

Practicing Self-Knowing
AWARENESS
Journal

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Welcome; Welcome Back

New Year greetings to new subscribers and to steadfast old friends, welcome and welcome back to our group interested in and dedicated to self-knowing and what one "in the know" can contribute to Life.

I hope you will consider thinking of *Awareness Journal* as a gathering place of friends, which, in a way, limited by its nature as a publication and not "in person," can still be informative, fun, and especially, dynamic to whoever wishes it to be. You might imagine that we are having coffee in the pub, or gathered around the fireplace in my home sipping wine, taking over our corner of the pseudo-posh hotel lobby in Glendale, or under my beautiful cedar tree in the backyard making a barbecue. My pal Paul A. always reads his *AJ* in the bathtub (so he tells me), and at Kathleen's I saw whole volumes in a rack next to the toilet. I write much of it in spiral notebooks in various pubs around town, then sit at the computer to get it "presentable" to you, in much the same way that I would get myself presentable were we to enjoy a visit. Clear, friendly, interesting is what I hope the form of the information given to you here is. I hope, also, that you take to heart some of the ideas, experiment with them (trying to disprove them is a great way to experiment), share them with others. And then, participate further by contributing to all of us what your observations may be, results of experiments, questions when something is not clear, and whatever else you wish and think appropriate. If you send a picture with your letter, I can vouch that many of your *AJ* friends will appreciate it—although we are all connected in a certain subtle way by our common interest, it really seems to help to get a "feel" for each other through both your written words and your photo. (And if that is just too daring, maybe you are much too "shy" for such exposure, communicate anyway—I will print your contribution anonymously, or even disguise it, if you wish, so that the essence remains but your identity doesn't.)

The nature of this kind of group may surprise you. Most groups meet, of course, because of a common interest, but maintaining and applauding recognizable mutual attributes is the purpose—it's called socializing. This group has a different intention: knowing oneself. And in a special way, not just knowing what we already

"know," but more especially to recognize what we are and what we act out that we *didn't* realize before we saw our "selves" in the mirror provided by the group.

Putting to use the information gleaned from these pages will change anyone's life who bothers to put it to use. That's a guarantee! (Put the info to work, if you aren't amazed with the results, ask and your money will be cheerfully refunded!) Just reading and forgetting, or reading and chatting, will do next to nothing (although even that will have some influence, possibly more on others). You are encouraged to "check it out," and your responses are eagerly awaited and welcomed, just as you are.

This issue begins with a long article on the Principles for new readers, or a refresher for "regulars." Please—if anything is confusing, ask for clarification! Further material this year will be more to the point, or maybe I should say more pointed—it's time for all of us to grow up, and I'm itching to expand the presentation a little.

Remember you are encouraged to participate as fully as possible—we all *want* to hear from you.

Welcome, and thank you. Let's have fun.



Just to demonstrate I wouldn't ask you to do anything I wouldn't do (is this courage or what?)

Self-Knowing

Ever felt lost? Maybe “lost in space” weighted down with too much luggage crammed with “problems,” or lost in chaos with your tool box completely empty and useless? Feeling “lost” can take on different expressions, but I wager you know the feeling. The Teaching proposes four questions to aid the Lost One to understand what’s going on, to “find” himself or herself, to find his or her Self, and proposes the “correct” or accurate answers to these guiding questions. (But a word to the wise here: It’s all presented to you as hypothesis, don’t “believe” a word of it. Check it out yourself, see if it works, see for yourself if it is True.)

The questions are: What am I? Where am I? What’s going on here? What can I do?

Ponder them. The popular jargon of the day tells you, “Find out *who* you are, and then you will be happy.” But when did saying one’s name aloud to another, or getting recognition for an identity—say, a job title or an award—or “validation” (agreement) from another ever really fundamentally help you to “find” yourself if you are lost, or for more than a passing moment?

When we truly discover **WHAT** we are, we are no longer lost. We are beginning to have a foothold on a point of existence that was not visible to us before, and certainly not permanent. Knowing “Who” I am is fleeting and thus not of real satisfaction to the Lost One. Because “Who” I am depends, doesn’t it? It depends on to whom I’m relating, it depends on what’s going on: Am I mother or daughter, father or son, or both, depending? Am I a writer or a gardener or a carpenter or a surfer or an inventor or a Texan or a student? It all depends on what I am doing.

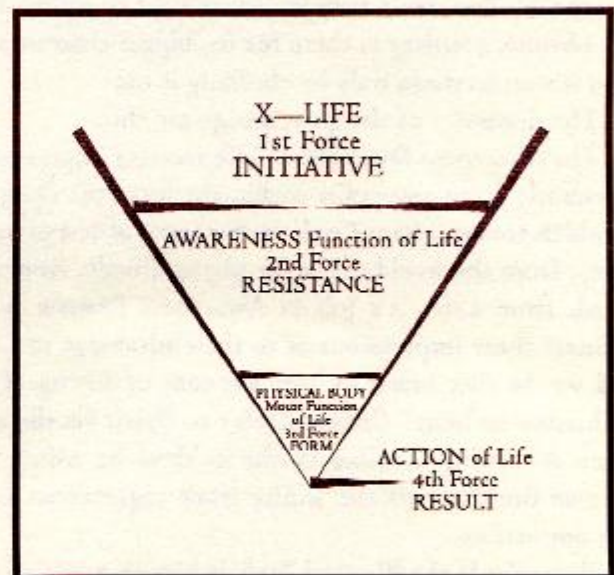
When I know **WHAT** I am, though, it depends on nothing, it just **IS**—I am—regardless of what’s going on or what role I am playing at the moment.

The Teaching says I am Spirit having a human experience. That’s rather novel, nice, “but” it’s not that much help to Lost Ones unless they can understand these terms—which they will be able to do, with a little Work. So let’s answer “What am I?” in a more specific way.

What am I? I am a point of Awareness incorrectly identified with every thought that pops into my head, either accepting or rejecting (liking or disliking) the thought, and, you will notice, they often contradict each other. For instance, maybe I am proud one moment for standing up to some obnoxious person (“I am assertive! Good for me, I’m not a doormat any longer,” followed

in a short while by “I’m not very nice, I made that scene and bystanders who didn’t really understand frowned and clucked at me—I’m an ass.” WHO is this person? Who knows? WHAT is this person? MANY “persons” with one name, “I”, many persons all calling themselves by one name (my name!). And really *none* of them is me, when I look in retrospect, when I detach a little from the event and quit defending and justifying and condemning myself. Then I can see I was lost and a bunch of thoughts took over for me and reacted, and made a little (or big) stir, and nothing really of value happened, and I can see I am a Lost One.

Let’s start from the beginning and draw a diagram of what I am, called here The Picture of Man.



This is a picture labeling the functions of Spirit having a human experience—a Picture of Life. Think of the whole square as Life, called “X” here in a little borrowing from algebra. In algebra when something is

known to exist in an equation but it can't be defined yet, an X is used to mark that entity: $9 + X = 10$.

Right now, what I am is a point of Awareness. In fact, I am the Awareness Function of Life, which in my case is named _____ (one's given name). Life (Spirit) and the unique perspective of Spirit that goes by my name, has at our disposal a physical form. We sometimes identify the Physical Body as "I", but this really is seldom—maybe during intense pleasure or pain, but even then a little reflection says, "my body hurts,"—if the body is "mine," then *whose* is it? Usually we drag it around, see it and treat it as an object, identify with its attributes and especially its flaws, but fundamentally we know upon a little reflection that the Physical Body is not "I". So, it is our tool or vehicle to get along in the physical world. (Imagine being here without one: fun to be invisible, maybe—for a few minutes. How would you feel about your invisibility if you floated on a street scene where an unattended toddler was about to run in front of a car? or a great party with all your favorite people and the best food ever?). So the aching, imperfect, too-fat or not good-looking enough physical body has a distinct value—it's our passport to a great journey, our vehicle for the trip, our tool to do things with. And this trinity of Life and its Awareness Function and its Motor Function or body wanders around its neighborhood thinking, acting, feeling. That's Spirit having a human experience! The dynamics of this are ingenious, and when really seen and understood, will make a gnostic out of any agnostic or atheist! You don't have to call it God or Spirit, but it's obvious *something* is there for us, bigger than we are. And it's understood only by checking it out.

The dynamics of the great design are this:

The Awareness Function of Life receives impressions constantly from any point within the box (the margins of which are determined only by the *extent* of our perception): from the world, from the physical body, from the mind, from Life. It's job as Awareness *Function* is to evaluate these impressions as to their advantage to Life, and we do this based on our Purpose of Living. This evaluation is "sent" (immediately) to Spirit via the medium of feeling. Feeling is the method by which the various functions of the trinity work together to carry out any action.

Example: If the Physical Body is low on water, which it needs to carry out its Purpose of Living no matter what that is, an impression of thirst is noticed by Awareness. The impression has great value in maintaining Life and our purpose and this value is "reported" to Spirit by how

we feel about it. Spirit responds appropriately to the information received, moves the physical body to the tap, fills a glass with water, drinks it, restores balance.

For most this little event is complete. A more highly developed person might make another small event out of it: An impression of satisfaction at the restored balance (gladness that clean water was available; that the process is so beautiful), so an evaluation, "This is very nice of you—I thank you," and send the little Thank You note to Spirit in the form of a feeling of appreciation. Spirit will acknowledge the note by doing the appropriate action for the information received—but I won't spell that out, I will let you experiment for yourself if you're so inclined, to find out what that might be.

So, "who" am I in this little event of assuaging thirst? Who cares! *What* am I? The beloved (obviously) Awareness Function of Life whose every need is met if I just let it know accurately what's going on.

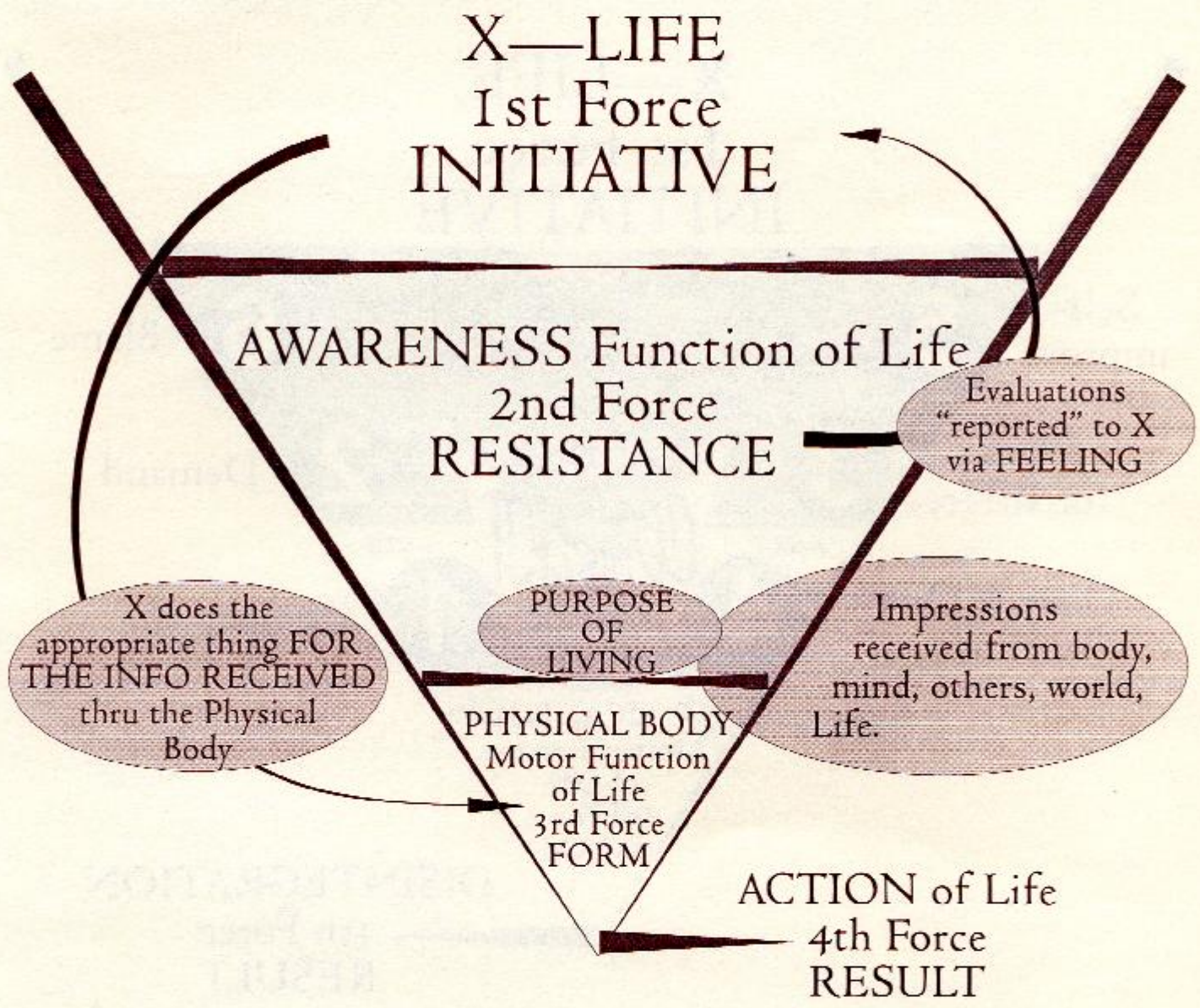
Now let's look at this same event of maintaining water balance, a tiny one, agreed, it occurs several times a day for everyone (that's why it's a good example and simple enough to illustrate the Principles; but these Principles apply to every event, tiny or huge). Let's say the water main to your house broke. The DWP can't get there until tomorrow. It's a very hot day. You have several children in the house to look after. You have run out of bottled beverages and the milk is spoiled because the power is off, too. The water main is broken but there is the one tank of good water left in the water heater, no longer hot of course. So there's no real emergency—there is just enough water to get you and the kids through the next 24 hours. Then they start in. It's really hot and the little ones want to play in the plastic pool in the yard, which is empty. The teenager wants to wash her hair for her big date tonight. The eldest was in the middle of a developing project in the make-shift dark room in the spare bath and wants to finish. You are tired of listening to all the whining (and worse) and would just *love* a nice bubble bath. And everybody's thirsty.

As the one in charge, how are you going to evaluate this event and all these demands? What are your priorities? Just what is going to convince you it is okay to turn on the tap and use what water you do have?

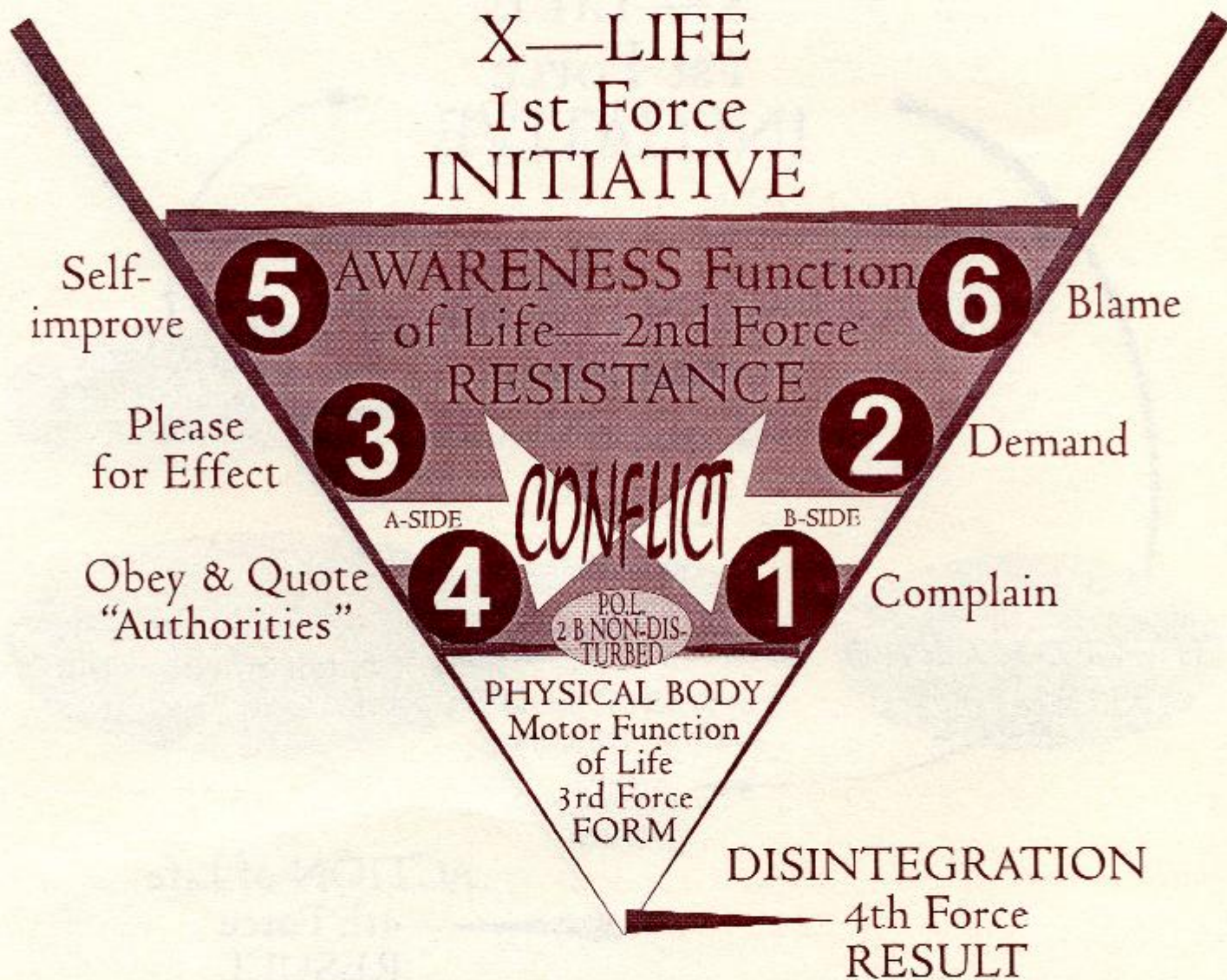
You can see the answers, it needn't be spelled out.

And what happens if there is no one in charge at the house because you said "What the hell" and went off to play canasta somewhere quieter and more fun... what values do these kids have, based on *their* feelings, and what are *they* likely to do, left unsupervised? Can't you just see

picture of man



Picture of Conditioned Man



them, fighting amongst themselves, all intent on using the precious water—the biggest bully or the sliest one prevailing, everyone else yelling or pouting, and all of them mad at you because they are also thirsting to death!

And this is the description of “What am I?” when I am a Lost One. A house full of unsupervised brats squandering my sustenance to get non-disturbed at my expense.

That’s not a nice description of “me,” is it? And I’m sorry if it is insulting. But this is the way it is, for *everyone* who is misinformed, who thinks that the purpose of living is to gain pleasure and escape pain on all levels *right now*. It’s hard to admit, and many don’t have the stomach for it, and they will sneak off and not do the Work. But if I want to find out What I Am, to take charge of this life, I will look at who and what is running amok in my house, chase the brats off the phone, away from the tap, out of the various rooms.

But first I have to realize—maybe even admit—they’re there and operative. This is self-knowing.

And, self-knowing also is knowing that this is how I am designed to function:

Awareness takes impressions in all the time, evaluates them, “reports” this value to Life via the medium of feeling, Life does the appropriate thing through the Physical Body, Action occurs (and ignoring something is an action—if the impression of that thing came in, to value it as worthless sends an impulse, which is responded to, the action being: the effort not to react when conditioning would like to).

The Teaching tells how this house got taken over by squalling brats, and the nature of their demands, and describes the inevitable chaos or war they make when we let them speak in our name:

The Spirit that chose to have a human experience found itself one day in a virtual Paradise where every need was met, where no responsibility was required: the womb. It was pretty much non-disturbed. But just like all events, this event changed, and rather dramatically. The little human was forcibly transformed from a comfortable existence to a quite different one, in fact could almost be said to have died to Paradise and arrived in Hell: where warm water effortlessly filled its little lungs, it now had to struggle for air; lights were glaring, sounds no longer muffled, and then it was slapped if it wasn’t screaming already. The little Awareness Function felt: I don’t like this, I will make it my everlasting purpose to return to Paradise. Of course not in words, but it’s not hard to imagine the feeling. This is called by the Teaching the

Master Decision, or Prime Mover, or Purpose of Living. It (like all decisions) remains operative until consciously evaluated and re-made.

It didn’t take long for the little Bright One to figure out that crying and screaming gained it a little non-disturbance—not enough, because he or she realized it didn’t last, and would cry or scream (or whine) again, when hunger returned, or he got lonely, or her purpose to regain the non-disturbed state was in any way threatened. The Work calls this The Complainer, No.1 Not-I, the first tool felt by the infant to be of value in getting its way right now to regain nondisturbance.

These so-called “tools” are called “Not-I’s” because they are faulty, erroneous, but speak in our name as if they were the Truth of us, which they are not.

But eventually Mama learned to ignore crying occasionally, or at least to make little one wait a minute. The baby puts forth a more forceful cry, with a slightly different tone, it *demand*s its way right now! (Every parent or tender of children recognizes the difference between just crying, and demanding or sticking up for imagined rights.) This is the No.2 Not-I, the Demander.

No.1 and No.2 work for a while for a new baby. Even the worst caretakers will eventually feed and change a screaming baby. And the pendulum is swung far to the other side of this in most households in our fair society, where every little whim is met and Mom and Dad thoroughly reinforce the No.1 and No.2 Not-I.

One fine day, though, the baby is either ignored when it complains and demands, or is punished, or is rewarded for shutting up. At this moment a third so-called “tool” is discovered, No.3: “If I please them, I will get nondisturbance.” Sometimes this works, if fleetingly. But it has created an even worse state for the infant: chaos. Because obviously the Complainer and the Demander are still hanging around and want to be heard, while value is seen in Pleasing for Effect; the tools conflict with each other, cancel each other out, leaving the baby “lost,” confused, indecisive about which tool to use.

Soon the child is told to do this, not to do that, by his or her caretakers, and then by an ever-expanding group including siblings, cousins, neighbors, eventually teachers, and as he gets older, by the church, maybe, or books, governments, doctors, and commercials on TV and elsewhere. Every one of these lays down a threat or a promise of one kind or another, so the child finds value in Obedience to Authority, the No.4 Not-I. “Authority” is whoever has impressed him with a way to gain non-disturbance. So each child, each unique Point of Awareness

of Spirit, has the human experience of trying to regain the non-disturbed state by conflicting methods, complaining and demanding vs. pleasing for effect and obeying. There is a war going on inside (and probably outside, too, since everyone else is in the same condition and using the same faulty tools), and the little Spirit becomes a Lost One.

People from family to institutions keep telling her it's all her fault, all this unhappiness, all this disturbance. To one degree or another, the child buys this lie, too, and tries to change, to be good, to live up to the standards everyone else has set for her. She even thinks she is making standards for herself, but they are all second-hand. This is the No.5 Not-I, "Improve myself and then I will be happy." But no matter how much she tries, she's never good enough. Either they change the standards on her, or they are "ideal" and thus unattainable, or she is overwhelmed because there are so many. Or no one notices. She feels guilty.

All this internal warfare stewed in guilt gets to be too much for her, too much for anyone. Finally she has had enough and feels, "If he and she and they and it and everything that bothers me would change, then I would be happy." Blame, No.6 Not-I, is seen as the route to nondisturbance, and anyone (but not a conditioned child, which is what adults really are) can see that blaming has no power to change anything, it just fuels the war. Not to mention, is seen to relieve the blamer from responsibility—at the cost of her integrity, which isn't seen.

Meantime, the part of Spirit that responds to its Awareness Function's needs, is confused. Conflicting messages are being sent (felt) constantly. "Is it their fault or my fault? Should I whine or smile? Mom said do this, Dad said, no, do that." On and on it goes, little grenades going off. X sends emergency energy, because it's responding to war. There is no *real* war to run from, there is only imaginary war, consuming resources, creating nothing. Eventually the energy sent in response to conflicting messages must be spent and the Physical Body binges (tantrums or hysteria, food, drink, drugs, or maybe takes an Uzi to the post office and lets everyone have it). If the person is "good" and wouldn't dream of doing such nasty things, he or she still has to get rid of the emergency energy... it goes to work on the cells, altering them, feeling strange, eventually resulting in disease, and someday disintegration.

That is the Lost One's answer to "What am I?" Not very pretty, but "what is" at the first moment of self-knowing. The Principles are the real tools to get along in

Life, and if tested out and put to use, they will chase these Not-I's away, clean up the Awareness so it is functioning accurately, so that it works as smoothly on all the so-called "problems" of living as drinking a glass of water to balance thirst.

A hint: There is no need to do it all at once. The most effective, long-term method of self-knowing is to do a little at a time: Spend a day or a whole week merely watching for a single Not-I (pick any one of them). Just watch it operating, watch it calling itself by your name. Don't condemn or justify yourself, just watch. Watch it in self, watch it in others (watch it in the newsletter!) Make a completely impartial observer (that's the First Assignment of the Work; one is not a student until one has made up one's mind to do this, and to get right back on the job when one remembers that one has forgotten to do it, and we will forget). The completely impartial observer that follows the student around does not judge anything, like a detective or a security camera it just observes, records, what is going on, what happened, it does not embellish it with any opinion, doesn't say, "Great guy!" or "Dimwit!" It doesn't say anything, it is strictly No Comment, but on the job as much as possible. And this is why it is called The Work, it will rake a little disturbance to activate the Observer... but when you do, you will be *creating* a Real I, and know in your heart of hearts the answer to the question: What am I?

FEELINGS and EMOTIONS

These words are used in a precise way in the Principles. Feeling is the medium of communication with the Essence of Life used by Awareness in evaluating. For instance, spoiled fish will give a distinct impression. Awareness finds no value in eating it, great value in rejecting or discriminating against it. This evaluation is instantly "reported" to the Essence of Life through the medium of feeling. It can contain an objective evaluation, "This fish is repugnant and poison," or it can tack on to the feeling an emotion, "... and how dare this restaurant serve me such garbage" (anger). In both cases, feeling is the medium of communication, in the latter case an emotion has been attached. So, regardless of how the word "emotion" is used in other places, here it will always refer to subjective, harmful sentiments: anger, greed, fear, guilt, insecurity and so on. You could think of feeling as pure water, emotion as dirty contaminated water. So we all have feelings all the time, and all "problems" are based on emotions.

FEELING is the medium of communication with Spirit.

The Four Dual Basic Urges

The Lost One's Purpose of Living is to regain the non-disturbed state, to get "back to the womb" of comfort, away from discomfort. The six little benchmen called Not-I that tell it how to achieve this impossibility are based on the Four Dual Basic Urges.

The Four Dual Basic Urges (sometimes abbreviated here to 4DBUs) are not bad or good, right or wrong, they are the nature of the human experience, derived from our senses. As long as we have senses, we are subject to the 4DBUs, because they will be present to some degree. There is no way to live in a physical body in this world without the 4DBUs making themselves known. In different degrees, in different combinations, but always potentially there. There is nothing "wrong" with them, they are just not the Purpose of Living. They are by-products of living, or side-effects of living. Just as, say, sore muscles might be a side-effect or by-product of dancing if you haven't done it in awhile, not the purpose of it.

There are orthodoxies (you are aware of them) that tell you these Four Dual Basic Urges are evil. How much harmony has resulted from this idea? How much chaos—from warfare to suicide and in between—has resulted? There are other orthodoxies that tell you the 4DBUs are not only "good," they are worth everything you've got, worth your substance to attain. How much harmony from that idea? How permanent is the attainment?

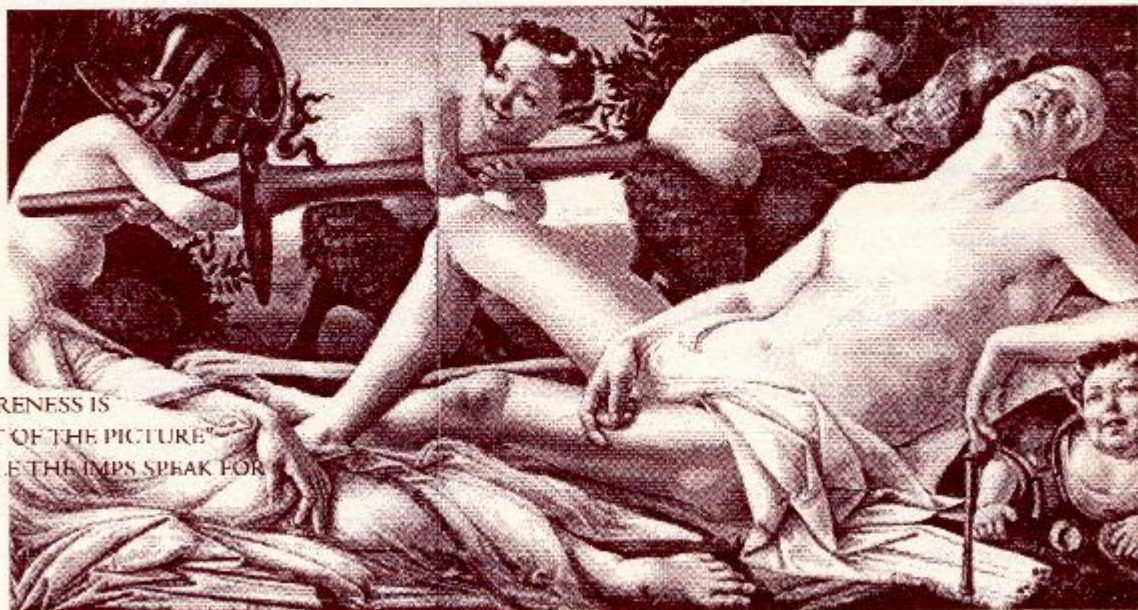
The 4DBUs are neither good nor evil, they just are. And it is a great essential part of self-knowing to recognize them when they show up, to disidentify from them as the purpose of living, to see they are by-products and side-effects of living, and to value them accordingly.

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES

LEVEL
PHYSICAL
MENTAL
EMOTIONAL
TRANSCENDENTAL

GAIN
Comfort, Pleasure
Attention
Approval
Feeling Needed,
Appreciated, Important

ESCAPE
Discomfort, Pain
Being Ignored; Rejection
Disapproval
Feeling Useless,
Worthless, Inferior



AWARENESS IS
"OUT OF THE PICTURE"
WHILE THE IMPS SPEAK FOR
HER.

WGOH? The four forces

The Teaching is that the standard notion of "cause and effect"—the way it is understood today—is in error. Too often looking for "cause" is a way of looking for what to blame, on one hand, and assuming an inflated ability to "do" on another. (Reaction is not Initiative; response may be.)

The Teaching is that there is One Cause and everything else is effect. But that is not at all a predestination, because the One Cause unfolds infinitely in a process, full of options and chance, a process of four forces working together to create. That's What's Going On Here.

INITIATIVE is the 1st Force. It is Intelligence, an unseen idea, the potency of creation, will.

It is always met by RESISTANCE, 2nd Force, which forms, shapes, challenges Initiative.

The interaction of 1st and 2nd Forces creates a FORM, 3rd Force. The form is something more tangible than 1st Force, we can observe it. Events fall into this category as well as objects.

There is then a RESULT, 4th Force. What is done with the form, or how the event is used, how the form or event is responded to.

The traditional Teaching example of the Four Forces is the making of a pot.

(1) The will to manifest the idea of the pot (a container), the Initiative to make a pot.

(2) Resistance—a holding, forming, molding of the molten metal;

(3) Form: the pot, a container.

(4) Result: its use.

Long-time *AJ* readers have read about the Four Forces many times. Everyone, new to the ideas or not, is encouraged to look for and identify these four forces in their daily life. It is a very liberating experience, puts a new dimension on perception to observe this process, to go past the limited and limiting idea of "cause and effect." After a time, it is virtually impossible to "blame," (except that people actually blame First Force all the time, though they don't realize it—that is, in fact, where *all* "blame"—or credit—is due!) It is a marvel to see how necessary Resistance is to everything we value. In our example of making a pot, without resistance there would be no pot, there would merely be a mess of molten metal all over the ground. If you were to view yourself as a container, a container for Life, then you could see the value of Resistance. (Next issue: Awareness itself IS 2nd Force!)

Something to think about

NATURAL Second Force	CONTRIVED Second Force
Gravity, density	Illusion of freedom; bondage
The mind	The conditioned mind
Other people	Other people who use suggestion
Adaptation	The Healing Arts
Families	Institutions
Limits of the physical body	Standards for the physical body
Necessity to work to get anything done	Extortion
Necessity for vigilance	Power Policies
Necessity for food, clothing, shelter, transportation	Big Business and Power Policies
Necessity for spiritual food	Theology
Learning	Propaganda
Time and distance	Materialism
Uncertainty	Fear
Challenge	Suggestion

Mail Box

Hi Christine... Was only kidding about being embarrassed [that you published my letter, even with a pseudonym]; however there is a speck of truth: re certain people I know who are highly critical and competitive and see only "what's wrong" —so I don't need the aggravation of gossip mongers. ...

Well, yes you do... but you didn't ask me about that. I want to take this opportunity to alert everyone that I would like to use your letters here, we are all mirrors for each other and the sooner that is accepted by any would-be student, the better off he or she is, having successfully overcome several hurdles. For instance, to name just a few, being free to experience whatever "people think"; a willingness to contribute, even if one thinks or feels in retrospect—that is, after seeing one's thoughts or feelings in print—one's contribution is not always what one imagined; watching the futile effort to defend and prove right one's position, which of course, can never really be done; and on and on and on. But, all this said (and not for the first time), I got complaints from several writers lately that their letters published here were never meant for publication, I guess they were meant for—fill in the blank. My purpose in doing the newsletter is to educate, that's all. Not just run a social situation or provide entertainment, though that is a valid part of the furniture of the "class." But neither is my purpose to embarrass anyone, I have no intention ever to do so, and I regret that this may have been the case. So, PLEASE, when you write, let me know if I may publish your letter, and if so, whether to sign it with your initial or name (or nothing). Also, include a picture to print if you are so inclined—I am getting a lot of feedback from readers that they really enjoy these, and, interestingly, some from people who when asked to contribute their own photo to the enjoyment, decline (voyeurs, maybe?)

So, sorry I embarrassed you and anyone else; if I forget to ask anyone permission to print your next missive, please remind me that it is either okay or not, and if you are not shy, please send a photo. And if you sent one already, send another! It's fun to watch change!

Dear Christine, I was reading "Remembering" again. It has great meaning for me. I know Bob is with me in Spirit for I feel his presence. Sometimes when I lose my way I'll think of

him. "Don't make anything important and keep up your mood" rings in my head and I know he is there. Seeing is all there is. Thank you, dear friend! L.

Thank you, dear friend! Those simple, precious few words are indeed the Secret to Living. If we do that, we don't need newsletters, groups, anything. I am delighted that you are discovering that.

Dearest, while listening to a report on the events in Oklahoma City, I heard the results of an interesting poll. People were asked how much personal freedom they would give up in order to achieve security. A number of people said "None." A larger percentage said they would give up a portion of freedom to gain a secure social environment. There were those who were willing to give up a pretty large percentage of freedom for a greater degree of security. And last a small group who were in favor of no freedom, no disturbance. What do you think? As the pendulum swings in the balancing act of the universe, the day's events reveal many parables of untold value. ... While watching a show on the holocaust last night a book was quoted, written by a survivor: "When all else is stripped away, the one true right of every human being remains. That is to choose your attitude no matter what is going on. It's your choice." This is not an exact quote but the idea is clear. ... Visualize Second Force as a stone on which we hone our Awareness to a fine edge. ... In Spirit, all one. I am I who sees within. Identity, a garment worn for all to see, a player in the games, an accumulation of beliefs, some of value, some are of no value whatsoever. Love always, Bob T.

And identity, with conscious effort, can contain and become more than beliefs...

ThanX for your parables and observations. One of these days I may publish my little chart about liberty (I don't use the word "freedom" in this context—no institution is the bestower of freedom, it is an inside job. But Power Policies certainly decides how much liberty we enjoy)... A degree of liberty exists, pretty much the same for most people in our society; what one does with it is up to each individual. In other words, if I am at liberty to come and go and do as I please, so, too, are people who may have different—even dangerous and malicious—purposes; that's the way it works. So acceptance of liberty contains within it the acceptance of that risk, obviously,

but also acceptance of the fact that if I get to do what I want to do, so does everybody else. Nice to hear from you, as always. And your Tanya sure can bake cookies!

Dear Christine, Enclosed is a book that I found to be very interesting. The views presented ... offer me great insight into my belief system of physiology and my conditioning. This book opened a new area of self-observation to me. I found that my self-improving Not-I to "heal myself" does show her face as I continue to observe. After following the [principles set down in the health book] for one month, incorporating this with the Teachings (as a "vehicle" for self-observation so to speak), an amazing opening of gratitude for being alive is flowing through me. I have been reading [another book about] Freedom—this so expresses the coming out of darkness that I am now experiencing, connectedness, wanting to be here, grateful to be invited to the party! Thank X ... a short note of your views would be appreciated. Thank you. C.

Welcome into the light! Very nice little school you have made for yourself. (May I offer a comment on something you may not have noticed? I want to watch yourself claiming the Not-I as my own, "My No. such-and-such Not-I." It is not "I" and it is not "ours," although it would very much like to be! This was one of the first things I was ever taught, in the first school I attended. To first watch saying "my this, my that," and change it to "the this, the that." Family, job, body, mind, everything, and most especially THH: Not-I.)

As for "healing myself" goes (or healing anyone else, which we don't do but can assist in), "health" is not an objective but a by-product or side-effect of something else. Health will reflect what else is going on. Removing the obstruction to healing is all that is needed, healing ensues. Think of "healing" as "balancing"—the Form is balancing in response—or reaction—to what's going on within. To my mind, this is a great relief; "good health" is no longer an ideal, "out there," but "health" is going on always, and reflects things not really all that elusive. ThanX for writing.

Dear Chris, Thanks for caring so much. As the body ages it is harder for me to write. But here are some one-liners as I call them. The Greatest spiritual gift in the whole wide world is a good sense of humor. When I see the joy and goodness of all life, then I can really contribute to Life. Guilt is made by the ego, therefore it's unreal, as nothing unreal exists, why make it important—let it go and enjoy life by moving on. I quit trying and Just Be. And it's Enough. I believe it's called innocence—some people might call it being stupid, it's so

simple. But at least you are at Peace and that's Love. Keep in touch. Thanks again, Love, April.

And thank you, dear friend. Many people comment about you and your contributions to the newsletter, as though you are friends, which, of course, we all are. Let's give them an update... Joe is now in a nursing home in Salt Lake, unable to recognize anyone except occasionally your daughter. You are living alone in Las Vegas, except that your other daughter checks on you daily and is as ever the light of your life (Bless you, Barbara, and thank you). You are finding both great amusement and nice little lessons down in the dining room among your fellow residents in your "retirement complex." That's right, girl, keep laughing and everything will be all right, because, even though we sometimes forget, everything is all right, if maybe not exactly to our taste. I can't tell you how much I enjoy hearing your laughter, and if it's sometimes spiced with tears, that's okay too. Love you.

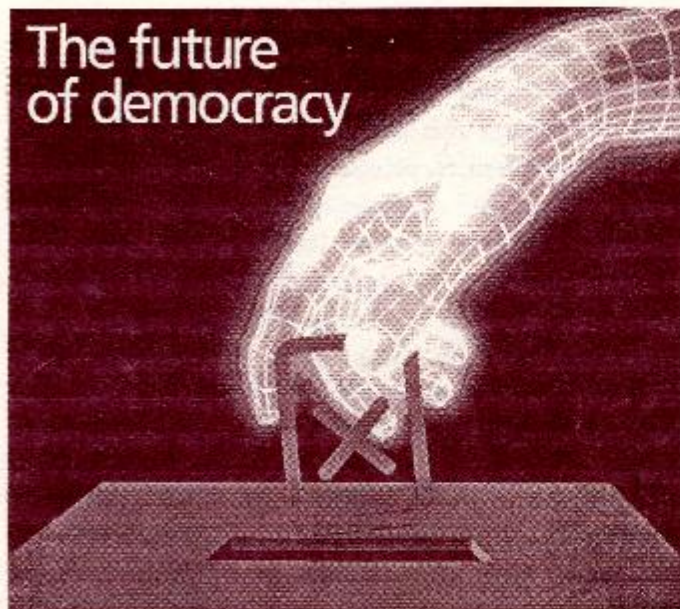
Dear Heart... Wish I could find a snapshot I'd want anyone to see. So glad that you included that beauty of you so that all newsletter readers can see... The essay and words of Claudia, so beautiful and well said, I appreciated. And you on role Playing—I'm still not into, though I'm working on it. The newsletter came yesterday after I had been out with my D-Team and though I am better they are still provoking but when they're provocative I'll know what to do. Do you know they actually get worse, which makes them all the more priceless. They're a challenge every time and now I'm laughing. One called this morning re a short story (no, not mine) I had passed on to her and which I thought she'd like—and she did—but when she was through, my husband said, "Who was that?" as I had hardly said a word. Couldn't get through! See how fortunate I am? Love you, G.

For those who are not familiar with the term, "D-Team" is short for "Detractors," a role used in certain formal initiatory rituals. They are purposely set up to provoke and annoy one, they represent all the conditioning and the trick (and the "passing" of the Initiation) is to see them as serving this purpose—serving me—and respond accordingly, not react. Your group is a hum-dinger, for sure... and so is everyone's. Keep laughing, that's the Way!

As for photos... the one I published was extremely flattering, I don't think it looks much like me at all! Do send one of yourself (get brave).

Here & Now, Dear Christine, So great talking with you. As always you are X in expression. You are living to live,

The future of democracy



a permanent resident of the real world, a "pillar in the house of the Lord that goes out no more." This was on the June cover of *The Economist*. A parable arose. True democracy (Freedom) X is in our hand. If we see it as a mark for something or someone (as in the polling booth) Its expression is lost in the manmade world of mammon. If we understand X operates the hand of awareness then it marks one as living as spirit in the real world. When X is given the appropriate clear information from awareness then we are "light" and shine brightly. If awareness is clouded and gives false reporting then we are in the box of the vicious cycle. It's like dropping X into the ballot box of darkness. It is there but the awareness has little light. ThanX, ThanX, ThanX for being you. Much Love and Infinite Blessings, ♥ Cheryl

I, too, am grateful for our friendship. ThanX and ThanX for the parable.

Dear Christine: ... Mary and Christian are here in Daytona. The adjoining gift shop had a fire which caused smoke damage to their new restaurant. As with the old mare story, I thought that was "bad." Then I was told that the insurance company would pay for the repairs and cleanup—and since that was going to have to be done anyway, I thought, "Oh, that's good." Then the insurance company chose not to pay for the paint and painting, and I thought, "Oh, that's bad." Then as the electrician came into do the rewiring they realized that had the fire not occurred, the wiring was so faulty, that there would have been a fire. That would have occurred after they redecorated and the work would have been done for naught. Then I thought, "Oh, that's good." It was fun to finally see what was going on and how the "Arabian Mare Story" applied so beautifully. Now as they're going through the obstacles to

opening, I am able to remember better. Whew—what a process. I like being in the wings watching and reporting rather than being depending on its completion for my income. ... I loved Rick Jackson's (from California) article about the trees, and being free to experience the lower inner state and be in an up mood while he was observing and experiencing the way he saw things—seeing the end of the storm as an enhancement rather than relief. I have used that since, and as you had talked about, would like to have his CompuServe address (if he has one) to say Thank You. We also have entertainment in common. I also liked the article from the guy in Anchorage Alaska about always being busy and accomplishing things, as it describes a lot of what I experience. I questioned today whether I need to create so much, and what I could drop. I must have sent you one of the old album flyers and didn't realize it has an old address. My correct mailing address is 1020 Madeline Ave #1303, Port



Orange FL 32119 Marsha 102142.344@Compuserve.COM

The story about the old mare is one everyone seems to remember and it helps us to laugh and not make things important. Rick is not Rick Jackson but lives in Jackson, CA. He's not on-line at the present but maybe you will inspire him to be. Note to anyone who wants to share email with other readers, send me your address at 72263.2460@Compuserve.COM

Dear Christine, ... I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am ... Week by week I understand more how organic the Teaching and Work is and am regularly observing self getting frustrated with self for being to conditioned and having such an insidious and oh-so-subtle bad attitude. I try not to get involved. How interesting! ... Sincerely, R.

What a wonderful day it is when we truly see the "organic" nature of the Principles, the Work! On that

day we have begun to see we are creating something "permanent" within a dynamic of unceasing change. Thanks so much for your (longer) lovely letter and generous gift. I am very much looking forward to meeting you "in person," too, which will, of course, be gilding the lily!

Dear Christine, My nieces gave me this delightful angel stamp. It makes an ordinary piece of paper quite special... Also... I am eternally grateful for Bob's message as to a purpose in living, "To keep the mood up and don't make anything important." I visited new doctors with my sick friend. I entered the day with the mind made up to keep the mood up and to assist in not making anything important. When she would turn to me and say, "What do I do?" or "What would you do?" with the most anxious look on her face, I'd take her hand and repeat what had been going on, what information had been provided so far and that by the end of the day after she'd spoken to doctors she would know--- that it would be clear. (Internally, all I could say was thank you, thank you Bob for this eternal tool.) She would relax every time we talked and by the end of the day her direction was clear, she was relaxed and her mood was up. ☺ This happened on December 18. Being with her was a gift to me, a chance to work with Bob and the Teachings and "X" Life. I love you sweet friend and look forward to talking with you in greater depth. R.



It is so easy to fall into the trap of being responsible for others who refuse to be. Of course we cannot, and you have discovered the method to keep this from happening yet still make a wonderful contribution to and for them. Yes, we can have great compassion for someone with a huge challenge and still not see her as a victim. Thank you.

Parable of the Student

Many years after graduating from a prestigious Ivy League university medical school, a physician/surgeon with now thirty years of experience under his belt returns to a seminar conference in New York. The practicing doctor chooses to sit in the back of a medical amphitheater and listen to a Grand Rounds Conference in which patient case presentations were about to be given to a group of fourth-year medical students, residents in training positions, and professors. The returning practitioner knew none of the other people there. At the termination of

one of the case history and treatment presentations and discussions, the returning doctor raised his hand, stated his name and made a short iffy and incisive contribution regarding a specific point of treatment that had not been discussed during the regular conversation. He pointed out his experience with several similar cases, alerted the group to some dangers and pitfalls regarding a course of treatment that was finally outlined by one of the professors and suggested an alternative treatment program. The professor who had instructed the previous course of treatment asked the visiting doctor his credentials, what papers he had presented and where his literature articles were published. Having none of these, the visiting doctor stated only that this was his experience. The medical students and residents, who are programmed to be responsive only to published articles and ranking professors, quickly turned around and anticipated the next case without further discussion. The professors simply turned away, one of them making the comment, "If you feel that is a valuable course of treatment, then publish your cases." The next case was similarly presented. No attention was given to the visiting doctor's comments, nor did any of the other doctors or students present seek out of visit with him at the termination of the conference. He pondered and observed that, although once part of this system, unless you are paying to be a student or officially designated as a "teacher" outside opinions or comments are not considered even upon their own merits. Jonathan.

The visiting doctor was an Outsider who tried to play the Game without following the Rules and instead of Winning a Reward of Approval was Penalized with a dose of Rejection. He forgot it was a Game. He was wearing the uniform but he was not on the Team. (Ouch)

Dear Christine ... Things are going well here. I realize now that life gives us what we need to grow, to be fully alive and integrated into this experience of humanity. I have received many gifts in my life, but the greatest of those are my children, especially [the severely challenged one]. We all receive gifts, but because they challenge us, or seem to us inappropriate at the time, we sometimes choose to leave them unopened, wrapped shut. If we had the courage or curiosity to be free to experience the gift, miraculous events may occur. I thank life for sending him to me, he pushed me over the edge when I wouldn't jump. I am finally learning to trust life, it comes slowly, but the process has begun. I have sent along a tape that I like very much and thought you might as well. ("fumbling towards ecstasy" by Sara McLaughlan) The music and the lyric many times remind me of a dialog between me and God (LIFE). If it's not to you taste, I won't be offended at all. Love, K.

Indeed, the Teaching is that we won't "jump" until

our necessity is increased. I have a beautiful image in my mind of your little one pushing you so that you both can fly. Thank you for the lovely, lovely tape.

Dear Chris, Morning before last a young fellow student came by for a chit-chat. Seems she was terribly troubled with her interpretation of what is required of serious students in order to reach a desired goal of enlightenment. To make certain she didn't miss any feeling, thought or vision she nightly would record her recollections into her diary. Then the next day she would relive all this information until all doubts confusion and anxiety enabled her to experience the frustration she vented on a willing, sympathetic ear. It was interesting to note and observe how easy it is for someone to have gotten a hold of the ring of keys we have been given, with the intent to lighten the load, and create some of these concerns and burdens. After several attempts at analogies that didn't quite fit, "X" offered up (when two or more people are working on the Teaching there I Am) the following: When we (new purpose) decided to undertake the pursuit of self-knowing it's like entering a space rocket—once launched it travels to places unknown, unexplainable but most meaningful. My friend then added, "Yes, and all we are required to do is find a comfortable seat"—Amen, I thought. Now I wonder how many other students like myself are hanging with bloody fingers on the outside of this rocket or trying to keep one foot on the ground after we made the commitment to travel to far-away places (kind of like making sure we're in both worlds at the same time) and/or whether we should do as my friend suggests—"Find a comfortable seat." Thinking this may be of value to others it's being passed on (to protect the innocent) anonymously. Love to you, Me

I agree that we are going to experience it, might as well do so gracefully instead of kicking and screaming (or whining) all the way... But I would also say the point IS to be in both worlds at the same time, remembering which we are OF and which we are of NOT. Thanks.

Dear Christine [Regarding the article about writing one's Down script in life] It's a challenge to future-track as the future is unknown. But just discovering the general career direction James has been going in, is a gift itself in doing this exercise, and, that one can aim to forming one's role up ahead. Some of the description here has changed from the previous form. ... The Conscious Play. The Plot: James wakes up and he's in love! While enjoying some Spiritual Freedom he discovers he can also enjoy some Economic Freedom. He goes in the general direction of writing and acting in the Theater, doing Poetry, giving massages here and there, doing some Healing Arts, giving some of this, getting some of that, maybe doing some painting,

maybe marketing some of his writings, some of this, some of that, into film or television. And having fun! He drops the living for authorities. He discovers what it's like creating from a place of Harmony rather than angst. He's in love, love, love! The Production: Decidedly a Romance: He gets into letting his talents grow in the arms of the Beloved. He gets into doing as an expression of the creative force, LIFE. Free to Experience all of it. The Changes. The Unknown. Alone, Repentance. Patience. Service. Enjoying the deeply nurturing care of What Is and its Value. The sharing of wonderful food. The letting rotten food just go and seeing its Value. Graciousness. Dancing with the Four Forces, remembering the first step is not the last of each dance! Grooving along the Living Cycle, enjoying playing all the roses including those of the Lover and the Loved. Just seeing the stuff when it shows and letting it drop as it does and letting the light shine. Living this Romance in the world but not of it. Humanbeingness. The Star's Role: Very cool times. Heaps of rose blossoms and delicate petals of self-remembering. CONTRIBUTING. Doing one kind of action for the Host each day and all on new purpose. ROLES. Lovers everywhere and may e a Love here or there. Enjoying just living the Teachings. Silences. BEING. The School showing up everywhere even where it's not called the School or known by the students as such. AGAPE. Music everywhere in poetry in words in street rhythms in color in people happenings in drama in comedy in light in music. CREATING. Keeping up the good mood and making nothing important. Digging it. EVERYTHING IN THIS ORGANIC WORLD GROWS. Thanks for another good time!



Love Your friend always, James

There are a couple of things we do know for sure about the future: It will be challenging and it will be up to us how to view it. (Among others, James plays the role of bookseller at the Bodhi Tree Book Store. Call the store at (310) 659-1733

Hello Angel!
John Steinbeck was right. In travels with Charlie, he wrote, "A trip... has a personality. We do not take a trip; a trip takes us."
Life's a trip.
Detours, delays can lead to the pleasures of unexpected discoveries that weren't on your itinerary as much as the planned destinations. It's all an adventure.
Kathleen is travelling cross-country in her van & would like to have coffee with you. You can leave her a message.
Please keep the 800# alive. It's quite delightful.



years) that prevented her from ordering pie for breakfast. Another said it was not good to eat pie at 9 a.m. We finally concluded that pie at 9 a.m. was as nutritious as pie at 6 p.m. Time of day did not change the value of the pie. Another said pie could only be eaten as dessert and then only if she had cleaned up her plate. Writing this down made me realize how funny we all are. I found it hilarious that conditioning controls when we eat pie. It is very possible that thousands of other beliefs and actions are also mechanical, holding us in bondage. ... Donna

Food and eating is a great place to practice self-knowing. There is almost infinite conditioning tied

Dear Christine, For several years now, due to various circumstances I have participated in "Christmas" less and less. This year I did absolutely nothing and was able to watch through observer's eyes. Oh the chaos, conflict, anxiety, panic, expectations, and acting to please others! And how busy the Not-I's were in trying to make me feel guilty and/or sorry for myself for not playing the Christmas game! It was a valuable experience, a gift. With this little bit of awareness I will now be able to consciously choose (freedom) what I will do with those days that have so much suggestion attached to them. Thank you so much for AJ and all you do in keeping the Teachings alive. Happy New Year, may you be On Top Of The World every day. Love, S.

You're most welcome and thanX for writing your experience. I've done what you did in the past, and got lots of flack for it, too. Then I freely experienced the whole show. Then Worked to do it consciously. Now I can take it or leave it and have a ball either way. As time goes on, and you continue to Work you will be able to do any and all or none, too. You certainly are right about Xmas having a bunch of suggestion attached to it... ever notice how prevalent "the flu" is in December? What Xmas is all about, and all winter solstice holidays around the world, is the Return of the Light. If we can keep that in mind, it all goes well. Happy New Year to you!

Several times a week I eat breakfast with friends. Last week I ordered a piece of coconut cream pie. This prompted an interesting conversaton. One said she had always wanted pie for breakfast, but had never ordered it. A little probing, we discovered that it was her mother (who had been dead for 30

up with it. Suggest to certain people, for instance, that they just skip a meal. They look at you as if you suggested they cut off their head. Or that they really don't have to eat at a certain time of day. And I for one would relish a dinner out without having to listen to somebody, somewhere, mentioning the fat content on the plates. I propose that in our time, place, and circumstance this is (apparently) an impossibility. ThanX for letting me use your story, I enjoyed it.

Good Morning, Christine, One of the many things I am enjoying about being "Leon" is having the chance of enjoying people like yourself. Thank you for the introduction to you through your publication. Like potato chips, I cannot have just one. I am enclosing my check to cover my continuing growth through my reading. I am enclosing a copy of an article the school published of mine. I hope that you will enjoy it. HAVE FUN BEING YOUR "SELF"! Leon

Thank you, and thank you, it was quite interesting. Sorry I don't have space here to print your recipe for "Puppy Chow"—maybe next time. Welcome!

The sisters and brothers participating in the AJ mail order classroom express gratitude for the chance to know or at the very least to know of others doing the Work. It's a great comfort this comaraderie we feel. As I freely experience this I think of a time weeks ago I felt alone and discouraged. I fought it till remembered the self and had a good look at "alone." As it evaporated, as all events do, I was left with a gift—alone... allone... all ONE. In the love of X and the understanding one has today, Bob T.

Buzz-Words: "Karma"

January 2, 1996

On her way to the coffee pot, Lucy glanced out the window at the backyard and noticed the gardener was raking leaves around her magnificent fir tree. As she poured the coffee she mused, "That's funny, he's never done that before. Maybe he's bucking for a holiday tip."

Suddenly she burst back to the window, having realized her lovely little statue of Awareness was missing from her spot in the little flower bed surrounding the trunk of the tree. Yes! The gardener was gone and so was the statue. And an overturned pot nearby had not been righted by the gardener. Obviously because he had not wanted to be known to have been in that part of the yard he seldom ventured into.

"He took it!"

For the next 24 hours her mind buzzed with ideas of how to get the little Awareness back, with indignation that he would be such a thief, in conflict whether or not to call the landlord and tell him his gardener was stealing (after all, she hadn't actually *seen* him take it, but who else?), whether to confront the gardener next week ("He doesn't speak English... who can I get to tell him I know a Brujo??? Should I accuse him directly or just hint that anyone who took it would be in big trouble?") How *dare* anyone invade "her" property that way? Is nothing sacred? Etc., etc. Every time she looked out the window at her beautiful little green haven, she wondered just what to do (she already "knew" what had gone on).

December 23

Lucy went shopping for groceries for Christmas dinner. Half the family likes their rib roast very well done, the rest prefer a more sophisticated medium rare. So she bought two smaller roasts, she would ingeniously put one in the oven an hour before the other. This necessitated another meat thermometer, which she noticed when she bought it was in a different package, a different brand, than all the other kitchen gadgets hanging on the supermarket shelf.

December 25, 1995

The family was told that dinner would be around four o'clock Christmas day. At 1:30 Lucy put in the first roast with the new thermometer inserted. An hour later she went to put in the second roast and noticed not a single

degree was registered on the thermometer of the first one. The oven had been on the blink a week before, maybe it was again. She didn't put the second roast in, but waited and watched for the thermometer to register some activity. Nothing. Waited some more and realized the new thermometer didn't work at all, put the second roast in, she would have to roast the old-fashioned way—paying attention. Meanwhile someone else came in the kitchen, knew meat had been cooking for some time but that the thermometers weren't showing much progress, so turned the oven up to 525°. Needless to say to anyone who cooks, an otherwise lovely dinner was served with the national debt in rib roast on two platters, one super well-done and the other crispy on the outside and blood-rare on the inside. But this was family and this was Christmas and everyone had a good time anyway.

December 29, 1995

Lucy returns the defective thermometer to the grocery and tells the young woman assistant manager her tale of woe about the ruined meat, asking for a refund or exchange of the thermometer, in her gracious way declining to insist on some recompense for the ruined meat. No, of course she didn't have the register tape, who keeps grocery receipts? "No, dear, I don't keep gadget packages, either, but I do know the price, it was \$6.99, plus tax of course." The pair marches back to the gadget shelf. Nothing like that brand hanging there. Miss Assistant Manager promises to return with the Real Manager, another 12-year-old, or less than half Lucy's age, anyway. She tells Lucy that this couldn't possibly have been purchased at *this* store, as one can see, *this* store does not carry *that* brand. "Well, you don't now but obviously once you did, because I got it here when I bought my truckload of food last week." "Hmmm, I just don't know... I'll be back."

Lucy has stood long enough in front of the gadget shelf and continues her shopping. Ten minutes later an officious-looking bald man at least her age and probably older, if that is possible, approaches her... Well, she has seen him a hundred times over the last few years, and he has said hello to her at least half that many—Lucy knows who this chap is: The Boss. Well good, now we can get this taken care of.

(Continued Page 20)

Spiritually Correct Bedtime Stories

remember how the thought came into me that I, Doeg, was in the shape I am, with the features I have,

because a choice among multitudes.

I set in front of myself a mirror, and I looked at my features—nose from my mother, eyes from my father, shape of head from one, set of body from the other, with memories of grandparents and great-grandparents. I looked, saying: her hands came down to him, and then to her and so to me, ... and I thought how that couple, my parents, could have given birth to—how many?—children, thousands, perhaps millions, everyone slightly different—it was the slight difference that intrigued me in this private game of mine, and I imagined as I stood there looking at my face, my body, how stretching behind me, to each side of me, in every direction away from me, stood slight modifications of me, some very similar indeed, some hardly at all. I filled a town with these variations of myself, then a city, then, in my mind, whole landscapes. Doeg, Doeg, Doeg again, and mentally I greeted these nonexistent never-to-exist people, people who had not come into life because I had come in this precise shape of body and face, with this particular set of mannerisms—I said to these people, all of whom resembled me more or less, loosely or only slightly, being the same height, or a little taller or a little shorter, with variations of the same hair, eyes in an allotment of possibilities—I said to them: Look, here you are, in me. ... for the feeling of me, of I, that feeling *I am here, Doeg*, would have been your feeling had the chances of the genes fallen differently, and if you, your

particular shape and mould, had been born instead of me.

What was born, then, to those repositories of a million years of the dicing of the genes, was a *feeling*, a consciousness, was the self-awareness: *here I am*. And this awareness was later given the name Doeg—though I have used many names in my life. That particular *feeling* was born into this shape and style and set of inherited attributes, and could have been born into any one of that multitude of others, the possibilities who, in my mind's eye, stand, and stood, like ghosts, smiling perhaps a little wryly, watching me who *chanced* to succeed. But they are me and I am them, for it was the feeling of me that was born..” ... “...And yet you say, Johor, and ... it must be true that this precious thing, what I hold on to when I say: *I am here, Doeg*, this is the feeling I am, and have, and what I recognize in sleep, and will recognize as myself when I die, leaving all this behind, this precious little thing, so little, for awaking in a thick dark night out of a sleep so deep it takes a long time to know where and who you are, all there is of you, of your memories, of your life, of your loves, of your family and children and your friends—all that there is this little feeling, *here I am*, the feeling of me—and yet it is not mine at all, but is shared, it must be, for how can it be possible that there are as many shades and degrees of me-ness as there are individuals on this planet of ours? No, it must be that though I do not know

it, this consciousness, *here I am, this is I, this is me*, this sensation that I cannot communicate to anyone, ... —this sensation, or taste, or touch, or recognition, or memory—this me-ness—is nevertheless known very well to others. But they may not know who else shares this particular taste or feel—this class or grade or kind of quality of consciousness. Meeting me, they do not know that I share what they are, their feeling of themselves; and I, meeting them, being with them, cannot know that we are the same. Nor can we know how many we are, or how few—nor how many grades of types or kinds of these states of consciousness there are. This planet of ours: are there a million different *me's* here? Half a million? Ten? Five? Or do we all share the same quality of self-consciousness? No, that is hard to believe—yet why not?—since we know so little of what we are, what, invisibly, we really are. It is as possible that there are a million different qualities of the consciousness that is all we are when we wake into a dark out of a deep sleep, and are unable to move for a while, let alone know where and why we are—as there are ten or five.

But perhaps, Johor, when you look at this planet with your Canopus eyes, you do not see us as individuals at all, but as composites of individuals who share a quality that makes them, makes us, really, one. You look at us all and see not the swarming myriads, but sets of wholes, as we, looking into the waters of our lake, or up into the

from "The Making of the Representative for Planet 8" by D. Lessing

skies, saw these groups and swarms and shoals and flocks, each consisting of a multitude of individuals thinking themselves unique, but each making, as we could see with our superior supervising eyes, a whole, an entity, moving as one, living as one, behaving as one—thinking as one. Perhaps what you see of us is just that, a conglomerate of groups, or collectives, but these collectives need not be—it seems to me as I sit here thinking these thoughts, Johor, with you saying not a word—yet I would not be able to have these thoughts or anything like them were you *not here*—it seems to me that the wholes or groups or collectives need not be geographically close or contiguous, but that perhaps an individual who has precisely the same feeling of herself or himself as I do when waking in the dark out of a deep dream, knowing nothing of his or her past, or history, all memories gone too, for just that brief space—this individual might be one I never meet, might be living in a city on the other side of the planet where I have not been nor ever will go now. Might be someone, even, that I dislike, or have a repulsion for, just as easily as someone I feel drawn towards—for this business of antipathy and likeness is a chancy things, and sometimes it is hard to tell the difference between attraction and repulsion, liking and disliking.

But what a dimension that adds to the business of living, Johor, this idea of mine—this idea of yours?—that as I go about my work and my business, looking after this or that, doing what has to be done, meeting a hundred

people in a day, then of these people it is possible I am meeting, not strangers, not the unknown, but myself. Myself, all I know truly of myself, which is the feeling *here I am, I am here*,—all that is left of you when you wake in a thick dark with your limbs too weighty with sleep to move, and unable to remember what you are and what you are doing here or in what room you are waking. You said to me, Johor, that the terrible feeling of isolation and loneliness that comes over me when I understand that never, no matter how I tried, could I convey to any other being the atmosphere, the *reality*, the *real* nature of a dream landscape, those landscapes where we wander in our sleep and which are more real than our waking—this isolation must be softened, must be banished, by knowing that others, too, must use these landscapes in their sleep, and meet me there, as I meet them, though we will never, perhaps—or seldom—know it when we meet in the day, and so, too, my loneliness is softened when I reflect that in saying *i, here I am, here is what I am*, this feeling of sensation or taste of me—I speak for ... but I do not know how many. For others, that is certain.

In that feeling of me-ness, is, must be, a sharing, must be a companionship. I shall not ever again wake from the deep sleep, like black water, in which I have been so terribly and marvelously trustingly submerged—as trustingly as these small animals snuggle up to us, giving their helplessness and littleness to us, who are so enormous and unknown to them—without thinking, as I feel again, *Here I am,*

here is the consciousness of me, of those others, who are I, are myself, though I do not know who they are, nor they me ... it is a strange thing, Johor, to feel oneself part of a whole much larger than oneself, to feel oneself vanishing as one thinks, or talks, dissolving into some core, or essence—and that inner central place dissolving too, going away, changing as one talks, or thinks, or contemplates, into something else ... what then am I, Johor, sitting here on this heap of half-frozen sacks that smell so deliciously of that lost summer of ours, my body so briefly at rest inside this great hide coat, my mind full of thoughts that come from somewhere, float around there, as if I am a sort of sieve or catchment for thoughts that are part of me for a time and then drift past? I look at you and know that in seeing an uncomfortable, rather unhealthy, and pallid personage, not very unlike myself, I see nothing at all of you, know nothing: know, only, because my mind tells me so, that this is Canopus—and that is so far beyond my conception that I have simply to let it go at that. I sense myself, think of myself; and as I do this I dissolve, go away, am left with nothing, nothing, nothing—unless I am the wind that blows through the immense spaces that lie between electron and electron, proton and its attendants, spaces that cannot be filled with *nothing*, since nothing is *nothing*... And down I sank again into sleep, where a dark restfulness and reassurance always waited for me, and from which I drifted up again, back to the cold shed, with Johor there. He was watching...

"Karma" CONTINUED

Her story is repeated to him. The information that she does not save grocery receipts is again declared, and received incredulously.

He tells her they don't carry that brand. She is adamant. "I shop here all the time, I noticed when I bought it that it didn't match the brand hanging on the shelf, who cares, it was what I needed and I got it here."

On and on this goes. She stands firm, won't move from the spot, he never looks directly at her eyes but finally says, "Well, okay, it's not ours but I will exchange it." Most reluctantly. He thinks she is a thief or at the very least trying to pull something, she says "Thank you," he huffs off.

Lucy does not save grocery receipts but can be said to sort of save trash... at any rate, some of it had not yet been moved from the porch to the trash cans, and the receipt is there, Aha! She highlights in yellow the date, the thermometer and price, clearly spelled out, and the meat. She goes to return to the store with it, she will prove she's right and not a thief. She decides to check closely under her tree on the way to the car. Lying on its side, having fallen under the plants, is little Awareness... just where it had no doubt been all this time... probably knocked over by one of the cats that play in the yard.

She didn't like being convicted on circumstantial evidence one bit... and *this* is Karma.

—OR—

To paraphrase the Sufis, "Convict another of *anything*, and you will be convicted of the same thing—before the sun goes down."

—OR—

If you curse the driver in front of you for not turning on his left-turn signal, you will forget to turn on your left-turn signal before you reach your destination.

—OR—

Etc., etc., etc.

Check it out.

Books

The Holy Man by Susan Trott

If you've ever known a real Holy Man, beg, borrow or better yet buy a copy of this book. I'm not going to tell you a thing about it, except that you will enjoy it immensely. Somebody's got to make a movie of it. Very hip, as well as quite powerful on other levels, this would make a nice gift for youngsters, say twelve or above (or precocious younger ones)—it's very funny, and as simple as it is profound.

Transformations—Awakening to the Sacred in Ourselves by Tracy Cochran and Jeff Zaleski

Veterans of such beautiful spiritual publications as *Parabola* and *Tricycle: The Buddhist Review*, the authors have put together a string of chapters that read like magazine articles... "Death... Love... Creativity... Cyberspace... Visions of Mary... Surrender" and more. A nice bedside book you can pick up any time and read any part at random.

Hyperspace, A Scientific Odyssey Through Parallel Universes, Time Warps, and the 10th Dimension by Michio Kaku

Kaku comes dangerously close (for a Scientist) to exposing the "real world" and, if you like science, you will enjoy the way he does it. This book will stretch your mind, and not just laterally, adding more of the same to what you already know, but giving you a new perspective, and in ways so simple to understand. For instance, contrasting the strength of the gravitational force and the electromagnetic force, he suggests gravity is extremely weak—it takes the whole mass of the Earth spinning incredibly fast to hold a piece of paper on his desk; yet one swish of a metal or nylon comb through his hair and the comb, now containing a teensy bit of the electromagnetic force, can pick up the paper, defeating gravity. You can ignore the inevitable math (which he has to put in there so his cronies will know it is a serious book) and still gain everything of value in this book.

Rhondell Books and Tapes

Available from Robin Pihl-Gibson at 862 Sir Francis Drake Blvd. #305, San Anselmo, CA 94969. Write there (or here) for a catalog.

Canopus in Argos: Archives—(1) *Re: Colonised Planet 5, Shikasta*; (2) *The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four, and Five*; *The Sirian Experiments*; (4) *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8*; and (5) *The Sentimental Agents* by Doris Lessing

These books are out of print, alas, but I find them all the time in used book stores. These are Teaching books, maybe the most complete exposition of the Principles outside of Rhondell's work. They are all about self-knowing. I am just finishing my umpteenth reading and am amazed at the information smuggled into an elaborate space-fiction. Be forewarned some contain a bit of politics, almost tedious at times... but if you are familiar with Lessing's work, you will see why it's there. You can skip some of that, but if you do, you will miss several excellent one-liners... who knows, maybe the key to the very question that has plagued you for years. I have given workshops on "Zones" and everyone marveled at the author's perception and revelation of the Process of integration—it's one of my all-time favorite books. "Zones" is a little like a fairy tale for grown-ups and has an ethereal quality to it, even when it gets down and dirty.

The other four books in the series are a bit different. "Shikasta"—meaning "The broken one"—is the name of what is obviously Planet Earth, but can also be seen as each of us (see "Playing with the Picture of Man" on the next page). "The Necessity" is the True Purpose of Living; "Canopus" can be seen as the direct Source for Shikastans, and their Essence; and Canopus is also the fully integrated conscious being and virtually immortal in a way. "Shammat" are the Not-I's, whose purpose is only to cause misery and grow fat sucking this particular energy from the populace; "Sirius" is a benign part of the galaxy, but though quite ancient and technologically advanced, completely ignorant of "The Necessity." SOWI: is the Love of X.

You may want to start with *Shikasta* and read the first half, then read in its entirety *The Sirian Experiments*—a perfect picture of a sincere student, full of questions, curiosity, pride and vanity, with much to defend that gets in the way of understanding—before she can be a Student, she must learn how to Learn. The methods used by a Teacher are fully outlined, though subtly.

Then finish *Shikasta*, and next *The Making of the Repre-*

sentative of Planet 8, which is unlike any book I have ever read, except that it is "Zones" all over again—except completely different. It combines science with mysticism in a unique way, and it describes the Necessity of Challenge, just what all this Second Force we "put up with" is about—and yes, even "why" some are willing not only to put up with it, but meet the challenge with all the dignity they can muster, even if they cannot understand while immersed in the fog—or in this case snow.

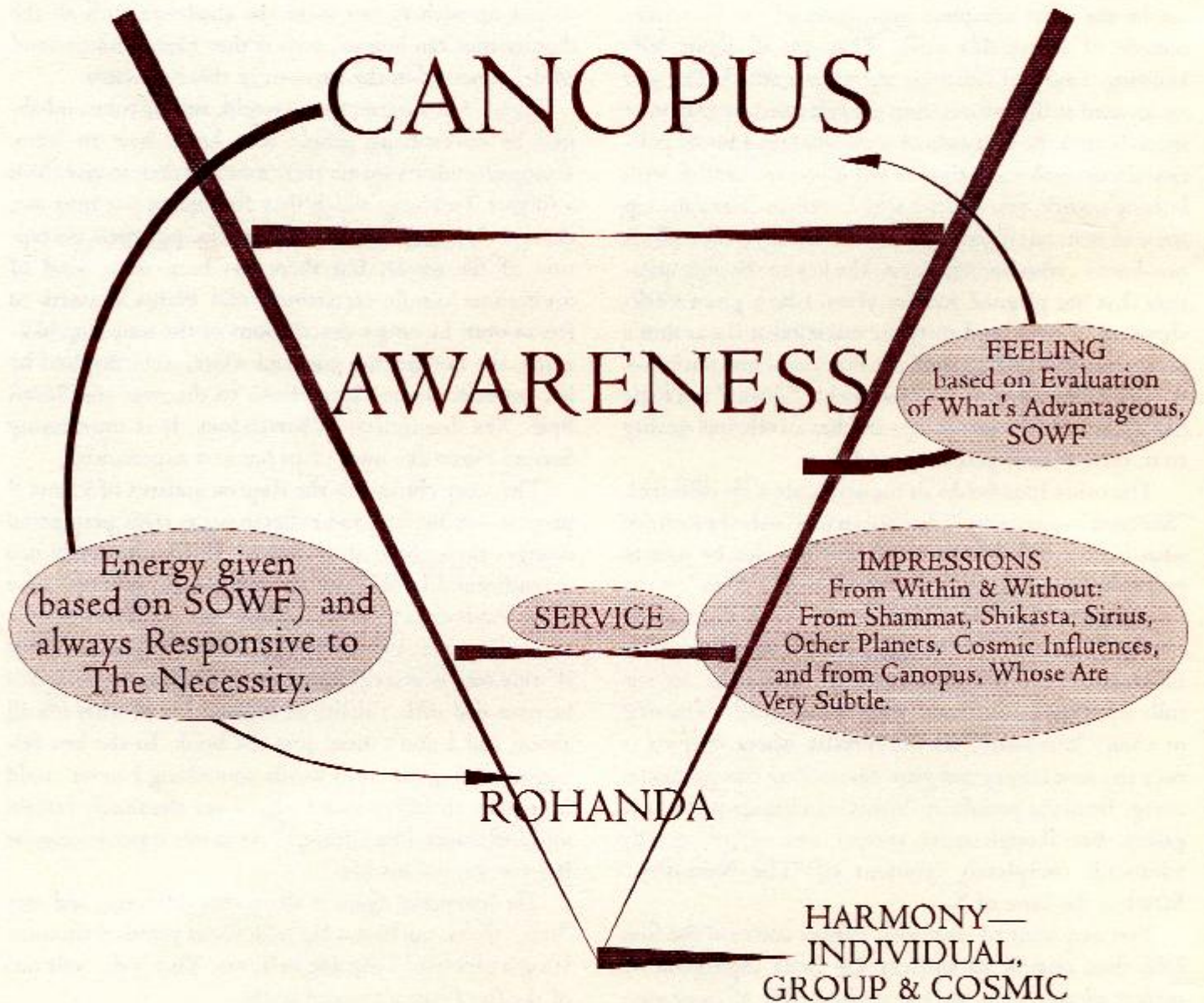
Planet 8 is a warm, sunny world, full of color, inhabited by an evolving people who know how to learn. Canopus sends its agents every now and then to give them a further Teaching, which they find when put into use, changes not only their circumstances, put their perception of the whole. But there has been some kind of mysterious cosmic catastrophe and Planet 8 starts to freeze over. Lessing's descriptions of the non-stop blizzards, the unrelenting gray and white, were inspired by her interest in the explorations to discover the South Pole. The description is horrendous. It is unrelenting Second Force like none of us has ever experienced.

The story chronicles the Representatives of Planet 8 peoples—individual and collective—as their perception changes throughout their ordeal, which, ultimately is a magnificent school. Some get angry, some give up, some grow. And when you get to the end—and if you're a sometimes cynic like me, you'll be almost afraid to: "what if" this race is utterly annihilated to oblivion—you will be rewarded with, finally, an explanation of what it's all about, and I don't mean just the book. In the last few pages, Lessing put into words something I never could have—my thoughts about what I am absolutely certain my (and maybe your) dearest Friend was experiencing the last few days of his life.

The Sentimental Agents is altogether different, and very funny, if you can bear a big joke about political rhetoric. It's got plenty of Teaching in it, too. This is the only one of the five I haven't reread lately.

If you can enjoy the "space-fiction" genre (and I am aware it doesn't suit everyone's taste), please start reading these books. You can find them if you make up your mind to. By the way, if you didn't know, Lessing is apparently a student of the Sufi Idries Shah.

CANOPUS in Argos: Archives - - - -



Playing with the picture of man

