime we gain great satisfaction and enjoyment from doing ... the more flowers we plant the more gay the scene. I have the pump running and the sprinklers are 'tic-ticking' away, spreading water on the lawn and the flower gardens. The pump also operates a small water-fall I built for my own pleasure on the opposite side of the pond to the steps. I have arranged the water-fall to drop over three flights formed out of natural rock and then flowing under a quaint little bridge, spanning the small stream. There is a plentiful supply of water as the pond fills from underground

springs fed by the surrounding hills. Two wild ducks fly in from the south, coming to rest with vee-shaped ripples that cause the water-lilies to bob gently in their wake. Altogether it is an exquisite day and a pleasure to be here, doing our things together. We are very pleased to be us, male and female, in this magnificent world that we live in.

All is not so well in the local community, however. When we first took this position, over a year ago, we were warned by a committee member not to become “politically involved” ... as had, apparently, the previous caretaker. We were a trifle mystified by his statement at the time – so ignorant were we of intra-community tensions and factionalisms – but we have come to learn full well what lay behind his lugubrious prognostication. Instead of the much-vaunted ‘community spirit’ we have found such vicious in-fighting that we are thankful to have heeded his warning and chosen instead to work on our own agenda with the gardening. So perverse are people that, despite the vast improvement over the weed-choked wasteland that we inherited, we are accused of not joining into the ‘community spirit’. What community spirit? I ask, somewhat cheekily, for it exists in their imagination and ideals only. It is rarely, if ever, translated into action. People come occasionally, to do some work on a Saturday morning, but apart from two or three dedicated regulars once a month, hardly anyone comes. Community spirit seems to be dead on the ground. I am not to point out this fact, however, for it upsets everybody’s sensibilities. They are adamant that it exists ... if only people would rally to the cause.

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One member of the committee, a woman, has become suspicious about the existence of a flourishing community spirit. She has just turned up for a working bee – no one else has arrived – but even she is three hours late. She comes to join us now, where it is cool in the shade of the trees. Conveniently overlooking her own tardiness she is vitriolic about the absence of the other members, expostulating that people are so happy to promise, yet so recalcitrant when it comes to putting their words into practice. She observes that, no one else having turned up, she may as very well have stayed at home ... where she has plenty to do for herself. She seats herself on the broad steps with us, looking around in appreciation and commenting on how lovely it is what we two have made of this wild bit of land ... it is like “a real oasis” and is “so cool and calm” and “so colourful with all these flowers”.

She concedes that we seem to get a lot more done than the whole group of them together ... we must surely work hard all day and everyday.

For a start we do not experience it as 'work'. It is rather the kind of play you see children being involved in. Where one part is finished, the next presents itself to us, self-evidently requiring attention. It simply inspires us to do it ... we find that we want to act. But only in the cool of the early morning and the late afternoon and evening. Sometimes days go past when we are more inspired to sit and do nothing; sometimes reading a book, talking together or with other people, enjoying sexual activity, watching a video or whatever. Sometimes we simply sit amongst or walk through this joyfully created paradise, marvelling at being here now. We marvel on a sunny day, in heavy rain, or magically at night, in the silvery moonlight, where all is transformed into a hushed wonderland. She has calmed down, by now, from her initial outburst and says that it all sounds so romantic and idyllic, as we describe our life together. However, she is puzzled as to why we do not join in at the working bees. According to her, we would be able to lift the community spirit much higher, inspiring the others and getting a lot more done, more quickly, to the hall, enabling it to be opened for public use sooner.

We did join in at several working bees when we were first here, but we soon found the ambience to be dragging, debilitating. It was crippling to our free-flowing zest for getting things done in a joyful and therefore expedient manner. I experience the others and the actual world directly, not via emotions, and the much-touted community spirit always goes for intimacy by way of love. Actual intimacy has no use for passions ... which are fickle, unreliable, and consequently they cannot be depended upon to get the job done with the authentic ease arising from the perfection of actual intimacy. When I ask her why she feels there to be a need for 'community spirit' she seems to be a trifle taken aback by the question, but being eager to explain, she recovers quickly, stating that fostering a sense of belonging is the aim of the whole project; to bring people together as a community, putting into practice their common desires and goals. By building a communal hall they can participate in group activities like Theatre Performances, Yoga Classes, Tai-Chi Sessions, Dance Parties and so on. And when there is a lot of people turning up for a big get-together there is a sense of belonging ... a community spirit. The more the merrier. Surely, I must be in agreement with these ideals?

Frankly, no I am not. Nor do I see it in practice. From where we live we hear a lot of bickering, quarrelling and arguing going on in the hall. Once there was even a drunken fist-fight. So much for the sense of belonging; so much for the intimacy of love; so much for community spirit. If people feel the need to come together out of separation, which is loneliness, then that togetherness – the sense of belonging – is doomed to failure. It is togetherness with the wrong motivating factor and the wrong goal. There is a genuine togetherness ... there is such an intense charm in the association of free individuals forming a loose-knit affiliation to improve upon *Blind Nature* and interacting with each other in a dynamic, lively and vital way. But to come together in an attempt to resolve the problems caused by separation, with love, has never worked. It has been tried, without success, for thousands of years. When will people stop using the “*Tried and True*” ... which has proved to be the tried and failed?

People get married with love as the basis of their association, hoping that love will cure the desperate loneliness caused by separation. If this love cannot make a marriage work – and by work I mean promoting peace and harmony and a lively zest for living – then how can it be expected to work on a community level? The same applies to a country; patriotism and nationalism are but a larger version of belonging, of community spirit. And on an international level the rot becomes obvious, humanitarian ideals notwithstanding. Just look at the incurable failure of the “International Community” to achieve peace and harmony and prosperity for all. The United Nations Organisation, and its fore-runner, The League of Nations, are prime examples of the failure of the ‘cure’ of community spirit. It is only the individual person who can facilitate effective change, bringing peace, vitality and vividness into daily life. A person’s character is formed by the essence of their *‘being’*... and *‘being’* itself is the root-cause of all the ills of humankind.

One has *‘been’* in the past, one is *‘being’* in the present, and one will *‘be’* in the future. That *‘being’* is what one calls *‘I’*, taking it to be me; me as-I-am. *‘I’* was, *‘I’* am, *‘I’* will be ... this sense of continuity, an instinctual entity called *‘me’* existing over time, is not me as-I-am. I do not exist over time; I exist only as this moment exists, and now has no duration. Therefore I am never lonely, for there is no separation; there is only actual intimacy. Whereas *‘I’*, out of loneliness, attempt to bridge the separation between *‘myself’* and others similarly afflicted with *‘being’*, via emotions – be it

affection, love, pity, sympathy, empathy or compassion – to induce an artificial intimacy. The problem with emotion is that it is fickle; one can switch it on and off. A person can be said to be generous with their love ... or parsimonious. Such illusory intimacy is unreliable, dependent upon predilection, mood and receptivity. Actual intimacy – the direct experience of the other – is ever-constant; it is not in the control of a wayward *ego* or a compliant *soul*. It cannot be switched on or off, given or withheld. It is not '*mine*', it is simply here, all of the time.

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'I' am the sole cause of the tried and failed systems, such as 'community spirit', being considered essential if humans are to have peace on earth. 'I' am the arch-villain in this world-wide scenario ... '*me*' and billions of other '*me*'s. Solutions and cures are not necessary when the cause is eradicated. Without '*me*' there is no problem to be solved. However, what initially stands in the way of implementing these words, translating them into action, is the fear that one will become an outcast. The whole thrust of '*humanity*' is to foster the sense of belonging ... it is a large part of one's *social identity*. One automatically feels that by no longer belonging one will live in isolation. Nothing could be further from the truth, because this is a feeling, not a fact.

The fact of being on one's own is vastly different from the feeling of being alone ... which is loneliness. Yet one is already lonely, is this not so? Otherwise why the need to belong? By daring to be an outcast – that is, standing on one's own – one discovers that loneliness vanishes. I do not belong to this community, nor do I belong to any other group. Yet I live here, in the hub of this market-place, in the public eye. Because I have found intimacy – with one and with the other and with all people – the need to belong has become absurd. Besides, the sense of belonging is a dangerous illusion. Losing oneself in the crowd renders one susceptible to not only group highs but to mass hysteria ... and mob riots. Just as marital disharmony can lead to domestic violence, so too can neighbourhood disputes lead to civil unrest and communal violence. International riots are called war. So much for belonging!

She falls to musing, for a long time. Overhead a slight breeze stirs the leaves ... then falls still once more. Some little birds are swooping low over the pond, deftly scooping a beak-full of water without breaking their

flight. A cormorant is sitting hunched in patient stillness on the bamboo rail of the bridge, watching the water with an expert eye for some hapless fish to swim into view. It is very pleasant to be sitting here, discussing our life and what human beings get up to. To dare to be intimate is one of life's biggest challenges, so I am more than happy to allow her as much time as she needs to digest what is being said. Finally she ventures the opinion that people are afraid of intimacy ... "*True* intimacy, that is".

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Please, do not confuse what I am talking of, which is an actual intimacy, with *True* intimacy. *True* intimacy lies in the delusory nature of *Love Agapé*, with its *Divine Bliss*. One can become lost in the *Eternal Mystery*, the *Great Unknown*. Beguiled and bewitched by the promise of Glory and Glamour and Glitz, one has every reason to be afraid ... one will have fallen under a *Divine* spell, intoxicated by *The Sublime*. Actual intimacy is innocence personified; a *self-less* experience characterised by blitheness and gaiety because of the marked lack of separation. There is no distance, psychologically speaking, between me and these birds, these flowers, these trees ... and between me and you. Actual intimacy has nothing to do with love ... love is a bridge between two separate *social identities*, creating the illusion of intimacy. And *Love – Love Agapé* or *Divine Love* – gives one a feeling of *Oneness*, a feeling of *Unity* ... a sense of '*Being*'. Then we are back to '*being*' again, this time '*Being*' with a capital to denote *Divinity*. '*Being*', in whatever form, is the root-cause of all the ills of humankind.

It is indeed very pleasant to be sitting here, discussing life and what human beings get up to. To while away the afternoon promoting peace and harmony and serenity is a delightful pastime, for there are days like this where I am inspired to simply sit and talk ... and I can talk plenty. This is just as significant – if not more so – than mowing and weeding and mulching. It is all on a par when one is living life as it is meant to be lived. It is truly wonderful to be here now, doing this.

Life is a most marvellous experience.

ARTICLE 9
ACTUAL INTIMACY IS A DIRECT EXPERIENCING OF THE
OTHER

We are sitting, a male and a female together, on the balcony overlooking the vast Pacific Ocean spread out to the front, in the early morning sunlight. The sun is sparkling and glittering atop a deep turquoise blue; the ocean's foaming white waves steadily crashing with a deep roar, a mere hundred metres away, to the blinding-white sand of the beach; a beach which stretches virtually unbroken by headlands for kilometres in either direction from where I sit. I have just taken a shower and the sun's warmth is a joy to my body. At this time of the year – about six weeks past mid-winter – although the nights are cold, the days are warm. It is very pleasant to be sitting here, basking in the gentle rays of sunshine streaming down upon the balcony. Its warmth seems to soak through the skin in a way that a hot shower or an artificial heater cannot. It is a tangibly intimate and palpable sensation, bringing with it a simple joy.

A drift of a breeze circulates around the balcony's confines, ruffling my hair and hastening the drying process. It also ruffles the leaves of the potted plants, causing them to dance delightfully in the air about ... only to cease again, leaving all still once more. A neighbour's radio is playing softly, the muted music coming pleasantly enough from their near distance. An occasional car goes past in the street below and far away, off near the blue horizon, a commercial jet-liner glints in the sunlight as it circles far out to sea preparatory to coming in to land at the airport nearby. The world of people, things and events is busy around me, as I sit here, in tranquil peace and ease.

It is simply exquisite to be sitting here, with an easy relaxation, secure not only in my own company, but in this glorious world I live in. There is an actual intimacy between me and my companion. Actual intimacy

is a direct experiencing of the other. It is an actuality born out of pure intent. Pure intent is activated by paying intense attention – exclusive attention – to one’s pure consciousness experiences. This unwavering attention, without mincing words, amounts to an obsession; for how can a person possibly allow themselves to be unhappy and discontented when this world is such a marvellous place to be in? What a shame, what a pity ... no, what a sin it is to be disconsolate and miserable when this world is so glorious. To be here now, intimately here, is a satisfaction and fulfilment unparalleled in the annals of history.

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Actual intimacy – being here now – does not come from love, for love stems from separation. The illusion of intimacy that love produces is but a pale imitation of this direct experience of the actual. In this, the actual world, ‘I’ as *ego* and ‘me’ as *soul*, the subjectively experienced *identity* busily ‘being’, has ceased to exist; whereas love accentuates, endorses and verifies ‘me’ as being *real*. A chief characteristic of the pure consciousness experience is the seeing through of the belief in ‘my’ existence. And while ‘I’ am *real*, ‘I’ am relative to other, similarly afflicted, persons; vying for position and status in order to establish ‘my’ credentials ... to verify ‘my’ very existence. In the actual world, I am already factual ... I do not have to prove myself. Hence an indifference to hierarchy, with its corruptible *Authority* and *Power*.

The obsession, the intense attention paid to pure intent, will cause the primacy of the personality to wither away until it becomes insubstantial. At this point, as one endures anxiety and panic at the imminent loss of *self*, one stands poised on the brink of success. This is a critical period. All of one’s instincts – the instinctive drive for biological survival – will come to the fore, for ‘I’ am confused about ‘my’ presence, linking ‘my’ survival with the body’s physical continuation. Nothing could be further from the truth for ‘I’ play no part in perpetuating physical existence: ‘I’ am not necessary at all. In fact, ‘I’ am a hindrance. With all of ‘my’ beliefs, values, creeds, ethics and other doctrinaire disabilities, ‘I’ am a menace to the body. ‘I’ am ready to die for a cause ... and ‘I’ will willingly sacrifice physical existence for a *Noble Ideal*, thinking it will ensure ‘my’ place in an imagined *After-World* of *Ineffable Bliss*. Such are the ways of the *real world* ... I call these carrying-on’s institutionalised insanity!

It requires great fortitude and finesse to fly in the face of the social commandment: to remain a member of society at all costs. There is a pull of loyalties; old allegiances to relatives, friends, colleagues and acquaintances will tug at the heart, pulling one back, urging one to remain where one is. Loyalty, however, is a two-edged sword for it can cut two ways; there is the new allegiance to the purity of the pure consciousness experience, pulling one forward relentlessly, for herein lies release ... and genuine peace-on-earth. The pull in two directions can be excruciating. On the one side is the sense of belonging, the warmth of relationship and the being acknowledged by the peoples one has always known. There is the loss of all that, with its ensuing grief – and guilt – at leaving them all behind. On the other side there is the knowledge that one will have reached one’s destiny, that one will have that perennial cheerful contentment with life as-it-is subtly buzzing inside one, and that the actuality of peace-on-earth and prosperity for all humankind is now possible. All this one knows, with a crystal-clear certainty, from the perfection of one’s PCE.

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My hair is nearly dry, now, and the sun shines clear in a sky of cerulean blue, empty of any clouds whatsoever. All is benign and friendly in this world of actual intimacy. The direct experience of the other is a sound basis for withstanding the storms of the psyche. Actual intimacy is genuine ... and enduring over time. It makes the ghastly traumas following the dissolution of my *Altered State Of Consciousness* become as a mere phantasm ... a figment of illusive *reality*, for only now is actual. Are fear, terror, horror and dread only *real*? Is it only an act I have to play out in order to be here now? I have escaped my fate: the fate that was determined by all those people who inhabited this world I was born into ... and those now long dead. Those people who have been bumbling along since time immemorial, repeating the mistakes of their ancestors where it concerns dealing with the instinctual passions one is born with. I am well pleased with my success at an intimate association and can look toward a clear and clean and pure future with every confidence. Actual intimacy confers the experience of actually being here, of living only now ... as this moment is happening. This is not to deny the past or the future; it is the experience of the actuality of this moment that is significant.

None of this is to be confused with the *Religious*, the *Spiritual* or the *Mystical States* of 'Being' ... which are variations of the *Altered State Of Consciousness*. Intimacy between people – the direct experiencing of the factuality of the others – is an essential prerequisite. Unless this secure ground-work is adequately laid, a single person – a lone *ego* and *soul* – is in danger of travelling the well-worn path to *Religious Illumination*, *Spiritual Enlightenment* or *Mystical Union* with some *Absolute* or *Supreme 'Being'*. Any *Altered State Of Consciousness* is inherently suspect and unless we people can go hand-in-hand, correcting each other's imbalances and questioning each other's accumulated beliefs, one is doomed to the fate decreed by 'humanity's yearnings. All the *Religious*, *Spiritual* and *Mystical States* are culturally based and determined. All the *Gods* and *Goddesses*, *Absolutes* and *Supremes*, are the end result of centuries of acculturation. A cross-cultural examination of the contents of *Near-Death-Experiences* will quickly and easily verify this. Such is the fate that awaits those human beings who are not awake to the example of centuries of mistakes made by humankind's *Revered Ancestors* ... those *Religious Teachers*, *Spiritual Leaders* and *Mystical Hermits*. In this age of easy availability to the mass-media's avalanche of factual accounts of humankind's essays into *The Unknown*, there is no longer an excuse for the modern person to fall into the same trap ... that oft-repeated, futile plunge out of a moribund illusion into a massive delusion.

Humans live only here, in this physical world. Actual intimacy – the direct experience of the other – is a factual experience, a sensible experience. It is down-to-earth ... objectively verifiable. It is not some airy-fairy, far-removed-from-here affective dream-world conjured up out of abstinence and sublimation. To project a fantasy and then yearn to live in it is simply an insult to clear intelligence! Human beings eat corporeal food, drink physical water and breathe molecular air, in order to be here, to be alive at all. Humans are here only because of sexual intercourse: the joining of the spermatozoa and the ova ... there is no other way of becoming a human being and living in this world. All this living is necessary in order to discuss these very matters. One has to just try putting a spring clip upon one's nose and a large piece of sticking plaster over one's mouth for a few minutes to discover what actuality is. As one rips the plaster from one's mouth and gulps in that sweet and actual air, one knows that one is certainly here on earth, living this life. And this earth, this life, is already perfect ... if only one will

start living it instead of waiting in vain – and sorrow – for some *Supernatural* miracle to occur.

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Human beings are born into an already established cultural framework of beliefs, with its rules and regulations on the behaviour to be learned. As this process is cruel, hurtful and insensitive to the young child – who must learn to love its particular culture and defend it to the death – this is indeed institutionalised insanity. Such insane societies could but invent two main ways for *Deliverance*: the death-of-the-body *After-Life* of Glory ... for the masses; and the death-of-the-ego *Supernatural Life* of Glory ... for the rare few. These *States* could be well-described as being a contempt for the body and its bodily delights ... delights such as sexual pleasure, meat-eating, smoking, drinking ... to name but a few. Recently, a new age of illusion and delusion has come into fashion ... but it has the same old threats and promises, hopes and despairs as before. It even has the same insistence upon petty dietary regimens ... all merely in a 'new' guise. It is all based upon the same old hierarchical structure which one can see repeated in each and every culture ... and in each and every family.

Having been started in a family and society, being shaped by its structures, its rules on dependency and conformity, 'I' know of no other way of living but in a group. 'I' have learned to fear being an outcast, alone and lonely without the continuous endorsement of being a member. 'I' have 'my' particular – but adopted – beliefs and values, dogmas and creeds, ideals and 'truths', myths and superstitions, and so on, that make 'me' an accepted member of the group. The adult life of each new recruit to the human race is already laid out before one ... and having been disempowered for all of 'my' life, 'I' am now looking forward to climbing further up the hierarchical ladder. 'I' will start 'my' own family – dependent upon 'me' this time – and 'I' will reinforce all of 'my' brainwashing by indoctrinating 'my' children. 'I' will make them, like 'me', into *social identities* ... and wards of 'our' culture.

However, the stirrings of wanting to discover just exactly what one is, outside of being a group member, are stronger than the fears about loneliness and being an outcast. To be able to relate to oneself and one's partner, each moment again with impunity, as to what one actually feels, thinks and experiences is a luxury and freedom never possible within the group. The group does not allow for frank discussion about – and an honest

questioning into – the venerated causes for its very existence. My way of living has taken a while to become accustomed to as I often feared to drown, to dissolve in a vast freedom wherein there are no boundaries. Here is a total lack of conformity and compromise. This is my life as-it-is ... and what a magical life it is. What I have is a complete confidence in is the purity and perfection of the infinitude of this universe which, to my never-ending delight, brings about serendipity.

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What one discovers, time and again, is that the personal boundaries that one feels so safely protected by, are made up of ‘my’ accrued beliefs as to who ‘I’ am. This is ‘my’ outline, as it were, shaped by other people’s description of ‘me’ ... a construct which gives ‘me’ asylum in each different group into which ‘I’ wish to enter. Yet the outline of this construct creates, simultaneously, an enormous distance between ‘me’ and the world outside. At those times of pure consciousness experience, the distance disappears all of a sudden as ‘I’ vanish and this world is right here, so close that there is no distance any more. This is closer than any affective intimacy ‘I’ have ever longed for. This is serendipity indeed. This is a direct experience of actuality ... and I have always been here like this ... so safely here. The outline, the boundary that created the distance, was all in ‘my’ reality. ‘I’ created a substitute security for this original safety ... a safety which has never known any threat, nor ever will. This genuine safety has no need for precautions.

As I sit here now, I am well-pleased with life, the universe and with being a human being. I see that extracting myself from the *Altered State Of Consciousness* and finding out an alternative way of living, outside of any psychic consciousness at all, is the optimal choice, a freely selected way to live no matter how macabre and gruesome this transition phase is proceeding. I am experiencing it as an act of clear intelligence and sensible wisdom. I am utterly confident; it is the confidence which easily helped ‘me’ in those moments of guilt and panic about having wanted to dissolve the *Altered State Of Consciousness* and this current period of existential angst following the disintegration of the psyche. I am experiencing life from the vantage point of being a totally fascinated person ... and a fascinated person is someone who can be extremely interesting to be with for those who dare. I do not experience myself to be the traitor I may appear to be in those other people’s eyes for no longer agreeing with their borrowed ‘wisdom’. This actual

freedom is what is of the utmost importance. What a great privilege I have given myself to go this way ... it is all so self-evidently excellent. And I have the sure knowledge that my companion wanted me to be like this as much as 'I' wanted to.

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I am making a pot of tea: the kettle is whistling its merry tune and it is a simple joy to be warming the teapot and measuring in the spoonfuls of aromatic leaves. I light the little oil-light that the pot sits on and place it on the balcony table. The clatter of the cups upon saucers and the tinkle of the teaspoons are music to my ears. To take tea on the balcony, shaded by the colourful beach-umbrella, actually at ease with myself, the other, and the world ... this is the delicious living of the very ordinary delight of being here now, where this moment lives me. I am alive and well in this perfect world of actual freedom.

This is intimacy indeed.

ARTICLE 10

I AM NOT AN IDENTITY ... I AM ME

My companion and I are walking along the beach together, just the two of us. It is a particularly nice day towards the end of winter; the cold wind from the south that has been blowing for the past week has finally ceased and the temperature is such that I am in my shirt-sleeves. It is a couple of hours past midday and the sun is high in the western sky; a sky scattered with puffy white clouds standing stark against the intense blue. I am at the water's edge where the sand is hard-packed ... it is easier walking here. Of an evening I often see some young men – footballers on a training run presumably – plunging their way along the beach in the thick loose sand near the dunes. It seems to be important to them, for muscular development maybe, to make hard work of it. I, however, have no desire to trudge along where the going is tough. Besides, it is pleasant to let the water wash over my feet from time to time as a larger than usual wave comes creaming in, surging up the sand on an incoming tide. The sand is littered with shells; cockle-shells mainly, and not many broken, either. Their colours are quite incredible to see, as they lie here, glinting wetly in the sunlight. Seagulls are picking amongst the debris ... one is now rapidly moving before me, its brilliant red-orange legs twinkling as it endeavours to stay to the front. Usually they fly away, but this one seems to be making a game of it; it has to break into a run, now and then, to keep ahead. Its feathers are an intense white, a white so pure that it is impressive. Finally it dashes to one side as a wave recedes and I am past. The waves, crashing without cessation, have a foaming white that matches that of the seagull's feathers.

It is so exquisite to be here, swinging along my way. There is a certain enjoyment in walking briskly that cannot be matched: the feet have a life of their own, one in front of the other, step after step and the arms

the progenitor of actual wisdom. Such knowledge is irrelevant to the actual knowing. The moment that 'I' as *ego* and 'me' as *soul* cease to exist, then the distance that was between 'me' and the *real world* – that psychological/psychic space created by the 'me' – vanishes along with the *real world* itself. Then I am me as-I-am. This actual knowing is an experiential matter and only from the actual can total wisdom flow. An *identity* is always ignorant of actual knowing ... the actual cannot be arrived at by thought or feeling. It is a lived experience each moment again. Only when I am me as this flesh and blood body can I say that I know the actual. The actual is not to be confused with *The Truth*. The *Enlightened Masters*, who have lost their *egos* – and insist it to be the only way to live the *Supreme Reality* – are a good example of knowing *The Truth*, and declaring it to be the ultimate '*wisdom*'.

They identify as being *The Supreme*, *The Absolute* – or some other name for *God* – that floats mysteriously in *Ineffable Bliss* above it all in some far-out delusion of metaphysical *Greater Reality* called *The Ultimate* or *The Void*, and so on. They hope to be delivered from being incarnated in another body at physical death ... such is their disdain – if not a contempt – for this amazing physical body. They propose some *Other-Worldly* domain – some *After-Life* such as *Parinirvana*, *Mahasamadhi*, *Paradise*, *Heaven* or *Whatever* – into which they will go. This is a belief invented some thousands of years ago and repeated, with variations upon the theme, throughout the ages without ever being properly questioned. They have lost their *ego*, but they still have an *identity* as *self* or '*being*' ... now spelt with a capital – *Self* or '*Being*' – to denote *Divinity*. Those who do not ascribe a *Transcendental Self* to the *Divine State Of Consciousness* talk of *Pure 'Being'* or *Pure 'Spirit'*.

It is the belief in '*me*', the *identity* as *Self* or *Soul* or *Spirit*, as being what I actually am which is at fault. I am not an *identity* ... I am me as-I-am. It is when the *identity* as *ego* or *self* or as *Self* or *Soul* has usurped me that all the troubles begin. All those fantasies, those psychic projections – the *Other-World Identities* and *Realities* – stem from this single error. 'I' am not actual. When it is seen as a fact that 'I' am an *identity* as an *ego* or *soul* – *self* or *Self* – something profound occurs: 'I', no longer taken to be me as-I-am, disappear. Whereupon, finally I am me as this flesh and blood body only. When I am me as-I-am, there is no distance between me and the actual world of people, things and events ... all is open to view. I have arrived at my destiny. I see that losing the *ego* was not enough; the *soul* had to go as well.

The *identity*, that psychological and/or psychic entity within, is a composite of *ego* and *soul*. As a generalisation ‘*I*’, as *ego*, am located in the head and ‘*me*’, as *soul*, am located in the heart. To lose only half of the *identity* is to strengthen the identification that was *self* or *soul* as being some *Metaphysical* entity ... an impersonal *Self* or *Soul* ... a *Spirit* of some kind or another.

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The *ego* – or even the *soul* as *Pure Spirit* – is not to be confused with will. The bodily needs are what motivates will – and will is nothing more grand than the nerve-organising data-correlating ability of the body – and it is will that is essential in order to operate and function ... not an *identity*. Will is an organising process, an activity of the brain that correlates all the information and data that streams through the bodily senses. Will is not a ‘thing’, a subjectively substantial passionate ‘object’, like the *identity* is. Will, freed of the encumbrance of the *ego* and *soul* – which are born out of instinctual fear and aggression and nurture and desire – can operate smoothly, with actual sagacity. The operation of this freed will, is called intelligence. This intelligence is the body’s native intelligence ... and has naught to do with any disembodied “Intelligence behind the Universe” It is a joy to be me going about my business with freed-will in this wonderful physical world. It is only people who, believing themselves to be an *identity*, wreak havoc in this otherwise marvellous playground that humans all live on.

The main characteristic of the *identity* is its need, its must, to belong to the group. The group is the dominant authority, each member being forced into a role within the group according to the already existing hierarchical structure, which is common to all groups. Once the member has established its place – be it leadership or subservience – it feels ‘safe’, appreciated ... even loved. In order to preserve this ‘safety’, this belonging, this love, the member will not only defend and assert the group against other groups, but also its own role within the group. The moment this ‘safety’ is threatened, be it the individual’s position or the whole group’s, the identification with both the role and the group manifests itself as a matter of life and death. ‘*I*’ am at stake and ‘*I*’ will defend that ‘safety’ to the death if necessary. Conflict or war is the inevitable result.

However, the eternal cry of each group-member, each *identity*, is: “But what about me? You only love me for what I do, for what role I play, for my looks, for my bank-balance ... or for whatever attribute that has

attributes of the *identity*: being lost, lonely, frightened and cunning. Not only am I free, but I set all others free of 'my' grace-less demands. Being me is to be free-flowing, spontaneous, delightful ... and it is fun.

Being me is not to be confused with any *Religious, Spiritual and Mystical State Of Consciousness* or any other *Altered State Of Consciousness* ... always spelled with a capital to denote *Divinity*. To become 'Me', the *Divine 'Being'*, one must surrender; be it to a *God, a Supreme, an Absolute or Whatever*. This surrender is epitomised in the scriptural injunction "Not my will but Thy Will". One surrenders one's will and permits *Divinity*, in whatever form, to take responsibility for one's life. Nobody seems to realise that this is a second surrender, because one is currently already in a state of surrender ... it is called being 'normal', being 'human'. One has to take one's will back from the decrees of the *real world*, to which one has already surrendered, not surrender it yet again! The guiding principle to bear in mind is never, ever surrender. Not to anyone or anything at any time or anywhere. The *ego* and *soul* can disappear, never to reappear again, but this is not achieved through surrender. It is achieved through seeing just exactly what I am and just who 'I' is. Then will, no longer *ego*-driven or *soul*-ridden, can operate freely. The operation of will, freed of the encumbrance of *identity*, is called intelligence. To be me as-I-am is to be intelligent. It is not necessary to have a high I.Q. to be intelligent ... simply be me as this flesh and blood body.

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The moment I saw the imprisonment, the aloneness, the corruption and the perversion within '*myself*' and within every group 'I' have belonged to – and the price 'I' had paid in keeping all that is actual of me secret – the choice to remain an *identity* was no longer an option. I dissolved the *Altered State Of Consciousness* I was living in ... I came to my senses. Of course I was going to be me as this body.

Being me as-I-am was my destiny.

ARTICLE 11
IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE SENSITIVE WITHOUT BEING
VULNERABLE

It is mid-morning on one of those days I enjoy so much; where nature is presenting me with that aspect of itself that brings life to the land. It is raining. Not a mere shower or two but solid, streaming rains. The wet season has commenced – the skies have been open all night long – and it looks like it will be raining forever. Cosy and snug in this apartment overlooking the ocean, I am supremely satisfied with the way my choice of living life freed from the *Altered State Of Consciousness* is eventuating itself ... the existential angst is slowly but surely wearing itself out as the process nears its completion. And sitting here, looking through the rain-streaked windows, I can see the beach washed clean of footprints ... deserted now, save for a solitary, intrepid fisherman: dressed in bright yellow wet-weather gear he holds his rod up high, patient and passive before the rain-flattened seas. And a woman with a brown umbrella is coming up the stairs, water dripping from her shiny green raincoat. It is someone whom I have had more than a little to do with over the years and each time she strives mightily to assimilate what I speak of, without much success, into her understanding of life. She likes being in our company, nevertheless, telling us how good she feels, being here with us two ... it feels like she has “come home”.

I take her wet coat and umbrella through to the bathroom to drip-dry and plug in the kettle for a pot of aromatic tea. Basking in that familiar glow of just-met, as we are busily setting out the cups and saucers and rinsing the teapot with hot water, she is cutting the cake she brought with her. All the while she is talking animatedly, bringing us up to date on her activities and interests since we all last met a couple of months ago. Presently we are sitting together with the fragrance of the brewing tea filling the air from where the

teapot sits upon its cheery oil-light. Enjoying the calm ambience, she tells us about how she can be “so myself with you two”: apparently with other people there is always a distance, and over the time she has known us she has always been able to share herself completely. She feels she can talk to us about herself more than with anybody else, including the man she lives with. With other people she “cringes” when she talks, or else speaks “funny” in order to keep the friendship going. Only the other week she was discussing this very subject with a couple of women at her Woman’s Group and one of them called it “cringe-speak”. They were of the opinion that “we humans are all afraid to show who we really are”.

She is quite correct: people are afraid to show who they “really are”, which is why some attend Women’s Groups, or Men’s Groups, or Couple’s Groups. There is a burgeoning interest in such matters these days, as people seek to “find myself” and learn how to be “open”. There are at least two meanings popularly ascribed to the word ‘open’: the first being “I haven’t made my mind up yet”, and the second being “I am emotionally receptive”, or in other words ... ‘vulnerable’. The main problem with attending one of these courses – and there are many such retreats in the *Human Potential Movement* and for those undertaking the *Spiritual Quest* – is that, having been able to be ‘vulnerable’ amongst the like-minded persons attending the course, one has to return to the *real world* when it is over. Without the emotional guards that all people carry in order to function there, the newly-endowed apostle for peace finds it difficult, to say the least, to maintain their ‘vulnerability’. Such are the ways of the *real world* that it drags one down to its mediocre level of petty power-battles, requiring the need for ardent defences. One needs to be staunch to withstand the wiles of ‘humanity’ at large ... which negates the ability to be ‘open’. Within a very short space of time after re-entry into the *real world*, a disappointment sets in at the inevitable let-down ... in finding oneself alone in this just acquired ‘vulnerability’. So, only unless everybody changes and becomes ‘open’ simultaneously, the entire project is doomed to fail, again and again. What to do?

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It is possible to be sensitive without being vulnerable. People mistakenly take the word ‘sensitive’ to mean being “emotionally open” ... with unfortunate consequences. When I use the word ‘sensitive’ I mean being

keenly aware of the other and oneself. Consideration, of both oneself and others, does not have to be an emotional involvement. The actually sensitive person has freed themselves from the loyalty to pathos, with all its ensuing pity, sympathy, empathy and compassion, by renouncing one's own stake in personal sorrow. This means relinquishing the option of deriving sympathy, pity, empathy and compassion from others, when in sorrow oneself ... be it melancholy, loneliness, sadness, grief, or whatever. The key factor in all this, is in the phrase "who I am". Does not the use of the word 'who' impose limits upon one's exploration into the psyche and therefore any resultant 'discoveries'? Why not discover "what I am", instead? Asking 'who' presupposes a 'being', a lone *ego* and/or *soul*, a psychological and/or psychic entity ... commonly known as 'I' or 'me'. To presuppose anything, to accept something as a basic premise upon which to build a case, is to commit the vulgar error of lacking intellectual rigour.

When one belongs to a group, any group at all, one tacitly supports and endorses one's *identity* ... which is the 'who' one is seeking to find. Strangely, this 'who' is remarkably elusive, only a rare few have "found who they really are", and they are known as being in an *Altered State Of Consciousness*. They will then set themselves up as being God's Gift To Humankind; forming yet another group they hand out all kinds of specious advice on "how to discover, in *Utter Silence*, who you really are instead of who you take yourself to be" ... as they are fond of stating. I say it to be specious advice for I strongly question the validity of their 'discovery'. They still have an *identity* ... *Divine* now, instead of 'human', but an *identity* all the same. They live in a state of *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*, which, by any stretch of the imagination, is to be truly 'open' and 'vulnerable'. Their state is the genesis of the notion that one must attend retreats, women's groups and the such-like, in order to "find myself", or to be "open and vulnerable", or to bring "peace on earth". So, instead of rushing off to do yet another course, it behoves one to look at the efficacy of the *Enlightened Master's* 'discovery'.

Can they operate and function successfully in the *real world*? Maybe they can – who is to know – but the fact remains that many of them do not. They are coddled and cosseted, pampered and adored. Firstly: can they hold down a job, going to work from nine to five? Can they go to the bank? Do their own shopping? Cook their own meals? Wash their own clothes? They usually have worshipping disciples to do all these mundane chores. If everybody were to enter into an *Altered State Of Consciousness*

just who would be left to carry out all these essential tasks? Secondly: what to do if attacked in the street? Turn the other cheek? Shower some *Divine Compassion* upon your assailant whilst being beaten to a pulp? Love your opponent into submission? Fall into a faint? What if an entire country adopted these principles? It would be like hanging out a “Please invade me ... I won’t fight back” sign for all to read and take advantage of. Thirdly: what about sorrow? They no longer suffer personal sorrow ... but it has been replaced with *Universal Sorrow*, giving rise to *Divine Compassion* toward all sentient beings. Fourthly: what about loneliness? They are no longer personally lonely ... but they are *Alone* – in *Divine Love* – giving rise to a *Oneness* with all of existence. They are still separated; from the world, from others – and from themselves – all because of the persistence of their *identity* as a *self* or *soul* ... now a *Self* or *Soul* with a capital ‘S’. Fifthly: They do not consider the functions, skills and abilities of the body as a free-flowing dignity. Instead they often express a disdain – if not a contempt – for this amazingly sensate physical body. There obviously is something drastically amiss with this whole business of finding “who I really am” ... with all its pitfalls of ‘openness’ and ‘vulnerability’; with its questionable *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*. Shall we enquire into finding “what I am”, instead? And see just what characteristics come with that discovery?

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Outside the windows I can see the rain falling; it is still bucketing down, though maybe not as heavily as before. The last time she had come to visit it had been a bright sunny day and we had all gone swimming. One of the delectable things about life is its endless variety; it is as enjoyable to be sitting cosily here, chatting freely on a rainy day, as it is to be sitting openly on a beach, chatting freely on a sunny day. I like to talk, for I am discussing ourselves; what it is to be a human being in this world as-it-is. She is a fellow human and I am considerate of her dilemma and sensitive to the solutions she is trying. I am happy to pass on my discoveries for another to do with what they will. What I find, as a generalisation, is that they agree with me, verbally, but then fail to translate them into action. The *real world* is strong when it comes to enforcing its psittacisms ... those mechanical repetitions of previously received ideas or images, reflecting neither apperception nor autonomous reasoning. I do not blame anyone for being unable to initiate the sweeping reforms necessary to enable them to live a free and peaceful life.

After all, what I have discovered is totally new ... and people are loath to abandon the "*Tried and True*". Even when I point out that the time-honoured methods of living a life have failed miserably, they persist in travelling the hoary path, again and again, thinking it is they who are doing something wrong by not applying *The Teachings* correctly. Nobody has the temerity to question the '*wisdom*' of the ages.

I did ... and I do. How many times must a person trek, eagerly or tiredly, along a path that is well-worn with the countless feet that have trodden it previously, before they will become suspicious enough to relinquish their fascination with the *real world's* spurious solutions? It is so much fun finding an alternative way of living ... and the rewards are immensely gratifying. Each day one's life becomes better and better, as one becomes clearer and cleaner ... and more pure. One sets this all in motion by discovering "what I am". One of the many '*truths*' that one has accepted, with no suspicion, is that "we are all emotional beings". Feelings – emotions and passions – are accepted, without question, as being the touch-stone of actuality. Thus "who I really am" is an emotional '*being*' ... a psychological/psychic entity residing inside this body. This may be *real*, but it is not actual. '*I*', as an emotional '*being*' am not a fact ... '*I*' am a belief. A belief is an emotion-backed thought, generally imported from the '*outside*' world. The people who were already here when one was born impressed upon one that '*I*' am *real* ... implying that '*I*' am actual. By actual I mean tangible, substantial. '*I*' am not tangible: '*I*' am a belief, not a fact.

By discovering what I actually am, I realise that who '*I*' was, an emotion-backed thought, was a usurper ... an alien entity having only psychological and/or psychic existence. '*I*' am a '*being*', and if by chance '*I*' happen to "find myself", then '*I*' become a *Divine 'Being'*. The shift from being '*human*' to being '*Divine*' is a move from the *real world* normal *reality* to *Divine World* abnormal *Greater Reality*. It is all a play in a super-charged imagination and has nothing to do with fact. It all stems from being 'open' and 'vulnerable' and desiring to know '*who*' one really is ... which is an invitation to *That Which Is Sacred* to enter and take over one's '*being*'. The result is to be *Graced with Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* ... and being charged with a *Sacred Mission* to spread the *Hallowed Teachings* throughout the world. This has all been done before, from the ancient to the modern, for ages unto ages, with disastrous results. Instead of bringing peace and harmony into the world, they have brought war and hate. They have had thousands of years to demonstrate their efficacy ... how much longer are

humans going to grant them credibility? Their time has come to either put up ... or shut up.

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With discovering what I actually am, an actual freedom ensues. Love is easily seen as being a puny substitute for actual intimacy. Actual intimacy is a direct experiencing of the actuality of people, things and events. No longer distanced from being here now, by the alien entity with its intrinsic pathos, I have no need for love – or *Love Agapé* – to bridge the gap between ‘me’ and the *real world*. Nor is there any need for pity, sympathy, empathy or compassion – or *Divine Compassion* – to combat pathos. Compassion is a sorrowful surrogate for actual benevolence. Actual benevolence is the ingenuous condition of a body innocent of any ‘being’. I wish well upon my fellow humans ... but I am not driven to bring *The Truth* to humankind with all its eventual appalling atrocities as has happened since time immemorial. I am free from both personal sorrow and *Universal Sorrow* and am able to be considerate without the emotional and passionate involvement that comes automatically with being an entity. I am thus able to be sensitive without being vulnerable.

And it is a joy to be gainfully employed ... work is transformed into play. It is a delight to go to the bank, do the shopping, cook meals, wash clothes, and etcetera. If attacked in the street I can easily defend myself for there is no *Diabolical* entity within me disguised as *Divinity* ... an entity driven by the creed of non-violence to respond with a dubious pacifism. *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* are the psychic defences of a compliant *Self* sitting alone in the *Eternal Silence* that is the *Greater Reality* or *The Truth*. As I am benign in character I have no need for any psychological or psychic defences whatsoever ... nor any need for control. It is simple perfection personified.

Finally, a genuine opportunity for peace-on-earth to happen has become possible. Persons anywhere can start the process by deciding to lock-on to pure intent and begin to discover just exactly what I am. Pure intent is born out of the pure consciousness experience wherein it is seen, with startling clarity and precision, what I actually am. If one can have a pure consciousness experience momentarily, one can have another ... and another ... and so on. Eventually, with application and diligence, one can have, more or less, continuous PCE ... one’s life has been transformed into a virtual

freedom. Altogether, it is vastly better than attending yet another retreat in order to become “open and vulnerable” and “loving and compassionate”. This discovery works ... it delivers!

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Shortly after our guest left the rain cleared away and some patches of blue sky appeared. We go for an evening ramble along the sea-shore, where the sun, setting over the buildings on the sand dunes, is colouring the cloud-filled sky with brilliance. All is washed clean and clear by the rain and it is pleasing to be here now, where life happens in all its splendour. The unnecessarily complicated world of ‘*normal*’ human behaviour, which I was prompted to remember today, has vanished along with the past. I have been reminded, once again, of where I used to be ... and just how far I have travelled. I understand full well the difficulties involved in making the first move from ‘there’ to here. I know, soundly, the resistance encountered when one begins being me rather than what people want one to be. It all seems so long ago, though.

We stroll on in the sunset together.

ARTICLE 12
ACTUAL PERFECTION AND EXCELLENCE IS THE GOAL OF
LIFE

I am watching television. Outside it is a cold, wet and windy night; a wintry night in all its aspects. The curtains are drawn tight and I have the lights on low ... scattered around the room they spread a soft, diffused light that is satisfying to the senses. The electric heater is purring away, blowing its welcome warmth throughout this home. My chair is extremely comfortable and I am enjoying a bowl of hot soup and crackers ... and the existential angst has ended without a whimper. In short: all is well with me and between me and my companion – this is my experience of a perfect life – and I am watching television.

This scene is probably being played out in many, many houses tonight. It can best be described as domestic bliss ... comfort and contentment after the day's activities are over. Here, in this home there is certainly domestic bliss – this atmosphere is exceedingly blithe and gay – but can that be said for those other houses? Not if the television programme is showing it correctly, for we are watching a comedy about a working-class family in the suburbs ... and the antics they get up to bring laughter from the studio audience. Yet what they are finding so humorous is actually a sad indictment upon the human race, because the actors are playing out what they see are the foibles of family life. 'Foibles' is a polite word for what they are portraying. The family members are actually being cruel to one another. What they are finding funny is to hurt the other in the cleverest way possible. I am well aware that I am watching television, not actual life; but I have seen, many a time, how people operate in the *real world* ... that grim and glum world of 'normal' human interaction. The television play is but a dramatised form of what actually goes on in the world. People do get their kicks out of hurting

each other. Not, in this instance, physical hurt ... I am talking of the most perverse kind of harm: psychological abuse. It is perverse because it is so subtle. It passes unnoticed in the press of everyday existence ... and people even make television comedies about it! Why do people like to hurt each other so? Why is the human race as it is? Is there a way through all this mess to something far, far better? Are humans doomed to forever repeat the mistakes of the past, over and over again? Is it possible to free oneself of perversity and achieve perfection and excellence?

All religions urge their believers to strive toward a moral perfection and excellence. Yet here lies the double-bind: they say that perfection and excellence is forever out of reach. The theologians state that moral perfection and excellence is not able to be achieved ... but one is to strive for it, anyway. It is like a light one holds out to one's front on the end of a long stick ... the more one moves toward it, the more it moves ahead of one. But, say the religious, you are to follow that elusive light, anyway. They maintain that it is not possible to get out of this mess that the human race finds itself in. One can only strive to be *Good* ... and wait for *Salvation* or *Liberation* in some *After-Life*. Morality explains that virtue lies in doing virtuous deeds and thinking virtuous thoughts, whilst remaining forever a sinner, during one's sojourn here on earth. Some religions – of the more spiritually mystical kind – posit the possibility of attaining *Religious Illumination* or *Spiritual Enlightenment* ... but even they maintain that the *Final Liberation* comes only at physical death. Death is seen by all cultures as the *Great Release*, by whatever name. No *Altered State Of Consciousness* has been able to fully deliver the Promised Land to any living human being. So it would appear to be that perfection and excellence here on earth is not possible ... if one is to listen to the 'wisdom' of the ages.

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Moral perfection and excellence is not to be confused with actual perfection and excellence. Morals are a cultural phenomena – not set in stone – and vary from country to country. There is an actual perfection and excellence that does exist on earth. Here, in this world – this magical world as-it-is – it is possible to live this perfection and excellence. Actual perfection and excellence is the goal of life. It is possible to experience it, here and now. To live in the pursuit of a mystical will-o'-the-wisp is to perpetuate all the misery and travail that humankind has endured for centuries. 'I', an *identity*, a

psychological/psychic entity, can only ever – at best – think and act in a virtuous manner. Whereas actual perfection and excellence is not only possible: it is both one’s birth-right and destiny. To have freed oneself from any *identity* whatsoever is to have taken the giant step into the achievement of this goal of life. Being me, as I actually am, is perfection and excellence. I am complete, perversity has vanished, along with ‘me’.

‘I’ can never be complete. ‘I’ can think and act virtuously, with great effort, but that perversity dogs ‘my’ every move, for ‘I’ am a gross substitute for me ... me as this flesh and blood body only. ‘I’ am a creation, an alienated entity that exists only in relation to other, similarly afflicted, creations. ‘We’ are all aberrations of the actual. Lost, lonely, frightened and cunning, ‘I’ must seek *Divine Love* for *Salvation* or *Liberation*. Love seemingly promises to deliver the “Grace” so longingly desired, but rarely does. And the select few so ‘graced’ all have their hidden flaw, their “Achilles’ Heel”, which they seek to protect and hide from view with that self-same *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*. *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* are esteemed as the “Ultimate Security” which protects one from all harm.

Actual freedom needs no protection. If it does, it is not worthy of the name. The ‘freedom’ that is attained by those who have only dissolved the *ego* is as about as useful as fools gold is: it is all glitter and no substance. The allure of the psychic world – the world of the *Collective Unconscious* – has seduced those ‘graced’ few with its seductive *Powers*. Enchanted and bewitched by the promise of Glamour and Glory and Glitz, they have succumbed, entranced, to the most insidious of the fantasies of humankind. From the most ancient of *Gods* and *Goddesses*, which humans know of from classical history, to their modern counterparts, the *Spiritual Leaders* of humankind have a common vulnerability: just like secular leaders they are stuck in a pecking order. Their passion for *Power*, their lust for *Love* and their fervour for *Fame*, comes from the inevitable hierarchical structure dictated by the *Power* and *Authority* situated unmanifest behind the throne. This hierarchy, needed and created by the psychic entity’s need to maintain its *identity* and grow even bigger, has no end to it. It persists even into the spurious *After-Life*. The entity’s very existence as a *Spiritual ‘Being’* is dependent upon it.

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Inevitably, another religion grows up around them ... they are the genesis of yet another group. Another group means a new member in the wars between the existing groups. Thus *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* do not deliver on their oft-repeated promise of *Peace On Earth* for the very obvious reason that they cannot. They never have done and never will. On the contrary, *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* has produced war after war ... slaughter and cruelties unimaginable have been the sorry history of religious groups throughout the ages and into the current era. And just as *Spiritual Love* and *Compassion* cannot deliver perfection and excellence, so too does personal love and compassion fail just as miserably. A man and a woman meet, fall in love, and all is rosy. Their love and compassion for each other can conquer all ... it seems. Yet it never does because, just like *Spiritual Love* and *Compassion* comes from the instinctualised psychic entity, personal love and compassion is but a product of the socialised psychological entity. Love and compassion are not actual. In the same way that the *identity* is a creation, so too is its love and compassion ... in whatever form. There is no such thing as *Real Compassion* and *True Love* ... no matter how much the religious and the romantics may protest it to be so. The evidence of the centuries does not substantiate their claim. Love and compassion simply cannot produce perfection and excellence because it has its built-in manipulation and corruption. Love and compassion does not come freely.

Actual perfection and excellence is free. It is the freely available bonus of daring to be me. Unadorned I stand on my own; more free than a bird on the wing and cleaner than a sea-breeze on a sweltering summer's day. To be me is to be fresh, each moment again. Owing nothing to no one I am free from corruption ... perversity has vanished forever. Unpolluted as I am by any alien entity, my thoughts and my deeds are automatically graceful. Goodwill, freed of social morality, comes effortlessly to me for all internal conflict is over. I am gentle and peaceful in character. Freeing myself of the *Altered State Of Consciousness* was the last step into actuality. The ending of the *identity* was the ending of calenture ... not only love and compassion vanished, even *beauty* has disappeared. A crystal-clear purity has become apparent ... which was what *beauty's* rose-coloured glasses strove to imitate. With the demise of *beauty*, its intrinsic route to *The Truth* was cut short. One's native intelligence – freed of *The Truth's* metaphysical *Divine Intelligence* – is free to operate with an actual sagacity ... sensible, rational thought enables one to live freely in this world of people, things and events.

All this comes as no surprise for it is what humans have all long suspected to be the case. This universe, this physical world humans all live in, is too big in its grandeur, too neatly complex in its arrangement, and too perfectly organised in its structure for humans to be eternally doomed to perpetual misery. Surely, no one can believe for a moment that it is all fated to be forever wrong. This is a tremendous universe in all its workings ... this physical world we humans live in is magnificent, to say the least. 'We' are only temporarily wrong and 'we' can put 'ourselves' correct with earnest application and diligence, based upon pure intent. All humans have experienced moments of perfection – pure consciousness experiences, they are called – which one generally forgets about in the press of one's everyday conditioned existence. But the experiences are indelibly lodged in one's memory and can be resurrected at will when appropriate. Sincere attention paid to the PCE will result in pure intent. Pure intent will then guide one in each and every situation and circumstance until the primacy of 'me' as a psychological/psychic entity withers away. 'I' am the tragic consequence of centuries of primitive belief. Pure and clear understanding of this is the beginning of the ending of the tragedy. 'I' cannot long survive scrupulous attention.

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Actual perfection and excellence can best be described as being organic in the sensate meaning of the word ... it differs from Classical and Romantic perfection and excellence in that it is not an invention. It is not a product of the culturally programmed mind and heart. The trees, the flowers, a sunset or a sunrise, the stars in the night sky, and so on, all convey the flavour of it ... unless *beauty* obscures clarity. Actual perfection and excellence is what is already here – when the false is stripped away – without striving for *The True*. It exists of its own accord and has always been harmless. It is authentic – self-generating – and thus requires no extraneous support. With one's mind no longer trapped by the heart's longings and the mind's beliefs, it is a sensual delight to walk freely in this, the actual world. This actual – this sensate and organic – experience of being here now, living my life so happily and harmlessly, remains unsurpassed in the annals of the history of humankind ... and I am sitting here, watching television.

The wind rattles the windows, the rain beats against the glass. All is snug and cosy as I sit at ease, watching the comedy come to an end. The

studio audience laugh uproariously at the last mother-in-law joke and the scene fades as the credits appear on the screen. It is all so pathetic, actually, to be caught up in the socialised world of 'human' one-upmanship. It is an abysmal state of affairs to be 'me', living in the *real world*. Especially when this, the actual world, is right here under one's nose, as it were, just waiting to be discovered. Nobody has to create this actual world, as people do when they 'realise' the *Divine World*. The *Divine World* is an archetype buried deep in the *Collective Unconscious*, and has beguiled humankind for aeons. It promises *Deliverance* but never produces the desired and promised result ... Peace On Earth.

Actualism does not promise ... it delivers a virtual freedom. Then one has a distinct opportunity of becoming actually free. One of the charming characteristics of actual freedom – apart from the highly desirable perfection and excellence – is the instant bestowal of universal peace upon the one who dares to be me. With peace comes benignity and benevolence. I simply have no desire, no urge, no compulsion – and no need – to hurt the other, or anyone else. I have discovered that it is possible to be free. I have found the joy of being me. Freed by pure intent from the very necessary social constraints – designed to control a wayward *ego* and a compliant *soul* – I can have generosity of character without striving. Pleasingly, I can take no credit for being kind, for it comes automatically. Thus I do not suffer from hubris, with its consequential need for practising humility. Altogether, it is an entirely new way of living, never before discovered, never before spoken of. It was sitting here, all of this time.

My life is now carefree ... and full of genuine fun.

ARTICLE 13

SURPASSING THE ALTERED STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE THIRD ALTERNATIVE

I am sitting with my companion at a café terrace, situated at the edge of the pavement running alongside the main street of this seaside village. I am sipping my drink while waiting for the waiter to bring us our lunch order, idly watching the passing parade of people going about their business. It is an agreeable day, the sun just over its zenith, a breeze blowing mildly from the south-east rustling the sun-drenched palm fronds all about the terrace. Large umbrellas stand proud from each table, providing a cooling shelter from the hot summer sun for all the patrons seated here. I have lived in this village before; my impromptu peregrinations have caused me to live in many different places due to my interest in exploring this magnificent earth we all live on. Some I liked so much I re-visited ... and this is one of them. I conjecture, at odd times, how long I will be here for this stay ... I have no plans at all for the future.

Is there a future? If one is to believe the *Enlightened Masters*, when the *ego* dies there is no past or future ... they say there is only the *Eternal Present*. The *Present* stretches *Spaceless* and *Timeless* in all directions. One is then *Unborn* and *Undying* ... they say that they have overcome death's mortality and become *Immortal*. They describe a sense of *Oneness* with all sentient '*beings*' and speak of an awareness of "*A Presence*" ... all spelled with a capital to denote *Divinity*. This *State Of 'Being'* is called an *Altered State Of Consciousness* or *Spiritual Enlightenment*. One has realised oneself as being the *Unmanifest Self: All-Expansive, All-Encompassing* and *All-Pervasive*. In *Spiritual* terms this is known as the death of *ego*, of *self*. One has arrived! The past and the future do not exist ... yet, paradoxically, all *Masters* are known to believe in at least one important future ... important for

them, that is. At physical death, they state, their *Immortal Soul* will finally “quit the body” and merge with the *Ocean Of Oneness*.

How is it that, after *The Altered State Of Consciousness* has manifested itself, the *Soul* is still present? Is the *Soul* not a psychic entity? No matter how *Enlightened* or *Liberated* one may be, an ‘*I*’ is still in existence ... *Timeless* and *Spaceless* maybe, but still an ‘*I*’, still in or around the body. As the *ego* is dead, then what precisely is still here as an *identity* ... for they all identify as being a *Master*? It is the *Self*. The *ego* is only half of one’s *identity*; the other half is the *soul*. When the *ego* dies, one has dispelled an illusion – the illusion of a personal *self* – only to wind up living in a delusion ... the delusion of an impersonal *Self*. To take oneself to be the *Self*, the *Soul*, the *Supreme*, the *Absolute*, *God On Earth* or the *Void*, is nothing short of institutionalised insanity! The delusion must be dispelled in order to be actually free: along with the “death of the *ego*” there must be a corresponding “death of the *soul*”. Then ‘*I*’ – the *Self* or *Spirit* – do not exist, psychically speaking, in any way at all. Then the *Eternal Present* also vanishes ... along with all that other capitalised nonsense. This condition I call actual freedom ... the third alternative. Surpassing the *Altered State Of Consciousness* is the third alternative.

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The third alternative is not to be found in any *Spiritual* book nor heard of in any discourse from a *Master*, a *Guru*, a *Spiritual Teacher* or a *Whatever*. Some disciplines hint at its existence but no one has ever lived it to speak about it knowledgeably, hence the deafening silence. Some religions posit such a condition pertaining to the other side of physical death – *Mahasamadhi* and *Parinirvana* being two examples that spring to mind – but no useful information can be derived from there. I maintain that such a condition is possible while the body is still alive and breathing ... but for this to occur not only must the *ego* ‘die’ but the *soul* must be extirpated as well. Only then are all illusions and delusions dispelled. Only then can there be an actual freedom. Understanding all this promotes an actualism which ensures a virtual freedom.

In actualism all of the previous world-views – human’s understandings of ‘*humanity*’ – are seen to be erroneous. Especially erroneous are the *Divine* solutions to the plight of ‘*humanity*’ ... however long such solutions may have been held in awe, venerated and viewed as being

Sacred. The solutions – *The Truth, The Good, Love Agapé, Divine Compassion* and so on – that these *Masters* have brought into the world are all the more insidious because no one, it seems, dares to question them. Nobody, it appears, equates the resultant problems that these *Gods On Earth* have managed to produce with the solutions. And the resultant problems are horrific: *Religious Wars* have beset this planet for thousands of years ... for about as long as these *Masters* and *Messiahs, Avatars* and *Redeemers, Saviours* and *Sages, Priests* and *Prophets, Saints* and *Shamans* and have been around, in fact, peddling their perverted delusions.

The *Altered State Of Consciousness* is attractive only to the masses; it does not appeal to the individual. Only actualism can satisfy a person who already sees through the *Master's* deliberate incongruities, their shrewd hypocrisy and their innate inability to live according to their own contradictory statements. Their 'profound' statements just happen to be well-known rehashes of their predecessors' ... who also failed to live up to the *State Of 'Being'* they resided in. None of them are able to be scrupulously observed by their disciples, twenty-four-hours-a-day, day-in-day-out, to ascertain the validity of their *Divine State*. None of them were honest enough to invite meticulous scrutiny of their *Eternal Truth*, which is full of *Goodness*. Why not? Why hold any sincerely interested disciple at arm's length? Why be so stingy as to disseminate *Blissful Godliness* to the assembled masses only once or twice a day ... and then hide the *Divine State* away in an inner room for the remainder of the day? Does a *Master* ever become fully involved, doing *The Work* that *He* or *She* talks about, every moment again until the disciples get the *Message* by living freely, day after day? No. Instead they go for quantity, not quality. They go for formal discourse and monologue instead of free discussion and easy dialogue. Free discussion and easy dialogue lead to an actual intimacy and a direct discovery. Only an actual intimacy can provide the propitious ambience necessary for genuine freedom.

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Then again, why do the disciples appear to be so content with the *Master's* modus operandi? Why do they humbly submit to the oft-repeated behaviour of old ... the already known? Is there a protocol by which each incoming initiate *Master* must prove themselves? For there is indeed a recognised expression of the person whose *ego* has died and claims to have

disappeared into the *Great Unknown*. A disciple must surely ask themselves: is the *Altered State Of Consciousness* this predictable in its expression through a human being? Does authenticity, newness, originality and common-sense all vanish along with the *ego*? Does it all dissolve into that *Timeless Void*? Why does this *Compassionate 'Being'* crave so many adoring, flattering, sycophantic worshippers? A disciple should ask themselves why they are so happy to provide the *Master* with all that, ad infinitum ... assiduously putting into practice their *Divine Teachings* ... and then still be not set free by *Divine Grace* as so readily promised.

The answer is in very plain view: the calibre of the disciple is a perfect match to the calibre of the *Master*.

A person who is intent only on becoming free – totally free of the 'Human Condition' – will either not be attracted to the *Master* or will quickly tire of *His* or *Her* antics and lose interest. This person will ascertain that the *Altered State Of Consciousness* is a *State Of 'Being'* contained within the 'Human Condition', and is not, therefore, an actual freedom. Such a discerning person will not be content until they become free of their own accord; or find and acknowledge an actually free human being and thus become free through their intimate interaction. The actually free person always demonstrates, in both easy and trying circumstances, that they are actually totally free of the 'Human Condition'. He or she is consistently original in all their responses. Their complete interest in the sincere individual's pursuit of freedom never wavers. This sincere individual can never be content, let alone spiritually thrilled, with the patronising *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* that the *Master* radiates. They will simply see it for what it is: corny. The *Master* who bestows *Sacred Love* and *Compassion* is, in fact, contemptuous of the disciple's gullibility. The *Master* is incapable of setting anyone free ... for they are not yet actually free themselves. Like any of their peers or predecessors, they are in the grip of the psychic *Power* and *Authority* that lies unmanifest behind the throne. In their very own words they have surrendered ... to what or whom? To this psychic *Power* and *Authority* ... and they are possessed by this *Power* and *Authority*. They are driven by "*That*" to carry out a *Divine Mission*: They must teach *The Truth* and save *Humankind* ... according to the 'Ancient Protocol'.

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A waitress with a somewhat dour demeanour brings us our meal and sets it upon the table with a mumbled “Bon appétit”. At the next table a youngish woman is intent on filling in the date on a stack of posters proclaiming the imminent arrival of yet another *Spiritual Teacher* to grace the village with their *Presence*. So engrossed in her task is she, her café latte unattended, she is oblivious to the splendour of this moment of being here now. Being here now is vastly different from ‘being’ or ‘Being’. Being here now is to be alive, fully alive, as an actually free human, without any ‘being’ at all. Here, this moment lives me – me as this body – rather than an ‘I’ living in the present ... let alone the past or the future. There is no one inside this body, no psychological or psychic entity of any description. This body is an empty shell, psychologically and psychically speaking, owing allegiance to no one or no ‘One’, living or dead. No entity exists in this body; there is no one left to die. The only me is this very body ... I am this body being conscious ... pure consciousness. I am happy to be mortal; if it were not for death, I could not be free to be here now, eating this delicious lunch and enjoying this moment of being alive. In this moment the immediate is the ultimate and the relative is the absolute in all its exquisite purity. Purity far exceeds *Beauty*, despite all its Glamour and Glory and Glitz.

The third alternative – actual freedom – is not an *Ineffable State*. Unlike *The Altered State*, it can be easily and adequately described in unambiguous terms. All is plain to view, nothing is hidden. Nothing is *Unknowable*. There is no *Mystery* any longer. The secret to life is solved. In actualism, a person sees all that is *religious* or *spiritual* or *mystical* for the superstitious *metaphysical* anachronism that it is ... it all belongs to the best that those ensconced within the ‘Human Condition’ can aspire to. To be actually free is to be completely free from the ‘Human Condition’ in all its entirety. Free from *The Good* as well as from *The Bad*; from *Love* as well as *Hate*; from *Beauty* as well as *Ugly*; from *The True* as well as *The False*; from *God* as well as *Evil* ... from any thing *Diabolical* or *Divine* at all. To be actually free is to be free, at last, to be ordinary. To be this flesh and blood body. To be mortal. To be without the need for any inhibiting surrender to that *Highest Authority* with its *Absolute Power*.

I experience the universe as being here now in all its benignity. The world of people, things and events is no longer at a distance. Without the defences of the *identity* I can stand proud, as I do not need to maintain myself as ‘someone’ in particular with relation to others. An unusual anonymity has freed me from the ‘normal’ responsibility and onerous task of sustaining

'myself'. A marked absence of severity has replaced the need for *Moral Guidance* and *Spiritual Discipline*, for I am already always harmless. I have never been harmed, psychologically, nor have I ever known sorrow. The *identity*, 'I' as *ego* and 'me' as *soul*, can best be described as a psychological and psychic parasite living inside the body. In a valiant and understandable attempt to solve the plight of humankind, 'I' cease identifying as the *ego* and identify as the *soul* ... a shift in consciousness which manifests *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*. Unfortunately for its success *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* have their roots in malice and sorrow and therefore cannot provide the ultimate solution: freedom from animosity and anguish. Love actually perpetuates malice, and compassion perpetuates sorrow, for malice and sorrow are the essential progenitors of *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*.

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It is so easy to live, here. All this what is happening is self-evidently well organising itself. Insecurity and security have given way to a vast safety unparalleled in the annals of history. Nor do I feel enveloped by any sense of *Metaphysical Energy* in the form of *Love Agapé* or *Divine Compassion*; which is a form of consolation and commiseration ... *Divine* succour. From the vantage point of being here now, these are seen as unnecessary ... for malice and sorrow themselves are unnecessary. For *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* to be effective a lonely and resentful victim is required in order to receive them and feel healed. When one ceases being a victim, one no longer is interested in being soothed. One only wants to be free, actually free. However, once ensnared in the psychic tentacles of *Divine Healing* it is deemed sacrilegious to break free. To the *Religious* and *Spiritual* people I seem to be a heretic. Nevertheless, to establish a genuine peace-on-earth one must, perforce, be iconoclastic. Those "*Tried and True*" methods have been tried and tried, again and again ... and have failed and failed, again and again. It was high time for something new to hove into view.

And although obnoxious people may still appear, from time to time, and attempt to wreak their havoc, my response to them is not hostile and reactionary. One of the amazing attributes of actual freedom is its far-reaching benevolence; an attribute which allows my responses to be appropriate to the circumstances and sometimes unpredictable ... even to me. To be benevolent – which literally means well-wishing – is to be free to act in

a way that is beneficial to one and all. Benevolence acts freely, I am not driven by *Universal Sorrow* as are the *Compassionate Ones*. When what is known as *That Which Is Sacred* – which has no existence outside of passionate ‘human’ imagination – is no longer able to meddle in the affairs of humankind, humans can finally have a genuine chance of peace-on-earth. Such a peace is certainly possible for the individual right now. It has been here all along, freely available for anyone to discover. Daring to investigate, explore and uncover, I had to be willing to venture where no one had travelled before ... beyond the *Altered State Of Consciousness* into *The Unknowable*. I had to be intrepid to abandon all the accrued ‘wisdom’ of the ages ... a ‘wisdom’ that has proved itself to be patently absurd.

In actual freedom this universe is experienced as it actually is: it is perfection. Upon reflection, how can it be not perfect? There is no outside to perfection ... and hence no centre, either. The purity of this perfection provides for the ultimate satisfaction; the satisfaction that *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* seem to promise but can never deliver.

Surpassing the *Altered State Of Consciousness* is actual freedom.

ARTICLE 14

REALITY IS NOT ACTUALITY

I am riding my bicycle along the flat cycling track that leads out of the village to a shopping centre located on the outskirts of town, known locally as “The Light Industrial Estate”, which is full of small factories and warehouses. I am going there to buy a new queen-size bed; my current one, being nearly a decade old, is past its prime and rather needs replacing. It is charming to be riding in this winter sunshine – this being a sub-tropical area, the winters are dry and warm – and it is a congenial day. The slight current of air generated by my easygoing movement is gentle on my face. With high-rise handlebars I am capable of sitting up straight to ride and are thus able to easily take in the scenery ... unlike those racing cyclists I see who, being head down and tail up, are oblivious to their surroundings. I am not going anywhere in a hurry; I like to freely enjoy being here now, savouring the world in all its sensual delight. I am pleased to see, running parallel to this track, the main highway in and out of town; busy with cars buzzing to and fro, it adds bright splashes of colour to my vista. On my other side lies a magnificent large swamp, with well-adapted trees and shrubs growing out of its still and turbid water. Birds and crickets are filling the air with their sweet melodies and all is alive with life. With a few puffy white clouds scattered randomly in a light-blue sky, the stage is well set for me to partake in the sheer joy of being alive in this physical world and going about my daily delectations. All this is just happening of its own accord. Everything I experience is actual to this moment. And this moment is occurring now.

This particular moment of being here now has never happened before ... and it will never happen again. This moment is ever-fresh, perennially new. It is consistently so; dependable in its originality and reliable in its uniqueness. For twenty-four-hours-a-day it is like this, day-in-

day-out ... therefore it is impossible for it to ever become boring. This moment does not exist in the *real world*, it exists in the actual world. Only the present can exist in *reality*. *Reality* is not actuality. *Reality* is the world that is perceived through the senses by 'I' and/or 'me', the psychological and/or psychic entity who resides inside the body. Actuality is the world that is apperceived at the senses by me as this body-consciousness. *Reality* is objectively reinforced as being *real* by other entity-encumbered bodies that 'I' speak to. They endorse 'my' perception of the *real world* as being the genuine, authentic world. It is not. Only the actual world is genuine and authentic. It is primary and pre-eminent ... and it is perfect.

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The *real world* is superimposed over the actual world by the entity that inhabits the bodies of billions of human beings. The actual world, the fairy tale-like world as-it-is, is converted into an imperfect world by the alien *identity* within. This *identity*, gathering information via the senses, translates these data with an already distorted mind-set, into what it calls *reality*. By identifying as 'me', the *identity*, 'I' can never experience the purity of the actual world. At best 'I' can experience it as being beautiful. Purity far excels *beauty* for purity has never known malice and sorrow and never will. *Beauty* is generated by 'me', who lives in a self-induced pathetic animosity and anguish, and who has been taught to love its piquancy ... which is why *beauty* can be so evocative as to bring a tear to the eye. So deeply immersed in this sad and bad *reality* are some people, that they valiantly extol the virtues of the *beauty* of pathos by writing songs, poetry, symphonies, operas and epic novels about it. These are revered by the patrons of the *real world* and are known as "The Classics". So beloved are they that they are compulsorily taught to children ... the newest recruits to a benighted humankind.

The *real world's* normal *reality* is about the most dismal interpretation that '*humanity*' could come up with in its conclusions as to what it is to be '*human*'. It is an interpretation in which, as is tacitly agreed by all, malice and sorrow will ever remain sacrosanct. This *real world* conclusion shapes each and every moment's interpretation into a seeming 'victory' over sadness and badness by venerating its bitter-sweet *beauty*. This *beauty*, which strums and tugs at the heart-strings so piquantly, has always found its fullest expression in the areas of *Art*, *Religion* and *Spirituality* ... areas which are, in each and every culture, three of the most lucrative

businesses in the market-place of humankind. The purity of the actual world owes its excellence to the fact that it never knows malice and sorrow. When the psychological and psychic *identity* is seen for the parasite it is, it can cease to exist. Then I am the sense organs: this seeing is me, this hearing is me, this tasting is me, this touching is me, this smelling is me, and this thinking is me. Whereas 'I', the *identity*, am inside the body: looking out through 'my' eyes as if looking out through a window, listening through 'my' ears as if they were microphones, tasting through 'my' tongue, touching through 'my' skin, smelling through 'my' nose, and thinking through 'my' brain. Of course 'I' must feel isolated, alienated, alone and lonely, for 'I' am cut off from the magnificence of the actual world ... the world as-it-is. 'I' am condemned to live everlastingly in the land of malice and sorrow, forever lamenting 'my' fate. 'I' am eternally separate from the benignity of the actual, where the utter absence of any angst and anger at all is infinitely more rewarding than the deepest, the most profound, *beauty* there is in the *real world*.

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One cannot think or feel one's way into actual freedom ... which is what I call living in the actual world, the world as-it-is in actuality. If one imagines, visualises, a world of purity, then all one will do is end up living in that passionate mental image. Anything imagined is not the actual. One does, however, need an absolute conviction that such a world does exist. This conviction comes out of a pure consciousness experience ... experiences that all humans have had at some stage in their life. These peak experiences are momentary glimpses into the actual, the world of perfection. In that PCE, it is immediately seen that 'I' do not actually exist. What one can do is induce another peak experience by pure contemplation of the existence of 'that' world ... which will initially be seen as being other than 'here'. Indeed, from a 'human' point of view it is as if it was another dimension entirely. It is of the utmost importance to realise that 'I' cannot shift from the *real* to the actual; 'I' am as much of an illusion as the *real world*. 'I' and the *real world* both disappear and then – and only then – does the actual become apparent. 'I' do not manifest the actual world ... it is already always here. Because 'I' am living in an illusion, 'I' can only manifest yet another illusion ... or a massive delusion if 'I' am so crazed as to invoke the *Greater Reality*, as the spiritually inclined people do. Actuality is not to be confused with any *Other-*

Worldly Reality in some *Timeless Dimension* ... actuality is here-and-now and on-the-ground. Actuality is physical, not metaphysical. It is perennial, not *Timeless*. It is perpetual, not *Spaceless*.

Pure contemplation is absolutely free from any pre-conceived concepts ... it lies beyond '*human*' beliefs and ideals. There is a dare in pure contemplation ... daring to expect the utter best. Actual freedom is far superior to anything '*I*' can aspire to; it makes '*me*' and '*my*' world obsolete. The actual world has nothing to do with '*me*' and '*my*' machinations: '*my*' hopes, '*my*' dreams, '*my*' ideals, or '*my*' longings. All these things come from the heart ... and the heart has led humankind astray for countless centuries. Passion, coupled with imagination, can only produce variations on that *Timeless Reality* so beloved by the *Religious*, *Spiritual* and *Mystical* peoples. Being '*human*' is a feeling; being *Divine* is a passion. Feelings – emotions and passions – are a liability to one who is going to be actual. In actual freedom I am neither '*human*' nor *Divine*, for I am not metaphysical. I am the third alternative: this very actual body.

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Pure contemplation is not thinking 'about' something ... which is the usual way of thought. Pure contemplation does not take a duration of time. It is instant thought, a realisation, a flash of seeing. In pure contemplation '*I*' do no thinking ... thinking does itself. '*I*' have no substance, therefore in pure contemplation there is thinking without a '*thinker*'. Thought operates freely ... and in immaculate wonder. Pure contemplation is a state of unsullied wonderment: "how can this world happen?", or "what is this universe doing here?", or "where does this body come from?". These questions are posed in such a way so as not to get a thought-out answer, but to simply wonder, in a pure contemplation of the actual. One stays with the notion: "I am this body" and regards that magical world of the PCE. Opening up to that fairy tale-like world by seeing that it is indeed possible now makes it close ... so close as to be already here. It is always already here. Regard the very best as possible for oneself ... and for all human beings. There is a must in pure contemplation that something amazing can happen: all of a sudden '*I*' am no more and the actual is already here. I am here where I always have been.

One has always been here ... one has never been anywhere else. Where else is there but here? Here is perfection for there is no sorrow or

malice anywhere. One realises that there is nothing outside of perfection ... humans are all unwittingly living their life already in perfection. It is as if everybody is playing a game called “Let’s pretend we are lost”, knowing it will only ever be an illusion. Humans are creating the illusion so well that they take it for *real* ... wrongly implying it to be actual. In actuality there is no animosity or anguish, only perfection. This perfection does not come from anywhere. It is already always here. I am not making it happen as ‘I’ did *Reality*, it is happening of itself. All is self-generating ... and so exquisitely intricate.

This is actual intimacy. To be actually intimate is to be without the separative *identity*. I am not apart from the universe ... I am the universe experiencing itself. Whereas ‘I’ can never be intimate for ‘I’ am distanced from the actual by ‘my’ very ‘being’ ... ‘I’ stand in the way of actual intimacy. It is inevitable that this pure intimacy prevails in the actual for in actual freedom lies benignity; which literally means to be kindly, gentle, harmless, propitious. The intimacy that ‘I’ as a personality can have, as a feeling for another in a relationship, pales into insignificance when compared with the actual intimacy of the universe. There is no need for a relationship here. Relationship requires separate entities in order to do the relating. I am not separate from the universe. This body is literally made of the very stuff of the universe ... there is no difference whatsoever between this stuff and me. I am physically and actually it.

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I have arrived at my destination and am wandering through this vast warehouse, packed from end to end with all that anyone could require ... in the way of household furnishings. There is simply an abundance of goods and chattels here; a multitude of beds to choose from. A friendly staff member comes to assist me and is proving to be a fund of useful information. Eventually I settle for an orthopaedic ensemble and buy some sunny yellow sheets and pillowcases with a matching valance. I set off to examine the varied styles of bed-side tables ... there are so many and I am happy to be taking my time choosing, for it is a joy to be here, doing all this. The man is not hurrying me at all and is patiently showing me through the diversity he has available. It seems almost too soon, yet I have been here for ages, and I have opted for a pine-wood setting with a compatible bookcase-come-television-cabinet for the set I have in the bedroom. The blonde pine will

complement the sunny yellow bedding and create a cheerful ambience. I pay for it all and arrange for delivery sometime in the late afternoon. Bidding the gregarious salesman farewell, I repair to the nearby café to sit in the sun with a welcome cappuccino. All in all it is being a felicitous morning ... faultless in its simple pleasure.

Every day is like this in this actual world, although I can occasionally meet unhelpful people, unhappy people, even rude people ... the entire gamut of 'human' expression. I can easily make allowances for them for I know that they all live in *reality* ... and life can be a grim and glum business there. Here, all is benevolent, friendly and kind; no perversity has ever existed in actual freedom. There is a marked absence of malice here; evil has no foothold, no being anywhere at all. When 'I' cease to exist as a psychic entity, so too does the *Diabolical* disappear. To put it bluntly: 'I' am a mixture of "Good" and "Evil" ... both are psychic forces which have waged their insidious battle in the 'human' psyche for aeons. 'I' try heroically, but vainly, to attain to "The Good", hoping thereby to conquer "The Bad", for so have humans been taught, been mesmerised, with precept and example, by the *Saints* and the *Sages* throughout the ages. All this is a futile drama played out in the realm of *reality*. In actuality, neither "Good" nor "Evil" have any substance whatsoever. With utter purity prevailing everywhere, virtue has become an outmoded concept. It is vital only in *reality*, in order to curtail the savage instinctual passions which generate the alien entity.

'I' live in constant apprehension that 'my' bad side will get the better of 'me', and 'I' must maintain eternal vigilance. Such effort is exhausting and unsustainable ... from time to time a crack appears in 'my' defences and something nasty can slip out. It can cause harsh words and offensive or anti-social behaviour in the heat of the moment ... or it can take the form of a cold-blooded plan to exact revenge at a later date. These are actions which 'I' afterwards regret and 'I' will say something like: "I don't know what came over me, this is not like me". 'I' can then feel sorry, remorseful, and with sufficient repentance 'I' can regain 'my' virtue ... until next time, that is. It is the *identity* that generates all the ills of humankind, perpetuating misery and suffering. And it is to no avail to strain to attain to the *Higher Self* in order to cure or heal all the nastiness of humans; such action has been tried before with demonstrably disastrous results. Life can be a grim and glum business in *reality*.

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It is all so simple, here in this actual world; no effort is needed to meet the requisite morality of society. I have no “dark nature”, no unconscious impulses to curb, to control, to restrain. It is all so easy, here in this actual world; I can take no credit for my apparently virtuous behaviour because actual freedom automatically provides beneficial thoughts and deeds. It is all so spontaneous, here in this actual world; I do not do it ... it does itself. Vanity, egoism, selfishness ... all *self*-centred activity has ceased to operate when ‘I’ ceased to be. And it is all so peaceful, here in this actual world; it is only in living this actual world that human beings can have peace-on-earth without toiling fruitlessly to be ‘good’. The answer to everything that has puzzled humankind for all of human history is readily elucidated when one is actually free. The “Mystery of Life” has been penetrated and laid open for all those with the eyes to see.

Life was meant to be easy.

ARTICLE 15

ULTIMATE FULFILMENT LIES BEYOND EXTINCTION

It is early morning in late winter with the sun, already an hour old, shining brightly in a clear blue sky. With a strong breeze blowing from the north, it is an excellent day for washing some clothes. With this wind they will dry thoroughly in a short time and so I step out through the sliding glass doors with arms full of wet, sweet-smelling washing. It is a truly exquisite moment to be alive; to be hanging out the washing and feeling the sunshine on my face bespeaking the early arrival of spring. Two magpies are strutting confidently across the lawn looking for some hapless insect, their black-and-white plumage is gaily vivid in the early morning light. A slight dew has fallen overnight, and is already evaporating as the sun strengthens its rays. The lawn is sparkling as if with a million emeralds ... this backyard scene is one of domestic bliss and tranquillity. Yet, on the paving under the clothes-line, multitudes of tiny black ants are swarming enthusiastically over a dead worm. The worm had journeyed out of the wet lawn in the night, coming to its end on what must have been – to it – a vast desert of barren brick pavers. The ants will demolish their meal in a very short time, such is their number. Stepping around the carnage, I finish pegging out the clothes and come back inside, reflecting that if the ants had not been there first the magpies would be eating the worm by now. It is a glorious morning, yet a death has happened in my own back-garden.

Human beings have various attitudes towards death. As far as it has been able to be ascertained, humans are the only creatures that are aware of their own demise. The ability to reflect upon one's own death has been a source of inspiration to philosophers, theologians and their ilk down through the ages. To other people, death is a subject to be avoided, to be not thought about; it is a taboo topic for dinner-table conversation. It is not until a close

friend or relative dies that they are brought face-to-face with their own mortality ... and they usually endeavour to “get over it” as soon as possible. A sure way to be told that one is morbid is to talk about death: to invoke an uneasy reaction, one needs only to ask if they have ever considered the ramifications of death; of no longer being alive; of not being a ‘human’; of not ‘being’ at all. Nevertheless, why avoid the subject? Surely it is of the utmost importance to explore all the unknown aspects of being a ‘human’ – especially those that bring trepidation – for therein lie the causes for not only one’s uneasiness about life, but all the problems that beset ‘humanity’. Anything that remains hidden will continue to influence one’s life in an unconscious way, continuously plaguing one’s every moment of being alive and affecting one’s state of well-being.

It is impossible to try to imagine death, to try to visualise not ‘being’. What does it mean to not ‘be’? One has always been busy with ‘being’; being alive, being in the world, being a ‘human’, being ‘me’. What is it to not exist? There seems to be a general consensus among human beings that death is a mystery that one cannot penetrate, and that the “*Mystery of Life*” will be revealed only after death. There, they say, lies peace and *Ultimate Fulfilment*. It all appears to be an exercise in futility to think about what is entailed in death, which is the end of ‘being’ ... and it is. The end of ‘being’, at physical death, can only ever be a speculation; it has to be experienced to know it. Just like one cannot know the taste of something until one eats it ... so too is it with death as the end of ‘being’. Yet to wait for death will be leaving it too late to find out what it is to not ‘be’ ... as death is oblivion of consciousness there will be no awareness of not ‘being’. The question is: can one experience the end of ‘being’ before this body dies and therefore penetrate into the “*Mystery of Life*”, in full awareness, and find ultimate fulfilment ... here on earth?

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Yes one can. The commonly accepted notion, by the majority of people, is that ‘I’ reside temporarily inside this body until the body dies. Then ‘I’, as *Spirit* – by whatever name – will return whence ‘I’ came ... some mysterious, *Other-Worldly Realm* that goes by many titles. The details may vary from culture to culture, but the basic thrust of the concept remains the same: one will still remain ‘being’ after death. All this is to deny death as being oblivion ... such peoples are living in a state of denial. To deny

oblivion is like, for instance, denying that gravity exists. It is a fact. If the word 'death' does not mean an ending to '*being*' then the word is, in itself, meaningless. Then there is a minority who, realising this, maintain that the '*I*' inside this body will die with the body ... and that that is all there is to it. Life, to them, is short and brutal and poignant with death at the end. The people who believe in the survival of their *Spirit* say that their belief gives life meaning ... and set about concocting all kinds of fanciful notions about "life after death". Those who believe in the ending of the *Spirit* at death say that their belief makes life pointless ... and set about concocting all kinds of fanciful notions by posing existential questions. A few people, a rare few, say that they have died already – their *ego* has died – and that they know what it is like to be dead. They state that they have found the *Ultimate Fulfilment* that humankind is searching for.

Unfortunately for their argument, they maintain that their *Spirit* will "quit the body" at physical death and continue to exist in some *Eternal Oneness* that is situated nowhere in particular. Therefore, if they are going to live forever, obviously they are still '*being*'. So how can they say that they know what death – as being the end of '*being*' – is like? They too, come up with all kinds of fanciful notions about the *Ultimate State* of '*humanity*'. They say they have found *The Truth* about life ... yet they do not know what death entails, for they are still '*being*'. They too, are denying that death's oblivion exists! '*Being*', apparently, goes on forever ... "only the body dies", they say. Is there anything at all in this that is a fact? Are not these statements nothing but psittacisms common to all *Holy Beings*? Surely, to experience what is factual is of far greater import than any conclusion arrived at by thought or feeling ... no matter how highly refined the thought or fanatically felt the feeling. To experience the factuality of the ending of '*being*' whilst this body is still breathing is of the utmost importance, if one is to penetrate into the "Mystery of Life" and discover ultimate fulfilment ... here on earth. To come upon a fact, all that is fiction must be stripped away. All *Sacred Cows* must be mercilessly exposed to the most extreme scrutiny, nothing or no-one being exempt from critical examination. And what area of study is the most sacrosanct of all?

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Both the theist and the atheist never question whether the '*spirit*' is a fact, or not. They will ask questions like "Who am I?" but never seem to

enquire “Am I?”. It is taken for granted that ‘I’ exist, that ‘I’ am a ‘being’ ... this tacit assumption lies behind all *philosophy* and *theology*. By accepting, as a basic premise, that ‘I’ am a fact, all ensuing speculative thought is rendered useless – unless ‘I’ am a fact – and billions of pages have been written with ‘I’ being taken as an established fact. For example, the famous statement “I think, therefore I am” is basically flawed. It is assumed that there is an ‘I’ there to do the thinking in the first place. If one is to be honest and scrupulous – applying intellectual rigour – then “I think” should be replaced with the correct observation which is: “There is thinking occurring” ... an entirely different state of affairs. This makes the conclusion: “Therefore I am”, ludicrous. So much for the ‘proof’ of the facticity of ‘I’. Yet one will find that whenever one searches for this ‘I’, it is ever elusive. An infinite regression takes place, for the searcher is, psychologically speaking, the subject being sought. ‘I’ cannot get outside of ‘I’ by thinking about it or feeling it out, for ‘I’ am the ‘thinker’ and the ‘feeler’. Nevertheless one needs to get outside of ‘I’ in order to have an objective standpoint to view ‘I’ from. So how is one to approach this dilemma? How is one going to arrive at the verifiable fact of independently viewing this elusive ‘I’? Imagination? Intuition?

It is actually simple. One starts from the other end, from the viewpoint of the pure consciousness experience ... which all humans have had at some stage in their life. A PCE is a spontaneous moment wherein everything and everyone is seen for what it is, including oneself. All is suddenly revealed to be already perfect and in its rightful place ... ‘I’ and ‘my’ world-view have become irrelevant and there is no longer a sense of ‘being’. Everything is simply here as-it-is, no longer needing the support of any ‘presence’. The “Mystery of Life” has been penetrated, albeit briefly. It is important to realise that a PCE is not to be confused with an *Aesthetic Experience*, a *Spiritual Revelation*, a *Religious Vision*, an *Intellectual Insight*, or an *Emotional Intuition*. It is in a category of its own. It may last for only a few seconds or it may stretch into minutes ... many people have had it last for hours. It does not matter how long, what matters is what one does with it. The experience is indelibly locked away in memory but is generally overlooked in the press of everyday life. Yet it works away, giving rise to thoughts such as “there must be more to life than this”, or something similar. It is what drives ‘humanity’ on to seek a better way of living, a better way of doing whatever it is that humans are all doing whilst being here on this planet. The search for fulfilment stems from the PCE, for humans all know, or hope, that it must

surely come about some day. Why not make that day now? Why not stop procrastinating and putting it off into some imagined future?

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One can induce a PCE – with practice on a daily basis – by pure contemplation based securely on the previous PCE’s. One of the main characteristics of the peak experience is purity. An unimaginable purity permeates the whole of existence, showering its blessing over all and sundry. From the condition of being ‘*human*’, one can plug into that purity with a pure intent. Pure intent is the connection between the intimate aspect of oneself, that one usually keeps hidden away for fear of seeming foolish, and the purity of the PCE. In ‘*normal*’ life one avoids acting in a way that invites scorn from the insensitive philistines, who would rather perpetuate misery than admit they were wrong in their judgement on life, but the time eventually comes when one can stay quiescent no longer. The urge wells up to penetrate into the “Mystery of Life”, to find that ultimate fulfilment, and to achieve peace-on-earth. Pure intent is the highway to this utter freedom, to one’s destiny ... and it is a wide and wondrous path.

The pure consciousness experience provides an objective standpoint to view the *identity* from. It is easily seen from here that ‘*I*’ stand in the way of ultimate fulfilment ... of ‘*my*’ destiny. Pure contemplation is the means to provide one with repeated opportunities to make this examination thorough; all doubt is removed and only surety remains. This is the only way one will be convinced that ‘*I*’ must vanish altogether. This is why I can say, confidently, that the “death of the *ego*” is not sufficient, for it only means substituting an impersonal ‘*I*’ – now called ‘*Being*’ – for the personal ‘*I*’. ‘*Being*’, whether it goes with a capital to denote *Divinity* or not, means an ‘*I*’ is still in existence. Therefore the “death of the *ego*” people’s ‘discoveries’ about the fate of ‘*humanity*’ are questionable, to say the least, and their ‘solutions’ to life’s problems are equally suspect. Unless there is an end to ‘*being*’, which is what death is, one cannot say one has penetrated into the “Mystery of Life”, one has not found ultimate fulfilment, one has not achieved peace-on-earth. One is only fooling oneself – and some other gullible people – if one is so easily satisfied.

This “death of the *ego*” is only for the orthodox-minded people; it is for those who are easily seduced by the Glamour and the Glory and the Glitz of the much-touted *Altered State*. This is why pure intent is an essential

prerequisite to ensure a guaranteed passage through the psychic maze. With pure intent one will not rest until one has gone all the way. One will not be bewitched by the psychic *Power* and *Authority*, either. All these allurements are but welcome food for the cunning *identity*, which wanting only its own survival, readily sublimates itself into the *Spirit*. With the clarity born of pure intent one can see this play for what it is and move on freely and willingly to what lies at the end of the wide and wondrous path ... the end of *'being'*. With pure intent one will not settle for second best, for it has been seen in the PCE's that the very best is possible, here on earth. One sees that *'I'* must disappear entirely. There will be no transcendence, no transmutation, no metamorphosis ... not any of these. For one who goes all the way, no phoenix will exist to arise from the ashes ... nothing *Metaphysical* will remain. *'I'* will become extinct.

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I use the word extinct deliberately for it carries a definitive meaning. Physically, death is the end of an individual member of the species, whilst extinction is the ending of the species itself. The psychological annihilation of *identity* – in its entirety – is the psychological and psychic ending of the species known as *'humanity'*. It is the end of *'being'* and the end of an illusion. It is also the end of *'Being'* and the end of delusion. The *'Human Condition'*, with all its appalling malice and sorrow, has come to an end in one human being. All those would-be wise people who state smugly: “You can't change human nature” are, fortunately, wrong. Because it is possible for *'me'* to become extinct, thereby releasing the body from the *'being'* within, I can walk freely in the world as-it-is ... this actual world. I am living in this clean and clear and perfect purity twenty-four-hours-a-day. I live in a state of benignity, which means a kindly and harmless disposition. Life is a playful game and I am free to enjoy it all, every moment again.

'Humanity', which gave birth to *'me'*, was being sustained by *'me'* remaining as a *'being'*. *'I'* am forever fettered by the *'Human Condition'*. The species known as *'humanity'* has searched for an *Ultimate Fulfilment* within the arena of the *'Human Condition'* for all of history. Such a search is endless and futile, for it is a search within an illusion. Only further illusions – further states of *'being'* – can be found there ... or delusions. Becoming *Divine* is a delusion ... a state of *'Being'* that is an insult to one's native intelligence. *'I'* will never find the ultimate fulfilment for *'I'* am standing in

the way of the “Mystery of Life” being revealed. There is no way out, *I* am doomed. *I* must, inevitably, cease to *be*. Instead of bemoaning *my* fate and vainly searching for an escape, *I* can see *myself* for what *I* am. This seeing is the beginning of the ending of *me*. The extinction of *me* is the ultimate sacrifice *I* can make to ensure the possibility of peace-on-earth for not only me but for all humankind.

I find myself here, in the world as-it-is. A vast stillness lies all around, abounding with purity. Beneficence, an active kindness, overflows in all directions, imbuing everything with unimaginable fairytale-like quality. For me to be able to be here now at all was a blessing that only *I* could grant, because nobody else could do it for me. I am full of admiration for the *me* that dared to do such a thing. I owe all that I experience now to *me*. I salute *my* audacity. And what an adventure it was ... and still is. These are the wondrous workings of the exquisite quality of life ... who would have it any other way?

Ultimate fulfilment lies beyond extinction.

ARTICLE 16

COMPLETE SECURITY LIES INSIDE ETERNAL TIME

It is early afternoon and I am sitting at my ease in the lounge room. One of the better inventions that humans have made is the lounge suite ... and mine is an instant gratification whenever I sit upon it. I have a comfy old Chesterfield – nearly a century old – which I have had refurbished to match the two reclining armchairs. It is sensible to be comfortable where one spends a lot of one’s time ... and I am here a lot for I am writing a book about my study into life, the universe and what it is to be a human being ... which must include a study of ontology, the science of *‘being’* itself. I am fascinated by the fact that we all exist and ask questions about *‘being’* ... about *entities*. “What does it mean, to *‘be’*?” ... “What is it to be alive?” ... “What is it to be here?” ... “What is it to be a human being?” ... “What are humans all doing here?” ... “Why is humankind in the mess that it is in?” ... “Why do humans have malice towards each other?” ... “What is the reason for sorrow?” ... “Why is it, that after the thousands of years that humans have been here, no-one before me has found an irrefutable answer to the *‘human’* dilemma?” The list of questions goes on for I find it to be an enthralling study and a delightful pastime. With tea or coffee from the nearby kitchen, cigarettes at hand, paper, pens and portable typewriter to the fore, I am free to enjoy my pleasure. The delicious fragrance of jasmine arising from an oil-pot perched upon its little candle fills the room ... and the heater is purring away quietly, for it is an unusually cold day for this time of the year. I am here doing this and I am at peace and in harmony with the world.

I am exploring the implications and ramifications of time, which is germane to the awareness of *‘being’*. Through pure contemplation, awareness happens – not that there is an *‘I’* to be aware – awareness happens of itself. There is a realisation akin to that of *‘me’* having not happened yet ... and time

seems to have come to a halt. As time stopping is patently absurd, it is worthy of further investigation. Time is an observable fact: the clock measures the hours, the day becomes night, a leaf falling from a tree takes time to reach the ground. Yet, psychologically speaking, does time exist? Many philosophers have said it does not, but I demur. Something does happen with time, subjectively, when this moment lives me – instead of ‘*me*’ living in the present – but what is it that happens? Is this moment actually *timeless* as some say that it is?

Time has no duration when the immediate is the ultimate and the relative is the absolute. This moment takes no interval at all to be here now. Thus it appears that it is as if nothing has occurred, for not only is the future not here, but the past does not exist either. If there is no beginning and no end, is there a middle? There are things happening, but nothing has happened or will happen ... or so it seems. Only this moment exists. This moment has no term, it takes no time at all to occur ... which gives rise to the inaccurate notion that it is *timeless*. This is an institutionalised delusion, for it stems from the egocentric feeling that ‘*I* am *Immortal*, that ‘*I* am *Eternal*.

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Apperception – which is the mind’s perception of itself – reveals that this moment is hanging in eternal time ... just as this planet is hanging in infinite space. This moment and this place are in the realm of the infinitude of this actual physical universe. This moment is perennial, not *timeless*. I am perpetually here – for the term of my natural life – as this moment is; I am not *Eternally Present*. It is the universe that is eternal ... not me. As one is the universe experiencing itself as a sensate human being, any ‘*I*’ – always on the look-out for self-aggrandisement – grabs the universe’s eternity for itself. Also, what helps to create the feeling that the present is *timeless* is that human beings – as an *identity* – are normally out of this universe’s eternal time. Yet time is as intimate as this body being here now at this moment. It is so intimate that I – as a body only – am not separate from it. Whereas ‘*I*’, as a human ‘*being*’, have separated ‘*myself*’ from eternal time by being an entity. To be an ontological ‘*being*’ is to mistakenly take this body being here as containing an ‘*I*’, a psychological/psychic entity. To ‘*be*’ is to take this moment of being alive personally ... as being proof of ‘*my*’ subjective existence. ‘*I* am an illusion; if ‘*I*’ think and feel that ‘*I*’ do exist, then ‘*I* am outside of eternal time. ‘*I* am forever complaining that there is “not enough

hours in the day”, or “I am always running out of time”, or “I am always catching up with time”, or “I am always behind time”. All this activity is considered ‘*normal*’, as it is the common experience of humankind.

But just because it is an experience in common, it is not necessarily factual. If something is communally experienced it is said to be objective and it is automatically implied to be true. If one is said to be objective it is taken as an accolade; whereas by being subjective, one is said to be prone to bias, to error. If no-one was bold enough to say that the accepted ‘*truth*’ is a mistake, then the sun would still be revolving around the earth! In the face of public opinion, one needs to be bold to question the collective ‘*wisdom*’ and find out for oneself the fact of the matter. One of the best ways of doing this is to see that something held to be true is not working. Instead of vainly trying to make it work through intellectual dishonesty, one takes stock and applies apperceptive thought. One needs to be audacious to proceed where no-one has gone before ... and trail-blazers are often castigated for their effrontery. Fancy being ridiculed or ostracised for ascertaining the facticity of something ... for establishing a fact. To be forced to recant, by popular demand, is an outstanding act of dogmatic elitism. With this being the lot of the path-finder, no wonder ‘*humanity*’ is in the mess that it is in, for who would run the gauntlet?

But I am supremely blasé about the opinion of others, for their ‘*truths*’ do not work ... they do not live in peace and tranquillity. They do not experience the perpetual purity of this moment of being alive; a purity welling-up in all directions from the vast, immeasurable stillness of the infinitude of this universe. They remain ignorant of the excellence of the absence of ‘*being*’. In short, their ‘*truths*’, their philosophies on life, do not work. The criterion of a fact is that it works, it produces results. Because I live here, where the immediate is the ultimate and the relative is the absolute, I have never known sorrow or malice. All my thoughts and deeds are benign, for maleficence does not exist where time has no duration. By living the fact that ‘*I*’ am not actual, evil has ceased to be.

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With no evil in existence, I do not have to believe in and muster all my energies in order to be good. ‘*Good*’ is a psychic force created to combat the psychic force known as ‘*Evil*’. Similarly, in monotheistic cultures, a *God* is invented to engage in an endless battle with a *Devil*. In polytheistic cultures

Gods are opposed to *Demons*. Then there are '*Heavens*', '*Hells*', '*Sin*', '*Karma*', '*Resurrection*', '*Reincarnation*' ... the list goes on. Where is intelligence in all this? Are humans worthy of the title 'Mature Adults'? This is worse than puerile ... this is primitive in the extreme. It all leads to such appalling brutality and unbearable suffering that it is a wonder that such nonsense can still be soberly entertained as even approximating truth. It is not only bizarre; this is insanity.

All this is so patently obvious that I am astounded at the reactions I meet when I talk about such matters to others. It all does not work. These '*truths*' have been rigorously applied by diligent peoples for thousands of years, to no avail. How long must humans keep on trying something that just simply does not work ... and never will? Why take umbrage at something entirely new, something that has never been before, something that delivers what it proposes? Are humans so perverse as to turn their backs, again and again, on the fact that the "*Tried and True*" methods do not work? So much for the supposed "innate curiosity" and the inherent "spirit of exploration and discovery" that is said to be the hall-mark of being '*human*'.

Humans rather spend billions on searching for life in outer space instead of examining their own mores. Does '*humanity*' hope to find an alien race near some distant star that has the secret to life? And if they did find such creatures, who on earth would listen? Who would apply their '*wisdom*'? Obviously, what would happen, is that a phalanx of sociologists, anthropologists, biologists, psychologists, theologians and philosophers would swing into action to "study their culture". Massed armies would be put on the alert and the inter-galactic wars, so beloved of the science-fiction writers, would inevitably erupt. Such is the unyielding fate of a benighted '*humanity*'.

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I am busy in the kitchen, boiling the kettle and making the preparations for a freshly-brewed pot of coffee. My life here on earth, is most definitely mature, most assuredly consummated ... I know only perfection. I am constantly amazed at the untainted quality of my simple existence. There is no '*me*' inside this body thinking about *Metaphysical* matters or feeling out the '*Rights*' and '*Wrongs*' in life ... in short, making a nuisance of itself. The presence of '*me*', with all its mischief, prohibits the apperception of this vast stillness which is the progenitor of purity.

Being here now, as this body, is to be living inside eternal time. In here lies security, utter safety. Nothing can go ultimately wrong inside eternal time, all is forever well. It is only when one thinks and feels that 'I' exist that the troubles begin. To locate this entity, one has only to tune into the feeling of 'being'. In 'being' there is a sense of 'presence', a feeling of being present. The *Spiritual* people tell everyone, peremptorily, that humans are all *One*. They endlessly praise *Unity* and revere *Oneness*. If one has done what they advise to do, one will have come across a *Presence* ... which goes by many names.

Clearly this *Presence* is a psychic projection of 'my' own 'presence'. They describe this *Presence* as being the *Timeless One* that creates and sustains all of *Existence*. They maintain that by believing in this *Timeless One*, one will have *Absolute Peace*, by which they mean *Eternal Life*. It is the fear of death that has set this entire system of belief into motion: 'I' dread extinction. To be extinct is, of course, not to 'be'. 'Being' is the root-cause of the perceived tragedy of life. Life is seen to be tragic because it has death at the end; if it were not for death, according to the received 'wisdom', life would be good. In actuality, the concept of living forever, as a psychic entity, is the original cause of abject malice and sorrow ... not extinction.



To be an entity is to be forever locked-out of eternal time. Complete security lies inside eternal time. 'I' will never look into eternal time; for 'me' eternal time is an enemy to be avoided at all costs. 'I' condemn 'myself' to the endless creation of grandiose schemes to save my *soul*; 'I' concoct all kinds of fantasies about *Other-Worldly Dimensions*. 'I' have to believe in multitudinous *Heavenly Kingdoms* wherein 'I' can reside as an *Immaculate Spirit* for all of *Eternity*. 'I' am driven to spin dreams and illusions because 'I' refuse to see what lies here on earth ... right under 'my' nose, as it were. 'I' can never live inside eternal time ... whereas I as this flesh and blood body can only be here now. Inside this body there is no 'being' ... nothing psychological or psychic left for 'I' am extinct. Time is a blessing, not a curse. I can never be out of time, nor anywhere but here, for I have actualised my destiny ... here on earth and now in time.

I am mortal. Mortality is a fact and if one is to be at all scientific, one must stick to the facts. To avoid a fact is to avoid involvement ... and

there is no greater involvement than being here now. Time and mortality are inextricably linked. Mortality is essential in order to be here now, in eternal time. I am glad that I am mortal; if it were not for death, I could not be free to be here now. Perennial happiness is only possible because of death as extinction. This universe is perfect to the nth degree and I would not presume to change one little bit of it. To live with the fact is to live completely. Nothing is missing; nothing has ever been missing, nor ever will be missing. Life is already complete.

By avoiding death – which is avoiding the fact – ‘I’ am standing in the way of the exquisite purity of being alive. By searching for *Eternal Life*, ‘I’ shut ‘myself’ off from the perfection of being here now. ‘I’ am wasting ‘my’ time in the most insidious way possible; but then again, ‘I’ am by nature cunning and deceitful. ‘I’ will do anything but face the fact of ‘my’ own demise. Ironically, with ‘my’ psychological ‘death’ comes release from the fears of physical death. All of the unnamed terrors surrounding death arise from apprehension as to what will happen to ‘me’ as a ‘being’. I regard death with equanimity; when it happens I will welcome it as I do the oblivion of deep sleep each night. Like sleep, it is an agreeable actual occurrence.

I am completely happy to be here now, securely inside eternal time.

ARTICLE 17
THE SEARCH FOR MEANING IS NOT THE POINT OF LIFE

It is a mild evening, a cardigan being sufficient against the coolness of the weather, for it is early spring and the cold nights seem to be over. Although, overall, it has been a markedly mild winter with no frosty-cold nights at all. I have had an enjoyable evening, cooking one of my favourite meals – a piping-hot curry – and relaxing over the dining table. I smoked many an after-dinner cigarette, whilst engaged in a stimulating conversation with my companion about a particular aspect of life that caught my attention earlier this afternoon. I appreciate the fact that we are equally captivated by the intricacies of being alive and I relish communicating and exchanging discoveries with her, with impunity, for I long ago established that no subject would be exempt from meticulous discussion. All these years of being together twenty-four-hours-a-day have produced a spectacular consummation for *'humanity's* long yearned-for dream. We embarked upon our odyssey together in full awareness of what we were undertaking ... and we both know that if it were not for me she would not be in her present state of *'being'* ... and we both know that if it were not for her I would not be in my current condition. We travelled together on a mutual quest to ascertain just what is possible for all of us human beings here on earth.

She rid herself of the *social identity* with my facilitation and I was able to shake off the *Altered State Of Consciousness* that I was in with her invaluable assistance. Neither of us could have done it on our own ... the task was too great to “crack the code” alone and unaided. For far too long has a benighted *'humanity'* imposed its values and beliefs upon its children – the newest recruits to the human race – to easily shake them off. It required an enterprising partnership to break free of the centuries of conditioning ... the appalling atrocities visited upon hapless victims for millennia have inured all

peoples to any workable solution and left them with nothing but fantasies and theories to eke out their earthly lot with. We have succeeded in our mutually agreed upon enterprise – made in the first six hours of meeting – that we will demonstrate that it is possible for a man and a woman to live together for the twenty four hours of each day in peace and harmony. In relation to that endeavour, we have made some amazing discoveries about human life here on this planet earth; we have ascertained that it is possible for a ‘normal’ person to be free from the sense of *social identity* that is overlaid upon the *self* one was born with. And further to that well worthwhile undertaking, it is now possible for an ‘abnormal’ person to rid themselves from the *Divine Self* that started all this rot in the first place. So we are both immensely pleased with the results of the earnest diligence and application that we applied with pure intent over all these years.

Thus we luxuriated in an invigorating conversation until it was time to watch an advertised television programme. We are now partaking of that programme – entitled “The Search for Meaning” – and a team of specialists in the field has been gathered to discuss the issue. The Facilitator introduces the guests and I see there is a Cosmologist, two Theologians – one Western and one Eastern – a Psychologist, a Philosopher and an Academic with a Humanities Degree. I am finding it to be most entertaining to be sitting back at my ease, in the comfort of my own home, listening to experts expounding on their learning to the population at large. Although, by the way that the discussion is proceeding, I do consider that they should not have been so hasty going public: they are airing their rather startling ineptitude, instead of detailing their achievements. Nevertheless, it is an interesting enough pastime for me, watching the Intelligentsia attempt to make sense of life.

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The Psychologist is speaking and she is making the point that if there is no search for meaning in life, humans will all fall into despair ... such is the terrible state of life on earth. I wonder if she is a believer in Malism: the doctrine that the world is an evil one. As the others have their say, it becomes increasingly obvious that no-one is stating that there is meaning; they are all pointing out that there must be. Not one of the panel has yet said that they, personally, have found the meaning of life. It is now apparent that what they are actually discussing is self-persuasion. They may be calling it a search for meaning – thereby implying that there is such a thing as meaning

in life – but nobody declares their success. Their ‘search’ is nothing more than hope ... for hope is the antidote to despair. This is becoming a psychological issue ... although the western Theologian is now weighing in with his adopted opinion. It transpires that a belief in his *God* is sufficient grounds for supplying meaning: by belief all humans are ‘saved’ ... whatever that means. Within a remarkably short time the focus has shifted to the Philosopher, who is talking about *The Truth* as arrived at through the *Absolute Order* as can be found in the higher reaches of mathematics and so the conference proceeds, with not a single one of the speakers standing out by being able to say that there is meaning and that they have found it. The search, obviously, is the thing to do. After all, that is the title of the show.

It is a life utterly wasted if one spends it on merely searching for meaning. The search for meaning is not the point of life. Hope is a poor substitute for actually living the reason for existence. It is possible to not only seek but to find ... thereby enabling one to live life in full meaning twenty-four-hours-a-day. The problem with the people who embark upon the search for meaning is that they approach it in the incorrect way. One cannot think one’s way into meaning ... nor can one feel one’s way, either. Thinking and feeling – through logical imagination and irrational intuition – are the two tools that everyone has been taught to use to conduct the affairs of their everyday life: they are not at all appropriate for uncovering the perfection that they are searching for. There is an unimaginable purity that is born out of the stillness of the infinitude as manifest at this moment in time and this place in space ... but one will not come upon it by thinking about or feeling out its character. It is most definitely not a matter to be pursued in the rarefied atmosphere of the most refined mind or the evocative milieu of the most impassioned heart. To proceed thus is to become involved in a fruitless endeavour to make life fit into one’s own petty demands and desires.

Life is not like that ... one has only to look into the marvels of nature to see that life-forms have arranged themselves in a myriad of exquisitely delicate shapes, colours, textures, qualities and character. So too has the universe gracefully arranged itself in regards to providing intrinsic meaning. The universe is innately perfect and pure. It is already always immaculate and consummate. Nothing ‘dirty’ can breach the blameless bastions of this unimpeachable purity and perfection ... even the most profound thoughts and the most sublime feelings are *self-centred*. The *self – ‘I’* – is not only defiled, it is corrupt through and through. *‘I’* am perversity

itself. No matter how sincerely and earnestly one tries to purify oneself, one can never succeed completely. The last little bit always eludes perfecting. 'I' am rotten at the very core.

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There is one thing that 'I' can do, however, to remedy the situation. 'I' can disappear. Psychological and psychic *self*-immolation is the only sensible sacrifice that 'I' can make in order to reveal perfection. Life is bursting with meaning when 'I' am no longer present to mess things up. 'I' stand in the way of that purity being apparent. 'My' presence prohibits perfection being evident. 'I' prevent the very meaning to life, which 'I' am searching for, from coming into plain view. The main trouble is that 'I' wish to remain in existence to savour the meaning; 'I' mistakenly think that meaning is the product of the mind and the heart. Nothing could be further from the truth. The closest approximation to the actual that 'I' can attain via thought can only ever be visionary states produced from utopian ideals that manifest themselves as hallucinatory chimeras. The mind, held hostage by 'humanity's 'wisdom', is a fertile breeding-ground for fanciful flights of imagination, giving rise to the fantasies and phantasms so loved and revered – and feared – by humankind. They never completely satisfy for they never last; they have no substance or intrinsic viability and doubt is never far away. In a valiant attempt to remove doubt, passion can be brought into the search. Passion can produce love.

When 'I' experience love 'I' feel that life has meaning after all. Some brash *souls* have attained a state of *Love Agapé*, thereby believing that they have found the *Ultimate Meaning*. They have disseminated their findings to all and sundry down through the ages ... with ruinous results. They have led humankind astray, propelling people into the heights of hope ... before plunging them into the depths of despair, when their prognostications turn out to be invalid. Yet they continue to dish out rays of hope to their desperate believers ... the demand for hope by an ever increasing population in despair creates the marketing of "feel-good" enterprises, giving rise to a lucrative market for *Spiritual* entrepreneurs. Their product is love ... and the feelings that love induces: *self*-acceptance, *self*-worth, *self*-esteem and the feeling of being needed. All these feelings serve to prop up an ailing *self* ... yet love, however lofty, is fickle and manipulative and 'I' must be ever vigilant. 'I' consist of a kaleidoscope of emotions and

passions and therefore doubt is still not far away. This can hardly be called a satisfactory destination for the quest into finding the meaning of life.

From the vantage point of freedom from 'I' – which can be accomplished by a PCE – a miraculous shift is seen to have occurred. It is a mutation from the *self-centred* personality to a condition of *self-less* anonymity ... which is a blessed release from the onerous responsibility of being 'someone'. No longer *self-centred*, that last little elusive bit which 'I' could not purify – '*myself*' – has expired, enabling me to be here now. The perfection and purity that is already here, where it has always been, is now available to be fully appreciated by me. That 'I', which was always perverting and spoiling every endeavour, is no longer present. 'I' was only an illusion, whereas I am actual. I am this flesh and blood body and I am independent and free. I am unable to be swayed by feelings; be they love or hate, hope or despair, despondency or enthusiasm and so on. Nor do I need to be needed by others, so compassion plays no part in my life. The dubious *Authority* and *Power* of the noble feelings of *Love Agapé*, *Divine Compassion* and *Rapturous Bliss* are revealed to be pathetic boastings ... and a meagre surrogate for the tranquil intimacy, benevolence and blitheness of the beneficence that is the actual character of this human experience of this wondrous universe.

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In order to facilitate a PCE happening, one needs to see the place pride and humility plays in one's life. 'I' am proud of '*my*' major achievement ... which is maintaining '*myself*' as an *identity*. 'I' will do anything but relinquish '*my*' grip on this flesh-and-blood body, including humbling '*myself*' before some *God* in order to ameliorate the pernicious effects of pride. However, humility is merely the antidote to pride ... and they feed of each other, continuously. For example, one cannot but feel proud of one's accomplishment of *self-abasing* humility ... it is in the nature of the entity to do so. A humbled *self* is still a *self*, nonetheless, leaving one proud of one's performance. When one realises how silly all this is; when one sees that pride and humility are standing in the way of freedom from all *self-centred* activity, something astounding occurs. 'I' vanish. I am simply here where I have always been ... and pride, with its companion in arms, humility, has disappeared along with all the other feelings. I am free to be here now in

the world as-it-is. Unadorned and unencumbered, I can stand on my own two feet, owing allegiance to no-one.

Although each pure consciousness experience brings a fresh beginning, an absolute newness, the condition of freedom from 'I' has indubitable character traits ... each time discovered anew with the same delight as if it were the first time. With each experience one finds oneself here in this ever-fresh, never contaminated moment. Here is an atmosphere free from 'human' feelings, from 'humanity's' truisms, from religion's morals and from civilisation's mores ... all of which are humanistic and cultural coping-mechanisms and agreements. There is a delicious surprise to be found in actualism: it is so liveable. It is living, here on earth, as this actual body, simply brimming with sensory organs ... yet completely devoid of emotions and passions manifesting as hallucinatory thoughts and utopian idealism. It is indeed possible to live peacefully, at ease and undisturbed by these futile feelings and delusive thoughts. It is an entirely different ball-game with different rationale which, from the 'human' view-point, lies diametrically opposed to the orthodox rules and regulations based on those venerated thoughts and feelings ... the more ancient the better.

And so the television programme is moving towards its concluding phase, with the Cosmologist finishing his view that observing the evidence of design in the cosmos, there must surely be an *Intelligence* behind the scenes, yet he is reluctant to call it *God*. Now the Academic is laying down the inviolable criteria upon which all ethics must be based. He is stating that humans must never lose sight of their prized 'humanity', a phrase which means that one should be humane. As humankind has an appalling track-record concerning the humanitarian stakes, a closer inspection of just what is entailed in being humane is required. However, his platitude has paid off for him, as the warm smiles of agreement on the faces of the experts and the studio audience alike indicates a feeling of integrity ... which creates the illusion that the meaning of life is apparent to one and all. It is such a smugly-glowing feeling to be temporarily situated on the bed-rock of 'humanity'. This foundation is the illusion of 'safety' derived from the basic agreement between all human beings that "We must not lose our 'humanity'". As "our 'humanity'" is a feeling – to be humane is to feel compassion for others – it is notoriously unreliable.

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Something much, much better than profound thoughts and sublime feelings awaits one right here on earth. An actual world is already here; it is vastly superior to the *real world* with its most prized rewards of *Love Agapé, Divine Justice, Infinite Compassion* and all the other sacred baubles held dear by a blighted '*humanity*' for aeons. Here, in this actual world, dangle no glittering carrots ... nor the dreaded sticks, either. For there is nobody in charge, here, to dish them out. All the *Metaphysical* and *Supernatural Authorities* ever dreamed up by humans, are an exact reflection of a crazed '*humanity*' ... a '*humanity*' well worthwhile being dispensed with. '*I*' am '*humanity*'; therefore '*I*' am crazed. '*I*' have even learned to be proud of '*my*' madness. '*My*' thoughts and feelings have no chance of ever being united into an actual integrity which would be beneficial to one and all.

'*I*' am '*humanity*' personified ... the end product of all humankind's '*wisdom*'. '*Humanity*' is the sole cause of humankind's sorrow, just as '*I*' am the sole cause of all '*my*' misery. With '*me*' no longer assuming authority, '*humanity*' ceases to exist in me. The blight is eradicated; '*humanity*' has irrevocably come to its end where '*I*' am extinct. Now this universe can experience itself as me, unimpeded by '*my*' fantasies and realities. Unlike within the ancient '*human*' purview on life, compromise, allegiance, authority, hierarchy, tolerance, acceptance and other methods of coping, play no part here. What does play a part here is consensus, independence, autonomy, equity, reciprocal understanding based on clear articulation and a general ease of living together in mutual peace and harmony.

The search for meaning amidst the debris of the much-vaunted '*human*' hopes and dreams and schemes has come to its timely end. With the end of '*me*', the distance or separation between '*me*' and '*my*' senses – and thus the external world – disappears. To be the senses as a bare awareness is apperception, a pure consciousness experience of the world as-it-is. Because there is no '*I*' as an observer – a little person inside one's head – to have sensations, I am the sensations. There is nothing except the series of sensations which happen ... not to '*me*' but just happening ... moment by moment ... one after another. To be these sensations, as distinct from having them, engenders the most astonishing sense of freedom and release. Consequently, I am living in peace and tranquillity; a meaningful peace and tranquillity. Life is intrinsically purposeful, the reason for existence lies openly all around. Being in this very air I live in, I am constantly aware of it; I breathe it in and out; I see it, I hear it, I taste it, I smell it, I touch it, all of

the time. It never goes away ... nor has it ever been away. 'T' was standing in the way of the meaning of life being apparent.

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What one is as this body is this material universe experiencing itself as a sensate, reflective human being. The physical space of this universe is infinite and its time is eternal ... thus the infinitude of this very material universe has no beginning and no ending ... and therefore no middle. There are no edges to this universe, which means that there is no centre, either. We are all coming from nowhere and are not going anywhere for there is nowhere to come from nor anywhere to go too. We are nowhere in particular ... which means we are anywhere at all. In the infinitude of the universe one finds oneself to be already here, and as it is always now, one can not get away from this place in space and this moment in time. By being here as-this-body one finds that this moment in time has no duration as in now and then - because the immediate is the ultimate - and that this place in space has no distance as in here and there ... for the relative is the absolute.

Life is not a vale of tears.

ARTICLE 18 THE NOTION OF AN AFTER-LIFE IS A MYTH

I am reclining at my ease, after a brisk walk along the beach, on the manicured grass under the tall pine trees that grace this beach-side park with their majestic presence. It is a little after midday with the sun, still high in the western sky, disappearing now and again behind some large white clouds coming in from the north on an upper-atmosphere wind. Down here on the ground a stiff breeze is sighing through the pine needles, with the sound that only they can make, cooling to my body after my walk. It is so incredibly simple to be here now, living in time and space, letting this wondrous moment and place live me. When I wake up in the morning, I have again a marvellous day to look forward to; not specifically for what I am going to do in the day, but merely being here now; being alive and living this moment in eternal time and this place in infinite space.

I am slightly bemused right now, for I have just seen a pamphlet, among the many that hang on notice-boards in this village, that announces the opportunity to participate in a symposium at an out-of-town venue next weekend. What I am specifically preoccupied with is the name chosen for the meeting. It is entitled “Coping with the Now”. The mind boggles as to what is going to be discussed at this gathering, because it is really indicative of how far gone people are in their *reality* that they need to learn to cope with *The Now*. I do not know what it is like to cope; which basically means putting up with something; enduring that which is unpleasant. It is so exquisite to be here now, always here, basking in the purity and perfection of this moment. The assumption that one has to “cope with the now” is just staggering to contemplate.

It is not only that they feel the need to learn how to “cope with the now” that amazes me; it is the extent to which some people will go in their

beliefs in order to make sense of being alive here on earth. One of the many weird and bizarre things that I am continually faced with in my discussions with others is the idea of an *After-Life*. This fantasy has persisted down through the ages and is currently undergoing a revival, in rather exotic forms, due to an influx of *Eastern Religious* thought. The notion of an *After-Life* is a myth. It is a tenacious myth, enduring in all cultures, because people hope so desperately that they are *Immortal*. Why should they think and feel in this peculiar way? What gives rise to this crazy desire to live forever? What on earth is the genesis of this nonsensical belief?

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For a start, any belief is nonsensical. By its very nature a belief is not factually true ... otherwise it would not need to be believed to be true. A fact is obvious; it is out in the open, freely available for all to see as being correct. To believe something to be true is to accept on trust that it is so. A fact does not have to be accepted on trust ... a fact is candidly so. A fact is patently true, manifestly clear. A fact has actual verity, whereas a belief requires synthetic credence. It is a fact that I, as this body, am mortal. I will die in due course ... this heart will stop beating, these lungs will cease breathing, this brain will quit thinking. The flesh will decompose, if buried, or will be dispersed, if burnt, as smoke and ash. There could be nothing more final, more conclusive, more complete, of an ending to me than this. So the belief in *Immortality* goes against all the factual, evidential actuality. It must, therefore, have its roots buried deep in the psyche, to be held so passionately by so many people. It is not merely the passing whim of a thoughtless few. It is something that people feel deeply to be true. It is dear to their heart's desire.

Herein lies the clue to ascertain why this fancy has persisted: a feeling is not a fact. Feelings have led humankind astray for millennia, without ever being questioned as to whether they are the correct tools for determining the correctness of a matter. Feelings are held to be sacrosanct; they are given a credibility they do not deserve. They are seen to be the final arbiter in a contentious issue: "It's a gut-feeling", or "My intuition is never wrong", or "It feels right", and so on. Thought, shackled by emotion and passion, cannot operate with the clarity it is capable of. At the centre of feelings lies a passionate entity known as the *soul*. The *soul*, which has no substance whatsoever, is revered as being the seat of 'me'; it is 'my' essential

'being'. The feeling of *'being'* is the impression of being present; it is the perception of a *'presence'* that transcends time and space ... giving rise to the improper assumption that *'I'* am *Immortal*. It must be stressed again that all this is derived from calenture; nothing in this has any facticity. This is because *'I'* generate unfortunate misinformation on account of *'being'*. *'I'* may be *real* ... but *'I'* am not actual. *Reality* is not actuality. *Reality* is a world-view created and sustained by emotive thought. This affective vision is a blinkered version of what is actual. Time is actual, space is actual ... and any personal interpretation of the actual is an emotional transubstantiation of it into an illusion called *reality*. To then transcend this *reality* is to take a mystical leap into an *Other-Worldly Realm* ... a *Supernatural Reality*.

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This *Supernatural Reality* is always spelt with a capital to denote *Divinity*. Everyday *reality* – which the *Spiritual* people call “worldly” – is already an illusion, so any rising above this is to move from an illusion into a delusion. In this delusion *'I'* feel a *Oneness* with all of *Creation*, a sense of *'Being'*. In this sense of *'Being'*, *'I'* am *Timeless* and *Spaceless* ... in other words; *Eternal* and *Infinite*. *'I'* have cheated *Death* itself. When the body dies, *'I'* will discard it as *'I'* would a suit of old clothes and live forever in that *Transcendental Realm*. *'I'* will have attained to *'My'* *Essential Nature*, which is one of *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*. The *Incomparable Beauty* of *'My'* *Heavenly State* is best described as being *Ineffable* ... which is to dissemble in such an ingenious way that the gullible cannot help but be impressed by and be in awe of, *'My'* *Supreme Condition*. *'I'* have realised *'Myself'* as being the *Absolute*, the *Supreme* ... as being *God Incarnate*. *'I'* have manifested *'Myself'* in order to bring *'My'* *Teachings* to humankind.

Remember, all this is a delusion born out of an illusion ... it is all a feverish play in a super-active imagination, spurred on by a morbid dread of not *'being'*. Death is viewed as a calamity, a tragedy. *'I'*, being non-material, cannot accept, let alone embrace, that which is physical, that which is actual. Mortality is a physical phenomenon; it is a fact to be faced and understood. To act otherwise is a denial of the actual. This universe is so enormous in its scope, so grand in its order, so exquisite in its form, that it is sheer vanity and utter insolence to presume that what occurs intrinsically to the scheme of things is somehow *'Wrong'*. With an attitude like that, no wonder people hate having to be here on earth. It is no wonder that they feel that they have to

“Cope with the Now” whilst waiting for death to release them. It is such a shame that billions of human beings are missing out on the unadulterated perfection of being fully alive; missing out on rejoicing in being here now; missing out on deriving immense pleasure at living this moment, here on earth.

This universe knows what it is doing ... to assume that it does not is absurd. This universe was miraculously able to give birth to me, it is marvellously capable of bearing me and will, eventually, wondrously manage to end me. This is the physical, actual order of things in this, the only universe there is. There is nowhere else but here ... and there is no time but now. Anything else than here and now exists only in an enthusiastic imagination ... enthused by ‘*me*’, by any ‘*being*’ at all. Any notion of ‘*being*’ is created and sustained by emotive thought ... it is the self-centred fear of not ‘*being*’ that gives rise to the notion of a ‘*self*’. Any fear of the death of ‘*me*’ is an irrational reaction to the demise of an apparently enduring psychological/psychic entity. The ‘death’ of ‘*me*’ is a non-event; ‘*I*’ do not actually exist in the first place. There is no actual ‘*me*’ to either ‘die’ or to have *Eternal Life*.

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I have left the park and I am wandering through the village in order to reach my current residence on the other side of town. It is a delicious sensation to be here now, meandering my way through the press of life in this little town; I pass virtually unnoticed among the people engrossed in ‘*being*’. Little do they realise the enormity of this moment of being alive here in this place, so enamoured are they of being ‘*someone*’. I experience myself as no-one in particular; I am simply a body enjoying this exquisite motion of strolling, unimpeded by any *self* within. At this moment the park is but a faded memory and my residence a vague intention. Only this moment actually exists, for there is no lasting ‘*I*’ present which would make the past and future *real*. The freedom from enduring over a time known as the past, the present and the future, leaves one completely able to appreciate the impeccable purity of being here now. This appreciation is evidenced by being alive right here and just now as apperceptive awareness, which happens when the mind becomes aware of itself.

Apperceptive awareness can be evoked by paying exclusive attention to being alive now. This moment is one’s only moment of being

alive ... one is never alive at any other time than now. And, wherever one is, one is always here ... even if one starts walking over to there, along the way to there one is always here ... and when one arrives 'there', it too is here. Thus attention becomes a fascination with the fact that one is always here ... and it is already now. Fascination leads to reflective contemplation. As one is already here, and it is always now ... then one has arrived before one starts. The potent combination of attention, fascination, reflection and contemplation produces apperception, which occurs when awareness happens of itself. Apperception is an awareness of consciousness. It is not 'I' being aware of 'me' being conscious; it is the mind's awareness of itself. Apperception – a way of seeing that is arrived at by reflective and fascinating contemplative thought – is when 'I' cease thinking and thinking takes place of its own accord. Such a mind, being free of the 'thinker' and the 'feeler' – 'I' as *ego* and 'me' as *soul* – is capable of immense clarity and purity.

All this is born only out of pure intent. Pure intent is derived from the PCE experienced during a peak experience, which all humans have had at some stage in their life. A pure consciousness experience is when 'I' spontaneously cease to 'be', temporarily, and this moment and place is here and now. Everything is seen to be perfect as-it-is. Diligent mindfulness paid to the peak experience gives rise to pure intent. With pure intent running as a "golden thread" through one's life, reflective contemplation rapidly becomes more and more fascinating. When one is totally fascinated, reflective contemplation becomes pure awareness ... and then apperception happens of itself. With apperception operating more or less continuously in 'my' day-to-day life, 'I' find it harder and harder to maintain credibility. 'I' am increasingly seen as the usurper, an alien entity inhabiting this body and taking on an *identity* of its own. Mercilessly exposed in the bright light of awareness – apperception casts no shadows – 'I' can no longer find 'my' position tenable. 'I' can only live in obscurity, where 'I' lurk about, creating all sorts of mischief. 'My' time is speedily coming to an end, 'I' can barely maintain 'myself' any longer.

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The day finally dawns when something irrevocable happens inside the brain. In an ecstatic moment of being present, 'I' expire. 'I' am extirpated, rubbed out. 'I' cease to exist, permanently. There is a sensation inside the top of the brain-stem that is experienced as a physical "turning

over” of some kind ... something that can never, ever, turn back. Something irrevocable happens and everything is different, somehow, although everything stays the same physically ... with the outstanding exception of a perfection and purity permeating all and everything. Something has changed, although it is as if nothing has happened ... except that the entire world is transformed into a magical fairy-tale-like playground full of incredible joy and delight that is never-ending. ‘My’ demise was as fictitious as ‘my’ apparent ‘presence’. I have always been here, I realise, and that ‘I’ only imagined that ‘I’ existed. It was all an emotional play in a fertile imagination ... which was, however, fuelled by an actual hormonal substance triggered off from within the “reptilian brain” towards the top of the brain-stem.

With no ‘me’ inside to mess things up, I can ascertain, with clarity, that there is no *soul* inside this body. The *soul* was a feeling, not a fact. With no *soul* to “quit the body” at physical death, there is, perforce, nowhere to go to. There is no *After-Life*; it was all a creation of ‘me’ and ‘my’ longings for *Immortality*. Being here now, this moment is perennial, not *Infinite*. I am perpetually here, not *Eternally Present*. The present has vanished, as did the past and the future, into the mists of ‘my’ time.

With ‘me’ gone, all myths end.

ARTICLE 19
WAR IS THE INEVITABLE OUTCOME OF BEING ‘HUMAN’

In the middle of town today there is a small gathering of citizens at the local war memorial; a shrine that commemorates those residents who lost their lives in all the wars that this country has been involved in. On this particular occasion these people have come together to pay their respects to the dead of a war some three decades ago in which several locals took part. They have come to remember their fallen comrades and relatives; to honour their memory in this greatest sacrifice a citizen can make for the country they live in. Half-a-dozen veterans, of that specific war which this day commemorates, are at the centre of the small crowd bowing their heads in silent tribute whilst the bugler plays the official lament. It is a moving ceremony for all concerned and the aftermath of war is brought home with the tears of an elderly mother mourning the loss of her young son many years ago. She stands still in the lightly falling rain knowing full well that she will never see him again. She will never see him succeed in his chosen career, see him buying a house, see him getting married, see him having children, see him growing older and becoming a grandparent in turn. All this was cut short on that fateful day so many years ago. It is a solemn scene, one that touches the hearts of all concerned ... and not a moment to be taken lightly.

All around the country, scenes such as this are taking place today. Probably, on any given day somewhere in the world a similar scene, with cultural variations of detail, is also taking place. War is a global predicament; no country is exempt, no person is immune, no environment is excluded, from the ravages of war. It is so common as to be seen as a normal event; like floods and famines, like cyclones and earthquakes, like fire and disease ... in short, one of the many calamities that humans must endure in order to live on this planet. It is argued, however, that something be done to put an end to war

... the vagaries of the weather are an inescapable fact of life, but war is caused by humans and thus should be able to be done away with. But it has not happened yet; in spite of thousands of years of trying to live in peace, wars have beset humankind since the beginnings of human life. Treaties, conventions and pacts galore have failed dismally to put in place an effective barrier to the outbreak of hostilities. Nothing, it seems, can save ‘humanity’ from itself. Religions have tried and failed, again and again, exhorting their followers to practice morality and thus live a virtuous life ... to no avail. Paradoxically, *Gods* are invoked to take part in the wars; they are implored to aid and abet each of the believing sides towards their own victories! Humanitarian ideals notwithstanding, nothing has worked to put an end to war. Something is dangerously amiss in this whole state of affairs.

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Something is seriously wrong indeed. War is intrinsic to the nature of ‘humanity’. War is the inevitable outcome of being ‘human’. For wars to come to an end, all people must cease to be ‘human’. As this is a highly unlikely scenario, given the current state of humankind’s development, what can one do as an individual citizen to help put an end to war? Can one do anything at all? Attend futile peace-rallies? Inveigh uselessly against the cupidity of politicians? Vainly participate in communal prayers for peace? Is there nothing constructive one can do? Is the notion of peace on earth just naïve idealism? Is it but a dream fostered by the hopeful in order to escape from the *reality* of life’s most bitter pill? The inhumanity of humankind is legendary, causing many a person to bewail their loss of innocence and pine for the better times that, they believe, must have existed in some *Golden Past*.

There never was a *Golden Past*; humankind has never, ever, lived in peace. One has only to look to anthropological studies of “primitive cultures” – especially of tribes discovered during this century – to see that they too had their internal and external squabbles and fights, wars and revenges. They also ruled themselves with authoritarian codes of ‘Right’ and ‘Wrong’ and used – oft-times fierce – socialisation to lure their young into their tribal taboos and rites. Likewise, in current “civilised societies”, the same – sometimes draconian – acculturation is used to entice the young into line with the decreed national mores. Nowhere in the history of human settlement anywhere on earth has there been an age in which people lived in peace and

harmony and tranquillity. Such a “*Golden Age*” is only the stuff of myths and legends ... flights of fancy and fantasy designed to appease the apparent hopelessness of people’s current situation. The belief in a fabled past is essentially a traditional way of giving faith to the befuddled masses that all is not irredeemable. Still and all, to live in trusting ignorance is not a useful way of remedying a desperate situation, however wrenching it is to forsake a long-held sentiment.

As for the supposed ‘innocence’ of children ... a cursory study is all that is required to disabuse oneself of the notion that therein lies the genesis of the myth of a “*Golden Past*”. Just watch a three month old baby bellowing its distress; just watch a five year old stamping its foot in a temper tantrum; just watch a ten year old child fighting with its peers for supremacy; just watch what happens at puberty ... where in all this is the fabulous ‘innocence’ with its supposed peace and harmony and tranquillity? The imposition of social mores – moral virtues, ethical values, honourable principles, decent scruples and the like – are essential to curb the instinctive anger and vicious urges that are part and parcel of the essential traits of being ‘*human*’. To repeat: a “*Golden Past*” has never existed at any period, or at any stage, of development. To achieve a truly golden age, something entirely new must come into existence. All peoples must cease being ‘*human*’. They must give-up, voluntarily, their precious *identities*.

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As this will never happen en-masse, one must act on one’s own. To unilaterally relinquish one’s esteemed *identity* is to go in the face of all received ‘*wisdom*’. Any psychiatrist would readily advise against such a foolish move ... they will state that one would fall into a condition of mental and emotional ill-health. They would diagnose that one is likely to suffer from a severe mental disorder known as “Depersonalisation” – with its accompanying anxiety and panic attacks – resulting in the prescribing of anti-psychotropic medication and prolonged psychological counselling. To lose one’s *identity* is considered a very serious psychiatric illness indeed. So one must proceed carefully – with the indispensable aid of pure intent – in order to dismantle, step by step, one’s accrued *identity*. It is important to examine all the beliefs – masquerading as ‘*truths*’ – that one has accumulated since birth. These beliefs support and encourage the emergence of the much-prized psychological/psychic entity inhabiting the psyche of all human beings. This

War is never in me, for I am not *'human'*. Nor am I *Divine*. This is the third alternative ... a condition of actual freedom. In actual freedom I have no furious urges, no instinctive anger, no impulsive rages, no inveterate hostilities, no evil disposition ... no malicious tendencies whatsoever. The blind animal instinctual passions which some neuro-scientists have tentatively located toward the top of the brain-stem in the Substantia Nigra – what is popularly called the “reptilian brain” – have under-gone a radical mutation. I am free to be me; benign and benevolent and beneficial in character. I am a model citizen, fulfilling all the intentions of the idealistic and unattainable moral strictures of *The Good*: being humane, being philanthropic, being altruistic, being magnanimous, being considerate and so on. All this is achieved in a manner *'T'* could never foresee, for it comes effortlessly and spontaneously, bypassing virtue completely. This alternate route has never before been discovered anywhere in the history of humankind ... the most one could aspire to was the much-touted *Divine Realm*, which has always brought bloodshed and suffering in its wake. The way is now clear for that most longed for peace-on-earth to happen. Because it is possible in one human being, the possibility exists for it to be replicated in another ... and another ... and another ... and so on. The most difficult part – discovering the existence of the third alternative – has been accomplished. Now comes the easier part: finding a simpler way for others.

It is possible for a chain-reaction effect to ripple through all the peoples who inhabit this planet; imbuing the populace with peace and prosperity. No longer need people lament the futility of trying to escape from the folly of the *'Human Condition'*. Never again would fear rule the earth; terror would stalk its prey no more but even if global peace was a long time coming – as is most probable due to stubbornly recalcitrant *identities* – the most appealing aspect of actual freedom is its instant bestowal of universal peace upon the individual daring enough to go all the way. Thus the reward is immediate and nothing more needs to be done other than to joyfully participate in another person's voyage of exploration and discovery. In the actual world, one can happily act as a mentor to the other person, freely facilitating their personal quest. It is a life well worth living indeed, for in actual freedom lies not only peace but actual innocence.

One is pure innocence personified, for one is literally free from sin and guilt. One is untouched by evil; no malice exists anywhere in this body. One is utterly innocent. Innocence, that much abused word, can come to its

full flowering and one is easily able to be freely ingenuous – noble in character – without any effort at all. The integrity of an actual freedom is so unlike the strictures of morality – whereupon the entity struggles in vain to resemble the purity of the actual – inasmuch as probity is bestowed gratuitously. One can live unequivocally, endowed with an actual gracefulness and dignity, in a magical wonderland. To thus live candidly, in arrant innocence, is a remarkable condition of excellence.

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None of the supposed “innocence of children” comes anywhere near to the matchless purity of the innocence of the actual. Nor does the assumed ‘innocence’ in the status generously and wrongly attributed to those old men, women and children classified as “innocent victims of war”; for these ‘victims’ are all guilty of instinctive anger and vicious urges themselves. As much as one might be sensitively considerate about their suffering, they cannot be labelled as innocent whilst they remain being ‘*human*’. They are not to blame: nobody is born innocent, all humans are already ‘guilty’ at conception. Fear and aggression and nurture and desire are built into the ‘Human Condition’ ... this is the “human nature” that is said “cannot be changed”. These intrinsic urges and drives are known as the “instinct for survival”.

This “instinct for survival” is an animal necessity to ensure the blind continuation of the species. It served the human animal well until the emergence of the cerebral cortex brain, situated over the top of the primitive animal brain ... the “reptilian brain”. This thinking, reflective brain gave rise to a brain pattern known as “the mind”. In here the “instinct for survival” becomes the “will to survive”. Thus the biologically necessary blind instinctual patterns spilled over into the psychological arena ... with disastrous results. For five thousand years or more, human beings have been struggling to overcome the “will to survive” with moralistic injunctions – derived from the *Teachings of Divine ‘Being’s* – to no avail. The *Teachings* were fatally flawed. Although well-meant, they were abysmally improper. They have led to many appalling absurdities such as institutionalised human sacrifices to numerous *Gods*; exalted martyrdoms for futile ideals; honourable deaths through valour in wars; emotional sufferings whilst contemplating the torments of ‘*hells*’; *Divinely* inspired *self-flagellations* ... the list goes on. The culpability for these preposterous catastrophes must be

laid squarely at the feet of those highly revered but sadly deluded *Divine 'Beings'*. Their futile *Teachings* are inimical fulminations ... ignorant railings against the neuro-biology of the 'Human Condition'.

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The time has come, with the world population as large and as cosmopolitan as it is, to discard the psychological “will to survive” – with all its biologically-based inherited savagery – and move on to a new paradigm. This paradigm I call actualism, which works to disempower the instinctual passions one is encumbered with by *Blind Nature* at birth. One can come upon an actual freedom – the third alternative – which is the actuality that delivers the goods so long yearned for: peace-on-earth. And it delivers here and now.

War is over ... if you want it.

ARTICLE 20
THE SURVIVAL OF THE COMMUNITY DEPENDS UPON ITS
ABSOLUTE SELFISHNESS

I have ventured into an upstairs book-shop that straddles the arcade running from the main street to a small lane. It is a big book-shop, proudly declaring itself to have the largest collection of esoteric books in the area. I am finding it to be ably living up to its motto, as I meander from one shelf to another. It is stacked with volume after volume on all matters esoteric and exotic: astrology, channelling, tarot, palmistry, mysticism, *self*-realisation, religions, iridology, meditations, acupuncture ... in general; *self*-help books galore. It is slightly stunning to wander along the serried shelves and to try to take it all in. I have enjoyed books all my life and spent many an hour in the very useful public libraries that I came across in my travels. I have often been into various book-shops in order to find out what the latest releases are and to keep up with contemporary thinking. This is the first time I have come into this book-shop, which caters specifically to a particular market niche in an ambitious manner, and I am somewhat surprised. After all, this is only a small seaside village and, although I knew there was a large part of the population engaged in avant-garde matters, I had not realised the full extent of their dedication. These are expensive books and people must believe fervently in these goings-on to expend the sums necessary to enable the proprietor to stay in business. The size of the inventory indicates the owner's faith in a continuing supply of eager readers, unable to find what they want in the more exoteric public library across the street.

I finally come upon a section on *philosophy* and browse slowly along its titles, now and again flipping through a book chosen for its eye-catching designation or for its already known author. I come across an older book, now in its latest reprint, that I have been desirous of re-reading for

some time. It is a speculative tome extolling the virtues of “The Noble Savage” and introducing the novel concept of an unwritten “Social Contract” that all citizens are implied to have entered into, merely by being born into a community. I continue to peruse the shelves and find a selection of glossy magazines; one of which carries an article intriguingly entitled “Is the *Guru* dead in the Post-Modern world?” and promising to reveal the latest scandalous behaviour of yet another notorious *Master*. I realise that I have been in here for over an hour by now so, carrying my purchases, I return to the street below. Here I can allow the fresh breeze to blow, figuratively speaking, through my mind to clear them of the images imprinted by title after title of mind-numbing, imaginative super-human ‘wisdom’. I am passing through a crowd of people thronging the area encompassed by boutiques and cafés and the like ... and I am wondering if they are fully aware of the psychological implications of having morally ‘signed’ that invisible social contract.

I think not. No one I have spoken to yet, or read about in the many articles available, has been able to profoundly understand what is implied when an individual is accused, by the community, of being selfish. The community itself is beyond reproach in regards to its own *self*-centredness. The survival of the community depends upon its absolute selfishness. Although professing to hold the interests of the individual to heart, when push comes to shove, the individual is unhesitatingly sacrificed without compunction ... even though there is an official wringing of hands, a lamenting of the necessity, a praising of the patriotic duty so willingly performed ... and so on. The basic premise lying behind the legality of the existence of “the community” is its designated role of acting “for the good of the whole”. Instinctually believing one’s well-being to be assured, nobody calls the community to account. Has anyone fully realised that the community does not exist for the good of the individual?

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The phrase “good of the whole” seems to imply this, but closer examination reveals that “the whole” exists only in bombast and blather ... it is a concept, an ideology. Only an individual person – a flesh-and-blood body – actually exists. Where people have no integrity – which is the case in order for the ‘*whole*’ to exist – they have no genuine individuality. They are invisible ... as if a non-person, a statistic, a number. They may complain

about the “dehumanisation” process, little realising that they are but a *social identity* ... a fictitious entity having only psychological existence. This *social identity* has taken up residence in the body and rules the roost in an autocratic manner. Nevertheless, it is itself subject to the commands of the community, for it is a loyal member, having been created by the community – the ‘*whole*’ – in the first place. This loyalty thrives on the moral investment that the *social identity* has made in the community; one’s very ‘well-being’ depends upon receiving a continuous supply of moral dividends.

One’s psychological existence is so precarious that one needs constant endorsement, so as to feel that ‘*I*’ am alive, that ‘*I*’ still exist. When the ‘*whole*’ accuses one of being selfish – which it relentlessly does by extolling the virtues of duty, obligation and responsibility – one can then chastise oneself, thus maintaining one’s sense of being a *social identity*. With suitable remorse, one has then been coerced, cajoled and shamed into having one’s usefulness to the community restored ... and one feels needed again. Nonetheless, one is actually crazy to chastise oneself because ‘*I*’ am selfish by ‘*my*’ very created nature ... and ‘*I*’ will always be *self-centred*. *Self-castigation* only serves to crystallise ‘*me*’. It is essential to the community’s ‘well-being’ that ‘*I*’ remain selfish. Because the ‘*whole*’, having created ‘*me*’ so as to perpetuate its own existence – and being utterly selfish itself – desperately needs *self-centred* members. ‘*I*’ readily invest, morally, in the community for there one recognises one’s ilk ... ‘*I*’ am a lonely *soul* and it is essential that ‘*I*’ have a sense of belonging to the like-minded ‘*whole*’. It is an illusion of togetherness designed to assuage the feeling of aloneness that both oneself and the community experiences ... ‘*I*’ and ‘*humanity*’ feel lost and lonely in what is perceived to be the vast reaches of space and time that make up an empty universe. The search for extra-terrestrial life is but one outcome of this feeling of separation.

This desolate coping-mechanism also has the unfortunate result of creating resentful citizens. The ‘*whole*’, being bigger and more selfish than ‘*me*’, has its own – perceived to be serious – communal needs that take precedence over ‘*my*’ – perceived to be insignificant – personal needs. Because of a continuous supply of citizens, the ‘*whole*’ does not need ‘*me*’ as much as ‘*I*’ need it. Thus the community always has the upper hand and can do with ‘*me*’, virtually, whatever it wants. There is a constant power-battle going on between ‘*me*’ and the ‘*whole*’ ... which one must invariably lose, in order to cultivate and nurture one’s invisible *Spirit*. The community dangerously wants one to have a *Spirit*, for it requires a consistent reserve of

supplicating *selves* prepared to sacrifice themselves in the name of the “Good of the whole”. The community coopts the word ‘*we*’ and turns it back into the ‘*whole*’ to serve its own nefarious purposes.

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Not surprisingly none of these shenanigans, deemed necessary by everyone, are essential when ‘*I*’ realise who ‘*we*’ actually are ... and then see what I am. I am this body only; bereft of any *identity* as *Spirit* ... of any entity at all. There is no-one inside of this body to be lost, lonely, frightened or cunning. There is an innate purity in being me as-I-am, for this universe is already always perfect. There is a magnanimity and a beneficence everywhere all at once and I find that I am benign in character. It therefore follows that all my thoughts and deeds are automatically benevolent and beneficial – I do not do it, it happens of itself – and communal service is no longer a duty, an obligation, a responsibility. I can readily enjoy a free association with other – flesh and blood – individuals to form a loose-knit affiliation that acts for the good of each individual ... for when ‘*I*’ expire, the ‘*whole*’ also ceases to exist. The ‘*whole*’, which created ‘*me*’, was being re-affirmed and perpetuated by one’s very ‘*being*’.

All human beings are born into an already existing community which takes itself as being *real*, as being a ‘*whole*’. Each baby is born with a biological “instinct for survival” which the ‘*whole*’ transforms into a psychological “will to survive” ... to survive as a *social identity*. This newest recruit to ‘*humanity*’ at large submits, rather unwillingly, to the demands of the ‘*whole*’, for it is mesmerised into thinking and feeling that its own needs will be best met by subsuming itself into the ‘*whole*’. Since one is selfish by one’s created nature, ‘*I*’ will sustain the community – the ‘*whole*’ – which is more selfish than ‘*me*’, in conjunction with all the other similarly afflicted bodies. This process is inevitable so long as ‘*I*’ exist. Consequently, the conundrum which all citizens are faced with is dissolved with ‘*my*’ demise. Astonishingly, I find that social change is unnecessary; I can live freely in the community as-it-is. I do not subscribe to that ridiculous hyperbole that the community acts “for the good of the whole” for I see directly and with clarity. I know that there is no ‘*whole*’ outside of passionate ‘*human*’ imagination. The community actually exists for the good of me – and for the good of all other individuals – without ever realising it.

A good example of this is the social welfare system. Because of the Agrarian Revolution, the Industrial Revolution and the more recent Technological Revolution, people can no longer pursue a subsistence lifestyle as hunter-gatherers. The land is no longer free-range; it is all either publicly or privately owned. As this situation prevailed when one was born, it is incumbent upon the community at large to provide one with the means to obtain the necessities of life. The predominating system has been the provision of money – acquired by working – with which to buy food, clothing, shelter, etcetera. If the community cannot sustain full employment, it must provide an alternate means for one to purchase one’s goods. A social welfare system is not a luxury supplied by an affluent society; it is an essential requisite that the community must readily furnish. This is not a moral issue – as the ‘*whole*’ smugly feels it to be – for welfare is not charity. Because, regardless of the ‘*whole*’s self-endowed compassionate nature, the disenfranchised must be fed and housed. If the community did not do this, there would be a rebellion from the hungry and homeless millions. The preservation of the orderly fabric of society is the guiding principle at play here, not moral duty, obligation and responsibility on the part of the community.

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Accordingly, in the actual world the community is never selfish. It acts for the good of the individual – which is why it exists – and in doing so it preserves itself in order to serve the individual. Only in the *real world* is it *self-centred*, acting “for the good of the whole” and preserving itself – at the expense of the individual – for the sake of preserving itself. A person who sees all this clearly and completely, who understands all this deeply and comprehensively, who knows all this actually and absolutely, will never make the mistake of thinking and feeling that one must “die for one’s country” as a moral duty, obligation and responsibility. The choice to risk one’s life – or not – to repel an invasion is a freely made decision; it is not the result of coercion, cajolery or shame. The same applies for conscription – that abominable forced induction into military service – for one will not succumb to a situation where one is compelled to kill or be killed. One realises that conscription is a “crime against humanity” and that a country will decide whether to allow itself to be invaded or not by “voting with its feet”. If

voluntary enlistment is not sufficient to counter the attack, then the country has democratically voted for surrender.

The same pure rationale applies to having babies; one is not coerced, cajoled or shamed into “doing one’s bit for society” by risking one’s life in child-birth in order to populate and perpetuate the country. One makes a freely considered decision whether to conceive or not; the country thus “votes with its feet” on the issue of continuing the species or letting it die out. One will never commit the error of thinking and feeling that society owns one’s body; it is not one’s duty, obligation and responsibility to procreate. Contraception and abortion are not moral issues; they are the means to sustain one’s salubrity. One does not “owe a debt to society”, for society exists only for the good of the individual. And this has been the case all along. ‘I’ blamed society for ‘my’ woes ... with ‘me’ extirpated there are no woes. There is nothing and no-one to need any blame, for nothing is going wrong. It was all a play in emotive imaginative thought ... an errant and vainglorious brain-pattern. Nothing more needs to be done now, except to freely assist another person to actualise this vital break-through for themselves. When that person is also free they can similarly facilitate the freedom of another person ... and another ... and another ... and so on.

By operating in this manner, on a one-to-one basis, freedom from being an *identity* could spread throughout the entire population of this planet. A truly evolutionary change will have taken place; a mutation of human consciousness. The much longed-for golden age will have finally been ushered in ... and by the peoples concerned. There was no need for a *Supernatural Agency* all along. The ‘Human Condition’ is such that it can readily respond to the do-it-yourself method; the ability is within the human character to fix things up for itself. The intervention of some *Supernatural Outsider* is never going to happen anyway, for there is no such creature. Human beings are on their own, free to manage their own affairs as they see fit. Whenever one thinks about it, would one have it any other way? If that fictitious *Almighty Creature* was to come sweeping in on a cloud, waving a magic wand and putting everything to rights, would not one feel cheated? Would not one question why human beings had to wait so long upon the capricious whim of some self-righteous *God* who could have acted long ago? It is all nonsense, upon sober reflection!

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With freedom spread like a chain-letter, in the due course of time, global freedom would revolutionise the concept of '*humanity*'. It would be a free association of peoples world-wide; a utopian-like loose-knit affiliation of like-minded individuals. One would be a citizen of the world, not of a sovereign state. Countries, with their artificial borders would vanish along with the need for the military. As nationalism would expire, so too would patriotism with all its heroic evils. No police force would be needed anywhere on earth; no locks on the doors, no bars on the windows. Gaols, judges and juries would become a thing of the dreadful past. People would live together in peace and harmony, happiness and delight. Pollution and its cause – over-population – would be set to rights without effort, as competition would be replaced by cooperation. It would indeed be the stuff of pipe-dreams come true, here-on-earth ... if one wants it.

But none of this matters much when one is already living in the actual world. In actual freedom, life is experienced as being perfect as-it-is. One knows that one is living in a beneficent universe ... and that is what actually counts. The self-imposed iniquities that ail the people who stubbornly wish to remain denizens of the *real world*, fail to impinge upon the blitheness and gaiety of one who lives the vast scheme of things. The universe does not force anyone to be happy and harmless, to live in peace and ease, to be free of sorrow and malice. It is a matter of personal choice as to which way one will travel. Humans, being as they are, will probably continue to tread the "*Tried and True*" paths, little realising that they are the tried and failed ways. There is none so contumacious as a self-righteous *soul* who is convinced that they know the way to live ... as revealed in their ancient and revered moralistic scriptures or ethicalistic secular philosophies. So be it.

This universe has arranged itself so that the one who dares to go all the way is instantly living in universal peace ... irrespective of what other peoples are believing and doing. One is free to act in a way beneficial to all. This is a measure of how perfect life is in the actual.

I have not signed any social contract.

ARTICLE 21
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO COMBAT THE WISDOM OF THE *REAL*
WORLD

I have just spent the last two hours engaged in an interesting and an apparently fruitless discussion with a man from the *real world*. It was fruitless to the extent that I was unable to find even a single point we could agree upon, because he is a zealous member of a group who follow the *Revealed Teachings* of an overseas man deluded enough to imagine that he is *God On Earth ... Divinity* walks again! It was not so much a discussion either, more of an endless monologue, as this devotee's evangelical approach tended to dominate the conversation somewhat. He had not come to see me for my sake, but to deliver a package on behalf of another person and I had invited him in for a cup of tea out of appreciation and social politeness. He had not been but a short five minutes before he started in on haranguing me, attempting to convert me to his belief, to the *Teachings* of his *Master*. His advice became more contumelious as he came to realise the full extent of my heresy; his frustration at my patent inability to believe in the *Divine Reality* he propounded so vigorously became more and more apparent as time went on. His pedantic parting-shot as he took his leave was to state, with a patronising smile, that I was in for a shock when I died; I would find the *Hellish Realms*, that he relished to describe, awaiting me instead of the oblivion that I so naively expected.

And then he left, with me cheekily inviting him to come again, any time, to continue the discussion. I do enjoy a good debate, provided that it is amicable if intense, as this one was. I do not mind engaging in apparently fruitless conversation for it is not my intent to forcibly change the beliefs and opinions of others. Sometimes the other will recognise something to be factually true and pick it up, whereupon we can have a genuine discussion. I

like it because I am talking about this life, about this person, sitting here doing this with the other person. I enjoy describing how I experience life on this planet and to enquire into how it is for the other. One and the other are, after all, both in this game together ... and it is fascinating to compare notes, as it were, on what sense has been made out of what it is to be here. I am yet to find someone with something original to say; they have all regurgitated either the 'wisdom' of the *real world* or the received *Teachings* from some *Greater Reality*. I find it amazing that people are content to live on pap ... and then proceed to complain to me that life is, literally, a vale of tears. Strangely enough they will brush aside the facts I proffer with a stony face and a glazed look in their eyes ... and then continue with their undertaking to fill me with their beliefs, their '*truths*'. It is impossible to combat the 'wisdom' of the *real world*. Their *real-worldly* 'wisdom' is cynical, and cynicism decries actuality.

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For a person to acknowledge a fact would require that they betray their belief. They would have to admit that life in itself is inherently perfect ... and this would go against their pre-digested opinions, so dearly held. Why is it that people will not countenance that their specious *Salvation* is standing in the way of authentic liberation here on earth? What manner of make-up is it that persuades them to stubbornly persist in holding on to the "*Tried and True*", which is indubitably the tried and failed? Is it not emotive intellectual pride that holds one sway? Pride in quoting memorised pithy aphorisms? Is this not the 'wisdom' of the *real world*? One would have to concede that one had been living an error all of one's life ... and pride will not permit this. One is proud of the irrefutable intuitive and logical 'wisdom' of the *real world*, which one has made one's own, and will not consider that so many billions of people could be wrong. For if one does, then this is seen to be risking becoming some kind of omniscient megalomaniac ... a situation to be avoided at all costs. Unfortunately, this precludes the possibility of attaining one's freedom from an unhappy and violent life. This cost – of not taking the risk – is immeasurable.

One has to be daring to proceed alone and to stand on one's own two feet. One has to be intrepid to look the facts of life squarely in the eye and freely admit and acknowledge them to be actual, regardless of what it does to the preconceived 'wisdom' one holds tightly to. Pride evokes cynicism and a sneering mind promotes disdain. If one has contempt for this

world, this verdant and azure planet we humans all live on, then one is doomed to miss out on the splendour of life's abundance here on earth. This universe is prolific with its pure blessings, it is dispensing blitheness to the point of extravagance ... to one who is not proud, cynical and contemptuous. Intellectual snobbery – erratic despidal of the facts – is a pathetic substitute for the wonder of being here now, for the intrinsic joy of being alive. To treat this universe with contumely, the only universe there is, is to perpetuate suffering for the sake of a priggish principle. This is not being sensible ... it is being silly to the extreme.

To believe in and plan for an *Eternal Life* after one's stay here, is to be as witless as one can get. It means rejecting the purity of this moment of being here now in preference for an imagined *After Life*. In this rejection lies resentment at having to be alive; it is seen as a burden humans must all undergo in order to qualify for the mystical *State Of 'Being'* that denotes *Immortality*. Within the resentment at having to earn one's place in the hierarchical structure of the *Divine Realm*, is a hatred of this moment and place; there is a feeling that life on earth is despicable. With an attitude like that it is no wonder that humans are a sorry lot, engaging in rapacious wars and excruciating tortures of each other. To turn upon one's fellow human, in resentful despair, is to viciously castigate another wronged person ... with the nonsensical hope that peace will ensue. The irrational intuitive logic of this desperate activity beggars description; it is taking revenge on other trapped *souls* in punishment for the wrongs that they have inflicted out of their own asinine stupefaction. Humans are all in this game together, and to turn on one another instead of helping each other is to lose the plot completely. Humanity? Humankind never had it from the start.

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It all begins with oneself ... billions of 'oneselves'. One cannot combat pride by practising humility, although there are many who have been trying. Humbling oneself is turning in upon the only person who can truly help, convulsing oneself in paroxysms of hopeful desperation and frustrated rage. One wrangles with oneself, giving advice based upon morals and ethics ... and failing dismally to live up to those unliveable admonitions. Such advice, however well-meant, creates resentment and leads irrevocably to feelings of guilt and shame. Culpability is what one has perversely learnt to relish, because one feels most humbled when one is to blame for being at

fault. To humiliate oneself is to entreat hope, *via mea culpa*, in order to feel 'right' again. Unfortunately, all that this process can produce, if practised assiduously, is a self-righteous prude ... a well-known fact that needs no elaboration. Even the strictest application of moralistic and ethicalistic injunctions will never lead to the clean clarity of the purity of living the perfection of the infinitude of this material universe.

Purity is an actual condition – intrinsic to this universe – that a human being can tap into by pure intent. Pure intent can be activated with earnest attention paid to the state of naiveté. To be naive is to be virginal, unaffected, unselfconsciously artless ... in short: ingenuous. Naiveté is a much-maligned word, having the common assumption that it implies gullibility. Nevertheless, to be naive means to be simple and unsophisticated. Pride is derived from an intellect inured to naive innocence; to such an intellect, to be guileless appears to be gullible, stupid. In fact, one has to be gullible to be sophisticated, to be wise in the ways of the *real world*. The 'worldly-wise' realists are not in touch with the purity of innocence; they readily obey the peremptory decrees of the cultured sophisticates. A sample of such decrees are: "I didn't come down in the last shower", or "I wasn't born yesterday", or "You've got to be tough to survive in the *real world*", or "It's dog eat dog out there" ... and so on. Such people are said to have "lost their innocence". Human beings have not "lost their innocence" ... they never had it in the first place.

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Innocence is something entirely new; it has never existed in human beings before. It is an evolutionary break-through to come upon innocence. It is a mutation of the human brain. Naiveté is a necessary precursor to invoke the condition of innocence. One surely has to be naive to contemplate the profound notion that this universe is benign, friendly. One needs to be naive to consider that this universe has an inherent imperative for well-being to flourish; that it has a built-in benevolence available to one who is artless, without guile. To the realist – the 'worldly-wise' – this appears like utter foolishness. After all, life is a "vale of tears" and one must "make the best of a bad situation" because one "can't change human nature"; and therefore "you have to fight for your rights". This derogatory advice is endlessly forthcoming; the put-down of the universe goes on ad nauseam, wherever one travels throughout the world. This universe is so enormous in size – infinity

being as enormous as it can get – and so immense in its scope – eternity being as immense as it can get – how on earth could anyone believe for a minute that it is all here for humans to be forever miserable in? It is foolishness of the highest order to believe it to be so. Surely, one can have confidence in a universe so grandly complex, so marvellously intricate, so wonderfully excellent. How could all this be some “ghastly mistake”? To believe it all to be some “sick joke” is preposterous, for such an attitude cuts one off from the perfection of this pure moment of being alive here in this fantastic actual universe.

To defend the belief that this life is imperfect, to the point of idiocy, is actually a cowardly attempt to stay hidden inside ‘*humanity*’. To skulk behind a sick social contract, which is so utterly orthodox, unyielding to even the slightest amendment, is a desperate ploy to remain ‘*human*’. If one takes one’s intellectual ability back from the decrees of the *real world* – to which one has surrendered – one has taken a courageous step. One has cast oneself out of the only group there is. If one stays within the group, for its perceived safety and security, one is selling out to the system because of a pusillanimous character. Thus one secretly despises oneself, with disastrous consequences. The intellect of such a person who justifies this, long-ago invented, system – and will fight to make certain it will remain imperfect forever – has to be numbed to such a degree that defies credibility in order for nothing but truisms to come from their mouths. Humankind is so stultified – stupefied by centuries of socialisation – that only madness can be allowed ... and it masquerades as ‘*normal*’. This status-quo is defined as being sanity ... and anything outside this description is classified as insanity. Such a blatant reversal of the facts begs the question as to just who is salubrious.

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Here in the actual, this miraculous world as-it-is, is the secret to life. Here lies a healthy mind, for here only sagacity exists. Living here, where perfection and purity abounds, I do not attempt to combat the ‘*wisdom*’ of the *real world*, for I do not have the impulsive urge to fight anyone. The reason for this lies in the vast stillness that is the essential character of the infinitude of the universe ... which is the life-giving foundation of all that is apparent. I live in peace and tranquillity, beholden to none. With no loyalty to bind me, I have nothing to defend. With nothing to defend I have no need to attack. I have no sense of *Mission* to “change the world”. I am not driven by mystical

forces to evangelise, to proselytise, to convert. If anyone is genuinely interested in finding out what the reason for their existence is, I am only too happy to participate in their enquiry ... for as far as it goes. However, whilst I have no desire to argue, it does not mean that I will not. I simply prefer not too ... if the circumstances require a robust discussion, I can oblige with much rigour and fortitude.

I have no “message to bring to the world” for I am not out to ‘save’ people from themselves. Human beings are all free to be whatever they wish to be ... I have no quarrel with anyone’s autonomous right to be as fatuous as they like. If no-one else wishes to abrogate their right to be insipid, then why would I desire to interfere? One would have to be masochistic, one would have to enjoy martyrdom, in order to desire to take on the ‘*wisdom*’ of either *reality* or the *Greater Reality*. To go about suffering under scorn and derision is not my idea of a happy life. One of the chief attributes of freedom from the *reality* of the *real world* and *Greater Reality* of the *Metaphysical World* is a completeness. I am supremely content with life as-it-is, for perfection can be found in what others call imperfection ... and I have no desire to change anything. Yet, because one is a fellow human being, I will do what I can to usher in an individual – and ultimately global – peace-on-earth. However, I can only help those who wish to be helped in the only way that I can help.

To be here now, in the actual world, is to be free.

ARTICLE 22
IT IS AMAZING WHAT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED DESPITE THE
HUMAN FOLLY

I am wandering the aisles of a busy supermarket located near the centre of town. It is always a joy to come shopping, so prolific is the supply of food available to all and sundry, at a reasonable cost. The shelves are stacked, from end to end, with a staggering array of viands from everywhere throughout the country ... indeed, from all over the world. Food-stuffs are virtually tumbling into my basket, so loaded are the shelves, and I am extremely happy to be here, partaking of the goods that are the result of human endeavour. I fully realise that I, personally, live in a western society – a consumer society it is belittlingly called – but even the developing countries, with assistance from the west, are usually able to feed themselves these days ... when they are not at war, that is. With this proviso in mind, it is heartening to reflect upon the great strides humankind has made this century in terms of material well-being, compared with what transpired over the tens of thousands of years that humans have been inhabiting this planet.

Long gone are the days of the hunter-gatherer; days wherein the human race was at the mercy of the elements for their physical survival. Long gone are the times when humans had to eke out an animal-like existence; full bellies in a time of plenty, and starvation in a famine. Nowadays, when famine strikes one part of the world, aid in the form of basic provisions comes in from other areas experiencing plenty. In terms of the supply of goodies, I find that I am literally living in a veritable “Garden of Eden”. My every physical need is met with a bewildering array of abundance; it is a time of cornucopia, of which I am pleased to take full benefit as is my due.

I am astonished at the lack of appreciation displayed so vehemently by peoples I meet and articles I read about in the press. Why do the peoples

of this country not realise that they are well-off, luxuriating in the freedom from want? Why are there looks of dissatisfaction on the faces of my fellow shoppers? Why do they have the temerity to complain when they are living in the land of plenty? Is there no way of pleasing these people? Fancy complaining about “having to do the shopping” when it is such a delight to share in the benefits of human inventiveness; ingenuity in the face of the vagaries of the natural world. I am immensely appreciative of being alive now and not at some other age in which I would have had to struggle for my “daily bread”... those dreadful times one reads about in the history books and literary works. It is amazing what has been achieved despite the ‘Human Folly’.

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Herein lies the clue to the lack of appreciation. Nothing can satisfy the discontent of a hubristic *soul* ... and all *souls* suffer from insolent contemptuousness towards the universe. People resent having to be here; they could be given whatever they demanded and they would still be not satisfied. Nothing, but nothing, can assuage the troubled *identity*, the psychological/psychic entity that has taken up a parasitical residence within the body of all the peoples inhabiting this planet. This alien entity – sometimes known as the *ego* and the *soul* – will spoil any enterprise, sabotage every endeavour and breed discontent and misery throughout its domain. It is the single reason for the ‘Human Condition’, sometimes more sardonically referred to as the ‘Human Folly’. Everyone I meet, every printed word I read, states that “you can’t change human nature” and set about fiddling with the levers and controls in an ultimately useless attempt to ameliorate the human situation within the ‘Human Condition’ ... with less than perfect results.

Any action within ‘*humanity*’ as it is, is doomed to failure. Unless this fact can be grasped with both hands and taken on board to such an extent that it hits home deeply, nothing will change, radically. There will be changes around the edges; variations upon a familiar theme, but nothing structurally new, nothing even approaching the mutation-like change that is essential for the human race to fully appreciate the fullness and prosperity of being alive on this earth, in this era. To remain ‘*human*’ is to remain a failure.

It is common-place to blame the politicians, the teachers, the clergy, the parents and so on, for the troubles that beset the community and the

citizen alike. It is to no avail to blame the politician, for example, for the antics they get up to, because underneath the politician – under the role and the image – lies a *'human'* heart. The politician is making the best job of it that he or she can do, considering the burden that they carry ... which is the burden of being *'human'*. They have, like any other *'human'*, an *ego* and a *soul* nestled uncomfortably within them. They have an *identity*, a psychological/psychic entity that exists inside of their bodies. How many times is it heard said that “I’m only *'human'*”, or: “So I’ve made a mistake, nobody’s perfect”, or: “In an ideal world this wouldn’t happen”? These excuses for misdemeanours are readily forthcoming whenever someone’s integrity and probity are questioned. It is generally accepted that all humans have an inherent fault, a “dark side” to their nature. Consequently: “You just have to accept people as they are”.

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I have reached the check-out counter in the super-market and the operator is totting up my purchases on a computer that beeps away merrily. A plastic card is all I need to enable me to walk out into the gathering dusk with my goods. It is a particularly exquisite evening; after the cool of the air-conditioned building, the warm and wet sub-tropical air is like a soft blanket to my body. Dozens of small parrots have come to roost in the trees bordering the car-park for the night. The air is full of their shrill cries as they jostle for position among the leafy branches. The sweet scent of freshly flowering wattle fills the atmosphere with its heady aroma ... and all is well within my world. I am at peace and in harmony with myself, for I have never accepted that I am condemned to remain as I was. I have enquired into myself and into the ‘Human Folly’, with gratifying results.

Hence I do not “just have to accept people as they are” because I know, from personal experience, that it is possible to change ... and change radically, fundamentally, completely and utterly. I have been without an *ego* since 1981 and without a *soul* since 1992. So I know what I talk of: it is not theoretical idealism ... actual freedom is no “pie in the sky”. It is possible for one human being to state, honestly and factually, that perfection is not only highly desirable but it is essential. I am not “only *'human'*”, I am the perfection of the stillness of infinitude personified. This is not an idle claim, nor is it a vain boast ... who would be so silly as to do such a thing? I would be found out in a very short time and exposed for being a stupid charlatan.

It is impossible to fake perfection, for my behaviour, my attitude, my responses, my general demeanour, is impeccable at all times, both easy and trying. I do not have a “dark side” ... nor do I have a “good side”. There is no battle betwixt ‘Good’ and ‘Evil’ raging inside this body, for there is simply purity abounding in all directions. The *ego* that died all those years ago has never reappeared and the extirpation of the *soul*, which persisted for another eleven years after that event, made the extinction of the *identity* final. I have never been here before; I am perpetually new. I appear as this moment appears. As each moment is fresh, new, so too am I novel, artless and innocent. I can never gather dust, as it were, for I cast no shadow. I have no ‘presence’, no ‘being’, no ‘spirit’ ... no psychological or psychical existence whatsoever. With no identity within to mess things up, I am actually living pure perfection through no effort at all. I can take no credit for my unimpeachable character, it all happens of itself as the universe intends it to.

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However, even if one does not immediately *self-immolate* psychologically and psychically there is a truly remarkable virtual freedom that can be attained through application and diligence borne upon pure intent. For those that would seek to excuse themselves on the grounds that I am freak, an aberration of nature, this factor belies this justification. It is possible to be virtually free, virtually perfect, virtually pure. To be sure, to live the ultimate requires more than the abrogation of the right to be the *social identity*, but something quite remarkable is possible before the event. One can, because of pure intent, voluntarily forsake the *social identity*, and go into exile, into *self-retirement*, whilst remaining in the market place. One does this by examining all of one’s beliefs – masquerading as ‘truths’ – and watching them vanish as if they had never existed. One can observe oneself in one’s moment-to-moment activities as one goes about daily life. Gradually one notices that ‘I’ have grown rather thin, as if withering away, until ‘I’ become merely a shadow of ‘my’ former self ... causing very little trouble and then only occasionally. This condition will continue to subsist until the inevitable happens and ‘I’ cease to exist in ‘my’ totality of ‘being’. So there is plenty that one can achieve until the ultimate occurs ... there is no longer any excuse for devious behaviour and facile explanations such as “I am only ‘human’”. Nor is there any justification for stating that “life is a vale of tears”.

I am not in agreement with these cherished psittacisms – those mechanical repetitions of ideas or images, reflecting neither apperception nor autonomous reasoning – that are all inherited from the revered ancestors. Their ‘*wisdom*’ has proved itself to be a condemnation, convicting humankind to a life-view of victimisation; a mind-set that forbids humans to be unconditionally happy. After all, “we are surely not entitled to be happy all the time?”, or “aren’t you wishing for the moon?”, and “we learn and grow through suffering”. Why should this gigantic happening, called the universe, want to demand of humans that one be as miserable as one can be for the term of one’s natural life? This is preposterous to the extreme! It is as if one is only allowed to be happy outside of this life; that is, after physical death. If one believes this balderdash, one commits oneself to a life of continuous *Religious* or *Existential* hope and despair ... a purview dependent upon one’s predilection for gloom and doom.

I do not subscribe to the doctrine of doom and gloom. For me, my lot on earth is a matter of cheery destiny, here and now. To put perfection and purity off into the far future – after physical death – or to disclaim the possibility entirely, is to act as a mournful harbinger of fate. One is alive only now, at this moment. The past does not exist as an actuality, it is gone forever and the future has not yet arrived ... it does not exist as an actuality, either. Nostalgia for what once was and could have been and apprehension for what could be – and probably will be if the past dictates through the present – are poor substitutes for the joyfulness of living as this moment is. Merriment abounds where one dares to be what one actually is: alive only at this moment. If one is not happy, then the universe’s purity is telling one, via suffering, that one is doing things incorrectly. If one is feeling bad – be it sadness, anger, loneliness, or whatever – then that is a signal that something is amiss. Unless there is a general sense of well-being, right now, then there is something that can be looked at. Life is immensely beneficial in this situation; any suffering is the universe’s perfection steering one back on course. To continue to suffer for the sake of a belief that “suffering is good for you” is imbecilic. The only good thing about suffering is when it stops ... and one can make it stop, easily, by altering the insidious view that humankind is fated to failure.

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The 'Human Folly' is an affliction, not a curse. Human life is not a punishment for some *Metaphysical* misdeed. Nor is it a random, chance-event in an empty universe. This universe – the only one there is – is eminently successful in producing a life-form that can sense, think and reflect upon its situation. I am the universe experiencing itself as a human being ... a truly remarkable state of affairs. As me, the universe is intelligent; I am the universe's potential made manifest. After aeons of evolution the universe has succeeded in producing what it has proved itself to be capable of: an ability to know itself as-it-is. And what-it-is is a superb, unbeatable clean and clear and pure perfection. The way is now unambiguously evident for humankind to surpass itself. If what humans have achieved so far, physically, is amazing, then what will eventuate when the 'Human Folly' is abolished forever is impossible to imagine. It will have to be lived to find out.

It is now possible to find that out.

ARTICLE 23
ALTHOUGH THE JOURNEY ITSELF IS THRILLING IT IS
UTTERLY BLITHESOME TO ARRIVE

The air-conditioned coach upon which I am travelling is negotiating the curves and bends up the south side of the range that stands between me and my destination to the north. I am heading for a nearby city, about two hour's drive away from where I am living, to meet a specialist's appointment I have previously made. Through the tinted-glass windows a glorious panorama is unfolding: to the left lies a large mountain, the remains of a volcanic plug from an eruption ages ago. All around is lush rainforest vegetation, interspersed now and again with houses tucked away amidst a profusion of colour – bougainvillea is very popular – and it is an exuberant display of immaculate hues of pinks and magenta ... a veritable feast for the eyes. In the occasional clearing, serried rows of bananas cling to the precipitous slopes, facing north to gain full benefit of the sub-tropical sun. The driver expertly swings the coach around a particularly wild corner and a large tree, its branches sagging under the weight of dozens of ibis, comes into my vision. Vulture-like they sit there, sunning themselves as the bus flashes by into a little valley between two hills. A rustic bridge over a small stream rattles under the wheels and we are climbing again.

It is extremely pleasing to be able to sit here, in comfort, whilst someone else skilfully takes me on my trip to the "Big Smoke". The passengers are a motley lot; some back-packers excitedly pointing out things to view to each other are seated to my front, while half-a-dozen high school students, who travel this way daily, are immersed in books on my opposite. An elderly couple is nodding off behind me, and one enterprising young woman has taken the entire seat for herself and is fast asleep. I am wide awake; although I have travelled this way before, I never tire of the scenery.

This area of the country is particularly lush and green all year round and it is an unending source of delight. To cap it all off, soft music is being piped throughout the coach; gently pleasing to the ears, it does not intrude in the blaring way some radio stations do who cater to the young.

It is cute how my tastes change as I grow older ... it is actually quite amusing to find myself repeating the criticisms of my parent's generation when I was young. Yet I am inordinately happy to be my age; it is a joy to fly in the face of the convention which decrees one must bemoan the loss of one's youth. As I watch the gawky behaviour of the young people around me, I am supremely content to have travelled thus far along the road to old-age and death. And I look forward to my older years with an almost smug complacency, for I know and understand that it is the physical order of things to grow old, and life will provide for me as befits my age. It is said that life is a journey ... and that the journey is it. Yet I do not concur with this erudition for I am not actually going anywhere ... I am already here. And here in the mundane lies a magical perfection, where it always is. Although the journey itself is thrilling it is utterly blithesome to arrive.

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It is funny, at times, for I often gain the impression when I speak to others, that I am spoiling their game-plan. It seems as if they wish to journey forever ... they consider the stasis that ensues in arriving at perfection to be a static equipollence rather than a motile equanimity. How can unconditional happiness, twenty-four-hours-a-day, possibly be monotonous? Mundane actually means earthly, as opposed to unearthly, and does not necessarily have to have the dull and boring connotations that it has come to have... is a carefree life actually all that difficult to comprehend? Why persist in a sick game ... and defend one's right to do so? Why insist on suffering when blitheness is freely available here and now? Is a life of perennial gaiety something to be scorned? I have even had people say, accusingly, that I could not possibly be happy when there is so much suffering going on in the world. The logic of this defies credibility: Am I to wait until everybody else is happy before I permit myself to accede to that what the universe intends for me anyway? If I was to wait, I would be waiting forever ... for under this twisted rationale, no one would dare to be the first to be happy. Their peculiar reasoning allows only for a mass happiness to occur globally; overnight success, as it were. Someone has to be intrepid enough to be first, to show the

way to a benighted humankind. One has to face the opprobrium of one's ill-informed peers.

The persistence of the belief that suffering is “good for you” decries the accolade ‘mature adult’ attributed wrongly to the proponents of this bizarre creed. A belief system that condemns human beings to a life-time of grief – which, in some obscure way is good for one – whilst eschewing happiness – which in an equally obscure way is bad for one – is simply institutionalised insanity. Some *religious* groups even go so far as to issue the edict that if one is perpetually happy here on earth one must have sold one's *soul* to their *devil*! The fascinating thing to realise is that neither their *soul* nor their *devil* has any existence outside of their fertile and fervid imagination. They have fallen prey to the beguiling belief, so prevalent among humans, that an *self* exists inside this flesh and blood body. Any *self* is only a psychological/psychic entity ... it has no substance whatsoever outside of instinctual passions, emotions, and thoughts.

All their heavens and hells are but a nightmare trip that seems to suit the macabre and perverse nature of ‘*humanity*’ at large. As the belief in the existence of a *soul* – a *Spirit*, an *Atman*, a *Self*, a *Whatever* – is so widespread, it is worthwhile to investigate into the genesis of such a global incidence. To discover the root cause of this firmly held belief one must go past thought, past feelings, and enter into the realm of instinct. As this can be quite disturbing, one must have nerves of steel to delve, to penetrate into the depths of one's ‘*being*’. All humans are endowed at birth by *Blind Nature* with the instinct for the survival of the species ... an apparently necessary state of affairs. This instinct overrides all other considerations, which may be why one is prepared to die for an ideology, for a belief, for one's country or to defend one's young. This is *Blind Nature*'s way of ensuring continued life forms to proliferate upon this planet ... and any life form will do. This blind pattern of behaviour can be superseded now, as the potential for crystal-clear thought has developed within the human species via apperception.

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For most of this century, pockets of individualism have been struggling to emerge, groping their way toward a clear understanding of why they are opposed to collectivism. Humankind is poised on the cusp of the dawning of a fresh era; an era wherein an evolution in the brain-stem is beginning to happen. The seat of the instincts, tentatively located in the

popularly named “reptilian brain”, is capable of undergoing a mutation. No longer will *Blind Nature* have to operate; the perpetuation of the species will become a matter of lucid thought and personal choice. No longer will vicious wars of group survival be necessary. Already, with the advent of mutually assured destruction because of nuclear capability, people are questioning the advisability of war as a means of settling disputes. The apprehension of a cataclysmic end to human life has shaken the habitual and apathetic ‘human’ complacency to such an extent that the mind is now ready to be receptive to something entirely new in human history.

Something new is already here. I call it actual freedom, the third alternative. One can be actual; no longer ‘human’, no longer straining to become *Divine* in order to escape from being ‘human’. To become *Divine* is the result of a well-meant but fatally flawed desire to be humane. It is the instinctual passions that mark out humans as ‘beings’ and in the *Divine Realm* those passions still hold sway; it has been merely a transmogrification of the gross into the refined ... nothing fundamental has happened. The gross, the *ego*, has sublimated itself as the *soul* into the refined, the *Self* or *Spirit*. The instinctual passions remain intact, heightened now by the *Authority* conferred by the psychic *Power* that reigns in the *Supernatural World*. Any attempt to escape from the ‘Human Condition’ is doomed to failure ... and the *Divine Realm* is an escape. It is incumbent upon one to stand fast, as a flesh and blood body only, without moving in any direction at all ... and be what-one-is. Only in this manner will the passions reveal themselves for what they are. ‘I’ will be laid open and the core of ‘me’ will be revealed for the blind and instinctual ‘being’ that ‘I’ am.

When one exposes one’s instinctual passions, all of one’s atavistic feelings of fear surge up. To repeat: ‘I’ am these passions; these passions are ‘my’ very ‘being’. Here is where ‘I’ experience ‘myself’ in the most direct form ... all alone, forever separate from others. Here is where ‘me’ as ‘being’ is forever threatened, for ‘I’ should not ‘be’ at all. ‘I’ take up individual space and ‘I’ am ashamed of existing ... ‘I’ am an apology just waiting to happen. Simultaneously, *self-consciousness* shows that this utterly personal feeling of ‘I’ being at stake is identical to the psychological “will to survive” of ‘humanity’ at large. ‘I’ and ‘humanity’ are one and the same thing. ‘I’ am ‘humanity’ and ‘humanity’ is ‘me’. Both affective-based concepts are equally absurd and harmful, and – most important of all – contrary to the actual condition of the infinitude of this physical universe. Humans have created a

separative ‘*humanity*’ and then, frustratedly, railed against this benevolent, benign universe.

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What humankind has done is to take the passionately-bred ‘*self*’ as being actual by calling it *real*. In doing so it creates ‘*humanity*’, which is as *real* as the numerous ‘*I*’s that constitute its ‘*being*’. Human beings set out to assuage the nasty and pitiful results that all this causes by instilling in each and every baby arriving on earth, in whatever culture, a pathetic creed. The ‘First Rule’ of this ‘Human Constitution’, as it were, states that “life on earth is a vale of tears and we all pledge to forever venerate that self-same suffering”. Strange goings-on, considering that the human being is well-endowed with a large brain! However, this brain is crippled by instinctually derived societal forces. The acculturated mind is a veritable minefield of cherished psittacisms ... the mechanical repetition of previously received ideas or images, reflecting neither apperception nor autonomous reasoning. In other words, there is little or no room for original thought. One needs pure intent, born out of a pure consciousness experience, to shatter the stranglehold that the mythologically-based ‘*wisdom*’ has on the human mind.

The universe’s inclination is to manifest itself as its best. It can make full use of the brain’s capacity to reach its prime potential; namely, to be able to free oneself from the tyranny of the belief in the sick social contract ... which humans defend to the hilt. This ‘Human Constitution’ is the only purview on life so far – it is adhered to and repeated ad nauseam for ages unto ages – but is poised to become outmoded. If it can vanish in one human being it can likewise perish in another ... and another and another and so on. This is an exhilarating period to live in. For the first time in human history, it is possible for anyone who applies themselves with sufficient application and diligence – guided by pure intent – to become virtually free, virtually pure, virtually perfect. It is then highly possible that this person can actualise the ultimate as the immediate.

The ability to live this immediate ultimity is a permanent condition of actual freedom ... and is beyond compare. However, virtual freedom is not to be scoffed at; no longer will one view life on earth as a “vale of tears”. One lives in virtual harmony, virtual peace and virtual tranquillity. All this, and more, is achieved without becoming virtuous, without becoming moralistic, without becoming an obnoxious “do-gooder”. Virtual freedom,

the essential precursor to the ultimate condition, is an eminently desirable condition to be in. One is at ease, content and satisfied ninety-nine percent of the time ... and the other one percent causes very little trouble. Although it cannot compare with the ultimate, in stark contrast to 'normal' life in the *real world*, one is blithe and gay ... carefree and deliciously happy to an unbelievable extent.

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The key factor in the success of virtual freedom is pure intent. Pure intent is a palpable life-force that renders morality redundant ... which is good news, as morality – although well-meant – never works successfully. Morality seeks to control; pure intent eliminates the need for control. With pure intent operating twenty-four-hours-a-day in one's life, one can safely get out from being under control without going off the rails. One is then virtually free from the resentment, the guilt, the remorse, and all the other factors which are the hall-mark of a wayward *self* under the control of the *social identity*. Pure intent is an actually occurring stream of benignity that originates in the purity that is the chief attribute of the perfect and vast stillness that is the essential character of the infinitude of the universe ... which is the life-giving foundation of all that is apparent. When one gives way to that, when one realises that 'I' cannot do it on 'my' own, that purity enables one to live one's life as it is meant to be lived. One is meant to be benign, benevolent and blithe ... life was not meant to be ugly, brutish and sorrowful. It is only when 'I' instinctually feel – and thus arrogantly think – that 'I' know better than the universe how life should be lived that the troubles and miseries begin. 'I' have arrogated responsibility with self-evidently disastrous results.

Pure intent absolves one from the duty to perform. The stream of life, which this moment in time and this place in space is, is the universe living itself as a sensate human being ... and, as such, is capable of reflecting on its situation. One is supported by the universe – as it were – and one can do no harm. All this and more is indicative of having achieved a state of virtual freedom. After living in the condition of virtual freedom for sufficient time to absorb all the ramifications of a blithesome life, it is highly likely that the ultimate condition can happen. 'I' do not make it happen, because 'I' cannot make it happen. What is more ... 'I' am not required to make it happen. An actual freedom happens of itself only when one is fully ready,

and not before. One has to become acclimatised to benignity, benevolence and blitheness, because the purity of the actual is so powerful that it would “blow the fuses” if one was to venture into this territory ill-prepared. To precipitously apprehend the vast stillness of infinitude would be too much, too fast, too soon ... one could go mad with the super-abundance of pleasure that pours forth. The in-built tendency of the universe to achieve the optimum knows best as to when the time is right.

Besides, virtual freedom lies beyond *‘normal’* human expectations anyway. If one were to proceed no further, one would have already achieved what a *‘normal’* person deems improbable. It cannot be stressed too much how highly desirable virtual freedom is. Any society based on pure intent with its citizens living in virtual freedom, would be so superior to the current communities that are based upon morality and control, that peace-on-earth would be most likely to be the over-all state of affairs. Although actual sagacity lies only in the ultimate condition, virtual wisdom is sufficient to ensure that the optimum virtual peace and prosperity prevails. To repeat: virtual freedom, borne upon pure intent, does away with the need for control. One is virtually free to live life in an abundantly successful way.

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When the ultimate moment happens, one finds that one has gone beyond everything. Nothing remains, only utter stillness abounds. The perfection and purity of the stillness is impossible to imagine or believe ... it has to be lived to be known. The journey is over, one has arrived at one’s destination.

One’s destiny is here.

ARTICLE 24

BEING HERE NOW IS DOING WHAT IS HAPPENING

I had an interesting visit yesterday afternoon from a man who is a frustration unto himself. He is a casual acquaintance of a woman who has been a close friend of mine for many years and he is a group leader of encounter groups and the such-like; a self-styled therapist with no formal training. His rough and ready approach soon became apparent with his total lack of sensitivity towards himself and others. Obviously, people with problems in the area of *self-esteem*, *self-worth* and *self-acceptance* enjoy either bullying others, or being bullied, into submission. As I have no need for *self-respect* in any way, shape or form I remained impervious to his bluff tactics. Finding that his style of interacting with people professionally has worked so well for him he has, unfortunately, allowed it to spill over into his personal life and so he wasted almost two hours of his time with me in trying to establish and assert his superiority. As I am well used to persons who view each meeting with someone new as a power-battle for supremacy of vision, his efforts to dominate fell flat again and again. I am not the least bit interested in petty power-battles; I have no need to assert excellence for I know that my life, being perfect in all respects, brooks no sustainable assault. His bombast became more and more farcical as time wore on and it became increasingly apparent that there was to be no genuine discussion, no searching dialogue, no fruitful conversation. I paused awhile to make a pot of tea and cut the cake she had brought with her.

Over a delicious cup my female friend started on an interesting and probing questioning of her own view on life. We were progressing famously until he broke into the free flow of mutually shared information in order to air his erudition. The time had obviously come to put him clearly into the picture, so I appealed to his pure consciousness experiences to substantiate

my case ... and he finally admitted that he had experienced moments wherein he had superseded his therapeutic methods of dealing with life's troubles by "going beyond feeling good" and also "going beyond love". He acknowledged that there was a condition wherein 'I', the *ego* and 'me', the *soul*, got out of the way and the moment lived one without the need for *self-love* and all the rest. A veritable breakthrough had occurred! I was keen to pursue the matter to elucidate the ramifications of his personal pure consciousness experience ... the likes of which is universally experienced by all peoples from all walks of life and all points of view.

But to no avail: within a remarkably short time his habitual cynicism had descended once more, blocking his brief clarity and re-installing his dogmatically arrogant attitude towards others. I easily recognised him to be dogmatic and arrogant because he accused me of committing this unpardonable sin ... and in practice I have discovered that when someone resorts to epithets in order to score points they are usually an indication of their own temperament. Within five minutes he was in denial of what he had previously said regarding his own peak experiences; restating that *self-love*, *self-acceptance* and so on, were the only way to go. His tone became increasingly acrimonious and the afternoon's visit teetered on its way to dissolution. When he left, I was remarkably tardy in inviting him to call again ... there are times when enough is enough ... flogging a dead horse is not my idea of a happy time. I wished him well in his endeavours and parted, probably forever. Unless he has a sustainable change of mind and becomes honest with himself, he would be doing no good with his time by having a further discussion with me on a later date.

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The main obstacle standing in the way of his own pursuit of peace and happiness – apart from his obdurate obstinacy – is a lack of a clear goal and a commitment to the same. He has, like some other notable people I have spoken with, a philosophy, or an approach to life, which is based upon the premise that one must "keep one's options open" by "remaining flexible" and succeeding only by "not-seeking". He scorned commitment by labelling such action as "being obsessed" and decried the desirability of a clear goal by categorising it as "living in the future". When I politely enquired as to whether he was therefore "living in the present" he asserted that he was, with hollow conviction. His transparent dishonesty and obvious evasiveness left

me almost breathless with bemused astonishment at his foolish impudence. Why do people, in attempting to fool others about their salubrity, not realise the disservice they do to themselves? They are only really fooling themselves ... nobody present suffered from this man's ineptitude except himself. He could be launching himself onto his own path towards peace and happiness right now ... instead of continuing to pursue the "*Tried and True*" methods, which are actually the tried and failed ways.

To have a PCE – or several, as this man has had – is a personal opportunity to see and experience, first-hand, that life is perfect as-it-is. I am not being dogmatic – which means giving an opinion not based on proof and expecting others to accept it – when I speak about the perfection born of that peak experience. It is an empirical observation. It is not a theory ... it is a fact. Life is inherently perfect ... and it is possible to live that perfection all the time. Then – and only then – is one being here now at this place in space and this moment in time. Being here now where the immediate is the ultimate and the relative is the absolute is a direct experiencing of actuality and is vastly superior to "living in the present". When one is being here now, one is totally immersed, completely involved in living life. One is no longer "holding back", saving oneself for *Something* or *Someone*. One is out from control; no more is one keeping part of oneself in reserve, for I am the experience of the doing of this living ... and I am all of me at once. Being here now is doing what is happening.

To be here now is to be committed. The potential for this commitment is conceived at the moment of experiencing the perfection of life in a PCE. This potential can lie dormant for years unless reactivated by another experience ... or by the behaviour and words of a person who is living that perfection twenty-four-hours-a-day. Once the veil behind which '*humanity*' skulks has been lifted – even momentarily – one has seen for oneself that a place beyond '*human*' belief and imaginative conceptualisation actually exists. Because one has visited what was once seen as 'there' – and walked around in it – it would be thought that one could nevermore deny it. But such denial is endemic among humans. The reason for this odd denial is fairly obvious: once the person has reverted to '*normal*' – to being '*human*' again – perfection here-on-earth becomes merely a concept and a belief ... and it is a notion one finds impossible to give credence to. The grip of *reality* is so strong that perfection simply does not exist. It is but a faded dream. The potential can lie dormant forever.

The constant endorsement of perfection here-and-now by a person living in actual freedom can activate the potential for commitment. Even a person living in virtual freedom can, with the verity born out of continuous implicit experience, persuade another to examine the possibility of living that perfection, here-on-earth. With each ensuing pure consciousness experience one will be gently nudged, by pure intent, until the choice becomes more and more obvious to commit oneself to the ultimate goal. This commitment is diametrically opposed to the biologically inherited commitment ... loyalty to the 'Human Condition'. This allegiance to the 'Human Condition' is, oddly enough, a perverse commitment to suffering. The heroic qualities of this misguided loyalty are emphasised by the blandishments proffered so enthusiastically by the denizens of the *real world* to each other, in order to keep all and sundry in bondage. To wit: the unproved promise of a paradisiacal existence in an imagined *After-Life* ... if one is a "good person" here on earth; or the never-fulfilled promise of gratuitous *Unconditional Love* ... if only one would earn it by executing the long list of unspoken conditions, considered essential prerequisites to its granting.

Thus love itself – that eternal seducer – entices people with its implied covenant of *Everlasting Bliss*. The plaudits praising life as it is lived in the *real world* – all designed to cajole one into remaining trapped – go on and on. Unfortunately, for the plausibility of the arguments of those determined to prove the worthiness of suffering, all these "*Tried and True*" methods of producing peace and harmony fail. They fail because, although promoted to ameliorate the 'Human Condition', they actually enhance resentment. Resentment has a universal incidence; being no respecter of culture it flourishes globally. The basic resentment is that one has to be here on earth in the first place.

To enable one to live in virtual freedom one can, among other things, renounce resentment. For the commitment to achieving peace-on-earth to become total, for it to become a complete devotion to effecting perfection, for it to become a dedication of oneself to the consummation of the freedom-of-the-moment, one gladly forsakes humankind's '*wisdom*' of old. That '*wisdom*' is a wishy-washy, part-time, lip-serving, casual approach to the ultimate goal. It is called 'Hope'. All peoples are constantly exhorted to: "do not lose hope". But, as 'Hope' is an impoverished proxy for the actual, the resentment remains. Only by firmly renouncing resentment, by

abandoning one's commitment to proving that life on earth is a "vale of tears", can one's commitment be staunch only to the ultimate goal. One is then no longer able to agree with others that "life on earth is a grim and glum business". One will easily cease saying things like "I didn't ask to be born", or "sorrow is part and parcel of life", or "learn to accept suffering and grow by worshipping its *beauty*". All of these desperate coping-mechanisms become humbug and are never validated again. With each experience of the fact that perfection is already here, the connection becomes stronger. One is laying down a path with each cobblestone being the reminder of the purity of the atmosphere which lies at one's ultimate destination.

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The reminder is of course stronger with each peak experience. Yet, even when asked about it, one is drawn ever more irresistibly to one's destiny upon talking of its actual existence. Living here becomes more and more interesting, more and more fascinating, as a thrilling momentum gathers pace. One can no longer belittle the ultimate goal, in times of trouble, as being "just a dream", or as "a far-away fantasy, or as "it's not for me, I'm not good enough". One will happily have the attitude of doing whatever one can do to enable this perfect destiny to happen as soon as possible. One readily understands that one is required to keep the connection open between naiveté and the perfection of that ultimate goal.

Renouncing resentment obviates the need to apply the commonly accepted antidote: gratitude. Gratitude is one of the many ploys designed, by those who expound on the merits of self-imposed suffering, to keep one in servile ignominy and creeping despair. As strange as it may initially seem, gratitude has the same deleterious effect upon one's well-being as the resentment it seeks to reform. When gratitude is realised as being the panacea that it is, one will gladly renounce it along with the resentment it promises to replace. To successfully dispense with the despised resentment, its companion emotion, the extolled gratitude, must also go. It is a popular misconception that one can do away with a 'bad' emotion whilst hanging on to the 'good' one. In actualism the third alternative always applies. 'Good' and 'Bad', 'Right' and 'Wrong', 'Virtue' and 'Sin', 'Hope' and 'Despair', 'Gratitude' and 'Resentment', and so on, all disappear in the perfection of purity.

Purity is the hall-mark of the stillness that is the essential character of the infinitude of the universe ... which is the life-giving foundation of all that is apparent. Unless the factuality of the existence of the third alternative is firmly grasped, one is forever fated to shuttle back and forth between the opposites. Gratitude simply does not work for it draws its energy from resentment itself ... and from nowhere else. Gratitude feeds off resentment – one cannot be grateful unless one is first resentful – and one cannot maintain any emotion without retaining its opposite. Neither does one adopt that other stratagem: transcendence. Transcendence is a form of sublimation ... to transcend is to confirm and endorse the *reality* of the opposites. One disposes of all these pathetic methods very simply: By being here now as this flesh and blood body.

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Being here now is to put your money where your mouth is, as it were. All other actions are methods, devices, techniques ... which are, in effect, delaying tactics. The most sincere form of flattery is not, as is commonly practised, imitating all the other people's performance of standing back and expressing a feeling. To feel an emotion or be passionate about life is nowhere near the same as actually being here now. In being here now one is completely involved. Being here now is total inclusion. One demonstrates one's appreciation of life by partaking fully in existence ... by letting this moment live one so that one is doing what is happening. One dedicates oneself to the challenge of being here now as the universe's experience of itself. When 'I' willingly and voluntarily sacrifice '*myself*' – the psychological/psychic *identity* residing inside this body – 'I' am gladly making '*my*' most supreme donation, for 'I' am what one holds most dear.

It is a welcome release into actuality. I am finally here. I discover that I have always been here ... I have never been anywhere else for there is nowhere else ... except into illusion and delusion. The *real world* had its apparent existence only in '*my*' passionate and fertile imagination. Only this, the actual world, genuinely exists. This exquisite surprise brings with it ecstatic relief at the moment of mutation ... life is perfect after all. But, then again, has one not known this to be so all along? At the moment of freedom there is a clear sense of "I have always known this". Doubt is banished forever ... no more verification is required. All is self-evidently clear and clean and pure and perfect. Everything is indeed well.

It is the greatest gift one can bestow upon oneself and others.

ARTICLE 25
PEACE-ON-EARTH IS NOT THE BE ALL AND END ALL OF LIFE

A mature-age woman, who is famous throughout the district for her passionate championing of causes, has come to visit me again. She has talked with me before and is puzzled about what she perceives to be my ambiguous attitude towards life. She is a veritable fire-brand when it comes to opposing anyone who despoils ‘Mother Nature’ – she makes no secret of her dislike of developers – and is vitriolic about the apathy of the average taxpayer where it concerns the saving of the environment. She starts off by asking me what I think about pollution and – upon hearing my answer – is perplexed as to why I am not going to do anything about it. Don’t I care? This latter question is a fairly common accusation these days, as my position in relation to taking part in public protests – street marches, sit-ins and so on – is well known and attracts some acerbic comments from time to time. I have more than once incurred the indignation of concerned activists, who are often at the forefront of the latest calamity they consider to be a threat to the communal well-being. I have occasionally been subject to that hoary adage: “If you’re not part of the solution’, then you’re part of the problem” ... which most accurately translates into: “If you’re not part of my solution, then you’re part of my problem”. As this is a crafty variation upon a scriptural admonition: “If you’re not with Me, you’re against Me” ... then their allegation seems to carry some sort of semi-divine *Authority* and *Power* ... to an indiscriminating mind.

With this background awareness as to where the person is coming from, when they ask a leading question, I am more than ready to thoroughly discuss the implications of any issue that has caught the attention of the troubled citizen. On other occasions I have come to appreciate this woman’s willingness to open her mind to an alternate view and so I welcome being

able to participate in clarifying the misgivings she has about me that cause her disquiet. The subjects that I speak of are not matters that can be readily grasped and made actual overnight. The bottom line of any social problem is the 'Human Condition' itself. The particular pollution being referred to is of a local river ... the issue being the subject of a recent media beat-up with the usual allegations and counter-allegations. The actual facts are difficult to ascertain – as is generally the case – as the opposing parties both interpret and exaggerate the statistics to score points and gain publicity for their position. Of course the river contains contaminants – the population has grown to such an extent that it would be impossible for it to be otherwise – but as to whether it is polluted to the magnitude that some would have the public believe it to be, remains contentious. Without access to the actual facts of the situation, I am loath to debate a dubious topic on this exquisite sunny morning.

What I am happy to consider is the root cause to all the ills that assail humankind; using the river issue as a point of reference I can talk about rapacity, cupidity, duplicity, corruption and so on. I see that each human being is doing whatever they are capable of to seek a better life ... and for some this means being involved in disputations on the ground ... it is what they are good at. I consider that there are enough people already doing this and my absence from a protest will not be detrimental to their cause. As for my involvement in social issues: my expertise lies in speaking of the underlying motivations that precipitate the problems in the first place. If one can completely eradicate rapacity, cupidity, duplicity, corruption and so on from within oneself and then facilitate the self-same removal in others, then none of these problems would arise in the first place. Not only would there be no further pollution ... there would be peace-on-earth.

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Yet, whilst my immediate aim in discussing these matters with her is peace-on-earth, my ultimate aim is for something far more comprehensive. Peace-on-earth, although eminently desirable and highly over-due, is not the Summum Bonum of human existence. There exists another world to the *real world* that peoples currently inhabit. I call it the actual world. Actuality antedates the *reality* that humankind lives in and is characterised by perfection and purity. When this moment lives one so that one is doing what is happening – instead of 'me', as an *identity*, living in the present – only the

actual world exists. The *real world* has no substance; it exists only in 'my' passionate imagination. 'I' am a psychological and psychic interloper, and 'I' am the sole cause of all the ills of humankind. Without 'me' – and billions of other 'me's – war would take place no more. Rapacity, cupidity, duplicity, corruption and so on would have no place whatsoever. Nothing would be deliberately polluted for gain any more and in the event of an accidental contamination, no bitter acrimony about it would arise, as people would willingly co-operate to clean up the mishap. This is the inevitable outcome of peace-on-earth and is highly desirable. Nevertheless, there is much more to being alive. Peace-on-earth is not the be all and end all of life.

There is something precious in living itself. Something beyond compare. Something more valuable than any "King's ransom". It is not rare gemstones; it is not singular works of art; it is not the much-prized bags of money; it is not the treasured loving relationships; it is not the highly esteemed *Blissful States Of 'Being'* it is not any of these things usually considered precious. There is something ultimately precious. It is the essential character of the infinitude of the universe ... which is the life-giving foundation of all that is apparent. That something precious is me as-I-am ... me as I actually am as distinct from 'me' as 'I' really am. I am the universe's experience of itself. The limpid and lucid perfection and purity of being here now, as-I-am, is akin to the crystalline perfection and purity seen in a dew-drop hanging from the tip of a leaf in the early-morning sunshine; the sunrise strikes the transparent dew-drop with its warming rays, highlighting the flawless correctness of the tear-drop shape with its bellied form. One is left almost breathless with wonder at the immaculate simplicity so exemplified ... and everyone I have spoken with has experienced this impeccable purity and perfection in some way or another at varying stages in their life. Is it not impossible to conceive – and just too difficult to imagine – that this is one's essential character? One has to be daring enough to live it ... for it is both one's audacious birth-right and adventurous destiny.

When one lives the magical perfection of this purity twenty-four-hours-a-day; when one has ceased being 'I' and is being genuine, one can see clearly that there is no separation between me and that something which is precious. The purity of life emerges from the perfection that wells up constantly due to an immense stillness which is utterly immense in its scope and magnitude. This stillness of infinitude is that something which is precious. It is the life-giving foundation of all that is apparent. This stillness happens as me. This stillness is my essential disposition, for it is the principle

character, the intrinsic basis of everything. It is this universe at its genesis. It is not, as it might commonly be supposed, at the centre of everything ... there is no centre here. This stillness, which is everywhere all at once, is the be all and end all of life itself. I am the universe experiencing itself as a sensate, reflective human being.

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So I am sitting here, bathing in the perfection of this purity, knowing by direct experience this stillness that is precious ... and a fellow human being is asking me about the disputed pollution of a local river. What am I to answer? Am I to acquiesce to what she desires ... which is to carry a placard at the river-mouth rally next Saturday morning? For if I were to do so, I would be pandering to her anger and agony, rewarding her for holding such animosity and anguish against her contemporaries. If I counsel against such a performance, I stand accused of “not caring for the environment” ... and of course I do care. But for me to attend any rage-driven rally is to kow-tow to the mob anger which perpetuates savagery. Peace on earth is the furthestmost thing from their minds at those moments; the confrontation is the highlight of their day. Although demonstrations can get things changed, the cost in terms of the loss of human togetherness is high. The so-called “peaceful rallies” are not an exception; the participants are fuming with frustration and self-righteous indignation, against all that oppose. There must be a better way to get things changed.

There is a better way. It may not be so physically appealing as the apparent ‘cure’ of a protest, but it has the immense benefit of being permanent. Protest demonstrations are never ending ... there is always another cause lurking just around the corner. Some people have become professional protesters; it is their life’s work, their *raison d’être*. Strangely enough, they are often people engaged in the *Human Potential Movement* or the *Spiritual Quest*; firm adherents to the concepts of *Personal Growth* and *Spiritual Enlightenment*. Such people profess to be peace-loving activists, although their actions more than often belie their words. They are usually simmering with barely suppressed hostility, eagerly awaiting the next cause they can become involved in. Some of them have attached themselves to a self-declared *Saviour of Mankind* that they believe in; a *Saviour* who comes out with their *Divine* brand of protest against life as-it-is, here on earth as an actuality. Such is not my way of doing things; I am incapable of manifesting

the requisite rage and wretchedness. I have achieved my personal peace-on-earth and I am unable to generate ill will any longer.

Of course I could go with her to the protest rally for it is not against any principle that I hold. I readily concede that demonstrations can “get things done”. That is not my point ... my point is the unwholesome atmosphere inhering at these rallies that reinforces the *identity*. The insalubrious ambience is always thick with “vibes” that are palpable and factually unpleasant; be they going under the name of hate or love. Apparently she gets a “high” from this, as further discussion with her elucidates the actual reason – the secretive motivation – for her attraction to these events. She admits, rather shame-facedly, that the “high” makes her feel “alive”; by which she indicates that her daily life is dull, boring. She finds it thrilling to be at a confrontation; the adrenaline “buzz” of a perceived imminent danger is irresistible to an addict. She does not appreciate the implied suggestion that she might very well be a “junkie” herself, however.

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Yet it is not only hate that can induce the body to manufacture a chemical which can create dependence, causing substance abuse. Love can similarly prompt the body to produce an addictive chemical ... and habituation to love’s drug is well-known enough to require no further amplification. It is the snake-oil unvaryingly peddled by the *Enlightened Ones*. Nobody seems to question the validity of allowing feelings – emotions and passions – to be both the arbiter of and the solution to, all of life’s problems. Feelings have created far more problems than they have ever solved, anywhere and at anytime. The question to ask oneself is: why does one require any nervous stimuli at all? Why does one endlessly seek excitement?

It is an adventure and a delight to simply be alive, when one is free from the ‘*T*’ that has taken control of one’s body; the hunt for the “thrills and spills” that is so endemic in the *real world* is over. It is ‘*T*’ who is easily bored, incessantly pursuing excitement. As ‘*T*’ am not actually here, one needs to feel that ‘*T*’ am *real* ... that one is “alive”. The body can be persuaded to produce quite an array of chemicals; a veritable cocktail is available to the insidious entity that has taken up psychological and psychic residence within. Whereas I am already alive for I am actual. I am never bored, because being here now as-I-am is an escapade in itself. It takes great

daring to be here now; anyone who has heeded my words and contemplated the actuality of what I am saying and doing, has reported to me that they invariably experience fear ... and I too have known the full gamut of the anxious terror and horror and dread of the existential angst that comes as a result of activating the desire to disclose oneself as the contingent '*being*' one fears one is. Initially one is deathly afraid to actually be here now, as it can feel rather rudely raw ... one feels more naked and exposed than taking off one's clothing in the market place.

However, feeling rudely raw about the prospect of being here now is not the same as actually being here now. A feeling is not a fact; it is an *identity's* interpretation of the actual and is therefore unreliable as a means of ascertaining the direct experience of being here now. Being here now is to be at the place and time where all is pristine. This pristine place is this, the actual world ... and it is already always here. This actual world is original; unmarred, uncorrupted, unspoiled, spotless, fresh and perpetually new. It is alarming to feel this immaculateness – it is frightening in its immediate intimacy – which is why one backs off, initially denying its very existence. What happens though, if one takes the risk to actually be here now – instead of standing back and feeling it out in order to make up one's mind – is that one discovers that oneself is also pristine. There is no differentiation between that something which is precious and me. I am that stillness experiencing itself ... I am pristine, through and through. By daring to be here now, by being me as-I-am, I have already "cleaned up" all the pollution ... by not being polluted at all in the first place.

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I see the first glimmer of understanding break through in her eyes. I have removed her last doubt about me, which was the complacency she perceived me to have, because I do not attend demonstrations. She is seeing for herself this basic fact. If humans are not polluted to start off with, they will never pollute a river – or anything else – and therefore never have to attend any rallies to force a band-aid solution to each and every crisis. There never will be any crises again. The best thing I can personally do to "save" this polluted river is to do what I am doing: facilitate the process whereby a fellow human being can become original. I do not seek to solve the problem ... nor do I seek to resolve the problem. I remove the condition that causes the problem to arise in the first place. This condition is well-known; it is

called the 'Human Condition'. 'I' am the 'Human Condition' personified. 'My' extirpation is the vital ingredient that will ensure the extinction of the 'Human Condition' in other human beings. However, one does not psychologically and psychically *self-immolate* just to "save the planet". Peace-on-earth is a blessed by-product of actual freedom. One does it because one is a fellow human being.

There is no need for any other reason to do what I do when I discuss these matters. I am living in actual freedom – it is the human birthright and destiny – and I know that it is possible for any other person to live in freedom, also. To facilitate another person's achievement of their destiny is my primary reason for talking about my life and the discoveries I have made ... all other reasons are secondary and a bonus. Nevertheless, the dividends for achieving one's ultimate goal are many and numerous. One of these returns is the end of pollution. One cannot achieve peace by war; the best one can hope for is a truce. The same rationale applies to the cleaning up of the river. Eternal vigilance is required to prevent the re-pollution of it after it has been decontaminated as a result of a successful rally. My way of "getting things done" is enduring. No further vigilance is required when humankind is free. It may take some time, but it is well worthwhile.

Becoming free is the worthiest enterprise one can undertake.

ARTICLE 26
THERE ARE THREE I's ALTOGETHER BUT ONLY ONE IS
ACTUAL

It is a very temperate day in early spring and my companion and I are seated under a marquee at the local market. Market day is held once a month on the village green, just over the railway line from the centre of town. It is an opportunity for the crafts-people of the district to come together and display their wares for sale. Row upon row of makeshift stalls fills the grounds with colour and variety. Trestle tables stacked with goods add texture to the scene; almost lost to view behind the milling crowds of patrons the produce of countless hours of careful application are displayed to sell. Diversity of dress is the hallmark of the day, as hundreds of people have come down from the hills to participate in the holiday-like procedures. The community of this shire is a miscellaneous assortment, ranging from the conventional through to the alternative in all its variety. Many of the costumes are rich in colour and form ... indeed, more than a few stalls are selling bizarre clothing for the outrageously inclined people to wear.

A fresh breeze is blowing from the north; yet it is a warm wind and it is easy to sit here, in minimal clothing, sipping our drink and watching the passing parade. It dawns upon me that very few people are carrying bags or goods; obviously being here in the crowd is what people like to do ... not many stands are selling their wares. Nevertheless, the food and drink stalls are doing a roaring trade and the many buskers attract attention. It is a bustling scene, repeated without fail over a dozen times a year. I do not come to them all, but from time to time I like to mix and mingle in the heightened atmosphere wherein I can see and experience people at their best. They are having their fun in just some of the many and varied ways that the ingenious human animal has possibly been able to invent.

Nearby to where we are, a motley collection of individuals are playing musical instruments; it is not a professional band ... anyone with some musical ability can have a go. Other people are dancing on a clear area of grass, swaying in time to the trance-like harmony. Some are lost to the world as they sway to the fugue, they have retreated into themselves to induce some *Mystical State Of 'Being'*. Maybe some are on illicit drugs – it is not an uncommon practice in this area – but who can tell where they are at. They are not being here now though, for their avowed aim is to gain another plane of existence ... to “get out of it” is the usual expression. Nobody, it seems, likes *reality*. All people seek to escape *reality* through one form or another; be it alcohol, drugs, music, dance, meditation, prayer, or whatever. I have already been informed, earlier on, by a glassy-eyed passer-by that “it’s all unreal, man”. I watched him weave his way amidst the crowd until he was lost to view in the press of people. It is a pity that humans have come to this state, due to their lack of understanding and dearth of commitment to being genuine.

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To be genuine is to be here now. To be here now is to live in the actual world. People are right to dislike *reality* ... life is a grim and glum business in the *real world*. But being genuine – being here now and living in this actual world – is not an escape from *reality*. It is a blessed release from the *false*. It is also freedom from the *true*, for in the *real world*, where no-one and nothing is genuine, the opposite to the *false* is also not actual. “What is *Truth?*” people ask as they set off in search for the *Greater Reality*, little realising that the *Greater Reality* is as imaginary as the *reality* of the *real world*. Whereas actuality is a fact, as distinct from the *truth* of the *real world* ... or *The Truth* as embodied in the *Greater Reality*. A fact is indisputable, open to view and obvious to anyone with the eye to see clearly. A commitment to being genuine is the essential first step in developing clarity. With clarity, one readily understands that any escape from *reality* is absolutely futile ... yet such is the grip of the *real world* that it is virtually impossible to comprehend that being here now as-I-am – as I actually am – is the ultimate place to be.

Being here now as-I-am, is not the same as “being present”, as one can be in *reality*. *Reality* is indeed “unreal, man”, inasmuch as it is not actual. The *real world* is as false as the *identity* is who is living in it. It is fascinating

to explore, uncover and discover just what one actually is. The search for the ultimate experiential understanding of what I am – and the ultimate time and space – is the most rewarding endeavour one can embark upon. The first clue lies in realising that the question “who am I?” is a mistake. Many people have told me that they wish to “find myself” and I am happy to do what I can to assist them in their quest. The appropriate question to ask is “what am I?”, for the word “who” implies a *being*, an entity, that lives inside this body. Some people, by asking “who am I?”, have discovered a second *identity* behind the *ego*, known by various names throughout the world, including the *Real Self* or the *True Self*. Interestingly enough, nobody seems to realise that there is more to discover.

By asking “what am I?”, one is lead inexorably, to the fact that I am this body. I am not an *identity*, a *being*, inside this body ... I have no *presence*, no *spirit* whatsoever. Realising the actuality of the fact that I am this body leads to apperception. Apperception is when the mind becomes aware of itself. Apperception, or pure awareness, can quickly disabuse oneself of the notion that there is an entity, an *I*, which has any substance anywhere inside this body. Initially, *I* think – and feel – that it is *I* who is the one being aware ... this is not apperception. This is an arrogation of responsibility that is most definitely not called for. Such *self*-promotion can be revealed for the hubris that it is, by contemplation of the fact that *I* stand in the way of apperception happening. When apperception occurs, *I* disappear. When *I* disappear, *reality* also vanishes. Then I am here, as-I-am, in this actual world of these senses ... I am living the third alternative. There are three I’s altogether, but only one is actual.

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Being here now as-I-am is to be blithe and gay, for life is a delightful adventure in itself. I do not have to do anything to “get out of it, man” for it is sensational to realise, each moment again, that I am actually here now. I am fresh, ever-new ... as this body only I have never been here before. All that is happening is happening now for the first time. Never before in history has this particular moment occurred, so of course it is exciting. There is no way of knowing for sure what will happen next ... how much more stimulated can one be than this? Yet there is an utter safety in all this, for in the actual world nothing can go ‘Wrong’. The actual world is epitomised by a perfection that is unassailable ... whatever happens is

appropriate to the circumstances. Being here now as-I-am enables one to be aware of the grand scheme of things, and everything falls into place. A vast understanding, beyond 'normal' human comprehension, is instantly available to one who is genuine. This actual world is rich and vital in all its happening. I am the universe experiencing itself in all its splendour and magnificence as a sensate reflective human being. It is abundant, bountiful, luscious ... I luxuriate in being here now, so fantastic is it to be alive as me as I actually am.

However, a word of experiential advice: just prior to apperception occurring, 'I', the beholder – the one who wants to be in control – can view life as being bereft of depth. Everything can become flat, two-dimensional, barren and stark. This is not actuality, although one may be inclined to feel it to be so. This is *reality*, stark *reality*, and is not to be confused with actuality. Actuality is never, ever, stark. This starkness can influence one to pull back, to retreat into 'normal' life. Courage of one's conviction and confidence in the purity of the actual is essential if one is to proceed. All of one's 'being' wants to back off and regain the once-despised *reality* that looks so attractive now, from this extreme position. This stark *reality* is a barrier; it is a desert of monumental proportions that one can only traverse if supplied with the fortitude garnered from the PCE. Then one is willing to endure the ghastly *reality* masquerading as the actual. The very ground beneath one's feet can appear to shift, to disappear, and all seems to hang upon nothing. Unsupported and alone, one is in the outer-most reaches of 'being'. The feeling is that one cannot survive this appalling emptiness without going mad. To be in durance vile is not for the faint-hearted, the weak of knee. Nerves of steel are essential if one is to meet one's destiny. It is the adventure of a life-time.

Life is wonderful where I am genuine. All the existential angst – all the terror, all the horror and all the dread – are expunged in an instant. The slate is wiped clean, as if nothing untoward has happened. A faint memory, like a distant dream, is all that remains of distress. In the place where I am genuine, no mental or emotional scars are carried. Stress, so vividly experienced in *reality*, has no actuality here. Thus I cannot relate to a person in sorrow for I do not have the capacity for pathos. Before the howls of outrage arise, just consider the fact that if I were able to feel pity, sympathy, empathy, compassion and love, then it would be a case of the blind leading the blind. One must be totally free of sorrow and malice in order to be of substantive assistance to those who are trapped within the 'Human

Condition'. One has to be completely free from the grip of *reality* – the Land of Lament – to actually be of benefit to the one that is suffering. A free person does not offer a palliative. I extend the possibility of ultimate release.

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Ultimate release comes when one has located the actual me – the third I – and extirpated the other two. The first 'I' is who one thinks one is and the second 'I' is who one feels one is. The first is an illusion and the second a delusion. The first 'I' is the *ego* and the second 'I' is the *soul*. The third I is what one actually is – what, not 'who' – and what I am is the utter stillness of this body's consciousness experiencing itself as the universe actually is. I, as apperceptive body-consciousness, am not an entity. I am no-one in particular; I am simply here now. I am nowhere in particular either for not only am I anonymous, a geographical location gives no sense of belonging. I have no 'home', I am a citizen of the universe, literally. Although I am happy to be living in this country, I have no patriotic pride; no nationalism whatsoever pollutes the unimpeachable benignity that is my essential character. It is impossible for me to begin to bicker, let alone start a quarrel, an argument, a fight or a war. None of this is to be construed as "turning the other cheek", however, for I do not suffer fools gladly. Anyone who enters into a discussion with me meets their match ... I acknowledge nobody as being superior to me. This is not a vain boast for I have no pride whatsoever and, of course, neither am I humble. It is the most estimable condition to be in.

And so I wander idly along the stalls, taking in the kaleidoscope of colours of the scene, the cornucopia of aromas from the exotic foods being cooked, and the cacophony of sounds from the various music stands. It is a delight to be here, strolling along without a care in the world. The market scene is not unlike a medieval fairy-tale come true, so variegated is the buzz of people engaged in creating a pseudo-magical environment. I come upon a stall advertising the imminent arrival of a *Self-Realised 'Being'*, who is apparently currently touring the country to spread her *Teaching* which, curiously enough, turns out to be that she has no *Teaching* to bring! Nor, she exclaims, is she a *Guru* ... although she reveres her *Guru*, in another country, who brought her to *Enlightenment*. He in turn, worships his *Guru*, whose *Grace* enabled him to *Self-Realise!* Is it, I wonder, unconscious duplicity,

blatant hypocrisy, or just plain stupidity that motivates these people to propagate such contradictory statements?

One of the quotes on the placard reads something like: “In a moment of *Silence*, who you thought you were is annihilated and who you really are is revealed”. As I have previously watched a video tape of her *Master*, I know that “who you really are” is named by him as being “*That*”. This comes from a specific religion which posits the *Absolute Truth* as being “That Thou Art”. “*That*”, by any other name, translates into the *God* of their religion. As the twelve hundred or so *Gods* that humans have invented throughout the ages have no existence outside of passionate ‘*human*’ imagination, to believe one is “*That*”, their *God*, is clearly a delusion. The second ‘*I*’ is a difficult one to shake, maybe more difficult than the first; for who is brave enough to voluntarily give up fame and fortune, reverence and worship, status and security? One has to be scrupulously honest to go all the way.

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The reward for going to the very end of illusion and delusion is to emerge, unscathed, as the actual. The benefits of doing so are beyond price; to remove oneself from the invidious position of being betwixt sycophants and traducers, being one among many. The immediate bestowal of universal peace upon oneself is the benefit worthiest of acknowledgment. Yet, rewards and benefits notwithstanding, to have reached one’s destiny is to be of the ultimate service possible ... the universe has been able to fulfil itself in a human being. Finally there is an intelligence operating unimpeded ... *Blind Nature* has been superseded. There is, most assuredly, not an *Intelligence* behind the universe, as is commonly supposed. To entertain such a notion is to commit the vulgar error of anthropomorphism. Intelligence abides only in humans ... and the free operation of this intelligence is constantly being thwarted by the parasitical psychological/psychic entity known as ‘*me*’. ‘*I*’ am an entity, a ‘*being*’, a ‘*presence*’, a ‘*spirit*’ that interferes with the smooth running of life. ‘*I*’ create *reality* ... and it is a grim and glum business to live in *reality*, with only scant moments of reprieve.

In a similar fashion, when ‘*I*’ escape from *reality* by realising ‘*Myself*’ – the second entity – ‘*I*’ create *Reality*. Then ‘*I*’ am a ‘*Being*’, a ‘*Presence*’, a ‘*Spirit*’ that presumes to have “The Solution” to the problems of life on earth. ‘*I*’ hawk *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* around the world as being the cure-all for the ills of humankind. Living in a

hallucinatory state of *Ineffable Bliss* 'I' am driven by "That", the psychic *Power* and *Authority* behind the throne, to solicit emissaries, in the shape of disciples, to spread 'My' *Word*, 'My' *Message*, 'My' *Teaching*. Little do 'I' realise the bloody ramifications of starting yet another *Religion*, so convinced am 'I' of the *Healing Power* of *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*. Somehow, mesmerised by the spell-binding charm of 'My' subliminal *Divine* status, 'I' do not bother to study the historic records, detailing the bloodshed and horrors of the *Religious Wars* that have come in the wake of 'My' predecessors: the *Awakened Ones* from the most *Ancient of Ancients*. Somehow 'I' am blinded by the *Glory*, the *Glamour* and the *Glitz* of the *Supernatural Promise* – never fulfilled – and fail to see the *Diabolical* substratum that is essential to support 'My' lofty position. 'I' am impervious to the common-sense critique ... intelligence is thwarted once again, this time by the second entity.

I am not an *identity*, I am this body. I am not *metaphysical*, I am physical. I am not *real*, I am actual. I cannot start a *religion* – with their inevitable *Religious Wars* – for there is not the slightest trace of *Religiosity* or *Spirituality* in me. I seek no disciples for I esteem the integrity of my fellow human being too much to subject them to demeaning servitude. There is no 'being' in me to be fed by adulation: flattery flows off me like water from a duck's back. The only thing that will impress me is the other person's own achievement of the ultimate freedom ... because there is nothing *Supernatural* that will come to save humankind. We human beings are on our own ... and we are actually quite capable of 'saving' ourselves. It is of no use to wait for "That", by whatever name, to come, for there is nothing substantive 'out there' – or 'in there' – to do the coming. There is no need to wait any longer.

All one gets by waiting is yet more waiting.

ARTICLE 27

IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE COMPLETELY FREE FROM SUFFERING

It is early morning on a weekend in mid-spring; a delightful day of sunshine and gentle breezes. I have been awakened from a sleep-in by the telephone ringing; its insistent tone impinging upon a consciousness emerging from deep in a peaceful sleep. The voice on the other end of the line is that of a man I had talked with some months previously, to no avail as he is a hard-line *devotee* of some person deluded enough to proclaim himself to be *God On Earth*. I had, rather cheekily, invited this *devotee* to come again whenever he wished to continue our, so far, fruitless discussion. To my pleasant surprise it eventuates that he desires to take me up on my offer ... within the hour, if I find that suitable. I do, and replacing the hand-set, set about boiling some water to make the first cup of coffee for the day and fall into musing about the vagaries of the '*human*' mind. It is delicious to be sitting here, my companion and I, sipping our drink and looking out through the sliding glass doors onto the lawn in the back garden, discussing with delight the unpredictability of odd members of the human species. I have no idea what form the forth-coming conversation will take, but one thing is for sure: it will not be a polite discussion about the state of the weather or the current economic situation of the country. Has this *devotee* discerned a chink in his *Master's* armour and allowed that I may be correct in what I talked about all those weeks ago? Or is he, as is more likely, going to attempt to convert me to his adopted way of affective thinking, impressing upon me the '*wisdom*' of his *Master's* subliminal *Revealed Teaching*.

The cup of coffee and idle speculation over, we set about washing the cups and generally performing our morning's ablutions. It is a pleasant day and it is a joy to be going about our business; the subdued whine of the vacuum-cleaner adding sound to the flavour of the morning's activities.

Within a remarkably short time we have completed what we set out to do and are filling the kettle as the expected knock comes on the door. Surely enough, it is but a scant five minutes before my visitor broaches the subject so dear to his heart. It transpires that, although he disagrees with me fundamentally, he deplores the dearth of people with whom he can have a decent conversation. He describes how the people he talks with have difficulty in exercising their mind and heart, in allowing new concepts to come in and take root. He enjoys a lively debate with those who can match him in intellectual ability and I, apparently, fit the bill nicely.

He has not budged one iota on his previous position ... to concede a point to me is not the purpose of his visit. He still hopes he can induce me to drop my “typical western scientific view” that presupposes that that which is not tangible to the senses does not exist. He seems to find it difficult to comprehend why I am adamant about the sensible approach to existence and deny the validity of the affective response. He argues that humans are emotional beings and is genuinely bewildered when I state that this is one of the root causes of the lack of peace-on-earth. His solution is, of course, love ... which is firmly located on the affective side of the argument. Before the debate goes any further, I decide to define the parameters of the discussion by posing the question: does he consider it possible for a human being to be completely free from suffering? I add the important proviso that it is to be in this life-time, as this body, in the world as-it-is.

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Without hesitation he voices the assurance that it is possible and that, in fact, his *Master* speaks about nothing else. Remembering our prior talk, he is compelled to repeat his ardent stipulation that “the *ego* can’t undo itself” and we humans need help from the *Divine*. He gets what he expects as my position is that not only can one undo oneself as *ego* but that one must go further and likewise undo the *soul* as well. So we have two, if not three, sticking points ... and we settle down to an extremely interesting morning of comparing notes and exchanging ideas. Of course, to me they are not ideas but facts I have discovered; to him they are not ideas either, but ‘*truths*’ revealed by his *Master*. When I query him on this point he avers that he has ascertained their verity by personal experiences he has had, numerous times, in the past. When I enquire as to his present experience of being alive, he allows that he “still has a long way to go”.

Unfortunately for the success of his espoused position regarding the complete freedom from suffering, I have taken the time, since he was last here, to read three books written by his *God On Earth* and watched four videos of him delivering discourses. I know already, that this *Divine 'Being'* suffers – and suffers grievously – from the sheer fact of being here on earth. He stresses in both his books and his discourses that “it is an ordeal for Him to remain in the body” and he is oft-times frustrated by his *devotees'* inability to “get His message”. Once, so extreme was his frustration, that he rolled on the floor in an agony of discouragement and distress and passed into unconsciousness ... or as he put it when he later came round, he “nearly quit the body”. Such was his *Love and Compassion* for his disciples however, that he decided instead to remain ... and even incarnate “more fully” in order to manifest his *Divinity* in a way that “no-one has ever done before”.

My visitor protests that this is *Divine* suffering and is inevitable when *Divinity* takes on a bodily form. The body is, apparently, limited in its ability to contain such grandeur and thus suffers accordingly. He opines that I do not understand what is involved – I understand only too well – and that it is not personal suffering as we mere mortals know it. So I ascertain from him that he has changed his earlier statement that it is possible to be completely free from suffering ... but he denies that this is the case; repeating that I “don't understand” and that his *Master* does not feel his suffering. I point out that rolling on the floor in distress and talking about what an ordeal it is to be here – I find it a delight to be here now – sounds suspiciously like feeling it, to me. He finally concedes that it is not possible, under his *Master's* system, to be completely free from suffering whilst there is still a body ... which is the point I have been endeavouring to make, as my stance is clear. It is possible to be completely free from suffering.

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I open the doors leading onto the lawn to allow the sunshine-charged air to come streaming into the room and out through the front door, which is already open. Two kookaburras, sitting in the large tree over the back-fence, have launched into their happy, laughter-like song. Unfortunately for them, early settlers to this country found it to be a mocking laughter – such was their melancholic state – and would kill them indiscriminately. I cherish their glad contribution to the music of the natural world ... besides which they are remarkably adept at keeping the reptile population under control. With this

melodious back-drop as a blessing to my ears, I pass around a plate of biscuits and pursue the subject of suffering, for it is of immense benefit to this man if he can grasp the concept that it is possible for him personally to be completely free ... unlike his *Master* who would rather experience the martyrdom of his *Divine Cause*. It is highly unlikely that I will be able to winkle him out from his belief but I will have fun trying ... and the reward for doing so would be his delight in being free without effort. I wish well upon my fellow human beings and – what is most significant – do not suffer one jot when I am unable to facilitate another to see and experience for themselves the enormity of the perfection of the purity of being here now as this body in this world as-it-is now. He demands to be told how I can possibly know what I am talking about.

I am able, being actually free of an *identity*, to speak from my current experience of utter stillness and purity. He cannot believe that a person seated next to him on an armchair in a suburban lounge-room could be living what I am claiming to have accomplished ... in his mind an impossibility anyway as I reject the validity of *Divinity*. He dismisses the absence of greed, anger, envy, hatred, depression and the such-like in me as being “a polished performance of repressed emotions”. What he fails to take into account, in delivering this rather pathetic attempt at a coup-de-grace, is that many, many people before him have responded to my assertions in a like manner ... so I take his response easily in my stride. Such is the depth of despair, that ‘*humanity*’ has endowed human beings with, that they cannot comprehend the actuality of perfection ... for anyone. Not even a virtual perfection.

While it is of the utmost importance to be ultimately free, it is of extreme benefit to be virtually free. Virtual freedom is demonstrably able to be achieved, through application and diligence, once being locked-on to pure intent. Pure intent is a stream of benignity that issues forth from the purity of the stillness that is the essential character of the infinitude of the universe ... which is the life-giving foundation of all that is apparent. Pure intent replaces morality which, with all its controls on a wayward *identity*, keeps that very entity in psychological and psychic existence. In virtual freedom one is no longer wayward, thanks to pure intent, hence no need for the controls. Plus pure intent brings about a sagacity in which discoveries are made of a serendipitous quality.

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In an attempt to inject some clarity into the discussion, I point out to him that a similar case regarding the freedom from anger, hatred, greed and so on, as being suppression, could not be made about his *Master*. Armed with the knowledge I have easily gleaned from the books I have just read, I remind him of the times when his *Master* would fly into a rage, berating his disciples mercilessly ... on many and varied occasions. He informs me, rather stiffly, that this is *Divine* anger and that it is an honour to be treated thus by the *Master*. Evidently it shows the depth of his “*Love and Compassion*” ... it demonstrates just how much he cares for his stubborn *devotees*’ refusal to allow him to dissolve their *egos*. I endeavour to salvage some threads of common-sense by enquiring just what it is exactly that makes this man’s *State Of ‘Being’* so attractive? If he is not only still suffering, but is also subject to fits of anger and rage, then in exactly what way is he demonstrating that he is a worth-while model to be emulated? I find nothing engaging enough to devote my life in worship of him, let alone desiring to replicate such behaviour. I am interested only in that which will lead to complete cessation of suffering and universal peace-on-earth ... and his *Master*’s antics belie the efficacy of the *Divine ‘Being*’s ability to achieve these worthy goals.

Unperturbed, he ripostes that “you have missed the point” and goes on to explain, unabashedly, that it is the fate of my *Immortal Soul* that is at stake. He starts in on describing the horrific tortures that await me in the *Hellish Realms* after my physical death, but I stop him short ... we have travelled down this road on the previous discussion some months ago. I suggest that this is a very selfish and *self-centred* approach to life on earth ... something that all religions are guilty of. The quest to secure one’s place in *Eternity* is unambiguously selfish ... peace-on-earth is readily sacrificed for the supposed continuation of the imagined *soul* after physical death! So much for the humanitarian ideals of peace, goodness, altruism, philanthropy and humaneness. All *Religious* and *Spiritual Quests* amount to nothing more than a *self-centred* urge to perpetuate oneself for ever and a day. All *Religious* and *Spiritual Leaders* fall foul of this existential dilemma. They pay lip-service to the notion of *self-sacrifice* – weeping crocodile tears at noble martyrdom – whilst selfishly pursuing *Immortality*. The root cause of all the ills of humankind can be sheeted home to this single, basic fact: the overriding importance of the survival of *self*.

If it were not for all the suffering; the wars, the murders, the tortures, the rapes, the sadness, the loneliness, the grief, the depressions, the

uninitiated. I am this sensate and reflective body, yet when this body is unconscious, there is no awareness that this body is alive. So, strictly speaking, what I am is this body's apperceptive consciousness – I am the awareness of being here now – and I am very much dependent upon the body being alive and awake to be conscious. When the body dies, this body's apperceptive consciousness disappears ... just as in deep sleep. To take consciousness as being "who I am", independent of the body, is clearly a misconception ... and a belief. The belief in *Immortality* is a denial of death ... which is tantamount to saying that what is universally actual is, somehow, wrong! When one ceases being in denial, something marvellous can happen.

It is possible to psychologically and psychically *self-immolate*. The *identity* is comprised of two entities: the *ego* and the *soul* and they are, roughly speaking, situated in the head and the heart respectively. It must be stressed that while they may be *real*, they are not actual ... they have no substance whatsoever. However, whilst they hold sway they are the 'who' one takes oneself to be; they are the 'who' one thinks and feels that one is. They are one's sense of '*being*', an impression of '*presence*', an awareness of '*spirit*' that is mistakenly taken to imply and prove one's existence. One can sacrifice oneself – psychologically and psychically speaking – for the good of society in general and for oneself in particular. With no *identity* whatsoever inside the body, one finds that one is both spontaneously benign and benevolent ... without any malice and sorrow. One's essential character is identical with the essential character of the infinitude of the universe ... this wondrous universe that all we humans live in. One discovers that one is living in a condition of perfection and purity ... and in perfection and purity there is no need for 'Right' or 'Wrong' and 'Good' or 'Bad'.

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Nevertheless, one cannot psychologically and psychically *self-immolate* just because it seems like a good idea at the time. It requires a rather curious decision to be made ... a decision the likes of which has never been made before nor will ever be made again. It is a once-in-a-lifetime determination and takes some considerable preparation. '*I*', the aggressive psychological entity and '*me*', the frightened psychic entity can both vanish. Then, finally, I am free to be here now. Initially, it seems, I have been here for all of eternity. In actuality, however, I have never been here before, because this moment is new, fresh, pristine ... it has never been this

particular moment before. Yet it is always this moment; I can never be anywhere else but here. This moment is living me ... I am the doing of what is happening. In this, the actual world with its fairy tale-like quality, I experience being here now as a perfection unimaginable in the *real world*. Nothing needs to be achieved; there is nothing to long for. *Union* with the *Divine* is but an abysmal substitute for the purity of the stillness that is my essential character. Being here now as-I-am supersedes the desire for *Immortality* – with its denial of death – by bestowing apperception. Apperception allows me to appreciate the necessity of death ... without death I could not be free to be here now as-I-am. I am the universe experiencing itself ... and it is the universe that is infinite and eternal ... not me. I do not make the mistake, like the people who have lost only their *ego* do in recognising themselves as *The Infinite* and *The Eternal*, of identifying myself with being the infinite and eternal universe.

I repeat: I am the universe's experience of itself as a sensate and reflective human being. I am not *Spaceless*, I am perennially here; this moment is not *Timeless*, it is perpetually now. I have no need for such a paltry surrogate as *Immortality* ... *Immortality* pales into insignificance compared to the magnitude of experiencing myself being here now, each moment again, fresh and new and pristine. Nothing that '*T*' experienced many years ago when '*T*' explored the *Divine Realm* can equal the magnificence of being here now in this actual world. Actual freedom far exceeds any *Religious Illumination*, *Spiritual Enlightenment*, *Mystical Union* or any other *Metaphysical Altered State Of Consciousness*. I do not identify as being *God On Earth*, or any of that deluded nonsense ... I have no *identity* whatsoever. I am free to be me; me as I actually am. I am free to be practical, straightforward and down-to-earth. I am free of any guile, any hypocrisy, any duplicity, any cupidity ... any corruption at all. I am free to live in this magical wonderland that is the actual world. Innocence prevails only where time has no duration and space has no locality ... and as this moment and place has no actual measure, it is ever-new. Likewise, I am ever-new, therefore I can never be tainted; 'Good' and 'Evil' can find no foothold in me. Consequently I am benign in character and cannot maliciously harm anyone or anything.

Also, I can never be harmed psychologically or psychically, hence I never take umbrage. As I am unable to be affronted, I am incapable of holding a grudge ... leaving me free from the horror of revenge. By not taking offence in the first place, I have no need to forgive ... which is an *ego-*

enhancing and *soul*-boosting act of condescension, anyway. Forgiveness is a meagre imitation of magnanimity, which is one of the many charming characteristics of actual freedom. Only out of innocence, which is an ever-fresh condition, can one be magnanimous ... otherwise magnanimity becomes tainted and is a devolution into disdain. And if I search my mind assiduously, scrolling through the intricacies of the brain cells, I find nary a trace of suppression – or repression – anywhere. Besides, one needs a ‘controller’ in order to suppress successfully ... and I am devoid of any measure of dominion. I have no sovereignty whatsoever; accordingly I have no power over anyone ... including myself as there is no *identity* to have power over anyway. I am not an *Authority* and *Power* ... hence I correspondingly have no *Omniscient Puissance*. All in all, I am completely free from suffering, for there is no ‘*being*’, ‘*presence*’ or ‘*spirit*’ ... or ‘*Being*’, ‘*Presence*’ or ‘*Spirit*’. Suffering is simply impossible in actual freedom ... I never know sorrow or malice at all.

An actual freedom is refreshingly simple.

ARTICLE 28

I AM LIVING IN THIS WONDROUS ALTERNATIVE WAY

It is a warm evening in early summer and I am luxuriating in the humid night air in the front room, which I have set up as a study to house the recently acquired computer that I am using as a word-processor. The screened windows are wide open, allowing the sounds of the sub-tropical darkness to come streaming in, enhancing the atmosphere of being here now in this comfortable residence. A small desk-lamp softly illuminates the work-bench, casting a pool of light around my pleasure. I have a compact disc quietly playing background music, which easily mixes with the resonance of the crickets and frogs outside. It may seem to be such simple things that I find so enjoyable, but this is how I experience my life ... I require nothing extravagant in order to obtain entertainment. Living freely in this world as-it-is endows any activity with an actual lavishness, a plenitude that far exceeds any commercial amusement designed to divert the jaded from their creeping ennui. Merely to be sitting here at ease, operating the keyboard, is a delight.

I have been on what the salesman called “a learning curve” and was baulked on many an occasion as I attempted to do something that the computer was not designed to do. The advantage of living freely is that frustration and exasperation do not result from being stymied ... I simply start again, endeavouring to find out what operation I should be doing to ensure success. Computing is an unexpected but fascinating new process to be involved in, because I am middle-aged. It is not a thing that comes readily, for I have not been exposed to computer technology from early on in life, as modern children are. Nevertheless, I am not about to succumb to the “generation gap” syndrome that results in a mind-block ... I am keen to master the intricacies of this new discipline that I experience as being absolutely marvellous. Long gone are the days of pen and paper, typewriter

and carbon. With this word-processor I can edit, re-arrange, delete, substitute, check spelling, correct typographical errors and print as many copies as I may wish to ... this machine does just about everything except compose and type! I am greatly pleased to be living in this day and age.

My companion was initially interested to make use of this new tool and wrote some short pieces.

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“I am immensely happy to simply be alive, to be here in this world. Many years ago I would not have been capable of living a life without any ‘stress’ whatsoever. As I was then – the old me – I would have found the prospect of an existence devoid of any disharmony and nervous tension to be utterly boring and uninteresting; a life surely wasted in apathy and complacency. A “goody-two-shoes”, as such a person is derogatorily called in the real world, is something one is fervently warned against by one’s contemporaries. It seems to be of the utmost importance there that each child, as soon as possible, learns to cope and deal with the ‘Human Condition’ in the way that is accepted as being ‘normal’ in the orthodox mode of life. In other words: how it has always been done. Prolonged naiveté and non-conformity must be eradicated “in the best interests of the child”, so the person will not be hurt when they venture out and about in the real world. The newest recruit to ‘humanity’ has thus not only been persuaded to sell themselves out to the system, but has entered into the society of stress, anxiety and all the other peer group pressures. By the time the child has reached adult-hood, they will never dare to be authentic, genuine, original ... and will be forever afraid to risk entering into an area believed to be boring, dull, unemotional and lethargic.

“For more than thirty years the old me had become almost convinced by the ‘wisdom’ of the ways in the real world ... were it not for the subsequent loneliness, anguish, fear, stress and so on. Well-meant advice on the merits of ‘coping’ was endlessly forthcoming, yet never seemed to lead to anywhere pleasant, so as to be a sweet destiny to look forward to. The quality of my life dangerously approached that experienced by my contemporaries ... the same dismal condition endured by all of one’s predecessors, those highly respected ancestors. Some alternative way of living had to be found – and soon – before I too would timidly succumb to the conventional life-style, only to grow old in it. Accordingly, I set out on a voyage of exploration and

discovery, a journey of investigating and uncovering. I enquired into – and endeavoured to locate – that something which I surely knew somehow existed in some intimate place and in some familiar time. I sought and I sought ... and I found a ‘human’ peace. What I located is truly impressive for me and was well worth the fascinating search. Nowadays – as the new me – I am living in this wondrous alternative way.

“My way can best be described as a state wherein I have freed myself from the ‘Human Constitution’. It is not to be confused with actual freedom, which only Richard can speak knowledgeably of, where one is freed from the ‘Human Condition’ ... there is no identity at all. In my freedom my daily state of ‘being’ is virtually comparable to the ambience of the peak experience. A peak experience, which all people have had at some stage in their life, is that moment wherein literally everything – including oneself – is seen as being already complete and perfect as-it-is. I encountered my first of many such experiences when I was twenty three years old and was then quite mystified, for what was most outstanding was the absolute equality that pervaded everything. Although an utter purity and clarity prevailed, there was a total lack of any Religious Authority and Power whatsoever. This had nothing to do with anything I had ever learned to be true! Instantly I knew without a shadow of a doubt: this is my destiny. Even though I did not know how to yet, I knew that I was going to manifest this condition in my everyday life, as it was distinctly meant to be achieved here-on-earth. It would be attained by being me as-this-body and would be possible many years before I would die. Although the whole experience lasted for only as long as it took me to pass through an intersection by bicycle, one thing was made magnificently clear: I was standing in the way of my own freedom and my entire purview on life was invalid. Both I and my current understanding had to be eliminated for this destiny to be lived.

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“This proved to be a sheer impossibility until I met the person with whom I have shared my life for the last ten years. Richard, having lived in an Altered State Of Consciousness for five years already, recognised immediately that we were to partake in living together. We ventured on an odyssey into my purview on life, into all the beliefs and mores of ‘humanity’ which were restricting the accomplishment of my destiny. I am now more here – as a new ‘me’ – and my moribund outlook on life has been thoroughly

decimated. No longer subservient to the beliefs and mores of 'humanity', I am pleasantly free to live a more genuine life; spontaneously inclined toward ease, peace and tranquillity and just as spontaneously slanted away from stress, anger and unrest. I have clearly seen and understood that the yoke of 'human' principles regarding behaviour and feelings are an artificial and painful acquiescence to a mediocre life ... at best. The 'Human Constitution' does not cater for a calm and yet cheerfully carefree way of living. It does not permit a harmonious and serenely easy way of life ... not for anyone on this planet. It has always been seen as having been never meant to happen. Nowhere in the revered and sacred scripts anywhere in the history that I have read, has there been a suggestion that unambiguously states: we humans are meant to be peaceful and happy here on earth. On the contrary, the only peace and happiness that is mentioned at all, in these highly valued works, lies waiting for each person in the After-Life ... a place where nobody ever arrives, of course, for it exists only in 'human' imagination and nowhere else.

“Consequently, very few people in history have even attempted to find it here in this secular world ... and the ones who did failed miserably in the actual living of it. This utterly sad fate of humankind – to be deprived from ease, peace and joy for the term of one’s natural life – has been what 'humanity' has decreed for humans for as long as people have roamed the earth. Does this have to mean, though, that peace on earth, goodwill and prosperity for all is forever impossible? My answer is an emphatic no, because I have never accepted that it is to be the lot of human beings to be forever wretched, with only snatches of relative happiness as a temporary reprieve. I have discovered my niche in life, I do not miss being in distress, being frustrated, being under constant pressure and forever running on nervous energy. No kind of adrenaline rushes appeal to me any longer, be they the accompaniment of competition, anger, passion or peril. Against the dire warnings from my peers I dared to live an unorthodox, unconventional life of peace, ease and joy. Fascinated as I am with all things human, I am never bored for there is a never-ending stream of information coming into my field of interest: people I meet, articles I read, the television programmes I watch and so on. I cannot help but notice that the people I see and hear are, in their own words, enduring their life here on earth. They are coping with life as it currently is; content with merely surviving whilst hoping for some better future in some ill-defined way and forever suffering the whole gamut of emotions and passions.

“It is as if somewhere lost in the mists of time somebody has somehow determined and ordained that we humans are to remain emotional and passionate beings forever. Nobody has ever dared to break the sacrosanct seal around this decree, which all humans have learned to believe as The Truth. But exactly what good have feelings done for humankind so far? Do they actually promote an on-going happiness and peace for all concerned? Is a lack of anger and remorse, fear and trust, hatred and love, greed and repentance, sadness and compassion – to name but a few – necessarily going to leave humans bored, insipid and dull? As far as I am concerned, the opposite is the case. Without feelings running one’s life, one is deliciously free to thoroughly enjoy one’s stay here. No longer plagued by petty arguments, pathetic one-upmanships, paltry manipulations of others – or feelings of being a victim – I relish being here-on-earth virtually every moment of my life.”

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For some time lightning has been flashing fitfully to the south, with faint rumblings of thunder as an accompaniment. Now it has come closer, filling the room with vivid bursts of bright light ... and several thunderclaps sound almost overhead. I decide it is time for a break and move out to the living room where, over a hot drink, I can watch nature’s show through the sliding glass doors that lead out onto the back lawn. The sky is filled with jagged flashes – some almost magenta – and every now and again some sheet lightning displays its magnificence. I have switched off the lights to better observe the pageant and it is very agreeable to be relaxing in my armchair as the physical order of things plays itself out. Storms are common at this time of the year in this area and I know what to expect. Soon enough the first heavy drops of rain start to splatter on the pavers outside and because there is no wind, I can leave the windows and doors open allowing the cooling air to enter the house. It is a fantastic spectacle and my companion is well-pleased to have left behind those atavistic fears, taken on so readily in child-hood. Indeed it is a great relief to have put all fear behind, as fear inhibits one’s enjoyment of being here now in this world.

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“I have been living like this for some considerable time now ... the last time I experienced anger was over and done with in a remarkably short time and some twelve months or more have elapsed since then. Anger is not a nice feeling at all, I discovered, and although one learns from an early age to justify one’s angry feelings and even to enjoy them in a rather perverse way, the unpalatable stress which would race through my whole body left me, at best, only temporarily victorious. Initially, when I decided to eliminate anger from my life, a fear would arise that I would be left vulnerable, without defences. All the different emotions are ultimately linked together and whenever I considered the enormity of the task I had undertaken, I would frequently be disheartened ... which can so easily lead to depression. In talking it over with Richard, I learned that negative feelings roughly fall into four main groups: resentment, fear, self-consciousness and distress. Under resentment fall emotions like irritation, anger, rage, hatred and aggression. Under fear comes anxiety, apprehension, terror, horror, and dread. Under self-consciousness belongs embarrassment, guilt, shame, envy and jealousy. And under distress lies sadness, loneliness, grief, anguish and depression. It seemed a daunting assignment to attempt to free myself from all these inherited emotions and passions, which arise instinctually from the ‘Human Condition’, from being a self. Remembering from the peak experience that I stood in the way of my own freedom, I saw that to undo my social identity I would have to deal with all the feelings that guarded it.

“The ‘Human Constitution’ is like an ‘ID card’ one is issued with from birth onwards, and guarantees one’s acceptance in various groups, the family being the very first group. On this ‘ID card’ are written impositions like: “You must belong” ... “You must believe” ... “You must obey” ... “You must conform” ... “You must know your place” ... “You must remain ‘human’”. In short: do not be original, authentic, genuine. In return for adopting this social identity one is made welcome, accepted, appreciated, lovable, needed and secure. One is a someone. Although one is told that one is a unique individual, the facts do not bear this out, for one has been manufactured to fit, by both others and oneself, the social blue-print. One has become a member of the largest family of all: the ‘human’ race. Yet, the ensuing suffering this ‘human’ race has been enduring, for time immemorial, is legendary. Many notable persons, professing to know the solution for this suffering, have come and gone. In spite of their best efforts, humanity goes on suffering. All these solutions were either palliatives or escapes and the root-cause remained intact. The root-cause is one’s very self.

“These days I feel anonymous. Psychologically speaking, I no longer belong, I no longer believe, I no longer obey, I no longer conform and I no longer know my place. I have no sense of social identity. Without a sense of social identity, the emotions and passions needed to guard it are no longer necessary. Neither applying a palliative nor attempting to escape, I have instead eliminated the ‘Human Constitution’ in myself. As I do not believe in any of ‘humanity’s psittacisms – the mechanical repetition of previously received ideas or images, reflecting neither apperception nor autonomous reasoning – I do not subscribe to the notion of an After-Life. The whole idea of an After-Life, with its supposed peace, harmony and happiness, is but a diversion away from the actuality of being here-on-earth. All of my interest is only here, for if I am not peaceful, harmonious and happy now, I never will be. It is the fact of being mortal that makes life so exquisite. People seeking Immortality miss out on the main event, which is being here right now ... where we humans all are as bodies, anyway.”

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The lightning has long retreated over the northern horizon with a last rumble of thunder and now the rain is easing to a light shower. Rain does not last long at this time of the year, for it is still six to eight weeks short of the wet season with its heavy deluges and floods. I am back in the study once more and the frogs outside are croaking their appreciation in unison. My life is indeed perfect and because I have achieved my personal peace-on-earth, I know that it is feasible for anyone. Global peace is finally a distinct possibility. The ‘human’ apprehension that a life devoid of emotions and passions would be dull, insipid and boring, has proved to be nothing but a clinging to an outmoded mystique.

I like living in this actual world.

ARTICLE 29

PERSONAL PEACE-ON-EARTH IS FEASIBLE FOR EVERYONE

A man in his late thirties has come to visit my companion and I on this balmy afternoon in early summer, as per an agreement we had all made a week ago. He has been interested for some time now in what I have often talked about, but has never been completely convinced that I could have the answer for all of his – and life’s – problems. He has long been a follower of the *Spiritual Quest* and is loath to abandon it for something entirely new ... even though he has had several personal experiences of the immediacy of freedom while being with me on previous occasions. He had happily described these experiences as “being present” and as “being in my body” and he felt it to be “all so simple and easy”. So we had arranged to come together here this afternoon, directly after he had attended a week-long *Spiritual* retreat with an overseas *Master*, who is currently touring this country. We all considered that this way there would be a direct experience of the validity of the *Spiritual* way in achieving a personal peace-on-earth ... for if one cannot become at least somewhat peaceful after a week spent in the company of a *Master’s Grace*, then when would one? He has participated in many, many group courses in the fifteen years he has been a seeker, but this would be the first he would have been to conducted by a person in an *Altered State Of Consciousness*. Surely, he figured, this time something would happen to enable him to break through into that unknown realm so much spoken of.

Of course, someone cannot abandon *Spirituality* overnight; it takes some time – especially if they have held it dear for years – and even then one has to be absolutely convinced that what one is dropping is no longer valid. One has to have every confidence that something far, far better awaits one before being able to abandon the “*Tried and True*”, for such is the weight of

the 'wisdom' of old that its continuous failure does not seem to deter people. Humankind has been struggling along for all of human history, endeavouring to make the *Revealed Teachings* work ... and by work I mean producing a personal peace-on-earth, in this current life-span and as this body. Not for me the oft-promised *Metaphysical Eternity* of some imagined *After-Life*, for such a flight of fancy cannot be verified as an actuality here on earth other than by feeling it as a belief-inspired fantasy requiring trust, faith and hope ... and neither does it put a stop to brutality. In fact, the *religions* that necessarily spring up around a *Divine Presence* inevitably lead to war, with all their appalling slaughter, rapacity, torture and destruction, as one group fights with another for supremacy of vision. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that this can all be verified by a brief study of history, *Spirituality* holds a tenacious grip upon people's psyche as being the solution to all of life's problems. One has to be intrepid to attempt something as entirely new as actualism is, so I have been very clear as to what is entailed in becoming free and what the personal rewards and global benefits are for doing so. Personal peace-on-earth is feasible for everyone.

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Therefore I have been keen to meet him this afternoon, as an intense interaction such as this man has just had, can often energise a person into super-'human' achievement; a *Spiritual* 'high' can be the much longed-for result of the charged atmosphere inhering at these retreats. Alas for the *Master's* reputation, such is not to be the case for he comes in through the already open front door feeling rather forlorn ... which I readily ascertain from his woebegone expression. He is eager to see us, however, for he immediately starts to tell how "interesting and worthwhile" these six days had been, albeit with a somewhat doubtful countenance. I perceive that this is due to his justifying the immoderate amount of money that he had to pay in advance, which of course had kept his expectations high ... up until this morning that is; for after all there is a product being sold and he is disappointed because he missed out. A quick annoyance runs over his face as he relates to us how, just an hour ago at lunch, he had felt "left out"; he had a feeling of not belonging to the rest of the group and a surge of anger and envy had welled up towards them. When I enquire if he would have liked to be accepted by them, he pauses for a moment and then emphatically and with a defiant smile he says that he would not want to be part of "that mob".

Actually he feels quite contemptuous of them for “huddling together” and is rather pleased that he had stayed by himself for the duration.

While I plug the kettle in for a pot of tea I ask him a few questions about the organisational side of the retreat, as he had already told me that there would be about three hundred people attending. He sketches the pleasant country environment and the general set-up of the sanctuary ... I get a good description of his experience of the ambience. As it had been his first retreat to be held in complete silence – apart from the daily two hours of *Satsang* during which the participants were able to ask questions – I am curious what he has to say about his new experience. A glint appears in his eyes as he launches into a description of different people’s “vibes” which, to his surprise, became apparent whenever the ‘normal’ irritations with each other got the better of them ... usually in the kitchen or the shared bathrooms. The vibes appeared to be enhanced in strength as nobody was allowed to utter a word. I see that I startle him a trifle when I point out that, according to his own story, peace was obviously a difficult thing to manifest ... even around *Divinity* and in silent *meditation*. Does he consider it possible that the *Teachings* are faulty? Is he suspicious yet of *Enlightenment*? Moreover, does he see that *Divinity* itself is unable to bring peace on earth? For a moment he is shocked with the hereticism I come out with, and immediately starts in on defending the *Master* by accusing the people present of not living according to the *Teachings*.

I have heard this excuse so many times before that I decide to try a different tack. He has had several PCE’s in the past and I remind him of the outstanding one he had during an afternoon with us a while ago, when he had seen for himself that seeking for *God* was a ludicrous undertaking as an actual perfection was already here on earth. No *Authority* and *Power*, however *Divine*, could possibly have improved upon this actual purity that he personally experienced on that wondrous day. And was there not an utter peace that was beyond ‘normal’ comprehension lying gratuitously all around for everyone? He is a trifle embarrassed to have to be prompted, but he willingly acknowledges that he can remember, intellectually, what he had seen and said then ... and hastily adds that he had meant it, too. But it seems all so far away now ... he finds it hard to give it any validity at this moment ... although he would love to be able to say it again as a fact ... with the same ease and peace and without a shadow of a doubt.

My companion wrote about it afterwards.

“I understood his predicament empirically, as I often used to wrestle with the sheer impossibility of ‘making it happen’, because of my holding fast to the status-quo. Actualism, a personal peace-on-earth, lies one hundred and eighty degrees away from the status-quo. It is diametrically opposite to the conventional, to the orthodox, where all one’s hopes are invested in the After-Life. Instead of focusing one’s total attention on the only chance at life one has here-on-earth, it is frittered away on fruitless outings into illusions and delusions ... preferably as part of a popular group. Each social identity thrives on attention; it needs to be needed; it needs to belong, it needs to be accepted, it needs to be lovable ... and it loves to be able to fight for its maintenance. If these needs are not being met, one feels desolate, lonely and forlorn; one risks falling into a melancholy, into a depression. What inevitably follows is the unvarying advice to “come back to reality” and to turn to the group for support. This imperative to belong is bred into the human being from birth onwards. Yet curiously enough, when two or more persons have spent sufficient time together, niggles, arguments and fights all prove to be inescapable. Too many needs to be met and too little attention to go around leaves all concerned disappointed and in despair.

“The only hope, it seems, is to try one’s luck with either someone else or with some other Metaphysical Group ... only to be disappointed once more. One is advised by others to lower one’s expectations about any happiness on earth, as it is seen to be foolish and unrealistic to count on perfection in “this imperfect world”. Although the same warnings, the same words of advice and the same hopes and despairs have been running their course, to no avail ever, for all of human history, this orthodox understanding of human life is still religiously adhered to and is never to be questioned. Despite all their genuine attempts to make the conventional way work, people are still living dimly unhappy lives; lives in which no considerable period of time is spent in undisturbed peace and harmony with oneself or another... let alone month after month and year after year. Is it possible that everybody has been hoodwinked into believing that this was ordained to be the fate of humankind forever?

“Like everybody else I too was hoodwinked for many years. I remained swindled until, together with Richard, I started to question the ‘human’ archetype with its relentless beliefs and needs, hopes and despairs. Nothing sanctioned by ‘humanity’ ever seemed to lead to the sweet destiny

that I had seen and known as being possible for all of humankind. And now, after an extensive odyssey, I know without a shadow of a doubt that personal peace-on-earth is my birthright, as it were, and is always available to be achieved. Nevermore do I feel a need to belong, because I do not feel alone and lonely by myself. As I do not have a precarious social identity to protect, a battle of wills with another is no longer an attractive option; no ego-victory is sweet enough to want to relinquish one's personal peace for. I experience anger, for example, to be a thoroughly rotten emotion; an emotion which has no redeeming features whatsoever and which, in my view, only perpetuates me as an social identity, thus assuring continued potential for aggression. Nor do I need to be needed, loved, or appreciated by others any more; these tiresome characteristics, which put demands on other people, have been eliminated ... and I do not miss them one iota."

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Are you able to contemplate the atmosphere of your pure consciousness experience? By contemplation I do not mean trying to feel the experience; such a peak experience is not a matter of emotions and passions, it is in a realm of its own, as you may remember. Contemplation, to work successfully, needs to be pure ... stripped of emotive thought. For a moment allow yourself to set aside – not give up – your psychological state of *'being'*, which is occupied by the latest accumulation of worries and preoccupations. Make all of your *identity* unimportant, for now, and contemplate the perfection of being here now. Allow this moment to live you, instead of you living in the present. Experience yourself as being the doing of what is happening. An immediate peace and calm emerges and all is wiped clean, allowing a three-hundred-and-sixty degree awareness to operate. It is like having eyes in the back of your head. In this clean atmosphere you can freely allow the pure quality of the immediacy of this moment to become paramount. It is of itself not at all concerned with the culturally defined personality you were just before; it takes no notice of any 'problem' that has just been plaguing you and is calmly unperturbed by any psychological interference. Instantly the friendly solution to all humankind's problems lies open all around. It is a condition which cannot be mistaken as anything else than authentic, as it is your very character. It is the simple, actual quality of the universe itself ... it is a magical world ... a fairytale-like wonderland. In this, the actual world, love, worship and adulation – the whole *Spiritual*

gamut of surrender and obedience – do not play a role. *Divinity* has become obsolete as a solution, because what you are seeing and experiencing now is pre-eminent. An intimacy closer than you have ever been with yourself, as you normally are, has replaced everything else ... this kind familiarity has superseded all what humans have ever believed as being *The Truth*. This is actuality, this, the world as-it-is, this is what you actually are.

No longer slumped in his armchair, he is sitting keenly upright, animatedly exclaiming about the brilliance of being here now ... everything is so calm and easy ... from here it seems all such hard work on the retreat ... this intimacy is so satisfying ... indeed love could actually be called an intrusion ... but can this be really so? He goes on to say that he feels utterly complete and autonomous right now ... normally he is always in need of others for love and that sense of belonging. He sees that this is what I meant last week when I spoke about going beyond love. He had always assumed that the *Master* was living in this state all the time, but he discerns now that this could not be the case, as the *Master* is forever talking about love as the main ingredient of entering into an *Altered State*. What about *Bliss*, then? Is this the *Bliss* they talk about?

No, this is certainly not *Bliss*; *Bliss* is solidly connected with *Divinity* and is part and parcel of the same package as *Beauty* and its *Truth* and *Love* with its *Compassion*. *Love Agapé* and *Divine Bliss* depend upon there being an *identity*, which forever craves some extraordinary status; endlessly desiring some special acknowledgment as a means by which to stand out in the group. This stems from being alone in an ivory tower ... hence the adulation, worship, adoration and idolising that they all solicit. Clearly the *Master* is not living the quality of this what you yourself are experiencing now. *Enlightenment* is a *Divine* experience and is located firmly in the old pattern of '*humanity*'. This where you are now is an actual experience, a new paradigm altogether, where the '*human*' values of old can no longer be applied. This condition is beyond both *Love* and *Bliss* – which, when all is said and done, are still affective – and with it comes an immeasurable freedom from the '*Human Condition*'. The '*Human Condition*' is exemplified by mayhem and misery, for which *Love* and *Bliss* are its band-aid solutions ... they cannot eradicate the root-cause of humankind's problems, instead they preserve it. The new paradigm is exemplified by its utter equity for all, unlike the hierarchical structures always found in the '*Human Condition*'. *Authority* and *Power* with its potent force has no place here, no power-games are being played out nor is manipulation used to lull

someone into an illusion of a solution. In actualism each person is guided by the purity of their very own PCE, which they intimately know to be their unique destiny. The peak experience can be often ignored in ordinary life, where it is rarely validated by people as being the treasure that it is, because it does not feature in the orthodox life. One is on one's own, dependent upon no-one's *Divine Teachings* nor on any *Sacred Scriptures*. One is well-endowed with pure intent, enabling one to stand fast in the sea of 'humanity'.

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Almost two hours have gone by in a vivacious conversation and he is delighted with the exquisite equity between the three of us, which is invariably the consequence of living in actualism. He is particularly fascinated by the absence of severity and solemnity so rife in the retreat. A few times he had strongly felt the urge to rebel against the “mob-mentality” ... but he had not dared out of fear for being ostracised or thrown out. He also sees the role he himself had played in the glorification of the *Master*; his own desire for being a “powerful” person had caused him to be attracted to the person who best portrays fame, power and wealth, in the hope some of it would rub off on him. As none of these 'human' desires have any attraction for him right now, he realises that he is actually “better off” than any *Master*; this is “all so clean”, nobody can take this perfection away or spoil the purity of this with any *Spiritual* or *Religious* impositions. He is feeling extraordinarily free and autonomous and realises how much time and money was wasted on valuing other people's opinions over this actuality. None of their advice ever delivered the peace he is now enjoying here ... just hours after having spent six fruitless days in the company of a *Master* sitting in a *Divine State Of Consciousness*!

Three hours later he went home, walking out the door still experiencing the simplicity of actualism, having arranged for “another meeting like this”. I am very pleased with these hours of complete equity and peace for another person. As it can happen, non-stop, for these few hours, it is possible, with due application, for it to grow into twenty-four-hours-a-day.

Personal peace-on-earth is ever-available.

ARTICLE 30
IN ACTUALITY IT IS THE FESTIVE SEASON ALL YEAR AROUND

My companion and I are having a late lunch in the only restaurant we could find open on this particular day ... the main day of the festive season that occurs annually in this part of the world. The preparations have been in place for some weeks now and the media hype has been slowly building the anticipation of the faithful to the crescendo it reached this morning. All over the Western world the majority of the peoples have been looking forward to taking time off work and worries; looking forward to celebrating a cultural festival that is based on a religious event that supposedly occurred long ago in the past in another country. Familiar tunes – that are heard only at this time of the year – have been played on every radio station, in every television studio and in every large store one has entered into. It has been impossible to remain ignorant of the holiday-like atmosphere ... it permeates every nook and cranny of this society that I live in. And I would not wish to remain oblivious to all the frenetic activity, for I find that the revelry temporarily invigorates the population, whether they devoutly observe the religious anniversary or merely celebrate an annual secular carnival. People everywhere are expressing feelings of good-will, kindness and merriment ... and thinking wistfully and hopefully of an imagined peace on earth.

A few nights ago, some members of the local populace gathered communally on the village green, as evening fell, to sing together some evocative songs celebrating the arrival of their god-on-earth. It was a pretty sight; hundreds of flickering candles held by each person illuminated the scene as the resonance of many throats rose into the mellow air. The atmosphere was charged with an intensity of purpose that was rather sweet to witness ... the swelling voices harmonising, as in one accord they sung of

peace on earth and good-will to all. And they seemed to mean it too, their passion of purpose was marred only by their lack of remembrance of the factual nature of all of the religious wars that have beset this fair planet for century upon century. Yet in the newspaper the following day it was remarked what a success the event had been, as the citizenry had gathered together in the eventide song to celebrate the ideal of peace. Little did the writer realise the utter irony of these words, for an ideal is not a fact. It is one thing to celebrate a visionary dream ... and another to demonstrate its actuality. It is indeed unfortunate that so many can be content with so little; to live in hope that some long-dead deified being will somehow miraculously manifest and deliver the promised amity and concord that humankind has been plaintively longing for with heartfelt pangs of remorse and regret for hundreds and hundreds of years ... to no avail.

And now, with their scant moment of glory-time having passed only too swiftly, the disconsolate wards of wondrous tidings wander aimlessly along the footpath leading to the boulevard fronting the sea ... as I sit here enjoying my well-cooked meal at this happy table. Meandering aimlessly, they do not appear to know what they are looking for, as even the beach-front hostelry that dispenses liquid consolation and diversion is closed for the day. They have nowhere to go and nothing much to do but to end up in their empty houses to pick over the pieces of tinsel and tawdry and muse upon a life ill-lived. Little do they realise that what they are looking for lies just under their nose; the actuality of peace-on-earth is no further away than instantaneously now in time and immediately here on this planet in space. It only takes a determination to evince for oneself something infinitely better than that which has been promised but never delivered. It only takes a sincerity of purpose and a pure intent to instigate a beginning of the end of woe and malevolence. It only takes a dedication to the actualisation of freedom to uncover and make apparent the factual perfection that lies open all around for those with the eyes to see. It only takes the devotion of one's every waking moment to the delightful task of allowing the instant bestowal of individual universal peace at this moment in time ... befittingly here in the ultimate immediacy of this juncture in space. In actuality it is the festive season all year round.

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My companion wrote some more about her experience of being alive.

“In my first peak experience, I saw the perfection with my bodily senses, as this body. The cloud of ‘human’ superstition was momentarily lifted; no Authority, no Power, no Love and no Faith was playing a role in this perfection ... for there was no need for them. There was no lack, no want, no desires, no longing whatsoever. I saw that they only belonged inside ‘me’, as a psychological entity, and ‘my’ world-view. Nothing was wrong anywhere in this physical, earthly perfection. All what had ever been thwarting this wondrous purity, were ‘my’ ‘human’ misconceptions and prejudices. I saw instantly that I, as this body, was actually meant to live like this all the time ... like all people could. This perfection of the universe itself has never ordained that human life should be playing an exceptional role of imperfection and ignominy. There is no outside to perfection. This whole planet is perfectly situated in this infinite universe which is characteristically propelled to the best it can grow into.

“One of my peak experiences happened on the fore-shore. All of a sudden, unpremeditated, ‘I’ and ‘my’ world-view had disappeared and an immediate intimacy became apparent. Although I had lived in this village before and had grown very fond of it and its residents, there had always been a distance between me and other people, which had to be bridged by temporary feelings of love and affection which were never satisfying for long. Now a shift in seeing had occurred, and looking at the people around me, I noticed that the distance between me and others had miraculously vanished. Not only between me and other people but equally between me and the trees, me and the houses on the boulevard, even between me and the ocean. Nowhere was there a boundary. Another dimension had taken its place, which I initially experienced as a closeness closer than my own heartbeat, yet it was certainly not love for all or oneness with everything. It was another paradigm than the one in which the opposites play their major role ... and to depict it I needed another vocabulary than words like distant and close, separation and oneness. Opposites can only be used when there is a stationary benchmark to judge them by. When ‘I’, the standard from which everything was measured, ceased to be, a pure appraisal of the situation could take place. I saw everybody, including me as-this-body, and everything else, in its own proper place ... and nothing was wrong in any way.

“The atmosphere of the peak experience, which I can best describe as the peace that supports everything from underneath, is the calm that makes undeniably clear that all is well after all. All is still and at rest, but not as the result of sitting in silence or being static. An all pervading and utterly

pure atmosphere makes everything at once understood. It differs from intellectual understanding even though this is not precluded from it and can be activated in a crystal clear way, if so chosen. This is seeing the world as-it-is in all its wondrous grandeur. With grandeur I mean the vastness of all diversities happening simultaneously. The most outstanding thing is the ordinariness of it all, normally so easily overlooked and drowned by plans, schemes and dreams usually attracting so much attention. Here is no need for 'me' and 'my' problems, 'me' and 'my' solutions. 'I' only make that which does not need improvement unnecessarily complicated for oneself and all concerned. Everything is simply correct, perfectly harmonised according to only what is happening; no thing, no sound, no person is out of place. To think otherwise would take time away from here as-it-is. I cannot possibly object to any of what is going on, because I have no reason to do so all is achieved already when 'I' as a separate on-looker, am no longer keeping myself apart from this actuality.

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“Many people have experienced this peace in moments of exquisitely ordinary perfection; the ‘normal’ and ordinary things – like sitting at the table, walking in the street, doing the dishes – have all of a sudden taken on a glance, a shine of immense purity that surpasses the culturally determined aesthetics and the self’s feeling of beauty. This perfection is completely immune to emotions and thoughts, the ‘normal’ arbiters used for judging the quality of one’s life. This is a pure consciousness experience, which Richard calls apperception. Apperception is when ‘I’ cease perceiving and perception happens of itself ... which the brain with its sense organs is patently capable of doing. And as for the feelings – the emotions and passions – the concept of bonding, belonging and relationship simply cannot be applied, not even with my partner, as there is nobody inside to do the relating. This perfect intimacy is everywhere at once, not generated somewhere specific and then diffused to other locations as is the case with love.

“What I have done up to now is to have laid my self bare by uncovering and eliminating the social identity, behind which ‘I’ as self, skulked. ‘My’ social identity can best be described as how ‘I’ distinguished myself from others and with others within the biggest group: the ‘human’ race. I have dismantled all that I used to socially identify myself with and

which separated me from others; these were identifications like my nationality, my family, my religion, my profession, my friends and colleagues, my values, my beliefs, my prejudices and preconceptions. They were the boundaries which outlined 'me' – within which 'I' had learnt to operate and function 'safely', like everybody before me – which were confining me to a life of separation and loneliness. Like a double-bind the defence of my social identity – of my 'security' – precluded me from sharing myself intimately with another ... unless I was prepared to sacrifice my delicate 'security'. Thus my emotional intimacies with others had left me bruised and disappointed and more defending of that what I identified with. I have now given up 'my' precious independence and its resultant "splendid isolation".

"I no longer have that yearning, gnawing feeling of loneliness and separation which can only conjure up a longing for its opposite. No longer lonely, I do not need the company of others to create unity and oneness, hence the group-mentality neither attracts nor repulses me. Free from a social identity, I would not know which role to play, which position to take in the group. I could not fit into any role, be it leader or led, because all roles demand a belief in their necessity and their specific properties, in order to play them convincingly. I can no longer believe in what others hold so passionately in their minds and hearts ... I cannot believe at all in humankind's psittacistic 'wisdom'.

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We have finished our feasting and are meandering along the main street through the heart of the village we live in. Hand-in-hand we wend our way through the now thinning crowds, as a light rain is falling, imbuing the scene with a misty drift of warm summer moisture. The weather further dampens the spirits of those already tempered with the caution of another year passed in trust and faith unfilled ... and brooks ill for the holiday-maker's fun. Yet here in the actual world all is blithe and gay. To be happy and harmless is the extemporaneous condition of the one that has dared to go all the way into banishing malice and sorrow forever from one's life. It is the feeling of *identity*, supported and maintained by beliefs and '*truths*', that bars one from the marvel of life as-it-is. By identifying as a psychological/psychic entity, one must feel excluded from the purity and perfection, giving rise to the loneliness and resentment so endemic all throughout the real world.

“Because the feeling of separation, be it emotional, physical, mental or psychic, is experienced as unbearable loneliness, the self has learnt to assuage those feelings by identifying with some of them and not with others ... thus creating the social identity, the member in the group. It functions as a guard for the frightened, lonely and very cunning self that wants to stay in existence at all costs. As each self is separate by definition, ‘humanity’ has believed in only two remedies, two solutions: to live in duality wherein the solution to each problem is to be sought in the opposite – loneliness soothed by group-activities, bad by good, greed by generosity and so on – or by transcending this duality. Yet there is a third alternative: the dissolution of the root of the problem ... ‘I’ as a separate self, hidden and protected by ‘who I am’, the social identity, the group-member.

“The ‘who’ one thinks and feels oneself to be is a confused conglomeration of all the roles that distinguish ‘me’ from others in each and every group one belongs to. “Who I am” must be asserted within the group and defended outside of the group one belongs to. If, for instance, ‘I’ belong to an ethnic group ‘my’ role is to portray the beliefs, values and traditions that set this group apart from others and the more consistent ‘I’ am in representing “my folk” the more love and security ‘I’ derive from them. On the other hand, when one is confronted by a member of another ethnic group, who questions one’s adopted beliefs and traditions and may even ridicule them, one feels personally attacked and has only one course of action, that is to defend oneself and one’s group in the manner already prescribed by the group for such circumstances. This defence can range from verbal and physical violence to even death and war the history books illustrate this ‘human’ scenario blatantly.

“Humankind has roamed and fought within the confines of this distinction, this duality, for time immemorial. Some human beings have even acknowledged duality to be the basic error and set out to prove that transcendence of duality is possible. The self, hidden behind the outside role, feels trapped and longs for freedom but knows only to resort to what ‘humanity’ has established as the cure, so far: by escaping from the physical world into metaphysics. Yet however lofty their state of transcendence may be, they still adhere to duality and separation by distinguishing themselves as special here on earth and persisting into an afterlife. What they unvaryingly demand is recognition – by as many others as possible – of that which they

themselves find so difficult to explain but what is eagerly accepted by their followers as being “Ineffable”, “Nameless”, “Indefinable” and so on. It matters not what the distinguishing features, the discriminating characteristics are that one sets oneself apart with from others ... whatever one identifies oneself to be as the next socialised identity, the second ‘I’.

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“All of the “Gods On Earth” are identifying as this next ‘I’ and are, however, still one of the individuals who make up a group, but they have distinguished themselves from all others within the group by surrendering to the Authority, Power, Love and Glory believed by all to exist in some other dimension. The metaphysical masters have become special in that they have followed the path originally laid down back in the mists of time ... strangely enough based on genuine peak experiences of utter perfection, complete satisfaction in being here now in the world as-it-is. But very few of these once-sincere individuals – if any – felt comfortable in leaving the experience of perfection to its own verification. They ascribed it instead to the basic ‘human’ beliefs in gods and goddesses, whereby it was taken out of its purity and watered down to a concept acceptable within the Human Constitution ... which has as its basic premise “perfection can never be reached by any human”. The belief of all of humankind’s different groups, that humans were somehow pushed out of perfection, has obviously been originated by people who found themselves in difficult circumstances and ascribed these to supernatural forces. But, conversely, some people are believed to be specially chosen by their God to lead humankind out of bondage and slavery.

“This bondage is characterised by attraction to like-minded people and repulsion away from all others, which puts everyone concerned in the invidious position of separation and conflict with those outside of the group: one must either attack others or defend one’s own ... not only outside one’s group but also within. The most elementary law by which anyone is normally expected to be bound by is: “This is the only way ever known to humans, so we cannot change it. To learn to live with it, coping-mechanisms are designed to help you to adapt”. One is then not able to think for oneself; not able to question “The Teachings”; not able to be authentic or original. It is a way in which original thinking is strongly discouraged so as not to threaten the “good of the whole”. The writings about “The Sacred”, the “Revealed Word”, are comparable to the spells, the potent potions and incantations of

the occult. It is as if a pre-determined role has been ascribed to you before you were born – by whom this character part was written can only be speculated about, as the original authors lie buried in the mists of time and are known as being “our revered ancestors” – and thus each ‘slave’ has no choice but to be attracted to a ‘master’ ... and vice versa. This attraction is called intuitive “Recognition”.

“What does this cherished intuition tell one? It exhorts one to not only seek what is pre-recognised as “Truth”, but very specifically where it is to be found ... everybody is socialised, programmed, mesmerised and seduced into looking for it where fame and glamour and glory are already established. The bigger the crowd the more attractive and the greater the hope to find “Unity” or “Union” with this “Truth” ... so much for the validity – the originality – of the highly esteemed intuition. Isn’t “Unity” or “Union” but another word for belonging? Once again, this is a designated role one is supposed to play. Any player in this ‘human’ drama of living life in a pre-ordained way is required to act a lot of different roles in one day ... and only a superficial glance is all that is required to show how unbearably conflicting these roles are. A “well-adjusted identity” is able to remain relatively impervious to the confusion and inner conflict the different roles produce. The remedy for not being able to adjust to this inner conflict is by defending one’s role in a more devoted way ... or give way to confusion and slip into apathetic ignorance. Why then is so much time, money and energy spent on alleviating those symptoms which arise from the notion of having to belong – the ideal of all groups – in the first place? And who is the ‘I’ who does the belonging? ‘I’ am merely a social construct.

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Religious teaching brainwashes people into believing nonsense instead of observing facts and actuality. I am this body; I am the sense organs: this seeing is me, this hearing is me, this tasting is me, this touching is me, this smelling is me, and this thinking is me. Whereas ‘I’, the psychological/psychic entity, am inside the body: looking out through ‘my’ eyes as if looking out through a window, listening through ‘my’ ears as if they were microphones, tasting through ‘my’ tongue, touching through ‘my’ skin, smelling through ‘my’ nose, and thinking through ‘my’ brain. Of course ‘I’ must feel isolated, alienated, alone and lonely, for ‘I’ am cut off from the magnificence of the actual world ... the world as-it-is. Of course ‘I’ must

invent a *god* to seek *union* with so as to end my loneliness and sorrow. Of course 'I' must project a *Higher Self* so as to realise that is who 'I' am. Of course 'I' must go from illusion into delusion, for 'I' cannot countenance not '*being*' at all. '*My*' very '*presence*' distorts the requisite clarity so essential for success.

Many are the *Saints* and *Sages* who have discovered *The Self* or *The Spirit* ... and they have been imparting their nonsense to all those gullible peoples who are eager for *religious, spiritual, mystical* and any *metaphysical* experience. The trouble with people who discard the *god* of their society's *religion* is that they do not realise that by turning to an esoteric *spirituality* they have effectively jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. All *spirituality* and *mysticism* is *religion* ... merely in a different form to what people in the west have been raised to believe in. This is the particularly pernicious aspect of the *metaphysical* realm ... that it sounds so convincing to the mind that is desperately looking for answers. The social conditioning actually sets up the situation for a thinking person to be susceptible to the insidious doctrines of the esoteric world. At the end of the line there is always a *god* of some description, lurking in disguise, ready to wreak its havoc upon a gullible humankind in the name of Peace On Earth. And it is of no use to protest that such *spirituality* is not a *religion*, because it is about realising oneself to be "*That*", the *Authority* and *Power* by whatever name, that demands surrender and obedience in return for order.

Peace-on-earth has nothing to do with order or disorder ... order implies compliance to domination, be that sovereign either external or internal. 'Who' is being ordered ... and by 'whom'? The extinction of '*me*' in '*my*' entirety does away with those "*Tried and True*" methods of disciplining the wayward *identity*. Peace-on-earth is freedom from the 'Human Condition' ... a term that refers to the situation that all human beings find themselves in when they emerge here as babies. The term refers to the contrary and perverse nature of all peoples of all races and all cultures ... and there is "good" and "bad" in everyone. As all humans have a "dark side" to their nature and a "light side", the battle betwixt "Good and Evil" has raged down through the centuries and it requires constant vigilance lest evil gets the upper hand. Morals and ethics seek to control the wayward *identity* that lurks deep within the '*human*' breast ... and some semblance of so-called 'peace' prevails for the main. Where morality and ethicality fails to curb the "savage beast", law and order is maintained ... at the point of a gun. Because there is no good or evil in the actual world of sensual delight one then lives freely in

the magical paradise, which this verdant earth floating in the infinitude of the universe, actually is. Being here at this moment in time and this place in space is to be living in a fairy-tale-like ambience that is never-ending.

I can heartily recommend committing both psychological and psychic suicide.

ARTICLE 31
SHE SAID SHE WAS LOVING THE SUFFERING OF ‘HUMANITY’

It is a particularly glorious morning in mid summer and my companion and I are reclining at ease in the verdant park that overlooks the ocean, admiring the vista and thoroughly enjoying the “fruits of our labour”. For years I have been exploring and finding, uncovering and discovering, seeking and locating, that which humankind has been yearning after for centuries. It has been a productive number of years, oft-times fun and sometimes intense, but never boring or dull. It has been a delight and a thrill to venture into territory where no-one has been before, daring to go beyond the limits of *‘humanity’*’s understanding, in a successful endeavour to solve the “Mystery of Life”. My discoveries were at times startling, to say the least; to a *‘normal’* person they can be downright shocking and unbelievable. And yet ... all whom I speak with eventually say that what I talk of sounds like it would be nice if it was right ... that they have often hoped it to be so ... but is it really true? Doubting the possibility of perfection here-on-earth is the biggest saboteur of fertile investigation and triumphant breakthrough into that which is new. The underlying reason for doubt is fear of any change away from the *‘normal’*, no matter how desolate the *‘normal’* actually is. Hence the inveterate clinging to the “*Tried and True*” methods ... despite the verifiable fact that they have been tried and tried again and again to no avail. It is truly amazing that human beings can traipse endlessly down the well-worn path that leads to nowhere fruitful ... and vigorously defend their right to do so. Yet, as the “*Tried and True*” has produced such frightful suffering – wars, rapes, murders, tortures, starvation, grief, sorrow, suicide and so on – nobody anywhere at all has any genuine “right” to perpetuate the appalling status-quo.

The couple I am speaking with now are exercising their “*God-given right*” with all their might and main. We had all met, briefly, some time ago and I must have said sufficient then to whet their appetite for further conversation, because they have just come up to us where we are sitting under a tree in order to engage in continuing the dialogue. Apparently impervious to the magnificent scenery and the simple joy of being alive on this splendid morning, they are vigorously imploring us to believe in their solution to humankind’s woes. They are acutely conscious of the global suffering and are determined to communicate their message to as many people as possible. Further discussion elucidates the fact that they are fervent followers of a *Divine ‘Being’*, whose *Teachings* are the *Divine Message* they wish to propagate. I have been in this particular arena before with many a person and they all have had nothing original to say ... I have heard the same dissertation over and over again, with only subtle variations upon the theme to make it appear to be fresh. Yet I do not often tire of offering my time and acquired expertise to engage in an amiable deliberation of the matter that is closest to human being’s essential character. After all, every human being has a vested interest in the permanent ending of suffering ... or do they?

The man has been speaking for some time now and he is saying that if only everybody would believe in the existence of *God* – or you can call it *Consciousness* or *Intelligence* or something else if the word *God* conjures up *Religious* images – as pre-existing all of creation, then we humans would all realise that we are already in *Unity*. Apparently, the problem with philosophers is that they take themselves to be separate and seek *The Truth* – which is *Unity* – outside of themselves. It is a matter of recognising that one is already in a state of *Oneness* ... separation is an illusion. I demur at this and point out that any notion of *Oneness* or *Unity* arises out of the separation itself, so therefore any “recognising” would be a delusion born out of an illusion. I suggest to him that, in the same way that he says the philosophers make a mistake in seeking *The Truth*, ‘recognising’ *Oneness* or *Unity* is equally a mistake ... the correct way to approach this dilemma is to end separation without either ‘seeking’ or ‘recognising’ and see what happens as an actuality. In order to end the separation one looks into one’s *self* to see exactly what it is made up of. What one immediately finds is a sense of *identity*, which is who one thinks and feels oneself to be but he is not listening ... all he has heard is the word delusion and fervently keeps on insisting that *Oneness* or *Unity* are the only *reality* that pre-exists everything else. I say it is a belief, which he hotly denies, stating that it is *real*. I ask how

can he know it to be *real* and sure enough he brings in the *Teachings* of his *Master*, in whom he believes.



According to him his *Master* is already living in the state of *Oneness* ... and so we now begin to be given the essence of the message he wants to propagate. As it is impossible for one to independently ‘recognise’ that one is already in *Unity*, one needs all the help one can get from an earthly manifestation of *Consciousness*. The *Master* is invaluable to us humans as ‘*He*’ is the means by which we can “re-cognise” ourselves ... by surrendering to ‘*Him*’. And how is one to go about doing this surrendering? As the man has been hogging the limelight for some time – all the while his partner has been sitting patiently and nodding her agreement from time to time – she is now happy to seize the opportunity to expound on the merits of worship and adoration. With an almost angelic countenance she praises her *Master* as being “perfectly beautiful” and “just radiating *True Love* to all ‘*humanity*” and being “the embodiment of *Infinite Compassion*”. She appeals to us to get out of our heads and into our hearts, to taste this *True Love* for ourselves, so that we can feel what they are telling us, instead of trying to understand it with our minds.

I respond that there is no such thing as *True Love* and that any love invariably brings sadness and pain with it ... besides which, upon close examination, all love is innately manipulative. She bridles at this iconoclastic view of what she regards as the most *Sacred* representation of the *Divine* and avows that, whilst ‘*human*’ love can be corrupted, *Divine Love* is ever-pure and unable to be manipulated.

At this stage a rather astounding event starts to take place ... made all the more astounding because it is a truly exquisite day in a marvellously picturesque environment. Besides which, I am actually living in an ongoing condition of personal freedom from suffering and evil and I am casually enjoying a somewhat predictable discussion with two relative strangers about their ‘*human*’ experience of life. They are trying to tell us how to live and I am endeavouring to get a word in edgeways to tell them that I already know how and that it is not at all the way that they espouse ... there is a better way and if they could only realise the irony involved in missing out on this moment’s splendour by straining after some deluded man’s vision ... but by now she has tears streaming down her face. Most certainly concerned, I ask

her what is the matter and she struggles to say that she is feeling love. Drawing upon many years of experience of love, I immediately perceive she is feeling heart-ache and enquire if this is so. She nods her anguished agreement and I suggest that it might be because she is feeling that she is missing out on that something wondrous ... but she shakes her head emphatically and then ... and then she made this very odd statement. She said that she was loving the suffering of *'humanity'*.

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For a moment or two I am slightly bemused, for normally someone says that they love something nice, like “I love him” or “I love her” or “I love ice-cream” or something similar. How on earth can anyone love something as repulsive as global suffering? But then I realise that she is giving us a practical demonstration of the efficacy of her *Master's Teaching* ... for by now she has moved on from the tears and heart-ache and is radiating love. I understand that she was feeling compassion for all beings and that this compassion has now evolved into full-blown love. Next she will be feeling blissful and we watch, fascinated. The man also has tears in his eyes and remarks, somewhat brokenly, that they often have tears while watching the news on television. There is no doubting their earnestness ... they are profoundly aware of the plight of *'humanity'* and are sincerely trying their best to do something about it. It is a pity they are so misguided, for their zeal could be put to far better use than alleviating their personal anguish by going through this extraordinary exercise in futility of loving *'humanity's* suffering.

Not that they are on their own in this vain practice ... the ritual of manifesting compassion for all sentient beings is performed devotedly, on a daily basis, by millions of practitioners world-wide. It is all to no avail as suffering has continued unabated since time immemorial ... but it gives the *devotees* the feeling that they are doing something constructive. And after all, apart from that mammoth deception, there is the matter of this *Ecstatic Bliss*. For any person who is living a sorrowful life, moments of *Bliss* are not to be sneezed at as a way of appearing to ameliorate a hopeless situation. Thus it is actually *self-serving*, for no-one else's suffering is alleviated despite the implied promise. Personally, I find it to be a lot of hard work – apart from the inequitable deception – for such a briefly pleasurable feeling, *Bliss*, however hard-won, never lasts for long ... indeed she is starting to revert to *'normal'* already ... apart from the ever so slight slyly victorious smile, that is. It was

quite a performance and would impress the gullible into thinking themselves to be uncaring and indifferent to *'humanity's* situation. I wonder how many converts she gets this way ... or was it an impulsive outpouring induced by the seeming complacency of our outlook on life in which love plays no part?

Over the years I have, on occasion, been charged with being complacent which, by being used pejoratively, is meant to imply indifferent or apathetic. As the word 'complacent' can also mean well-pleased and at ease, I rather like the word and wished it to be meant as an endorsement. I am certainly not indifferent to the plight of another and will do whatever I can to eradicate their suffering ... eradicate, not alleviate. Herein lies the rub: people expect consolation for suffering, not dissolution of the cause. I propose an absolute end to not only suffering, but malice as well and, as much as people mouth such sentiments as being ideal, when it comes to the nitty-gritty of actually achieving such a condition, they invariably defend the status-quo. Not only do they maintain their inherited position, they contend that I am either deceiving myself or suppressing my feelings. According to them I merely 'think' that I have achieved the perfection I speak of ... nobody, it seems, is permitted to be actually living what they all piously hope for. When faced with the concrete realisation of their dreams they passionately deny that such a thing is possible. Ever so slowly, as the years roll by, I am having to revise my optimistic prediction that global peace-on-earth will be a long time coming. If some of the people I have met during this last seventeen years are anything to go by it will never happen!

My companion had something to say at this point.

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"The reason I am not interested in consolation is because it justifies the abominable status-quo by vindicating the very cause of separation – the illusion of being a self – because in it not only are my emotions praised, but my very social identity is affirmed and reinforced. One feels forgiven, totally accepted and loved all rolled in one ... being consoled is a highly sought-after feeling throughout the world. However, solace can only exist where there is a sufferer to attract it and the need for suffering is indispensable for a feeling of comfort to be aroused. As this 'good' feeling brings about an addiction to continued suffering, the addiction to suffering – including the suffering of all – is initially strenuously denied as being an addiction, of course. Suffering itself is defended as being "a natural occurrence" ... in

other words: “we can’t change human nature”. It requires an aperture, an open window in an otherwise closed mind – a mind that is made-up in advance regarding reality – to see the original purity of the self-less condition. In this aperture one can see the detrimental effect the glorification of suffering has on humankind. Normally one is filled to the brim with the justifications of – and the excuses for – this basic agreement about not changing ‘human’ nature. The question I posed to myself many years ago was: what if this tacit assumption can be demonstrated to be the basic mistake of all of humankind?

“For over thirty years I had lived according to ‘humanity’s ‘wisdom’, and had nearly come to believe that it was not for me to investigate that which was already concluded by all as being The Truth: ‘human’ nature was a given condition that I would be bound by for all of my life. All I was to do was to accept the ‘normal’ human shortcomings in me and others ... who were also stuck with the same basic nature and imperfections. I was to curb or suppress the negative emotions like anger, fear, sorrow and greed while enhancing and expressing the positive emotions like love, compassion, forgiveness and acceptance. Yet, despite all the sincere attempts by me and others, suffering in its many forms persisted on a daily basis. In conjunction with everybody I used to believe that suffering made me a stronger, more humane being and that it was imperative to love the bitter-sweet taste of sorrow, to appreciate the beauty in pathos. This love and beauty “gives richness to life” and that without it everything would be bland, insipid and boring. I studied the Great Artists of literature, music, painting, sculpture and so on and from them I learnt to appreciate the Romantics most. They seemed to strike a chord in me personally as I was very prone to falling in love. Thus in an empirical way I discovered all there was to feel and understand about love and suffering ... many an hour of the most profound love and utter bliss were out-weighed by the inordinate time spent in disappointment, dismay, distress and grief. Living according to the pre-ordained ‘human’ expectations had produced a mediocre and rarely excellent life ... often painful and always with an underlying general discontent. I had to come to the realisation that there was something drastically wrong with the assumption of being doomed to live this scenario, which not only made my own life unsatisfactory, but led to suffering and wars on a global scale.

“I needed a healthy dose of megalomania to consider freeing myself – and ‘humanity’ – from the injunctions laid down by highly revered humans

long dead and reinforced by modern authorities. But as peace on earth only existed as a hope in some ill-defined future and equity, with its much vaunted goodwill for all, and is nowhere to be found anywhere in the real world, I had no compunction about my resolve to find the perfect way of life. My motto was: improve the world but start with myself. First I had to demonstrate that not only can people live in perfect peace but that we can indeed live a fascinating and joyful life without any of sorrow's bliss. The glaring error made by the Leaders of 'humanity' is their incompetence in living according to their own advice ... their "message for humankind" is unqualified and thus unfit for human consumption. The Divine Message has not been successfully demonstrated, hence the need to impose – by rewards and punishments – that which even the messenger cannot live by. Love Agapé and Divine Bliss are never able to be lived successfully as they are derived from within the 'Human Condition', bound by the basic assumption that 'human' nature ever remains intact, along with the cherished sentiments of the consolations in pathos ... pity, sympathy, empathy, compassion, forgiveness and acceptance."

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Strolling home through the main street of this sea-side village, I idly ponder the irrational idealism of the couple who had dismissed my description of human perfection as “throwing the baby out with the bath-water” ... a reactive cliché often used in a peculiar defiance of what I enjoy being able to say. I understand how people can be alarmed by my inevitable exposé of the status-quo, but I am not disheartened. What I set out to achieve all these years ago is simply beyond ‘humanity’s wildest expectations. Each day in my life is an absorbing interest ... I live how I have always known it to be possible. Each moment is one of peace, harmony, benignity, tranquillity ... and a lot of joy.

There is an end to the suffering of humankind.

ARTICLE 32
SOCIETAL VALUES ARE A PSYCHOLOGICAL METHOD OF
CONTROL

It is a sunny afternoon in mid summer and my companion and I have all the windows and doors open to allow the warm but gentle air to circulate throughout the premises. I am engaged in a stimulating conversation with a friend of several years standing; she is a psychologist by profession and specialises in counselling people under stress. She is particularly attracted to what makes up the 'Human Condition' and is always interested in what I have to say about my discoveries into the matter of eliminating suffering and aggression. She often jokes that if everybody were to follow my example, she and her colleagues would be put out of business; but as that day will be a long time coming I assure her that her superannuation is safe. As she is in the business of alleviating suffering and aggression, not eliminating it, I wonder what she gets out of our discussions ... yet she avers that they are of inestimable help. She views me as being at the forefront of the evolutionary mutation into the next stage of human development, all the while realising that people in general have a long way to go. Although she loves to theorise about actual freedom, she is learned enough to realise that virtual freedom is the more realistic goal for people to aim for. Thus most of our talk centres around the practicalities of working through the 'Human Constitution', as much as she would love to institute an ultimate breakthrough herself.

Although I have made a study of psychology myself, I am not limited to just the one discipline. I am vitally concerned with ontology – the science of '*being*' – which takes in many different fields of expertise. Accordingly, my studies have included such various subjects as sociology, philosophy, theology, cosmology, anthropology, archaeology, palaeontology, physics, politics and so on. Of course I only have an encyclopaedic

knowledge of all these diverse topics, I do not pretend to have made an in-depth analysis ... just sufficient to meet my requirements. I favour the empirical approach to such a subjective study as ontological matters ... all my findings are personally verified experientially. My avowed aim was clear: to find that which is actual. I maintained from the very beginning of my exploration into the human psyche that it was just not possible that this fantastic universe, in all its marvellous diversity and intricate form, could be forever hopelessly ‘wrong’. I could not believe that human beings were fated to be everlastingly miserable, with only scant reprieve from the endless grind. I asked why it should be set in stone that we humans could have only moments of happiness, only temporary periods of harmony. It seemed such an absurdly preposterous premise that “you can’t change human nature” ... in the face of many such contumacious admonitions I set out to solve the “Mystery of Life”.

I find it curious that a psychologist should be so interested in my stance: the ending of *identity* is the demise of *self*. Psychologists have the avowed aim of strengthening a person’s sense of ‘*being*’ ... they always seek to improve a patient’s feeling of *self-worth*, *self-esteem*, *self-image*, *self-assurance*, *self-confidence* and *self-respect*. I have sometimes been challenged – by people who only half-listen to what I have to say – as proposing a rejection of oneself. All modern therapies are concerned with an acceptance; to learn how to appreciate oneself as being lovable despite all of one’s faults and to start by loving oneself as one is. I do not suggest that anyone reject themselves ... but nor do I advocate that anyone accept themselves, either. I posit the notion that ‘*being*’ – the rudimentary *self* that arises out of the instinctual passions of fear and aggression and desire and nurture that all sentient beings are born with – is the root-cause of all the ills of humankind. It is through the ending of ‘*being*’ that one can live freely without either the animosity or anguish that epitomises the sense of *identity* that infiltrates from the affective faculties into the cognitive ... and needing to be controlled. The virtual magnanimity endowed by pure intent obviates the necessity for a *social identity*, born out of society’s values, to be extant and controlling the wayward *self* with a conscience. Societal values are a psychological method of control.

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Some people on the property over the back fence have started to mow the grass, so I shut the doors and windows on that side of the house the better to hear what is being said. I switch on the fan to generate a flow of air, as it is a rather warm day to be sitting without the breeze that was circulating through the room. Her interest in the subject undisturbed, she leans forward and with some intensity says that the values she holds are a necessary restraint and she cannot live without her values, surely? I ask her just whose values are they in the first place and by this I mean who originated them? One may think that they are one's own values, but if one looks into any value at all, one will see that it has been instilled into one or adopted as being one's own. Whether acquired recently or sometime at the beginning of memory, it is always derived from another person, or persons. Values are already in place in the society where one was born; they are incorporated in the different groups that make up that society. Each group gains coherence from the particular set of values the members hold dear, thus forming a *group-identity*, which provides a sense of security to each member under the illusion of "safety in numbers". In return for the sense of belonging one is obliged to defend the values of the group. One can belong to many groups simultaneously or even change groups, but one must adopt their different sets of values. There is no escaping the fact that in order to belong to a group – any group at all – one must hold values of some kind or another. It is sheer vanity to select certain values from the many available and espouse them as being one's own invention. To then call this accumulation of instilled and selected values one's integrity is to delude oneself into thinking that one, as a *social identity*, is unique.

Whilst one is a *social identity* one is not unique. To repeat: a *social identity* is a psychological creation manufactured by society to act as a guardian over the wayward *self* one was born with. Everyone is born with a biologically coded instinctive drive for personal physical survival which, when one is operating and functioning with a group of people, is potentially a danger to the survival of other group members. Hence the need for moral rules and ethical laws to regulate the conduct of each person ... with appropriate rewards and punishments to ensure compliance. In a well-meant but ultimately short-sighted effort to prevent goals from being filled to overflowing, a *social identity* – a psychological guardian – is fabricated in an earnest endeavour to prevent the offences from happening in the first place. This 'guardian' is programmed with a set of values and charged with the role of acting as a conscience over the wayward *self*. A conscience is made up of

a sure knowledge of what is Right or Wrong and Good or Bad ... as determined by each society. By and large this enterprise has proved to be effective – only a small minority of citizens fail to behave in a socially acceptable manner – but the price for this effectiveness is the loss of the ability to be unique. The lack of uniqueness results in a generalised suffering for all of ‘humanity’. ‘Humanity’ is faced with the invidious choice between curbing aggression and ensuring suffering, or curbing suffering and ensuring aggression ... or so it has been up until now.

Something can definitely be achieved in regards to this culturally-imposed *social identity* ... one can readily do something about it if one is suitably motivated to do so. One can bring about a benediction from that perfection and purity which is the essential character of the universe by contacting and cultivating one’s original state of naiveté. Naiveté is that intimate aspect of oneself that is the nearest approximation that one can have of actual innocence – there is no innocence so long as there is a rudimentary *self* – and constant awareness of naive intimacy results in a continuing benediction. This blessing allows a connection to be made between oneself and the perfection and purity. This connection I call pure intent. Pure intent endows one with the ability to operate and function safely in society without the incumbent *social identity* with its ever-vigilant conscience. Thus reliably rendered virtually innocent and relatively harmless by the benefaction of the perfection and purity, one can begin to dismantle the now-redundant *social identity*. This is demonstrably so, as my companion was living this as an actuality.

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“I could not have foreseen the carefree and attractive way I am now living every day. For over thirty years I had lived by advice from people who were supposedly wiser than me ... be they older and more experienced or academics who are said to understand life by having made an in-depth study or the Spiritual Leaders of humankind who have appeared throughout history. Although I diligently followed and put their Teachings into practice, the result of each piece of advice – apart from being pleased to have had the experience – left me no better off in an ultimate sense. None of these teachers of ‘wisdom’ proved capable of helping me to reach my destiny, as their ‘wisdom’ lies inside the ‘Human Condition’. My new guideline is this pure intent which, being an unwavering channel of purity, will not allow me to

succumb to anything less than the peace that is beyond human comprehension ... and which lies in that pure perfection of this remarkable universe. My pure intent caused me to recognise the person I did not know I was looking for, who lives this perfection and peace twenty-four-hours-a-day. I had then taken the very first practical step on my way to my destiny, which I knew could only become apparent when I and my imbibed world-view were no longer standing in the way.

“I did not know it yet, but this would mean a meticulous research into the ‘merits’ of my world-view – the ‘Human Constitution’ – by which all humans are bound. Unlike what I had learnt to believe and expect, it is indeed possible to live a harmonious and ever-interesting life with my partner, without any squabbles, arguments or fights at all. One can only live like this if one is genuine, unique and original, so I wanted to cease being a social identity. The first thing to do was to discontinue being a group member. It is a contradiction in terms to call any group-member unique, as one’s entire behaviour is governed by the values and ideals approved by all ... to be unique is the undoing of the very reason for belonging in the first place: a perceived communal security. One’s social identity is a precarious conglomeration of values of different kinds, which often contradict one another and leaves one confused, helpless and lonely. To assuage these feelings of inadequacy one is advised to passionately believe and defend all the values, allowing one to integrate them into a cohesive whole and become a well-adjusted personality. Such a person is said to have integrity, self-respect, self-confidence, self-esteem and self-worth and so on. The more differing values one is able to simultaneously defend and justify, the better adapted to the community one is seen to be. As autonomous thinking is surrendered to fit the demands for the well-being of the group, one will be made welcome in every group one desires to fit into. But at what cost?

“Not only has one become dependent on the group for one’s endorsement and security, but passions and emotions play a major role in maintaining the values that make up the fragile social identity; emotions give colour to the values and passions make them real. Both are the main source of inspiration for the members to keep the group and its objectives vigorous; without them the group wilts and loses its attraction for the individuals. The emotions and passions, with which the values learnt in family-life are defended, are identical to those used in a religion, a culture, a community or a nation. Whenever the perceived security is threatened, the inability to live according to the contradictory values lead invariably to guilt, resentment,

fear and sorrow. Ultimately violence of some kind is the end-result and on a world scale this means war ... where the identity-encumbered individual is readily sacrificed for the survival of the cultural group. This bizarre scenario has been the sorry state of humankind for time immemorial. Yet, despite the sickening atrocities, people defend their right to perpetuate their social identity – with its dubious values – at all costs. Rather than acknowledging the detrimental contribution one’s social identity makes to humankind, both personal and global peace is so willingly forfeited.

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“One of the main ‘merits’ of the ‘Human Constitution’ is the feelings humans hold dear most of all: love and compassion for others and oneself. Questioning the validity of love and compassion proved to be my most difficult assignment, even though there is no need for either love or compassion in the purity of the perfection. Something far, far better than love and compassion has taken its place, if that is possible to imagine. Living in the safety of the utter intimacy Richard provides enables me to see that love and compassion keep one identified as being a ‘human’, which means being a ‘someone’ in particular. ‘Being’ in itself means to be forever separated from the perfection of the universe and it is impossible to live freely. Nowadays, as I very rarely feel guilt, resentment, fear or sorrow, I do not miss the feeling of love and compassion at all, for I am no longer separated by being a social identity. Nor do I need to boost any self-esteem or whatever. Richard has never endorsed my adopted values – no matter how prized they were by other people – and has thus enabled me to live in a remarkably benign and benevolent atmosphere. It is an ambience most conducive to that perfect peace ... which has become apparent since my social identity willingly took its leave.

“Without the social identity that I used to think and feel myself to be, I am deliciously anonymous and living in a virtually continuous actualism. Now that my social identity is dismantled, complete with its borrowed values, I am able to originate genuine values – via pure intent – from the purity and perfection of the universe. I still need some values as guidance because, although my social identity is gone, I am nevertheless an identity as a self and therefore I am susceptible to every basic instinct of the ‘Human Condition’. Even though freed from the ‘Human Constitution’ – which is inculcated on top of the ‘Human Condition’ – I am conscious of the fact that

any of these instinctual reactions can be unexpectedly aggravated and the potential for aggression activated.

“These values are unique to the purity of the perfection of the universe which is characterised by calmness, forbearance and joy. Consequently, intimacy has replaced love, benevolence has replaced compassion, benignity has replaced pacifism, magnanimity has replaced forgiveness, innocence has replaced humility, probity has replaced virtue, equity has replaced justice. In short, altruism, philanthropy and humaneness have replaced duty, obligation and responsibility. Good or Bad and Right or Wrong have been replaced with a matter of fact awareness of the consequences of my actions as being either silly or sensible. And this awareness is utterly reliable and trustworthy because of pure intent, unlike the erratic vigilance that the social identity struggles to maintain. The values of the Human Constitution can only be artificial. The values generated via pure intent are original and therefore ever-attractive to happily apply, because they always produce the optimum sense of well-being.

“I am relatively harmless and virtually free from sorrow.”

ARTICLE 33
SEPARATION AND UNITY ARE BORN OUT OF THE ILLUSION OF
IDENTITY

It is mid-afternoon on a sultry summer's day and my companion and I are languidly reclining in our armchairs, being periodically refreshed by a gratifying rush of air as the sweep of the fan swings by, for there is but a desultory wind coming in through the open doors. The indications are that there could be a thunderstorm later and we are enjoying one of those times best described as a "quiet Sunday afternoon at home" where we are doing nothing in particular; we are simply appreciating being here now, being alive in this wonderful world. There are moments where it is exquisite to be physically at rest, casually making small talk as the fancy takes one ... especially when the weather is such that any outdoor activity is unattractive. Our indolence is broken by the sound of an engine stopping outside and a car door shutting, followed shortly by a man appearing at our door-step. Momentarily I take it to be a stranger, then I recognise him as someone who had come up to us with his wife in the park by the beach a little while ago. I am surprised to see him here as we had talked then, to no avail, about the futility of consolation as a solution to *'humanity's* plight. They were absolutely convinced that they knew the only way to ameliorate the 'Human Condition' and we had parted, after a couple of hours, never expecting to see them again. Yet he is here at our door, wishing to know if he may come in and further the discussion.

Of course he may and while fetching some welcome drinks, I enquire as to whether he has reconsidered his position regarding the matters we spoke of before. It is essential to bring to the fore the "hot topic" as soon as possible for I am not interested in enduring another two hours of the regurgitated pap that passes for original thought amongst most people ... I

enjoy our own delightful company and would prefer to be on our own rather than persevere with a hopeless discussion out of some misguided sense of social politeness. Although I never tire of explaining my position – life is so delicious it is a pleasure to talk about it – there must be some glimmer of interest in the other; or else I am talking to empty air. I do not seize upon just any opportunity at all to expound upon life in general ... as do those people who love to hear the sound of their own voices. What I like is a mutual fascination in the exquisite intricacies of human life in all its entirety ... a free-flow of questioning and comprehension generates an ambience that is beneficial to all concerned. Argumentation and disputation are debilitating and not at all conducive to peace and harmony ... and that is precisely what I am always prompted to talk about.

He says he has been considering what we had to say that day and had talked it over with his wife ... who was adamantly convinced that we were closed to *The Truth*. But he says that he is not prepared to be so sure as she is just yet; he would like to clarify some points I had made as they sounded like they could possibly supply “the missing bits” to the viewpoint he has had niggles of suspicion about from time to time. The ‘missing bit’, as far I am concerned, is the basic premise upon which his borrowed *Metaphysics* is built. Is it not the notion of separation being an illusion and ‘re-cognising’ *Unity* as already existing your fundamental error? Is it possible to contemplate that the feeling of separation may indeed be *real* and that it stems from the illusion of being an *identity*? If your *identity* is taken to be a fact, then you must seek *Unity*, as you keenly feel separated from the ‘whole’ that you perceive in some *Supernatural Dimension*. Your *identity* is the ‘*who*’ you take yourself to be; a sense of ‘*being*’ that has taken up psychological/psychic residence inside your body. The question you can ask is this: what if the ‘*who*’ of what I am is not genuine?

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He considers the question with a thoughtful look which soon turns to baffled puzzlement, saying that he could logically say this to be so but that does nothing for him ... all he knows is the feeling of separation. He can only operate on what he feels; he has driven himself mad over the years by thinking about life in a philosophical way and that got him nowhere. What he knows these days is what he intuitively recognises ... and his intuition tells him of the existence of a *Unity* that is all-pervading ... a *Oneness* that

transcends duality ... but I have heard this patter before; there is nothing original in all this. Is this actually your intuition or is it what you believe because it is what your *Master* tells you is *The Truth*? Please, beware of believing anything or anyone, for this is your life I am talking of ... your happiness and benignity ... this is your opportunity to free yourself from both suffering and malice ... and we are discussing peace-on-earth for all humans. This is not an idle discussion because, no matter how pleasant it is to be sitting here on this exquisite afternoon, I only wish to get at the facts of the matter. If it is not a case of belief, then you must be putting all your trust into your intuition as being the final arbiter of what is 'Right' and what is 'Wrong'. How can you trust your intuition so absolutely? Intuition has a bad track record in regards to being able to establish one hundred percent veracity. Are you really going to place your life in the hands of something so unreliable?

He is somewhat taken aback at this denouncement of what he cherishes so deeply and protests that if he abandons feelings he is back to thought – which has led him astray so many times before – and he must have faith in something. Faith? Why must you have faith ... what about the reliability of confidence? A confidence based upon fact, of course, not merely eager optimism ... I am not at all interested in “thinking positive” any more than I am in “thinking negative”. So forget thought – the mind can be a fertile breeding-ground for hallucinations – and forget feelings, for emotions and passions beget the esoteric, the psychic world of fantasies and phantasms. You can easily become bewitched by the bizarre entities that inhabit the *Supernatural Realms*; you can become beguiled and enchanted by the promise of the Glory and Glamour and Glitz of the *Altered State Of Consciousness* ... you will become a victim of that most insidious aspect of vanity: *Power* and *Authority*. So much for thought and feeling ... what about the third alternative? The third alternative is something that brings a confidence born out of a direct experience of the actual. Have you never come across apperception?

Apperception is the mind's perception of itself ... it is a bare awareness. Normally the mind perceives through the senses and sorts the data received according to its predilection; but the mind itself remains unperceived ... it is taken to be unknowable. Apperception happens when the 'who' inside abdicates its throne and a pure awareness occurs. This is called a pure consciousness experience. This peak experience is as if I have eyes in the back of my head; there is a three hundred and sixty degree awareness and

an abundant quality of peace and stillness from which the old 'me' had been precluded. An unparalleled equality prevailed all around; my essential character was identical with the essential character of the universe – not that nonsense of the 'who' being in Unity – but the one and the same thing.

“Playing the game of being a social identity is comparable with a theatre-play; before one is born the play was already written, the roles already laid out to choose from and the rules and regulations by which the players are bound already determined. These roles and rules I call the ‘Human Constitution’ and the key ‘player’ in this very ‘human’ act is your sense of social identity ... the ‘who’ you take yourself to be. In order to be allowed on stage to play your role, you are expected to have learnt the basic rules of the ‘Human Constitution’. Within this ‘human’ play you are given apparent choices dependent on your degree of adaptation; the better you are adjusted the more attractive the roles. A well-adjusted member has no trouble believing the play to be real and will defend their role, their investment in the game, whenever their position is threatened. No matter whether you play a subservient role or one of the main leading characters, all roles are intended to manifest the sense of belonging to the ‘theatre troupe’ ... the ‘human’ fraternity. You learn to feel proud to be a player and you feel the psychological ‘safety’ of being cared for by the group.

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“In return you are expected to contribute to this company – called ‘humanity’ – which is the largest family you can belong to. You have learnt to fear becoming an outcast, an ostracised and lonely ‘being’ outside the group, which is considered to be a fate worse than death. The stakes are deemed to be too high to even dare to contemplate questioning the only way to live life ... the well-established and “Tried and True” ‘human’ way. But could this ‘human’ way be a spell-binding seduction? What if humans have been mesmerised into believing themselves to be mere group-members, forever inclined to serve each group one identifies with, so as not to feel lonely and separate? Why then can one feel so desperately lonely and separated whilst belonging? How come one can still feel alienated from one’s partner in life, still feel lonely within one’s family, still feel separated when among friends and colleagues? Is not the Unity, so eagerly sought by the separate social identity, always believed to be found within some group identity ... be it here on earth or in some other Metaphysical Dimension? Is being a group-

member – a social identity – the only way to live? Is the status-quo worth exonerating any longer if one sees that all concerned are forever destined to cope with patent inequity and continuous alienation ... along with the associated loneliness, sorrow, guilt, resentment, anger, malice, fear and aggression that is the hall-mark of being ‘human’?

“The spell-bound social identity can only dance like a marionette on the strings of the Power and Authority that inheres in the Sacred ... which is the Oneness or Unity that one intuitively perceives. It arbitrarily divides ‘humanity’ into two groups: the ones who are living out the Sacred Writings and Divine Counsel and the ones who are attracted to follow them. The Sacred creates the hierarchical structures in ‘humanity’ to which both Master and follower are forever bound. The follower is reduced to plagiarising the Master’s lines – which can only be called psittacisms – whose Teachings and Presentation they believe to be the Highest Authority and Power on the matter of how to live ... not to mention their views and opinions. The Master derives their Authority and Power by having surrendered to the Sacred and, although thus a slave themselves, they have become next in the line of the hierarchy. Upon surrendering to the Master – who may be alive or long dead – the follower feels secure by basking in the glory of the transmitted Authority and Power. In order to perpetuate this security, the role of the follower is to learn the Teachings by heart and, because of their loving awe for their Master’s sanctification, zealously regurgitate and pass them off as their own.

“And so each player roams from stage to stage, hypnotised by their worship of the Sacred into believing themselves to be a unique individual when they portray the role their particular playwright has written for them. Their mind closes off after the contract between playwright and player is forged and so both Master and follower cannot see how each is ensconced within their own performance of bondage. Each are conditioned to defend their role, their beliefs, their values, their status-quo. Each is bound by specific injunctions – the “shoulds” and the “should nots” of their conditioning – and their conditioning has set the boundaries. Imbued knowledge of these boundaries creates a conscience ... the conditioned comprehension of Right or Wrong, Good or Bad. These arbiters of The Truth are programmed into each human being, both the leader and the led, by a process of communion. Intuition is the feeling part of conscience and is experienced by feeling either love or fear ... attraction or repulsion. These are strong feelings of a psychic nature and they have been very successful in

governing the human race because they are so easily transmitted from person to person. To remain 'human' is to remain in the grip of the intuitive emotional pact of bondage between all people. Because each social identity not only feels separate but has also learnt to be proud of the 'uniqueness' that distinguishes them from others, the promised feelings of harmony and unity with all are doomed to be ever-elusive.

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"I do not need Unity for I do not experience myself as being a separate social identity ... separation and Unity are born out of the illusion of any identity. I have dismantled this socialised blue-print ... the very reason for needing Unity in the first place. The social identity is, of itself, very lonely. Instead of bondage I live in an actualism – which is beyond 'normal' human expectations anyway – and in which the need to belong does not play a role any longer. The freedom from those 'human' needs, wants, desires, musts, coulds and shoulds – how you "ought" to be – is an unimaginable relief. My life has proven itself to be simply wonderful magnificent to the extreme. I cannot possibly find any objection to being here. To be here is a delight and a joy. My life is blithe, gay and carefree carefree in the literal sense of the word.

"And yet there is more to come! My partner is living in actual freedom; a freedom wherein the last vestiges of self – and Self – are gone ... vanished forever. However fantastic I find my present condition to be, there is more to come; something inestimably precious ... and which is irrevocably permanent.

"It has to be lived to be known."

ARTICLE 34

HOW IS ONE EXPERIENCING THIS MOMENT OF BEING ALIVE?

It is late-morning in mid-autumn and I am travelling in a car through densely forested country along narrow bitumen roads which sometimes degenerate into gravel before reverting back to a sealed surface again. It is a small and nimble car, yet it boasts an able air-conditioner busily blowing cool air into the interior – it being a hot morning – and it competently negotiates the steep twists and turns as it climbs higher into the mountain range. Large rain-forest trees loom lofty, forming an overhead canopy for the car to pass under. The sun is dappling shadows over the white bonnet of the vehicle as it flashes through the damp woodlands that are a delectation to the eyes. Understorey palms are reaching grandly up into the shade; some are festooned with creepers of varied description and a deep leaf-mould carpets the forest floor. As the car rounds a particularly twisting bend a large lizard crossing the road gives a startled leap to the safety of the roadside and ahead some parakeets coruscate brilliantly as they swoop low from one side into the other. Altogether it is a splendid morning ... and there is a gladness in easily cruising along my way, quiescently enjoying the peace and ease between me and the new woman in my life, who is driving the car. We are going on a picnic.

My latest companion is several years younger than my other companion and enjoys all that is involved in driving a car expertly and confidently. She is an adventurous person whom I have known for a number of years now and our association has grown into something very personal over time. She is long past being a mere tyro in actualism, for our association over the years has produced remarkable results. Long gone are the days of constant regression into normalcy: she spends much of her time being here – here is this moment of being alive – where happiness and harmony reside.

The three-way alliance over this period has grown to such an extent that all of us are appreciative of being able to now live together agreeably and freely. It is no ordinary ménage à trois, however; it is an alliance based firmly on a triple aspiration to ensure a freedom for everybody ... and we are all well-pleased to be participating in such a bold venture. Our escapade has raised the odd eyebrow; ruffling the occasional feather it has caused a flurry of talk around town, but we have a delightfully cheeky approach to such discussion. When all is said and done, it is of nobody's business but our own. What we are doing is an exhilarating essay into hitherto unknown territory, yet I am supremely confident of an ability to enjoy whatever eventuates ... because of the pure intent born out of the perfection of this universe we all live in. After all, I am living in an actual freedom and the others are both enthusiastic participators in a flourishing actualism.

I have no doubts that actualism is for anybody and everybody ... anybody, that is, who is willing to go all the way into what is possible for a human being to actualise. And what is possible is a purity that is way beyond 'normal' human expectations; actualism is vastly superior to anything that has ever gone before in human history ... and there has been a plenitude of "isms" to precede this venture. However, all of those "*Tried and True*" philosophies and doctrines have failed again and again to produce the promised effect. Actualism works because it produces the desired results along the way ... the goal in life being to live freely now, not off in some distant future. After all, this moment is the only moment of being alive; this is the only moment to feel good in, for the past is no longer, the future is not yet and the present is but an illusion sandwiched betwixt the two. If one examines one's life carefully, one will quickly ascertain that it is always this moment ... and if one is not feeling good right now, then that is a signal that something is amiss. Consequently, one can rectify the situation and "get back on track" as swiftly as possible ... the aim being to have 'feeling good' as a bottom line in one's life. The essence of actualism is to constantly ask oneself this: How is one experiencing this moment of being alive?

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If one can only see all the misery – the animosity and the anguish – which abounds in the 'human' world then any observant and sincere person would realise that society can only be changed when the particular human being fundamentally and radically mutates. Then the onus for that falls upon

the singular person – instead of upon an institution, an organisation – to change the world. It behoves one to put one's money where one's mouth is ... to get off one's backside and do something ... now. Only action – action within oneself – will do the trick. To sit and idealise about change, about transformation, is simply not good enough. One has to do it ... actually do it. No one else will do it for one; no one else can do it for one. One must mutate ... and soon. And although one may think and feel that it would be a lonely journey to take on one's own ... it is not. It is the most joyous escapade one can ever enter into. It is the jaunt of a lifetime. It is what one is here for and only you can do it. It is not and never will be a mass movement. Then, and only then, will society be changed forever ... and irreversibly so.

When one sees the connection between the discord inside one and the discord in society; when one realises that one's own condition is the 'Human Condition'; then one understands, actually understands, that 'I' am 'society' and 'society' is 'me'. 'I' live in the head as *ego* and in the heart as *soul* and one needs to go to the very root of 'me' as a rudimentary *self* to effect change in 'society' ... for 'I' am no different from 'society'. It is the 'Human Condition' which has necessitated the 'Human Constitution' with its instinctual fear and aggression and nurture and desire ... this is the genesis of malice and sorrow. And humans set about eagerly to change this animosity and anguish, fiddling with bits and pieces in a valiant but ultimately futile attempt to ameliorate the 'Human Constitution'. This is not to decry the advances made in the civilising process ... but to expect to fundamentally change human beings by changing the 'Human Constitution' is to invite disappointment. As long as one remains a *social identity* one creates and perpetuates this mess, this sorry lot that is the 'Human Constitution'. There is only one person who can effect change in oneself – nobody else can do it for one – and the process can start now. Indeed, it must begin now, for this is one's life one is living ... the only life one has. To procrastinate is to perpetuate all the suffering and wretchedness that has beset humankind since time immemorial.

It has now been made possible for any human, with sufficient willingness and purity of intent, to become actually free of *identity* at its roots as the rudimentary *self*. My mutation of consciousness, which eliminated 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. However, even if one does not immediately rid oneself of the rudimentary *self*, there is a truly remarkable virtual freedom that can be attained. For those that would seek to justify their attitude on the grounds that I am an aberration of nature, some sort of freakish happening, this consideration belies this excuse. It is possible to be virtually free, virtually perfect, virtually pure. To be sure, to live actually requires more than the rescission of the necessity to be a *social identity*, but something quite exceptional is possible. One can, because of pure intent, voluntarily relinquish the persona and become virtually free, thus imbuing one's life with a quality that far exceeds 'normal' human expectations anyway.

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My new companion and I have reached the picnic area in the National Park that straddles the long range of hills surrounding the long-extinct volcano that caused all this upheaval tens of thousands of years ago. It is a delightful spot overlooking the volcanic plug that dominates the surrounding countryside; some thoughtful Park Rangers have built a shelter a few metres back from the lookout platform with its little fence that verges the precipitous drop to the valley floor hundreds of metres below. We spread out the gaily coloured table cloth and set-up the food and drinks we brought with us and proceed to do justice to some delicious roast chicken and salad. A vacuum flask of coffee compliments our meal ... which I contend must be eaten off paper plates with plastic knives and forks, for what is a picnic without all the trappings? It is a sheer joy to be sitting here together, sharing an intimacy that has to be experienced to be believed. This is in addition to actual intimacy, which is not reserved for just one person, for this has a personal agreement included in it. We are involved together in the move toward a healthy mind and a clean and clear heart, and it is a pleasure to be doing so.

Can the heart and mind be free of hurts and slights? Can the heart and mind be free from succour and compliments as well? This is important, for the positive is as insidious as the negative when it comes to holding on to whatever from the past. There must be an attainment of freedom from the past in whatever form it takes for 'I' am these hurts and compliments ... it is, in part, what 'I' am made up of. 'I' have a vested interest in taking offence,

for it endorses the very nature of 'me' as *soul*. 'I' thrive on receiving praise for it feeds 'me' as *ego*. Both hurts and compliments give 'me' the nourishment 'I' need to survive. By not taking offence or receiving praise, 'I' have made a good start in undoing myself. Thus the past, the present and the future become less and less *real* as the sense of 'I' as an enduring entity, continuing over time, is dependent upon emotion-backed reverie and speculative apprehension fuelling the fires of malice and sorrow. 'I' am, in part, a product of sentimental and superstitious time.

The other part of what 'I' am made up of is beliefs: One's sense of *identity* is largely made up of beliefs ... beliefs and feelings. In fact, a belief is an emotion-backed thought. The vast majority of the beliefs that one carries are not invented by oneself; they were imbibed with the mother's milk and added to thereupon up to the present day. They are inherited beliefs, put into the child with love and fear – reward and punishment – and added to as an adult out of awe and dread – the carrot and the stick. It behoves one to examine each and every belief – especially those that pass for 'truths' – and watch them disappear out of one's life forever. It is no wonder human beings are such a desperate lot. Beliefs and feelings are the bane of humankind ... they have been so instrumental in killing, maiming, torturing and otherwise causing such pain and suffering since the dawn of human history, that one wonders that they are given any credence at all these days. It is so liberating to be free of beliefs – of believing itself – and feelings that I cannot recommend their elimination highly enough.

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The rudimentary *self* is what one is born with; it grew out of *Blind Nature's* method of perpetuating the species via the instinct for survival. All sentient beings have an awareness of *self* ... all conscious beings know that they are separate from everything else. Unfortunately, with the human ability to think, which animals do not have, humankind transformed this instinct for survival into a will to survive ... an affective-backed cognitive operation. This creates a psychological and psychic *identity* – the 'I' or 'me' – which takes up residence within this body and feeds off it like a parasite. What humans have done is to overlay a sense of *social identity* on top of this 'me' ... the people who were already here when one was born considered it to be of vital importance that one have a *social identity*, for in a societal sense the *self* is considered wayward and in need of control. By the time one is

approximately seven years of age one has a concept of ‘Right’ and ‘Wrong’, ‘Good’ and ‘Bad’. Thus is a conscience formed ... and it is vital that a wayward *self* has some measure of being controlled. This conscience is made up of all the moral injunctions and ethical codes of behaviour ... which leads, inevitably to frustration and resentment.

Then along comes the *Enlightened Masters* with their *Teachings*. The *Teachings* themselves definitely need to be questioned ... and questioned thoroughly. Even a brief study of history would show that the *Teachings* – which have been around for at least three thousand years – simply have not worked. There is as much war, murder, torture, rape, sadness, loneliness, grief, depression and suicide now as then. If *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* are going to “fix things up” then the question needs to be asked: Why is it taking so long? Is not three thousand plus years long enough to test the efficacy of these *Divine* solutions to humankind’s plight? The proof of anything lies in the practical working out of it physically, here on earth. It is of no use to propose that fulfilment lies only on the other side of physical death ... there is simply no way to verify this. I have always been concerned about our lot here on earth and am only interested in a practical solution to the ‘Human Condition’. How many millions of well-meaning peoples have assiduously put these *Teachings* into practice only to fail ... and then blame themselves for not “doing them properly”? I maintain that many, many people have indeed “done them properly” and that it is the *Teachings* that are lacking, not the diligent devotees. Of course, there are many disciples who do not pursue their *Spiritual Practice* with sufficient diligence, but to suggest that everybody who has ever lived, and those who are still living, are all lazy when it comes to putting the *Teachings* into practice is stretching credulity too much. Therefore it behoves one to question ... and question deeply.

Love – both secular and sacred – has been revered as the “cure-all” for just about everything. So why has it not done its job? To understand this, one needs to comprehend that for love to exist at all there must be separation between ‘*me*’ and the person, the persons, the object or the god that ‘*I*’ am to love. Not for nothing is the statement “Love is a bridge” promoted abroad for all and sundry to take in. My question is: A ‘bridge’ between what two shores? Who are the two ‘*I*’s that are separate? Do ‘*I*’ exist, actually exist? ‘*I*’ may be *real*, but am ‘*I*’ actual? If ‘*I*’ am an illusion then any ‘bridge’ will only reinforce ‘*my*’ existence ... my very *real* existence. If a person is said to be “egotistic” or “ego-driven”, then a goodly dose of love is advised to ameliorate the phenomenon. Yet the persona is still in existence ... a loving

and lovable persona, of course, but still here. 'I' am the "spanner in the works" and to cover my 'self' over with a coating of love is to gild the lily. 'I' still lurk around, shielded now by love, wreaking my mischief in disguise.

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Also, intrinsic to the nature of love is its – always unfulfilled – promise of eternity. One's life here is here on earth now ... what use is a spurious *Eternal Bliss* in some conjectured *After-Life*? Love has produced wars, murders, rapes and aggression since time immemorial ... it staggers me that it still retains its credibility. To kill for "Love of Country" or "Love of God" is surely proof enough for any discerning person. Then there are those "Crimes of Passion" that are brought about by love's constant companions: possessiveness, jealousy and envy. If these examples are considered too extreme then what about the heartache, the longing, the pining and the yearning that all peoples report as accompanying love's bliss? This leads to the search for *True Love* which, supposedly, does not induce these unpleasant characteristics so common to everybody's experience of love. *True Love* is simply a fiction ... it is impossible to manifest it here on earth, hence the notion of an *After-Life* to encompass it. To repeat: Love never delivers on its implied promise. It never has done nor ever will. Its days are numbered, as more and more people are beginning to notice that love itself – not the sensate human body – is failing to live up to its ill-deserved curative reputation again and again.

It is a little easier to question *Divine Compassion* as it reveals its secret agenda more readily than *Love Agapé*. The word "compassion" comes from the Latin root 'Passio' which relates to the Greek root 'Pathos'. 'Compassion' then, literally means "communal pathos" or "pathos in common" ... in other words: sorrow in common with the other, or others. In order to feel compassion – for compassion is indeed but a feeling – one must first be in sorrow oneself. All of humankind is, at base, living in sorrow; all 'normal' people therefore seek consolation and solace to help them live through their sadness, their loneliness, their grief, their despair. This has been the way for century upon century, without anyone questioning the validity of this entire process. Compassion – the consolation and solace engendered – does absolutely nothing to eradicate the original sorrow. It is merely soothed and thus covered over which, to the one in grief, is a welcome reprieve from the anguish of despair. This factor is not what is under dispute; what is

worthy of question is the ongoing feasibility of consolation and solace as being a permanent ‘cure-all’ for sorrow.

Obviously it is not. The *Enlightened ‘Beings’* manifest *Divine Compassion* – considered superior to secular compassion – and tout it as being the ultimate ‘cure-all’ for humankind’s sorrow. Unfortunately for the success of *Divine Compassion*, no-one in these thousands of years has ever been cured. Temporary or partial cessation of suffering, yes ... but the total extirpation of sorrow, no. The reason for the failure of *Divine Compassion* is obvious: It also has its roots in sorrow – *Universal Sorrow* – this time. Read any of these *Master’s* words assiduously and one will find reference to them sitting in *Aloneness*. From this *Aloneness* they feel a sense of *Oneness* with all sentient beings ... a ‘bridge’ between persona’s again. Thus the same game as is being played out on the secular level is being played out on the sacred level. They have only *transcended* duality, not expunged it. A *Self* is still in existence keeping separation going and necessitating a bridge to others ... and all of existence. As a *Self* is still operating, then ‘Good’ and ‘Bad’, ‘Right’ and ‘Wrong’ are still ‘alive’ ... simply covered over with a coating of love and its attendant compassion to protect the new persona.

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When the psychological *ego* and psychic *soul* willingly relinquish their sovereignty and take their leave, the senses can act in the optimum. Just as when a normal person becomes blind and all their other senses are heightened, so too does the abdication result in a phenomenal increase in the pleasurable and luxurious sensitivity of being a corporeal body in this very physical world. The resultant benevolence produces easy good-will, kindness and altruism, for one is living in a friendly world ... made all the more amiable because of the innate munificence and magnanimity of the purity of the perfection of the infinitude of the universe as is evidenced only at this moment in time. This is an actual freedom from animosity and anguish ... as distinct from becoming enlightened and thus having merely transcended and smothered them over with a honeyed coating of *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion*. It is one thing to bask in *Ineffable Bliss*, *Ecstasy* and *Euphoria* while perpetuating the status-quo ... and quite another to delightedly enjoy the ripples of pleasure that this body is patently capable of manifesting whilst actualising an ambience of benignity and blitheness. These organic waves of sensational pleasure are usually constrained by the demands of the *ego* and

soul for emotional and passionate feelings ... which are the synthetic compensations for the supposed indignity of 'me' having to be here at all in this despised body.

Being deep in a rain-forest goes some way towards making it all clearer... or any wilderness, for that matter. As one travels deeper and deeper into this – initially 'other' – world of natural delight, one experiences an intensely hushed stillness that is vast and immense ... yet so simply here. I am not referring to a feeling of *awe* or *reverence* or great *beauty* – to have any emotion or passion at all is to miss the actuality of this moment – nor am I referring to any blissful or euphoric state of '*being*'. It is a sensate experience, not an affective state. I am talking about the factual and simple actualness of earthy existence being experienced whilst ambling along or sitting quietly without any particular thought in mind ... yet not being mindless either. And then, when a sparkling intimacy occurs, do not the woods take on a fairy-tale-like quality? Is one not in a paradisiacal environment that envelops yet leaves one free? This is the ambience that I speak of. At this magical moment there is no '*I*' in the head or '*me*' in the heart ... there is this apperceptive awareness wherein thought can operate freely without the encumbrance of any feelings whatsoever.

It is not my ambience nor yours ... yet it is here for everyone and anyone for the asking ... for the daring to be here as this body only. One does this by stepping out of the *real world* into this actual world, as this flesh and blood body, leaving your '*self*' behind where '*you*' belong ... because the *reality* of the *real world* is an illusion '*I*' create by '*my*' very '*presence*'. This ambience delivers the goods so longed for through aeons. Then it is entirely possible, throughout the vast majority of one's time, for there to be no thoughts running at all ... none whatsoever. If thought is needed for a particular situation, it swings smoothly into action and effortlessly does its thing. All the while there is an apperceptive awareness of being here ... of being alive at this moment in time and this place in space. No words occur in the brain – other than when necessary – for it is a wordless appreciation of being able to be here now. Consequently, one is always blithe and carefree, even if one is doing nothing. Doing something – and that includes thinking – is a bonus of happiness and pleasure on top of this on-going ambrosial experience of being alive and awake and here on this verdant earth now.

Actualism is for anybody and everybody.

ARTICLE 35
THIS ACTUAL WORLD IS AN AMBROSIAL PARADISE

I am seated with my companions on the balcony of an apartment overlooking some rather luscious wilderness-type gardens in the company of the man and the woman who share the lease ... and who both have taken a deep interest in actualism. I take a sip out of a freshly poured cup of tea and set-to upon the task of rolling a cigarette. These simple things are the very stuff of the joy of life ... I do not need the stimulation of frenetic ‘busyness’ to enhance my day with a self-induced sense of importance. I no longer have to justify my existence here on earth by doing and achieving something that is considered ‘worthwhile’ by the denizens of the *real world*. Being here now – which is being fully alive – is the summation of all existence; nobody is going anywhere, anyway, for one is already always here. This universe is simply being here now in all its splendour and magnificence and I am the universe experiencing itself as a sensate and reflective human being. The perfection endowed by the infinitude of all space and time is such a remarkable occurrence that nothing more needs to be done other than to enjoy it through-and-through each moment again. This experience of being here now is the experiential apperception of the much sought-after “Meaning of Life”.

So what more could one ask for? Nothing is a mystery any more; there is no riddle to be solved nor any puzzle to be unravelled for all is open to view. Because of the sheer infinitude of the universe I can never be bored or restless ... each moment is packed so full that I do not have time for reverie or speculation. Other than the essential physical planning required for the smooth running of my day-to-day activities I have no idea at all as to what I want to do with my life ... and this constant realisation is ambrosial. Yet for all of these years that I have been investigating and finding out,

exploring and uncovering, seeking and discovering I have been aware that the time would come wherein some fellow human beings could be interested in a totally new and non-spiritual way of living in the *real world*, well-endowed with the necessary abilities and skills to live life as freely as it is possible within the 'Human Condition'. So apart from being well content and constantly delighted with the inherent gratification bestowed by the condition of actual freedom, I am also immensely pleased with the outcome of all these years of the splendid fun – not to mention the moments of existential angst – that precipitated these momentous days that are now unfolding. We five fellow human beings are discussing the details of setting up “The Actual Freedom Trust” in order to publish the actualism works and writings.

For thousands of years humankind has been struggling along, fumbling around in the dark for some miserable ray of light to act as a beacon to guide one's way to an affective 'perfection' and 'peace'. This dismal fate, which was decided for me in advance of my birth, I would not accept. One has only to look – actually look with both eyes – at the trees and the flowers, the rivers and the oceans, the sky and the stars, to realise that we are not forever doomed to a life of iniquity and misery. All of the philosophies and psychologies and all of the ideologies and theologies have not been able to deliver the goods. Peoples everywhere were forced to live on hope ... and hope is a poor substitute for the exquisite purity pouring forth from the actual. It ensures the eventual and complete eradication of malice and sorrow that is the essential pre-requisite for peace and harmony to prevail. One is then happy and harmless ... and well equipped to face the now inaptly named “rigours of life”. One is able to make one's way in the world with joy and delight, marvelling in wonder at the magnificence of being alive on this verdant planet. Then it is, of course, a pleasure to share one's discoveries with others who are similarly fascinated with life, the universe and what it is to be a human being. Whilst one is well aware that global peace-on-earth will be a long time coming, one can but start small and see what eventuates. So, as this organising of material for public consumption requires a mandatory legal entity, I am happy to set up a trust company ... although living freely has nothing whatsoever to do with trust!

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It all has to do with the confidence born out of the solid knowing derived from the PCE that shows one what is possible in living life on this

verdant planet. When one observes the enormous bewilderment – both *secular* and *religious* – then it is a very earnest thing to ask oneself whether a human being like oneself can actually undergo a radical mutation. When one puts that question to oneself, when one sees one's own relationship to the whole plight of humankind, then an enormous verve and vivacity transpires. One does not have to do this on one's own; this very universe one lives in is right with one all the way... and this is a fact that I speak of, born out of my own experience. Surely one does not imagine that it is up to one's own puny little *self* to fix up the affairs of the human world? That is to give in before one even begins; that is a sure-fire method to fail yet again and to leave the status-quo as it is. 'I' did not do this unaided because 'I' could not change anything fundamental of 'my' own accord as it was 'I' that had to disappear ... to become extinct. 'I' could not expurgate myself ... only the clean and clear and pure perfection of the infinitude of the universe has the necessary resources to manifest the requisite mutation.

To actually see the enormous suffering ... the massive confusion and untold misery that there is in the "Human Condition" ... places radical accountability upon each and every person to do something now. It is to no avail to hope for some *Divine* solution for the *Sacred* has had tens of thousands of years to fix things up ... and it has not happened. As being *Holy* has not worked it is up to oneself to fix oneself up. Be alive – completely alive – as this moment in eternal time and this place in infinite space is happening. It requires a startling audacity to evince what is possible ... to dare to live life fully. If I can do it then anyone can. I was not someone special ... I had an ordinary birth and upbringing. I went to an ordinary school and took an ordinary job. I went into an ordinary marriage and had an ordinary family. All one gains by waiting for some *God* to step in is yet more waiting. Is not the evidence of thousands of years of people being on one's own sufficient to demonstrate that one must do it oneself? Reach out and extend oneself ... live like one has never lived before.

Most people are not genuinely concerned with the turmoil and the muddle that the '*human*' world is in at the moment. They are busying themselves with overt things like pollution, conservation, degradation of the environment and so on ... which begs the question: What is everyone doing? Fiddling with the superficial levers and controls while a wild-fire is raging unchecked? The actual pollution lies nestled within one's bosom. Peoples everywhere are not at all deeply concerned with examining the '*me*' in the '*human*' heart ... instead it is venerated and revered as being the source of all

‘right action’. Yet as this ‘*me*’ – the psychic entity within – ‘*I*’ believe that ‘*I*’ am going to a better place than this after the body dies, so ‘*I*’ am none at all concerned about what actual degradation to humankind ‘*my*’ very ‘*presence*’ causes. It requires a willing naiveté to set about undoing oneself in such a way that ‘*my*’ extirpation is an assured event. With a cheerful application and a blithe diligence, one can proceed merrily upon one’s way to purity and perfection ... provided one is actually impressed with the need for action.

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Does one actually understand the fundamental misery that human beings are in? The sorrow with its sadness and loneliness? The malice with its hatred and aggression? And people talk about transformation, they scour the covering over themselves and think and feel that they are doing something substantial. To do ‘therapy’ is to attempt to ‘heal’ oneself whilst remaining a ‘*self*’ ... all ‘affirmations’ are *self*-perpetuating. One has no integrity whilst one is a ‘*me*’, the psychic entity within the body. To follow some ‘leader’ – *spiritual* or *secular* – is to remain forever a ‘follower’ ... autonomy has to be thrown to the winds in order to obey. Nobody, but nobody, can set one free ... and upon sober reflection, who would have it otherwise? One must start with autonomy or else one is doomed to fail ... one is completely on one’s own in this adventure. “On one’s own” does not have to mean alone or lonely ... with pure intent the entire universe is right here with the one who goes all the way. And what a magnificent adventure it is!

The way of *Religion* and *Spirituality* – which is to believe in *Power* and to follow an *Authority* – is the traditional approach ... and it has not worked. It has not proven itself capable of producing the totally free person. How can the acceptance of might and dominion put one into the necessary position of naiveté and ingenuousness that is required to freely investigate and to discover, to explore and to uncover, to seek and to find? To discard all authority, including one’s own, is to start free of the “*Tried and True*” ... which is the essential pre-requisite to be able to ascertain the veracity of that which is pristine and impeccable for oneself. It is to take the risk and be intrepid enough to go all the way into what it is to be a human being in this world as-it-is; leaving no stone unturned in the endeavour to determine for oneself, once and for all, that purity and perfection which arises from a

perennial stillness of the infinitude of the universe ... which is the genesis of all that is apparent.

If one sees for oneself the danger of pursuing the age-old quest for *The Truth* – not merely believing me, making me into another *Authority* and *Power* – then one is already well on the way to being free to investigate and appreciate that this inherent purity and perfection which I am speaking of is a fact for oneself. It is of no use to but hear me ... one needs to discover it on one's own. Then it is one's own breakthrough, it is one's own unfolding, it is one's own unearthing. Even if it is – as it will be – the self-same discovery that I have made, it will be one's own breakthrough. This makes a big difference ... this is an enormous thing to actualise. Each person finds for themselves that which is immutable, that which is perpetually fresh. This is the very magical character of this universe: this life one is living is intricately perfect in all respects, for it is up to oneself to apprehend the vastness of the infinitude and live it, each moment again.

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The Truth is but a delusion born out of an illusion. There are two ways to approach *The Truth*: through *Love* or via *Beauty*. Enough has already been said about *Love*'s shortcomings to regard any *Truth* arrived at via *Love* to immediately come under a cloud of outright suspicion. As for *The Truth* as arrived at via *Beauty*: Western philosophers have long been of the opinion that in order to 'do' philosophy correctly, one must study and master the higher realms of mathematics. The reason for this is that to feel assured that a particular philosophical hypothesis is sound it must have an 'elegance' ... identical to the 'elegance' of a mathematical equation. 'Elegance' is the mathematician's and philosopher's favoured word for *Beauty*. Many a time have I read in a philosophical treatise the author extolling the virtues of the 'elegance' of the particular theory. *Beauty*, they all state, contains *The Truth* ... it is intrinsic to the nature of *Beauty* that it points to *The Truth*, just as it is intrinsic in the nature of *Love* to promise *Eternity*.

And just the same as it is intrinsic in *Suffering* that it is *Good* for one ... it implies that it "makes one stronger". These are all feelings ... and just because a feeling makes it seem 'Right' or 'Good', it is not necessarily correct in an actual sense. A feeling – an emotion or a passion – is a feeling, not a fact. Feelings, whilst being very *real*, are not actual. And while Eastern philosophers opt for what Westerners consider to be the more esoteric

approach to *The Truth* – which amounts to a *spiritual* search for meaning – they too go via the affective faculties. Although Western philosophy is also *spiritual* at root, it is fondly considered to be more exoteric and therefore more likely to be true. *No-Mind, The Void, Emptiness, Suchness, Isness* and so on are the Eastern philosopher’s discovery of their version of *The Truth* as revealed to them in their super-charged imagination.

The word “super-charged” is used because their meditation practices are designed specifically to “still the mind” and “stop thought”. If conducted successfully, intuitive imagination has a field day and conjures up all kinds of visions ... it is pertinent to this subject to realise that a pious religious person will have visions of their god, not visions of another religion’s god. The same applies to a fervent spiritual aspirant: a devout meditator will experience the delusory mirages of the *Teachings of No-Mind* or *The Void* or *Nothingness* or *Emptiness* or *Suchness* or *Isness* and so on. All these versions of *The Truth* are culturally determined and therefore not factual. A person living in actual freedom has no way of being side-tracked into this mine-field of illusion and delusion as it is the *identity* that generates intuition and imagination. I lost the faculties for intuition and imagination when I dissolved the rudimentary *self* ... I simply cannot visualise anything in my ‘mind’s eye’ for I do not have one. I have no intuition or imagination whatsoever.

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All inner transformation that humans have effected so far has actually been only superficial change of appearance. It is a change in expression that has done nothing fundamental ... there is but a refurbishing of the same old ‘*me*’ ... the psychic *identity* within the body. What I am speaking of is not just a change in appearance but a radical mutation: the elimination of the psyche entirely. The ‘*me*’ can be expunged completely ... and the sooner the better. One can begin by initiating a programme of a moment-to-moment awareness of one’s state of ‘*being*’ by asking: “How am I experiencing myself right now?” If one is not feeling good, then one has something to examine and eradicate. The objective is to feel good now ... this is the moment of being alive. Nothing exists except at this moment ... when one is happy and harmless, one is happy and harmless now. Yesterday’s happiness and harmlessness has no significance at all unless one is happy and harmless now. Tomorrow’s happiness and harmlessness is also of no value whatsoever unless one is happy and harmless now. With pure

intent one can cheerfully apply diligence and perseverance to the task of eliminating malice and sorrow. Then one can rely upon oneself completely to live at the universe's optimum capacity all of the time.

What I am lacking is that insidious and pernicious 'me' that lurked around inside this body for all those years causing untold anguish and animosity. I am so pleased that 'I' committed psychological and psychic self-immolation. The world I live in is a far, far better place because of 'my' demise. There is an actual world that lies under one's very nose ... I interact with the same people, things and events that you do, yet it is as if I am in another dimension altogether. There is no 'Good' or 'Evil' here where I live. I live in a veritable paradise ... this very earth I live on is so vastly superior to any fabled 'Arcadian Utopia' that it would be impossible to believe if I was not living it twenty four hours a day ... it has been my constant condition since 1992. It is so perfectly pure and crystal-clear here that there is no need for 'Love' or 'Compassion' or 'Bliss' or 'Euphoria' or 'Ecstasy' or 'Truth' or 'Goodness' or 'Beauty' or 'Oneness' or 'Unity' or 'Wholeness' or ... or any of those baubles. They all pale into pathetic insignificance ... and I know them well because I lived them for eleven years.

There is no fear here, in this actual world where I live. Not even disquietude, uneasiness, nervousness or apprehension ... let alone anxiety, angst, fear, terror, horror or dread. And look, there is no fear in a flower, a tree, a rock, an armchair, an ashtray ... only sentient beings experience fear. Fear is affective; it is an emotion, a passion, and as such is not actual. Fear is a feeling, not a fact. All sentient beings are born with instinctual passions (such as fear and aggression and nurture and desire). They are *Blind Nature's* rough and ready software package, which has evolved over millennia, and which gives one a start in life. Contrary to popular belief they are not hardware but, like all software, can be deleted ... the instinctual passions are not set in concrete. These affections form a rudimentary *self* – a passionate entity – situated in the 'reptilian brain' at the top of the brain-stem, in all animals. The human animal, with the unique ability to know its impending demise – and the capacity to think and reflect – has taken this rudimentary *self* and blown it up all out of proportion into an *identity* ... no other animal has an 'I' as an *ego* in the head, or a 'me' as a *soul* in the heart.

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All discussion about fear eventually turns around death. This is a fact that needs be faced squarely. To not 'be' is inconceivable; it is impossible to imagine not 'being' because all one has ever known is 'being'. There are no terms of reference to compare against – which is the normal way of thinking – and with no comparison there is no possibility of thought dealing with the fact of death. If pursued diligently, thought gives up the attempt and stops ... it cannot proceed further. The affective rushes in to fill the gap left by the absence of thought and fear turns to dread ... contemplation of extinction invariably turns fear to dread. The instinct to survive takes over and dread flips to its opposite: awe. As it says in some revered scriptures: "Fear of The Lord is the beginning of wisdom". Most religious and spiritual tracts refer to awe and dread when contemplating the majesty and mystery of some *Transcendental 'Being'* lying beyond time and space. Temporal transience is replaced by a firm faith in a timeless and spaceless *Divinity* that antedates birth and postdates death. Driven by the instinct for survival at any cost – *Blind Nature* is rather clumsy – one attempts to transcend the duality of *Life* and *Death* and achieve *Immortality*.

If successful, 'I' disappear and mysteriously reappear as 'Me', the *Eternal Self* or the *Immortal Soul*. One is then apparently without fear because one is *Deathless* ... one is *Unborn and Undying*. One disseminates one's findings to all and sundry, finding a multitude of gullible penitents willing to suspend sensible reason and sensitive rationality for a chance at avoiding extinction. Such strange goings-on are the way that the denizens of the real world deal with the existential dilemma of facing the facticity of death's oblivion. It is called being in a state of denial ... and results in avoidance and escapism. One's native intelligence is nowhere to be found operating in all this. What I did was face the fact of my mortality. 'Life' and 'Death' are not an opposite ... there is only birth and death. Life is what happens in between. Before I was born, I was not here. Now that I am alive, I am here. After death I will not be here ... just like before birth. Where is the problem?

The problem was in the brain-stem, of course. It is the instinct to survive at any cost that was the problem ... backed up by the full gamut of the emotions born out of the four basic instinctual passions of fear and aggression and nurture and desire. The rudimentary *self*, transformed into an *identity*, must be extinguished in order for one to be here, in this actual world of the senses, bereft of this pernicious entity. 'My' extinction was the ending of not only fear, but of all of the affective faculties. Extinction releases one

into actuality ... as this flesh and blood body only I am living in the paradisiacal garden that this verdant planet earth is. We are all simply floating in the infinitude of this perfect and pure universe ... coming from nowhere and having nowhere to go to we find ourselves here at this moment in time and this place in space.

This actual world is an ambrosial paradise.

ARTICLE 36
THERE COMES A TIME WHEN ONE MUST LEAVE THE NEST
AND FLY

It is a simply delightful morning in early winter – the weather at this latitude is such that winter-time is the dry season – and the day is warm and sunny, with a brilliant blue sky and a clear atmosphere. Although the nights are cold, with some form of heating being essential, it is a pleasure to be here ... in contrast to the bitter cold and rain of the southern latitudes that go on far too long for my liking. From where I am sitting in my comfortable armchair I can see some prettily coloured parakeets flying and fluttering amidst the foliage of the large bushes outside the sliding glass door. Their plumage is a splash of colour against the vivid green of the leaves; they seem to be squabbling amongst themselves as they jostle for position ... or maybe they are playfully flexing their wings in the sheer exuberance of being alive on this sunny day. Looking past them, over the high wooden fence, I can see two large pine trees standing proud; their needles are etched dark green against the crisp blue sky, with the bright sunshine streaming through to their sturdy branches. Away off in the distance, coming faintly over the paddock where two horses are busily grazing, comes the distant sound of cars going to and fro along the road running north and south along the coast. Altogether it is an agreeable moment to be alive and living in the magical wonderland that is this actual world.

I am sitting here talking with my companion of the last eleven years ... or I should say my former companion as we are discussing her new life in her own home. She is moving out because she can no longer live up to all that she has said and written about life, the universe and what it is to be a human being living in a virtual freedom. She understands only too well that she cannot stand beside me and personally verify all that I have to say ... and I

have plenty to say. After all these delicious years of living together and exploring together, a rather salient and curiously unforeseen event has taken place. She has fallen in love ... and has spent the last six weeks endeavouring to come to terms with the shifting kaleidoscope of passions that swing her from one point of view to another. All the experiential understanding of a virtual freedom gets tossed aside in the twinkling of an eye ... only to come back solidly when she is able to come to her senses once again. We recorded one of our conversations only two weeks ago in order to have something factual – other than one’s notoriously unreliable memory – to fall back upon in the times of love’s stress.

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“Is actual intimacy still vastly superior to love?”

“Oh yes, because love spoils it; love is actually a great spoiler of intimacy. Love is incredibly self-centred, demanding, wanting, needing ... it must have. It is an unfortunate force that comes into one’s life.”

“An unfortunate force?”

“Because when there is actual intimacy there is a pleasure that is more substantial, more of the earth, of me – of my body – and all of my body is intimate. It is that orgasmic sensation.”

“And as you are now, there is no yearning, pining, longing ... which is the down-side of love.”

“And the disappointment ... none of that operates in actual intimacy. In love there can be a bruising going on.”

“Bruising?”

“Because of the emotion. After the emotion has gone there is a bruising feeling; I don’t want that emotion because it bruises me again and again. I don’t want the love of another person to ‘fill me up’.”

“What is that ‘bruising’?”

“You can either feel tired or you can have a whingeing pressure pain around the heart and diaphragm... and that is what I would call a bruising. Its after the emotion has already gone.”

“Oh, you do not mean bruised emotionally?”

“No, it’s physical. The emotion is an onslaught on my physical body ... that’s how I would experience an emotion. It’s like ... you are feeling great and your heart starts pounding and you ...”

“Are you saying that emotions are unhealthy for the body?”

“Yes, its good to have as little of them as possible ... rather none at all. This does not mean that therefore one should repress them. When an emotion is there, take it in hand ... put it in the middle of the table, as it were, and walk around it, have a good look at it and feel every aspect of it. Become aware of it and ask: ‘What is so good about this emotion?’”

“Some people would say to let go of it ...”

“No, no, no. I don’t ‘let go of it’. By looking at it, it goes. This looking and feeling is looking and feeling with total awareness ... all of me is aware of what this emotion is doing to me as this body. Where, in the body, do I feel it the most? Does it really feel good? Is it one hundred per cent good? No, it is not ... there is always a ‘Yes, but ...’. Even the good emotions can never live up to what they promise. By looking at them they disappear; you see how unnecessary they are. That is with hindsight of course, for you cannot see that they are unnecessary – that there is ‘life after emotions’ – when you are in the grip of the emotion. This is getting to the ‘nitty-gritty of me. It is so fascinating ... all these emotions have always kept me in existence. The ‘Good’ emotions are also me. This is my self.”

“This is what you are. It is often said ‘We are emotional beings’. It is excellent to be rid of this for one can see clearly, understand cleanly and act appropriately. For example, love puts a gloss on people ... one sees only the best in the other and is blind to the worst.”

“Now I can look at a person and see such a normal person and I wonder how can such a person be so attractive to one who is in love. This is something I would never see when I was in love; I would never see that aspect.”

“Love covers up what the person actually is like and presents them in a good light.”

“Oh yes a fantastic light ... not just fantastic; love can make that man into the most perfect human being. Into a god.”

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“Now what about actual intimacy? In intimacy you see the other as they actually are ... ‘warts and all’ is the expression.”

“That is not only better ... it is far more interesting.”

“It does not make you repulsed. One is neither attracted nor repulsed.”

“Exactly.”

“How are you with the other, then?”

“One hundred per cent. They get the all of me.”

“In actual intimacy, when you are with another person one hundred per cent – and there is neither attraction or repulsion – and you see clearly what other people would call attractive or repulsive ... what does that do?”

“Oh, that’s delicious! That’s delicious because that is freedom. Then I’m free from the grip of emotions.”

“So, seeing the other for what they actually are, do you see the ‘Good’ in them? The potential?”

“There is good and bad in everybody. I am aware of what humans call good or bad. I can see them with either eye, as it were; I can see them with intimate eyes or ‘human’ eyes. I am aware of that and I don’t take much notice of the ‘human’ measurement. In actual intimacy this whole moment, everything, is magnificent.”

“In the orthodox way, people who are described as “Goody-goodies”, see the good in somebody and try to draw out the good and make them a better person. What do you do, in actual intimacy, when you see both good and bad?”

“I don’t feel like interfering at all. I stay in myself.”

“And you talk from that?”

“I talk from here, yes. I respond according to the circumstance, whereas my identity would react. In intimacy I can respond, taking the whole scenario, the whole situation, into consideration. Whilst the identity goes from identity to identity. In intimacy I can easily sit here ...there is me as I think I am; there is me as I feel I am; there is me as I assert myself and there is me as I actually am. I am this body ... I have given way for the universe to live this body and with that I go anonymous. There are ripples of pleasure going through the body.”

“So you are like that, in virtual freedom there are ripples of pleasure, and being like that, what are you doing with the other person? What do you want, for them?”

“I want the very best. I would wish this upon them.”

“What do you say, then? Seeing the attractive and the repulsive ... and you do not try to draw out the good ...”

“I’ve stopped doing that ... and I’ve also stopped stopping the bad. I sit with this totality of what is happening in the moment; this moment gives all this and this person is in front of me and there is this strange atmosphere

between us and we both are trying – for I see that the other also wants the best – and I want for the other to be also here.”

“Ah! You want for the other to be here, where this moment is happening.”

“Oh yes, of course. What else could I want ... that is the very best I can want.”

“Would you say, then, that you brush aside the potential for good or bad in the other and – simply because they are a human being they have all the qualifications necessary to be here – it does not matter where they come from? They are a physical body and you want them to be here where their body is? You invite them to partake in intimacy. You are able to do it, for everyone has the capacity to be here ... they are just unaware that it exists.”

“Yes, and that is all what I could want, too. Then they can experience it for themselves.”

“Then you can talk directly.”

“Yes. Then we can all have fantastic fun. In intimacy.”

“Which is the direct experience of the other and the world about. No need for love?”

“No need for love. It is all so incredibly good; I am so pleased with everything ... I am enjoying this all so much ... and the self is still here. This is so ... so ... what a relief ... to have finally arrived. How can there be something better than this?”

“Virtual freedom is beyond normal human expectations, anyway. Yet there is more to come. Much, much more. In actual freedom one is the universe’s experience of itself. One experiences the infinite purity and perfection of the vast stillness that is the essential nature of everything.”

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But it has all been to no avail, the power of love surging through the bloodstream is too strong to deny ... the body can be persuaded to produce quite an array of chemicals; a veritable cocktail is available to the insidious entity that has a psychological and psychic residence within. Already the only danger that awaits one on the wide and wondrous path to an actual freedom is beginning to emerge ... the seduction of *Enlightenment* has been starting to rear its “*Tried and True*” head. As I have observed before: it is impossible to combat the wisdom of the *real world* ... and when the *Greater Reality* slips beguilingly into view, one can no longer appeal to sensible reason or

sensitive rationality. All the atavistic affective inheritance is sweeping away the salubrity of our eleven years together and is making her insist that I allow *Love* into actual freedom ... to “make it complete”. As if I would – not that I could anyway – for calenture has caused such appalling misery and mayhem for century upon century. What can I say? It is your life you are living and you are free to live it as wisely or as foolishly as you wish. I can only suggest ... what you do with my suggestion is, of course, entirely up to you. It is you who either reaps the reward or pays the consequences for any action or inaction that you may or may not do. I cannot help you to do it your way ... I can only help those who want to be helped in the only way that I can help. You owe me nothing and neither do I owe you ... we were never obligated to one another nor ever will be, for this is and has been a free association of two fellow human beings. As you consider that you now have to live your own life – independent of my daily influence – then it is obviously the correct time to go our separate ways. There comes a time when one must leave the nest and fly.

Neither of us knows as to whether this going our separate ways will turn out to be permanent or temporary, for one of the wonderful things about being a human being is that one does not know what will come or when. Of course there are those who desire to know the future and get up to all kinds of dubious schemes to find out, thereby trusting that it will be revealed to them ... always with equivocal and highly questionable results. But only one who is discontented with this moment – where all aliveness abounds – looks beyond being here now to some hoped-for future paradise. I am not discontented with this moment of being alive – this constant ever-fresh moment – for it is made magical because of the fact that it is happening for the very first time. Nobody and nothing knows ‘The Future’ simply because there is no prearranged posterity to know. If it were possible to fore-tell a ‘future’, then life would be a tedious living-out of the already known. It is preposterous to imagine that all of life is pre-ordained; if it were so, where then would be this priceless adventure of being alive in a yet-to-be manifested existence? What makes life fascinating is its in-built capacity to allow for one to have an effect, an impact, an import and thus to be able to influence and transform the consequences. All of my actions are a free action within the inherent order of this marvellously self-organising universe ... the only one there is. I am alive only at this moment, and this moment is precious ... as it has never been before and will never be again. Yet again it is always

this moment; it is ever-new, ever-original, ever-novel and it is a joy to partake in all that it has to offer.

I have been talking with people about these matters since 1981 ... with many, many people. People are basically the same wherever they live, whatever their culture. Everybody suffers from malice and sorrow, giving rise to love and compassion. It is a situation common to all human beings; it is not a Western problem nor an Eastern problem, it is a world-wide phenomenon. The West may be dealing with it in its own way and the East its way – and be currently borrowing from each other’s ‘understanding’ – yet the situation is fundamentally identical. All humans are swept up in the same trap and they do not seem to be able to get out of it. This has been going on for aeons. So I am asking: What is one to do about it? Can one, a ‘*normal*’ human being, dedicate one’s life to unearthing and solving the ‘Problem of Life’? Will one dare to venture into unknown territory? Will one devote oneself to becoming totally free of malice and sorrow? Will one become, for the first time, happy and harmless? When one sees the danger that lies in remaining ‘*me*’, the psychic entity within the body, there is action ... immediate action. With ‘*me*’ extirpated, then – and only then – is there an actual chance for peace on earth.

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In 1980, ‘*T*’, the persona that I was, looked at the natural world and just knew that this enormous construct called the world – and the universe itself – was not “set up” for us humans to be forever forlorn in with only scant moments of reprieve. ‘*T*’ realised there and then that it was not and could not ever be some “sick cosmic joke” that humans all had to endure and “make the best of”. ‘*T*’ felt foolish that ‘*T*’ had believed for thirty two years that the ‘*wisdom*’ of the world ‘*T*’ had inherited – the *real world* that ‘*T*’ was born into – was set in stone. This foolish feeling allowed ‘*me*’ to get in touch with ‘*my*’ dormant naiveté, which is the closest thing one has that resembles actual innocence, and activate it with a naive enthusiasm to undo all the conditioning and brainwashing that ‘*T*’ had been subject to. Then when ‘*T*’ looked into myself and at all the people around and saw the sorrow of humankind ‘*T*’ could not stop. ‘*T*’ knew that ‘*T*’ had just devoted myself to the task of setting ‘*myself*’ and ‘*humanity*’ free ... ‘*T*’ willingly dedicated my life to this most worthy cause. It is so exquisite to devote oneself to something whole-heartedly ... the “boots and all” approach ‘*T*’ called it then!

There is an utter purity in the perfection of this universe that one and all live in which wells up ever-fresh from an immense stillness which is the genesis of all that is apparent. This universe is infinite – it has no beginning and no end – it has always been and always will be here ... now. Things may come and things may go but the universe itself is everlasting. As the universe's space is infinite, it follows that it has no edges. As there are no edges to this universe it means there is no centre to it. And as the universe's time is eternal, it follows that it has no beginning or ending ... hence there is no middle. One is nowhere in particular ... and I mean this literally, factually. One and all are floating in limitless space and time upon this planet earth, going nowhere and coming from nowhere. The goal in life is to actualise this infinitude and live it as an actuality each moment again. The living of it is to experience being anywhere all at once whilst being nowhere in particular, for this is the living experience of infinitude. For most people, infinitude just means endless ... but this is a limited understanding based upon what the *self*-bound mind can grasp intellectually.

One can realise that one is the universe experiencing itself as a sensate and reflective human being. One is, after all, made up of the very stuff of the universe ... and I mean this as a physical actuality. The very material that this body is constituted of is the material of the universe ... one did not come from '*outside*' of it and be randomly placed '*in*' here by some god for some mysterious purpose that is not up to humans to fathom. It is possible to fully know the "Mystery of Life" to such an extent that one is completely satisfied and fulfilled. Nothing more needs to be done other than to live it each moment again and to enjoy and appreciate it all fully and totally. The utter purity of this perfect understanding – and the living of it – defies imagination and is impossible to believe. All of one's wishes and dreams are answered ... and more. It is the adventure of a lifetime to embark upon a voyage of exploration and discovery; to not only seek but to find. And once found, it is here for the term of one's natural life ... it is an irreversible mutation in consciousness. Once launched it is impossible to turn back and resume one's '*normal*' life ... one has to be absolutely sure that this is what one truly wants.

It is possible to be actually free.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX 1

A DESCRIPTION OF BECOMING ENLIGHTENED

In 1980 I had a pure consciousness experience wherein I saw that everything was already perfect as-it-is and that 'I', the psychological entity, was standing in the way ... and no-one else was preventing me from achieving the ultimate goal of being a human. In that peak experience I saw 'myself'. 'I' was the end product of society and nothing more. 'I' was an emotional construct of all of the beliefs, values, moral, ethics, mores, customs, traditions, doctrines, ideologies and so on. 'I' was nothing but an emotional-mental fabrication ... a sense of *social identity* with its conscience. I also saw that 'I' was a lost, lonely, frightened – and a very, very cunning – entity. Just as those Christians who are said to be possessed by an evil entity and need to be exorcised, I saw that every human being had been endowed with a social entity ... and it was called being 'normal'. To say that I was amazed rather fails to adequately describe the feeling of relief that after all there was a solution to the human situation here on earth. I was ecstatic.

That proved to be my undoing ... as far as actual freedom is concerned. Ecstasy led to euphoria and euphoria led to bliss. In the blissful state I manifested and became *Love Agapé* which led to an emanation of *Divine Compassion* for all living beings who were suffering and in sorrow by virtue of the fact that they were ignorant of the *Divine Order* of things ... for an *Absolute* had been revealed to me in that *Love and Compassion* – it was that *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* – and I had been chosen to bring this self-same *Love and Compassion* to earth. I was to go through a process, when I returned to 'normal', that would result in my being well-prepared to usher in this new age of peace and prosperity to all humankind. As this revelation continued, I saw a new 'me' coming into existence ... a grand

'Me', a glorious 'Me' and a spiritually fulfilling 'Me'. I was the *Saviour Of Humankind!*

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(As all this was happening, a passing thought occurred to me, which was briefly contemplated ... then banished: Who or what was it that was observing these two 'me's ... the social 'me' and the grand 'Me'? This trifling question was to be of immense benefit years later when I realised that I was living in a delusion and that there was an actual freedom lying beyond ... but I jump ahead of myself.)

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Three nights later I had a similar experience and what I had witnessed on the first revelation was confirmed. Then nothing untoward happened for the next five months – this had been in late July 1980 – until on the first day of January in 1981 when I began a 'process' that was to last for nine months, culminating in my *Divine Awakening* on that September morning. The 'process' was both prosaic and extraordinary: on the one hand I began undoing all the social conditioning that I had been subject to since birth and on the other hand I generated love for all and sundry. I examined all the social traditions and customs etc., one by one, and released myself from their iron grip. I diminished hate and anger and sadness and loneliness by surrendering to and living in love and oneness ... which is the best that a 'normal' human could do by virtue of the socialisation process. I moved in and out of *Sacred States of Heavenly Bliss* and *Love Agapé* and *Divine Compassion* and immersed myself in the entire 'process' with dedication and resolution. I adopted the principle of pacifism ("turn the other cheek") and developed *Goodness* of the highest order. I cleansed and purified myself of all impure thoughts and deeds and worked both hard and industriously in my daily work. I practised honesty and humility in all my interactions with other people and pondered the significance and ramifications of the *Divine Order*.

I totally believed in and had supreme faith in *The Absolute* and its ability to bring about the *Peace On Earth* so long promised. That I was to play the central role in this *Divine Plan* no longer came as a surprise to me, as I began to realise that I had long yearned to part of the *Salvation Process*. I understood that I had to die and be reborn and, consequently, went into a

catatonic state that resulted in my being carted off to hospital and kept under intensive care for four hours until I came out of it. I was never to be the same again, as *Divinity* had been working on me whilst I was catatonic and from that date forward I was permanently in a state of 'human' bliss and love ... I could do no wrong. About six weeks prior to 6th September 1981 I had a revelation that I was going to really die this time, not become catatonic again, and that I was to prepare myself for it. I mustered all of my faith and resolution, renewed all of my trust and dedication, and awaited the day. The night before I could hardly maintain myself as a thinking, functioning human being as a blistering hot and cold burning sensation crept up the back of my spine and entered into the base of my neck just under the brain itself. I went to bed in desperation and frustration at my apparent inability to be good enough to carry this 'process' through to its supreme conclusion.

The next morning I awoke and all was calm and quiet. Expressing relief at the cessation of the intensifying 'process' that had reached an unbearable level the night before; I lay back on my pillows to watch the rising sun (my bedroom faced east) through the large bedroom windows. All of a sudden I was gripped with the realisation that this was the moment! I was going to die! An intense fear raced throughout my body, rising in crescendo until I could scarcely take any more. As it reached a peak of stark terror, I realised that I had nothing to worry about and that I was to go with the 'process'. In an instant all fear left me and I travelled deep into the depths of my very '*being*'. All of a sudden I was sitting bolt upright, laughing, as I realised that this that was IT! was such a simple thing ... all I had to do was die ... and that was the easiest thing in the world to do. Then the thought of leaving my family and friends overwhelmed me and I was thrust back on the bed sobbing. Then I was bolt upright once more laughing my head off ... then I was back on the pillows sobbing my heart out ... upright, laughing ... pillows sobbing ... upright laughing ... pillows sobbing. At the fifth or sixth time something turned over in the base of my brain ... in the top of the brainstem. I likened it to turning over a long-playing record in order to play the other side ... with the vital exception that it would never, ever turn back again.

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It was over. I had arrived. I had become *Awakened to the Greater Reality*. I was *Love Agapé and Divine Compassion* ... there was no separation

between me and *The Absolute*. I had a *Divine Sense of Mission* to spread *The Word* and I embarked on fulfilling my *Sacred Duty*, gathering some disciples on the way, until 1984. Then I started to question just what I was doing and just what had happened to me. Something seemed to be wrong ... this had all been done before by other Masters and Messiahs, Saints and Sages, Avatars and Saviours, to no avail. In fact, instead of bringing Love and Peace, they had left in their wake much bloodshed and hatred ... and I was one of them! Accordingly I travelled to India to find out for myself exactly what was amiss with this whole *Enlightenment* business by meeting some of these hallowed *Gurus* and imbibing the centuries of Eastern Spiritual Tradition for myself, instead of merely reading about it in books.

It was to take me eleven years to get out of this massive delusion I was living in and go beyond it to arrive at where I am today. It was eleven years of coming to terms with the understanding that what I was living was a massive delusion of grandeur ... and that it was what every human being believed in in some way, shape or form ... but that is another story. Today, I am not an *Enlightened Master* living in an *Exalted State of 'Being'* ... I am me-as-this-body only, a fellow human being who has no sorrow or malice whatsoever to transcend; hence I am both happy and harmless. I am what I was on that fateful night in 1980 when I asked the question: "What was it that was observing these two 'me's ... the social 'me' and the grand 'Me'?" I am these sense organs in operation: this seeing is me, this hearing is me, this tasting is me, this touching is me, this smelling is me, and this thinking is me. Whereas 'I', the *identity*, am inside the body: looking out through 'my' eyes as if looking out through a window, listening through 'my' ears as if they were microphones, tasting through 'my' tongue, touching through 'my' skin, smelling through 'my' nose, and thinking through 'my' brain. Of course 'I' must feel isolated, alienated, alone and lonely, for 'I' am cut off from the magnificence of the actual world ... the world as-it-is ... by 'my' very 'presence'.

Any *identity* whatsoever is a delusion.

APPENDIX 2

A DESCRIPTION OF A 'GLIMPSE' OF ACTUAL FREEDOM

I was coming to the end of a time I went through in an endeavour to purify myself which I call my 'puritan period'. I retreated altogether from civilisation to a group of uninhabited islands in the tropics off the north-eastern Australian seaboard where I stayed for the best part of three months in total silence, on my own, speaking to no one at all and moving from island to island at whim. I had whittled my worldly possessions down to three sarongs, three shirts, a cooking pot and bowl, a knife and a spoon, a bank book and a pair of nail scissors ... I was homeless, itinerant, celibate, vegan, (no spices; not even salt and pepper), no drugs (no tobacco, no alcohol; not even tea or coffee), no hair cut, no shaving, no washing other than a dip in a river or the ocean. I possessed nothing else anywhere in the world and had cut all family ties ... whatever I could eliminate from my life that was an encumbrance and an attachment, I had let go of. In other words: whatever was traditionally seen as an impediment to freedom I discarded. It was there I finally discovered that it was *Spiritual Enlightenment* which was at fault and that I could 'purify' myself via these 'Tried and True' means until the cows came home ... to no avail.

I was already in an *Altered State Of Consciousness* (this was in 1985 and my *ego* had dissolved in 1981) and living in what has been described as the *Unknown*. I had had some serious reservations about the validity of this as an ultimate state and had been to India the previous year to see if I could ascertain why. My discoveries there had led me to consider the possibility that *Enlightenment* was not the final stage, so I was ripe and ready to plunge into the *Unknowable*. I was able to experience what lay beyond *Enlightenment* several times ... the first of these experiences occurred at maybe three in the morning (I had no watch) and was accompanied by a

'being'. With pure intent one will not settle for second best, for it has been seen in the pure consciousness experiences that the very best is possible, here on earth. One sees that 'I' must disappear entirely. There will be no transcendence, no transmutation, no metamorphosis ... not any of these. For one who goes all the way, no phoenix will exist to arise from the ashes ... nothing *Metaphysical* will remain. There will be no 'being' at all. 'I' will become extinct.

I use the word extinct deliberately for it carries a definitive meaning. Physically, death is the end of an individual member of the species, whilst extinction is the ending of the species itself. The psychological annihilation of 'I' – in its entirety – is the psychological ending of the species known as 'humanity'. It is the end of 'being' and the end of an illusion. It is also the end of 'Being' and the end of delusion. The 'Human Condition', with all its appalling misery and mayhem, can come to an end. All those would-be wise people who state "You can't change human nature" are, fortunately, wrong. Because it is possible for 'me' to become extinct, thereby releasing the body from the 'being' within, I can walk freely in the world as-it-is ... this actual world. I, as this body only, can live in that perfect purity twenty-four-hours-a-day. I can live in a state of benignity, which means a kindly and harmless disposition. Life is a sincere and yet playful game and one is then free to enjoy it all, every moment again.

'Humanity', which gave birth to 'me', is being sustained by 'me' remaining as a 'being'. 'I' am forever fettered by the 'Human Condition'. The species known as 'humanity' has searched for an *Ultimate Fulfilment* within the arena of the 'Human Condition' for all of history. Such a search is endless and futile, for it is a search within an illusion. Only further illusions – further states of 'being' – can be found there ... or delusions. Becoming *Divine* is a delusion ... a state of 'Being' that is actually an insult to intelligence. 'I' will never find the ultimate fulfilment for 'I' am standing in the way of the "Mystery of Life" being revealed. There is no way out, 'I' am doomed. 'I' must, inevitably, cease to 'be'. Instead of bemoaning 'my' fate and vainly searching for an escape, 'I' can see 'myself' for what 'I' am. This seeing is the beginning of the ending of 'me'. The extinction of 'me' is the ultimate sacrifice 'I' can make to ensure the possibility of peace-on-earth for not only me but for all humankind.

Ultimate fulfilment lies beyond extinction.

APPENDIX 3

A DESCRIPTION OF BECOMING ACTUALLY FREE

In late September 1992 a woman, who had been coming to see me on and off for some time, earnestly asked that she be taken on as a disciple ... she seriously wished me to be her master. I was astounded, for I had been at pains to explain that I was not interested in being anyone's master, as I considered the entire system of the master-disciple relationship, with its attendant surrender, trust, worship and obedience, to be not only insidious, but pernicious as in regards to another person's freedom. I declined, of course, yet I had to question just what I was "putting out" to people to precipitate such a request. What was my part in all this? What was I doing – indeed what was I *'being'* – to encourage another to consider taking this step? I had been dismantling various aspects of the make-up of the *Altered State Of Consciousness* that I was living in – a state of *Spiritual Enlightenment* that I called *Absolute Freedom* – and had thought myself to be virtually free of all that hocus-pocus that goes on in the name of freedom. I asked myself what turned out to be a seminal question:

“What am I in relation to other people?”

I asked the question in such a way so that I would not get a carefully thought-out and reasoned answer. I wanted an experiential result ... and I kept the question burning in the depths of my psyche, discarding any intellectual answers that inevitably popped-up in the course of the next five or six weeks. It concerned me acutely that I was in such a predicament because my questioning of life, the universe and what it is to be a human being had all started with just this very issue when I was nineteen years of age. I was in a foreign country, dressed in a jungle-green uniform and

apprehension mounted to a fear that moved rapidly through terror and horror to the dread that I knew so well from long ago. This was what my seminal question had produced and, turning weak at the knees, I sank to the ground ... to no avail. I could not escape my destiny; for I was situated in a living nightmare of what I swiftly came to see was nothing short of institutionalised insanity. Any altered state of consciousness was a delusion born out of the illusion of self ... but only because of humankind's ignorance. It is truly dreadful to be trapped in a massive delusion for eleven years, unable to find any way out and knowing that no other human being can help, for the altered state has been held up for millennia as being the Summum Bonum of human existence. All the literature on the subject praised the state of consciousness I was in (*Enlightenment, Illumination, Moksa, Samadhi, Satori, Nirvana, Sunyata* and so on) and yet I just knew it was a mirage that I was living.

I had no choice but to retire to my bed for a sleepless night of frozen immobility ... which continued throughout the morning of the next day. I knew that I would – I must – proceed, but how could I be right and all those 'great' and revered masters be wrong? Who was I, a mere boy from the farm, to set himself up to be the ultimate arbiter of human experience? The agonizing doubt was virtually unbearable ... I would not wish this upon anyone ... I would want no one to follow in my footsteps, for I had to run the full gamut of dread to break through to what lay beyond the deception. I realised, at about nine in the morning, that eleven years ago I had inadvertently surrendered my will to a god ... the *Absolute* that I cunningly considered to be '*That Which Lay Beyond*' had turned out to be *Divinity* in disguise. I took myself up the hill into a pine plantation that I particularly favoured as a contemplative place and spent an hour and a half digging deep into my psyche to regain my 'surrender' ... to get my autonomy back. With a shaky will somewhat in place I returned to my home and, mounting the verandah steps, collapsed in a heap on the bare boards. Unable to move, to think or to feel I could but lie there as my very *soul* fell away. It was about midday when the process was over and I came to my senses ... both figuratively and literally. For along with the dissolution of my *soul*, my feelings – my emotions and passions – disappeared, never to return. My psyche disintegrated and the second 'I' died ... 'I' became extinct.

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The *Altered State* needs to be talked about and exposed for what it is so that nobody need venture up that blind alley ever again. There is another way and another goal. The main trouble with the *Altered State* is that whilst the *ego* dissolves, the *identity* as *soul* remain intact. No longer identifying as a personal *ego-bound identity*, one then identifies as an impersonal *soul-ridden identity* ... 'I am That', 'I am God', 'I am The Supreme', 'I am The Absolute' and so on. This is the delusion, the mirage, the deception ... and it is extremely difficult to see it for oneself, for one is in an august state. This second *identity* – the second 'I' of *Ramana Maharshi* fame – is a difficult one to shake, maybe more difficult than the first; for who is brave enough to voluntarily give up fame and fortune, reverence and worship, status and security? One has to be scrupulously honest with oneself to go all the way and no longer be a someone, a somebody of importance. One faces extinction; 'I' will cease to be, there will be no 'being' whatsoever, no 'presence' and no 'spirit' at all. It is impossible to imagine, not only the complete and utter cessation of 'me' in 'my' entirety, but the end of any *Supreme 'Being'* or *Absolute 'Presence'* or *Ultimate 'Spirit'* in any way, shape or form. It means that no one or no thing is in charge of the universe ... that there is no '*Ultimate Authority and Power*'. It means that all values are but '*human*' values, with no absolute values at all to fall back upon. It is impossible for 'me' to conceive that without a wayward 'me' there is no need for any values whatsoever ... or an '*Ultimate Authority and Power*'.

Thus I find myself here, in the world as-it-is. A vast stillness lies all around, a perfection that is abounding with purity. Beneficence, an active kindness, overflows in all directions, imbuing everything with unimaginable fairytale-like quality. For me to be able to be here now at all is a blessing that only 'I' could grant, because nobody else could do it for me. I am full of admiration for the 'me' that dared to do such a thing. I owe all that I experience now to 'me'. I salute 'my' audacity. And what an adventure it was ... and still is. These are the wondrous workings of the exquisite quality of life ... who would have it any other way?

I am this infinite and perfect physical universe experiencing itself as a sensate, reflective human being.

APPENDIX 4 THIS MOMENT OF BEING ALIVE

Ask yourself this, each moment again: How am I experiencing this moment of being alive?

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It is essential for success to grasp the fact that this is your only moment of being alive. The past, although it did happen, is not actual now. The future, though it will happen, is not actual now. Only now is actual. Yesterday's happiness and harmlessness does not mean a thing if one is miserable and malicious now ... and a hoped-for happiness and harmlessness tomorrow is to but waste this moment of being alive in waiting. All you get by waiting is more waiting. Thus any 'change' can only happen now. The jumping in point is always here ... it is at this moment in time and this place in space. Thus, if you miss it this time around, hey presto ... you have another chance immediately. Life is excellent at providing opportunities like this.

What 'I' did, all those years ago, was to devise a remarkably effective method of ridding this body of 'me' (I know that methods are to be actively discouraged, in some people's eyes, but this one worked). It takes some doing to start off with, but as success after success starts to multiply exponentially, it becomes automatic to have this question running as an on-going thing (as a non-verbal attitude towards life ... a wordless approach each moment again) because it delivers the goods right here and now ... not off into some indeterminate future. Plus the successes are repeatable – almost on demand – and thus satisfies the 'scientific method'. 'I' asked myself, each moment again: 'How am I experiencing this moment of being alive'?

As one knows from the pure consciousness experiences (PCE's), which are moments of perfection everybody has at some stage in their life, that it is possible to experience this moment in time and this place in space as perfection personified, 'I' set the minimum standard of experience for myself: feeling good. If 'I' am not feeling good then 'I' have something to look at to find out why. What has happened, between the last time 'I' felt good and now? When did 'I' feel good last? Five minutes ago? Five hours ago? What happened to end those felicitous feelings? Ahh ... yes: 'He said that and I ...'. Or: 'She didn't do this and I ...'. Or: 'What I wanted was ...'. Or: 'I didn't do ...'. And so on and so on ... one does not have to trace back into one's childhood ... usually no more than yesterday afternoon at the most ('feeling good' is an unambiguous term – it is a general sense of well-being – and if anyone wants to argue about what feeling good means ... then do not even bother trying to do this at all).

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Once the specific moment of ceasing to feel good is pin-pointed, and the silliness of having such an incident as that (no matter what it is) take away one's enjoyment and appreciation of this only moment of being alive is seen for what it is – usually some habitual reactive response – one is once more feeling good ... but with a pin-pointed cue to watch out for next time so as to not have that trigger off yet another bout of the same-old same-old. This is called nipping it in the bud before it gets out of hand ... with application and diligence and patience and perseverance one soon gets the knack of this and more and more time is spent enjoying and appreciating this moment of being alive. And, of course, once one does get the knack of this, one up-levels 'feeling good', as a bottom line each moment again, to 'feeling happy and harmless' ... and after that to 'feeling perfect'.

The more one enjoys and appreciates being just here right now – to the point of excellence being the norm – the greater the likelihood of a PCE happening ... a grim and/or glum person has no chance whatsoever of allowing the magical event, which indubitably shows where everyone has been going awry, to occur. Plus any analysing and/or psychologising and/or philosophising whilst one is in the grip of debilitating feelings usually does not achieve much (other than spiralling around and around in varying degrees of despair and despondency or whatever) anyway.

The wide and wondrous path to an actual freedom from the human condition is marked by enjoyment and appreciation – the sheer delight of being as happy and harmless as is humanly possible whilst remaining a ‘self’ – and the slightest diminishment of such felicity is a warning signal (a flashing red light as it were) that one has inadvertently wandered off the way.

One is thus soon back on track ... and all because of everyday events.

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There is only one person in this whole wide world that one can change ... ‘myself’. This is the most important point to understand thoroughly, otherwise one endlessly tries to change the other ... and as there are billions of ‘others’ it would be a life-time task with still no success at the end. If one grasps that the way to peace-on-earth is by changing oneself – and oneself only – then all of one’s interactions with others will undergo a radical transformation. You set them free of your graceless demands ... your endless neediness born out of being alone in the world. The cause of sadness and loneliness is not, as is commonly believed, alienation from others. The single reason for being alone and lonely is from not being what-I-am. By not being this flesh and blood body just brimming with sensory organs, but being, instead, an *identity* within, ‘I’ am doomed to perpetual loneliness and aloneness. ‘I’ am fated to ever pursue an elusive ‘Someone’ or ‘Something’ that will fill that aching void.

When I am what-I-am, there is no void. By being what I actually am – this body only – I have no need for others; hence I also have no need to place the burden upon them to fulfil that what was lacking. Not only do I free myself from that perpetual pursuit, but I also free others in my company from the task ‘I’ impose upon them. Being this sensual body is actual fulfilment, each moment again. Nevermore will I be needy, greedy and grasping. Nevermore will I plot and plan and manipulate others. Nevermore will I have to prostitute myself to others to assuage those main attributes of the *identity*: being lost, lonely, frightened and cunning. Being what-I-am is to be free-flowing, spontaneous, delightful ... and it is fun, for one can never be hurt again.

One can free the heart and mind of hurts and slights ... and from succour and compliments as well. This is important, for the positive is as insidious as the negative when it comes to holding on to whatever from the

past and the future. There must be an attainment of freedom from the past and the future in whatever form it takes, for 'I' am these hurts and compliments ... it is, in part, what 'I' am made up of. 'I' have a vested interest in taking offence, for it endorses the very nature of 'me' as *soul*. 'I' also thrive on receiving praise for it feeds what 'I' am as an *ego*. Both hurts and compliments give both 'I' and 'me' the nourishment 'I' need for 'my' survival. By not taking offence or receiving praise, 'I' have made a good start in undoing 'me'. Thus the past and the future become less and less *real* as the sense of *identity*, as an enduring entity continuing over time, is dependent upon an emotion-backed memory and passionate imagination fuelling the fires of malice and sorrow. 'I' am a product of the emotional and passionate '*real-world*' affective time-span.

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Another part of what 'I' am made up of is beliefs: One's sense of *identity* is largely made up of beliefs ... beliefs as well as feelings. In fact, a belief is an emotion-backed thought ... passionate imagination. The vast majority of the beliefs that one carries are not invented by oneself; they were imbibed with the mother's milk and added to thereupon up to the present day. They are inherited beliefs, put into the child with love and fear – reward and punishment – and added to as an adult out of awe and dread – the carrot and the stick – that power and authority engenders and thrives upon. It behoves one to examine each and every belief – especially those that pass for '*truths*' – and watch them disappear out of one's life forever. It is no wonder human beings are such a desperate lot. Beliefs and feelings are the bane of humankind ... they have been so instrumental in killing, maiming, torturing and otherwise causing such pain and suffering since the dawn of human history, that one wonders that they are given any credence at all these days. It is so liberating to be free of beliefs – of the action of believing itself – and feelings that I cannot recommend their elimination highly enough.

Thus, by asking 'how am I experiencing this moment of being alive', the reward is immediate; by finding out what triggered off the loss of the felicitous feeling, one commences another period of enjoying and appreciating this moment of being alive. It is all about being here at this moment in time and this place in space ... and if you are not feeling happy and harmless you have no chance whatsoever of being here in this actual world (a glum and/or grumpy person locks themselves out of the perfect

purity of this moment and place). And by having already established feeling good (a general sense of well-being) as the bottom line for moment-to-moment experiencing then if, or when, feeling happy and harmless fades there is that comfortable baseline from which to suss out where, when, how, why – and what for – the feeling of being happy and harmless ceased happening ... and all the while feeling good whilst going about it.

Furthermore if, or when, there is a sinking below the bottom line, and feeling bad (a general sense of ill-being) is the moment-to-moment experiencing then, rather than trying to suss out where, when, how, why – and what for – the general sense of well-being (feeling good) ceased occurring, it is far more useful to first get to a stage of being neutral, because, when in the feeling bad position, feeling good can appear to be so, so far away ... indeed, at times, feeling good can seem to be but a dream, a fancy, a chimera, a will-o'-the-wisp, from that position, and what's the point anyway, that method didn't work either (of course), it's all stupid, life sucks, and ... and all the rest of those self-pitying, self-justifying, defeatist assertions.

As the step from being neutral to feeling good is not such a big step then one is soon back on track again.

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These are all feelings, this is not perfection personified yet ... but then again, feeling perfect for twenty three hours and fifty nine minutes a day is way beyond 'normal' human expectations anyway. Also, it is a very tricky way of both getting men fully into their feelings for the first time in their life and getting women to examine their feelings one by one instead of being run by a basketful of them all at once. One starts to feel 'alive' for the first time in one's life.

Being 'alive' is to be paying attention – exclusive attention – to this moment in time and this place in space. This attention becomes fascination ... and fascination leads to reflective contemplation. Then – and only then – apperception can occur. An apperceptive awareness can be evoked by paying exclusive attention to being fully alive right now. This moment is your only moment of being alive ... one is never alive at any other time than now. And, wherever you are, one is always here ... even if you start walking over to 'there', along the way to 'there' you are always here ... and when you arrive 'there', it too is here. Thus attention becomes a fascination with the fact that

one is always here ... and it is already now. Fascination leads to reflective contemplation. As one is already here, and it is always now ... then one has arrived before one starts.

The potent combination of attention, fascination, reflection and contemplation produces apperception, which happens when the mind becomes aware of itself. Apperception is an awareness of consciousness. It is not 'I' being aware of 'me' being conscious; it is the mind's awareness of itself. Apperception – a way of seeing that can be arrived at by reflective and fascinating contemplative thought – is when 'I' cease thinking and thinking takes place of its own accord ... and 'me' disappears along with all the feelings. Such a mind, being free of the thinker and the feeler – 'I' as *ego* and 'me' as *soul* – is capable of immense clarity and purity ... as a sensate body only, one is automatically benevolent and benign.

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It is really important to understand about the *soul* ... getting into feelings like this – 'perfect' feelings – leaves one in imminent danger of the seductive snare of *Love* and *Beauty*, and, conveniently ignoring their opposites, becoming *enlightened*, or at least *illuminated*. 'Me' – that sense of 'being' that I call the *soul* – sugar coats itself with *Love* and *Compassion* and *Beauty* and *Truth* and swans along in a state of *Blissful Euphoria*. Thus one then goes off into some mystical *State of 'Being'* in some metaphysical world and misses out on the clean and clear perfection of this actual world. It is very, very difficult to get out of the *enlightened* state and go "beyond it" into this actual world of the senses.

I found out for myself how difficult it was ... I lived *enlightenment* for eleven years ... the same as the "*Tried and True*" teachings that all the Saints and the Sages, the Messiahs and the Masters, the Avatars and the Saviours and the Gurus and the God-men have been touting as being the cure-all for the ills of humankind for millennia. I found these solutions to be the tried and failed. I found that, in an altered state of consciousness such as *spiritual enlightenment* which results when the *ego* dissolves, the sense of *identity* does a quantum leap from the head to the heart. One realises oneself as being 'Me' at the core of 'my' very 'being' ... one becomes *Pure 'Being'*. The resultant oceanic state of unitary perception – called by some choiceless awareness – creates the delusion that the illusion of *identity* is ended. There is an on-going experience of *oneness* and *wholeness* which expresses itself as:

“I am everything and everything is Me”. For those who go all the way into this delusion, they realise that “*I am The Self*” or “*I am The Buddha*” or “*I am God*”.

It is possible to extinguish this *identity* – this ‘*Me*’ which is the second ‘*I*’ of Mr. Venkataraman Ramana fame – and go beyond *enlightenment* into an actual freedom. One then lives in this actual world of sensual delight that under-pins both the illusory grim and glum everyday *reality* experienced by 5.8 billion people and the delusory loving and compassionate *Greater Reality* experienced by .0000001 of the population. Then one is both happy and harmless automatically.

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You need to have a keen sense of humour. This business of becoming free is not – contrary to popular opinion – a serious business at all. Be totally sincere ... most definitely utterly sincere, as genuineness is essential. But serious ... no way. An actual freedom is all about having fun; about enjoying being here now; about delighting in being alive. All that “being serious” stuff actively works against peace-on-earth. One has to want to be here on this planet ... most people resent being here and wish to escape. This method will bring one into being more fully here than anyone has ever been before. If you do not want to be here now, then forget it.

Your feeling of being – the real ‘*me*’ – is what is evidenced when one says: ‘But what about me, nobody loves me for me’! For a woman it is: ‘You only want me for my body ... and not for me’. For a man it is: ‘You only want me for my money ... and not for me’. For a child it is: ‘You only want to be my friend because of my toys (or sweets or whatever)’. This intuitive sense of ‘*me*’ – this *being* – arises out of the basic instinctual passions that blind nature endowed us all with as a rough and ready ‘software’ package to make a start in life. These passions – mainly fear and aggression and nurture and desire – appear as a rudimentary animal ‘self’. This is why it is felt to be one’s ‘Original Face’ – to use the Zen terminology – if one is open to ‘what is’.

Being born of the biologically inherited instinctual passions genetically encoded in the germ cells of the spermatozoa and the ova, ‘*I*’ am – genetically – umpteen hundreds of thousands of years old ... ‘*my*’ origins are lost in the mists of pre-history. ‘*I*’ am so anciently old that ‘*I*’ may well have always existed ... carried along on the reproductive cell-line, over

'I' know that 'I' have just devoted myself to the task of setting 'myself' and 'humanity' free ... 'I' willingly dedicate my life to this most worthy cause. It is so delicious to devote oneself to something whole-heartedly ... the "boots and all" approach!

'I' become obsessed with changing 'myself' fundamentally, radically, completely and utterly.

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This entails finding the source of 'myself' ... and 'I' discover that a 'being' arises out of the instinctual passions that *Blind Nature* endows all sentient beings with at birth. This 'being' – the rudimentary *self* – is the root cause of all the malice and sorrow that besets humankind, and to eliminate malice and sorrow 'I' have to eliminate the fear and aggression and nurture and desire that this 'being' is made up of ... the instinctual passions. But as this 'being' is the passions – there is no differentiation betwixt the two – then the elimination of one is the elimination of the other. In fact, with the elimination of the passions, 'I' cease to exist as 'me' being a 'being', period.

Psychological/psychic self-immolation is the only sensible sacrifice that 'I' as 'me' being can make in order to reveal that which is actual. And that which is actual is a clear and clean and pure perfection. Life is bursting with meaning when 'I' and 'me' are no longer present to mess things up. 'I' and 'me' stand in the way of the clarity and purity of the clean perfection of the actual being apparent. 'My' very 'presence' prohibits this ever-present perfection being evident. 'I' or 'me' as 'being' prevents the very purity of life, which 'I' am searching for, from coming into plain view. With 'my' demise, this ever-fresh perfection is now manifest. Peace-on-earth was here in this actual world all the time.

It is all so simple, in the actual world; no effort is needed to meet the requisite morality of society. I have no "dark nature", no unconscious impulses to curb, to control, to restrain. It is all so easy, in the actual world; I can take no credit for my apparently virtuous behaviour because actual freedom automatically provides beneficial thoughts and deeds. It is all so spontaneous, in the actual world; I do not do it ... it does itself. Vanity, egoism, selfishness ... all *self-centred* activity has ceased to operate when 'I' and 'me' as 'being' ceased to 'be'. And it is all so peaceful, in the actual world; it is only in actualism that human beings can have peace-on-earth

without toiling fruitlessly to be 'good'. The answer to everything that has puzzled humankind for all of human history is readily elucidated when one is actually free.

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The "Mystery of Life" has been penetrated and laid open for all those with the eyes to see.

APPENDIX 5 A PRÉCIS OF ACTUAL FREEDOM

1. There are three ways of experiencing the world of people, things and events: 1. sensate (senses); 2. cerebral (thoughts); 3. affective (feelings). The feelings include both the affectionate and desirable emotions/passions (those that are loving and trusting) and hostile and invidious emotions/passions (those that are hateful and fearful).

2. All sentient beings are born with instinctual passions like fear and aggression and nurture and desire genetically bestowed by blind nature which give rise to a rudimentary animal 'self' – which is 'being' itself – that human beings with their ability to think and reflect upon their mortality have transformed into a 'me' as soul (a 'feeler' in the heart) and an 'I' as ego (a 'thinker' in the head).

3. Thus there are three I's altogether but only one is actual (sensate) and not an identity; I am this flesh and blood body being apperceptively aware. The primary cause of all the wars and murders and rapes and tortures and domestic violence and child abuse and suicides and so on is the instinctual passions which give rise to malice and sorrow and the antidotally generated pacifiers of love and compassion which, if sublimated and transcended, give rise to Love Agapé and Divine Compassion. This 'Tried and True' solution to all the ills of humankind lies within the 'Human Condition' and, as it has had 3,000 to 5,000 years to demonstrate its efficacy, can be discarded as being the 'Tried and Failed'.

4. I am mortal in that I was born, I live for a period of years, then I die and death is the end, finish. The material universe is infinite and eternal and was here before I was born and will be here after I die.

5. There are three worlds altogether but only one is actual; there is nothing other than this actual, physical universe (the normal 'reality' as experienced by 6.0 billion human beings is an illusion and the abnormal 'Reality' as experienced by 0.000001 of the population is a delusion born out of the illusion because of the self-aggrandising tendency of the narcissism born of the survival passions).

6. Peace-on-earth can become apparent to anyone at all irregardless of gender, age or race because the perfection of the infinitude of this spatial and temporal universe is already always here at this place in infinite space ... now in this moment of eternal time.

7. When 'I' as ego and 'me' as soul psychologically and psychically self-immolate – which is the end of 'being' itself – then the answer to the 'Mystery Of Life' becomes evident as an on-going existential experiencing; I am this physical universe experiencing itself as a reflective, sensate human being; as me, the universe is intelligent (there is no anthropomorphic 'Intelligence' that is creating or running existence).

8. There is a wide and wondrous path to actual freedom: One asks oneself, each moment again, 'how am I experiencing this moment of being alive'? This gives rise to apperception. Apperception is the outcome of the exclusive attention paid to being alive right here and now. Apperception is to be the senses as a bare awareness, a pure consciousness experience (PCE) of the world as-it-is, which happens when the mind becomes aware of itself. Apperception is an awareness of consciousness. It is not 'I' being aware of 'me' being conscious; it is the mind's awareness of itself.

9. The day finally dawns when something irrevocable happens inside the skull. In an ecstatic moment of being present, 'I' as ego and 'me' as soul expire. 'I' as ego and 'me' as soul ceases to exist, permanently. There is a sensation inside the top of the brain-stem that is experienced as a physical 'turning over' of some kind ... something that can never, ever, turn back. Something irrevocable happens and everything is different, somehow, although everything stays the same physically ... with the outstanding exception of a perfection and purity permeating all and everything. Something has changed, although it is as if nothing has happened ... except that the entire world is a magical fairy-tale-like playground full of incredible joy and delight that is never-ending.

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'My' demise was as fictitious as 'my' apparent presence. I have always been here, I realise, it was that 'I' only imagined that 'I' existed. It was all an emotional play in a fertile imagination ... which was, however, fuelled by an actual hormonal substance triggered off from within the brain-stem because of the instinctual passions bestowed by blind nature. Thus the psyche – the entire affective faculty born of the instinctual passions

themselves – is wiped out forever and one is finally what one actually is: this thinking and reflective flesh-and-blood body simply brimming with sense organs, delighting in this very sensual world of actual experience.

Thus the search for meaning amidst the debris of the much-vaunted human hopes and dreams and schemes has come to its timely end. With the end of both ‘I’ and ‘me’, the distance or separation between both ‘I’ and ‘me’ and these sense organs – and thus the external world – disappears. To be living as the senses is to live a clear and clean awareness – apperception – a pure consciousness experience of the world as-it-is. Because there is no ‘I’ as a thinker (a little person inside one’s head) or a ‘me’ as a feeler (a little person in one’s heart) – to have sensations happen to them, I am the sensations. The entire affective faculty vanishes ... blind nature’s software package of instinctual passions is deleted.

There is nothing except the series of sensations which happen ... not happening to an ‘I’ or a ‘me’ but just happening ... moment by moment ... one after another. To live life as these sensations, as distinct from having them, engenders the most astonishing sense of freedom and magic. Consequently, I am living in peace and tranquillity; a meaningful peace and tranquillity. Life is intrinsically purposeful, the reason for existence lies openly all around. Being in this very air I live in, I am constantly aware of it; I breathe it in and out; I see it, I hear it, I taste it, I smell it, I touch it, all of the time. It never goes away – nor has it ever been away – it was just that ‘I’/‘me’ was standing in the way of the meaning of life being apparent.

Life is not a vale of tears.

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Often people who do not read what I have to say with both eyes gain the impression that I am suggesting that people to stop feeling ... which I am not. My whole point is to cease ‘being’ – psychologically and psychically self-immolate – which means that the entire psyche itself is extirpated. That is, the biological instinctual package handed out by blind nature is deleted like a computer software programme (but with no ‘Recycle Bin’ to retrieve it from) so that the affective faculty is no more. Then – and only then – are there no feelings ... as in a pure consciousness experience (PCE) where, with the self in abeyance, the feelings play no part at all. However, in a PCE the feelings – passion and calenture – can come rushing in, if one is not alert, resulting in the PCE devolving into an altered state of consciousness (ASC)

But refrain from possessing it and making it your own ... or else
'twill vanish as softly as it appeared.

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