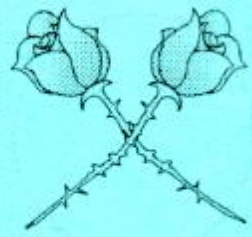


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WORK

“Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. ... And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. ... And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an help meet [or helpmate] for him. ... And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; ... made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. ... Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.” [Genesis 2:1,2; 2:18, 21-24]

Biblical stories seem to be shrouded somewhat in a coded language; when we have the key, the stories appear to take on new life and can be useful tools in the Work. Symbols can help us understand what's going on, if we are careful not to take them too literally, but see them for symbols of ideas.

To backtrack a little in our Bible story, before God rested, he made Adam “in our image, after our likeness...” [Genesis 1:26] and “The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.” [Genesis 2:7] Adam, the man, is the breath of God within (but not of) the dust of the ground, i.e., as Rhondell says, Spirit having a human experience (see box next page.)

The symbolism sees Eve the woman, or feminine component of humanity, part of the one flesh, as the Awareness function, the “helpmate” of the earthly expression of the creative Intelligence.

So far our symbols are God = the Creative Spirit, Intelligence; Adam (masculine human) = Spirit in but not of the earth. Eve = Awareness function of the human being, its helper. Rest = sleep or unconsciousness. The “natural” state of Spirit on earth on the seventh day (when creation came to a pause) was rest or sleep. To this very day the vast majority of humankind remains in this sleep-like state, unconscious. The great Intelligence that pilots most humans is usually automatic – living but not particularly conscious.

So it appears from this story that the Awareness had a function or duty of helping Spirit... The story can be interpreted further to say that the help that Spirit needs is help to wake up and continue creation! What's going on here is a new dimension of creation – *ours*, if we want the job.

The story continues to describe the error of Awareness: that she listened to suggestion (threats and promises), and neglected to do her duty, *objectively* report what was going on, and rather, chose to believe, and convinced Spirit, that opposites exist – so-called good and evil, as defined by taste, what's pleasurable and

painful. (This is a book in itself and not the thrust of this article, so we will let it be for now.)

The point here is to elaborate on the function of humanity on earth, which is to continue this dimension of creativity, and the difficulty of doing so because of our sleepy condition – and the necessity of Awareness taking charge. It's Work!

I so often hear people wallowing in guilt (and have done it myself) because when they start paying attention they discover how very much time they spend asleep, on auto-pilot, blindly reacting to conditioning, to threats and promises, in old habitual ways, instead of awakening and *staying* awake. Well, welcome to the human race. It is our *natural* state to be lazy and sleepy, like any baby is (the Spiritual self of the student is embryonic). What students of the Work want to do is Work on becoming *supernatural* – continuing creation, aware of themselves as Spirit having a human experience, and Working to make it a *conscious* human experience.

So, how do we take all this high-sounding theory and ancient scripture and see if it is useful? The very first step, before we can do anything even resembling creativity, is to see where we are. “And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?” [Genesis 3:9] In the bushes and hedgerows, hiding, instead of creating.

Don't “believe” or reject that you may be sleepwalking, check it out. You can get a tentative answer in a half a day, if you pay attention, but it will take a good couple of weeks (and the rest of your life) watching yourself throughout the day and night to see what condition you are in. Nothing further can be done until we see for ourselves where we are, take a really good look, without condemnation or justification, just take a good look.

Step One of the Work is to make an observer of self. Imagery sometimes helps. A little angel with a note pad, maybe; or Dick Tracy or Nancy Drew, a detective. (Detectives are paid to observe as closely as possible what is going on; they are not (⇒)



SPILLING THE ROSE OIL

By Rumi

There was a grocer with a fine parrot,
which could talk intelligently to customers
in several languages and to the merchants
bringing fruits and vegetables.

He could also sing
sweet songs in his parrot language. He sat all day
on the back of the grocer's bench and held forth
generously.

Once when the grocer was gone for a moment,
the parrot accidently knocked over some bottles
of rose oil from a shelf above the bench.

The grocer
came back and sat down with great confidence
and high good-humor as a merchant always does
in front of his shop.

Then he realized that his clothes
were soaked in greasy rose oil. He bopped the parrot
on the head so that the top feathers came out
and the parrot looked bald.

For several days afterward
the parrot was quiet. It said nothing
in any language, not even its own.

The grocer felt
terrible. Three days and three nights he grieved
and repented that he had silenced his Friend.

He felt his well-being and his prosperity leaving him.
He gave gifts to every dervish that he saw,
hoping to restore the speech of the parrot.

Finally a bareheaded dervish came by
with a head as bald as a begging bowl

Hey-hey,
screached the parrot, *Here's another klutz*
who spilt some rose oil!

From *Delicious Laughter, Rambunctious Teaching*
Stories from the Mathnawi by Rumi, Versions by
Coleman Barks, Maypop Books, 196 Westview
Drive, Athens, GA 30606 (404) 543-2148

WORK (Continued from Page 1)

asked to judge it.) Or maybe envision one of those security cameras following you around. Any image that appeals will do, or if you are not into images, just the idea that you are observing yourself.

This can be challenging Work in the beginning! And disheartening, because we forget to do it. [In fact, this is often used as a test. If someone expresses interest in being accepted into the Work, he or she may be asked to do this exercise. They are then left alone with it (no one checks up on them), and the instructor waits for the person to return some time later (days or months – or years) to report the experience. Alas, it seldom happens that one ever hears from this person that they have performed the exercise. They forgot. They may return again and again and call themselves students, but we know they are not.]

Step One of the Work, then, is to establish an observer and watch yourself as much as possible until you can determine whether or not you are indeed sleepwalking and how much.

The criteria for measuring the state of wakefulness? If you observe yourself complaining, demanding, blaming; quoting authorities, pleasing for effect, striving to self-improve, you can be sure you are on automatic, i.e., sleepwalking, reacting to suggestion in a conditioned manner. If you observe yourself nursing guilt, fear, anger, insecurity, jealousy, regret, hatred, greed, desire for revenge, you are not awake to what is really going on here, let alone to what you really are and what you really can do. When our reactions follow threats and promises, we are sleepwalking. Spirit in human experience is naturally asleep; Awareness Works at waking "him" up, helping her mate to be aware of what's going on so creation can continue.

If you take on this exercise you will find it is hard Work in the beginning. But I have noticed that most things of value take some work to achieve, very few acts of creation take place without some effort, or at the very least, a change in direction from absorbing everything, identifying with it, to channeling Spirit *through* our humanity. (And what it is you are creating with this activity is a Soul.)

Step two of the Work is remembering what we have learned in the above exercise, and making efforts to create something new, an expanded Awareness, and more. But before Step Two can be considered, Step One must be thoroughly experienced and made a function of one's life. "The Work" is aptly named. ⊗

Rhondell gets a good laugh when he says at workshops: "People always tell me they are trying to have a Spiritual experience. That's the wrong direction. They are not supposed to be humans having Spiritual experiences, but rather they are Spirit having a human experience."

Kind of takes the pressure off, doesn't it?

DISIDENTIFICATION & REJECTION

The Teaching is: Disidentify from all you are not. We go through life identified with ideas, made as a child, that are Not-I. For instance, that I should have no resistance. That I should have my way right now. That complaining, demanding, blaming, is the way to get it. That pleasing for effect, quoting authorities, self-improving, will help me escape any discomfort. Each of these ideas calls itself by my name, and I believe it, until I have examined it.

They are *Not I* because they are lies – real “I” is truth. I live on planet Earth where there is resistance to every initiative. The idea that it is otherwise is a lie. That I can always have my way right now is a lie – there’s bound to be someone else who wants *their* way occasionally where it is to my advantage to let them have it. The ideas of complaining, demanding, blaming, pleasing for effect, obeying and quoting authorities, self-improvement, are a complete waste of time, and more especially, a waste of precious energy that could be used much more advantageously.

The Teaching is: Anything derogatory about myself or another is Not-I. Life is wonderful, Life is Spirit having a human experience, a beautiful and rewarding challenge. Anything derogatory thus is anti-life and Not-I.

Now these principles have been set out very plainly for us all. Even a child can understand. But dear old Not-I is sly and always on the job. The principles are put in simple language and Not-I goes to work right away distorting them. And thus appears a travesty of the Work, which I accepted for a while, and many I know do, too. The Teaching is: “Disidentify from all you are not.” The Not-I re-interprets this with glee.

Like many women of my generation, (and, unfortunately, the subsequent ones) I hated my body. The way it looked, the way it felt, the way it worked. Hypochondriacs are coming from the same place, even if they think it looks okay. They are afraid of the body.

Spirit arrived here in a physical body and found it sometimes uncomfortable, or even painful, and Awareness didn’t much like these sensations. Its Awareness function made the decision that because it was impossible to control, the body was “bad.”

Eating disorders, addictions of all kinds, and hypochondria are the results of rejecting the body. It seems to take on an existence of its own – as though we are dragging it around (or vice versa) – or that it is attacking us, or about to.

The A-Side gets identified with the physical body – complaining, demanding, blaming. Anger and rage are always felt to be a loss of control, and the B-Side, identified with the spiritual and mental, feels very guilty and fearful about this. A lifetime is spent rejecting or trying to ignore the A-Side and the body and it seems to “retaliate” for this neglect with physical and emotional binges and symptoms (both the ultimate loss of control).

Then along comes the Teaching: “You are not your body; disidentify from all you are not.” Eureka! Permission to reject the body! That’s what I heard at first – did you? If you suffer binges, addictions or hypochondria, if you are terrified of losing control, probably so. That’s not what is taught – disidentifica-

tion is not rejection – but is what those of us who feel that our minds are so superior to our bodies hear. It’s a lie. What is taught is to disidentify, not to reject. There is a world of difference between the two. Eventually, yes, the Worker wants to disidentify with the body and everything else that is not Real I. But disidentify does *not* mean “reject,” whether it is the body, the family, the world, vices or pleasures or addictions.

Before any true disidentification can be achieved, *acceptance* must occur. This is the body I inhabit right now – and I am grateful for it, “imperfect” though it might be according to the world’s standards, or my own standards of pleasure and pain. (And the same goes for the family and everything else, *especially* the conditioning that has tormented and tempted me all my life – I must accept that it’s there and operative, and that is what IS – before I can even consider disidentifying from it.)

I think it is possible to get so caught up in rejecting in the name of disidentifying that we can fail utterly to achieve any consciousness, maybe for a lifetime. We really want to look at what we reject – look closely and objectively as possible – to see it clearly. Then the only way of accepting is to be grateful for it, thankful even that it is, indeed, operative here. Yes, we can be thankful even for a fat or sagging body (how long would you want to float on the earth without one, no matter how imperfect?), for a tedious family (who at the very least fed us and changed our diapers), for painful symptoms that are the wondrous work of Spirit righting the body, for all the conditioning that made life so intolerable that it led me to the great gift of the Teaching. We must accept every single facet of our existence as what is operative at the moment, useful or not. Then and only then can we do the next step of disidentifying from it.

A hint: If you often find yourself disgusted with yourself or others or any condition within or without, you probably are deeply identified with the B-Side and pretending the A-Side has no control over you, or suffer deep shame when you recognize that it does. *Disgust is not conscious behavior.* Everything just is what it is – not disgusting.

A deeper discussion of the act of disidentifying, what it entails, why it is of value, will be forthcoming in a future issue. Meantime make an effort to see if you have confused disidentification with rejection – and if so, take a hard look at what you reject. To be a true student, sooner or later you will have to accept it, as a first and essential step toward conscious experience of Life in this physical realm. ☉

For a very thorough study of this behavior of rejecting the body, read Marion Woodman’s books. I have a few copies available. See last page.

PRACTICE & POWER

Very few people are really dedicated to the Work—apparently they don't see the value of it. They have other values. Those who do see the Work as valuable Work at it every day, as often as possible. One of the most popular articles I ever wrote contained a few dozen ways to approach Working in a practical everyday manner. Here's some more, by request.

- When you hear a loud noise, don't look toward it, at least for a moment. Put forth the effort to hold your head in its current position. Hesitate even a moment, then look if you wish.
- On a long drive, pick out the letters of the alphabet in the first word, in order, on the signs you pass. If it's a drive you take often, change it one day to blue signs only, another time multi-colored signs, and so forth. "E" is easy on the freeway (Exit) and "X" is almost impossible. Devise "rules" to compensate for this. (If you are actively engaged in this seemingly fruitless exercise, you will not be listening to Not-I's, you will not be replaying or rehearsing conversations from the past and future—your brain will be thoroughly engaged, and you will be bearing fruit!)
- When you are introduced to someone, make a point to note the color of his or her eyes. (From a book by Roger Dawson.)
- At the end of the day, retrace your every move. Do it in your mind or on paper. For instance, 1. Got up at 7:12. 2. Went to bathroom; got dressed. 3. Ate breakfast. 4. Drove to work. 5. Stopped at dry-cleaner's. 6. Greeted guard at work. And so forth, in all its tedious detail. Are there gaps in what you remember?
- Listen.
- When you are falling asleep at night, try to maintain that in-between stage between wakefulness and sleep for as long as you can. Listen to what you might hear there.
- Wear something you normally wouldn't be caught dead in. A wig, or a red garment, bell-bottoms. (Or do what someone I know did New Year's eve—she wore—gasp—a tattoo, a small rose, of course, six inches above her knee so it showed when she danced. Did she get attention!) Allow the embarrassment you might feel. Don't explain or defend your new look.
- Order something you don't like from the lunch menu. Take at least one bite. Allow the resulting hunger (and feel free to stuff yourself at dinner if you want; or ship dinner, too).
- If someone compliments you on something you secretly worry about, just say, "Thank you," and change the subject; don't give your usual disclaimer.
- If someone gives you a gift, just say, "Thank you," and don't send your usual return gift or note.
- When someone cuts you off in traffic or otherwise makes a stupid move, try to make eye contact and smile at them (this may be among the hardest things I have ever done; if looks could kill, half of L.A.'s drivers would be my dead victims by now.)
- Listen.
- Stop playing your favorite music for a time. (I did this for a month once and actually felt physical withdrawal symptoms.)
- If such things embarrass you, ostentatiously buy all the tabloids at the check-out counter. Better yet, go in to buy only them, no groceries, and discuss them avidly with the checker.
- Do not discuss politics at all for a time. A week would be a pretty good challenge. No matter how interesting the conversation, or how ridiculous the speaker may be, ignore the topic and change the subject.
- Refuse to answer *any* "Why" question asked of you. If you are in a situation where some kind of answer is required (it seldom is actually *required*) think hard to work your response so that you are not answering "Why" but rather "What's going on."
- Seriously and sincerely watch for all the subtle little ways you try to control people. If you truly do this, you will be amazed. Interrupting them, "helping" them pick up an item, your tone of voice, touching them, giving "advice," finishing their sentences, picking off their plate... there are a million ways we play the Control Game and aren't aware of it.
- Listen.
- Make a point not to agree with people. (You don't need to disagree, just don't agree. See how this bungles the conversation.)
- Encore, but well worth the repetition: Assign the number of the Not-I when you hear them coming out of your mouth or another's. Examples: "God, it's hot in here." (No.1, the Complainer); "How dare he say that!" (No.2, the Sticker-Up-For-Rights); "I'll do it." (When you don't want to. No.3); "We weren't raised that way!" or "They say that's harmful to your health." (No.4); "I'm sorry!" (No.5); "It's not my fault," or "He should have done it." (No.6). Dr. Dan Kirkham taught me this exercise. And it is a great piece of Work.
- Forgive yourself.
- Forgive your parents. (If you are still hung up on this one, like even some people I know who are pushing 50, make an inventory of all the awful things they did to you. Really go to Work analyzing each event; propose to yourself, as an observer, just how they might have justified the behavior. They *did* feel either right, or proper, or justified somehow, at the time. See if you can figure out precisely what their justification might have been. Then, after you have done this for a good while, see if you have *ever* used any similar justifications.)
- If you are fat, or too short, or have a nose you don't like, act for just one day in *everything* you do as if you were slim or tall, or gorgeous. Pretend that the "defect" has been corrected and go out and act like you would if it had been.
- Women: Make love as if you had a *perfect* body.
- Men: Make love as though no woman in the world existed except the one you're with, and you have been assigned by On

High (!) to be her servant.

- Try to hear your voice as though you were a new baby listening, or a foreigner who doesn't speak English, i.e., ignore the words, you can't understand them; you are just listening to the tone, the sounds. What is your tone telling everyone you talk to?
- See if you can rate your friends and others you meet throughout the day on the Tone Scale. (Apathy, Fear, Held Resentment, Anger, Boredom, Contentment, Vital Interest, Enthusiasm.)
- Call up someone you don't like, or a bore, just to chat. Or seek them out at the office, wherever. Give a gift of attention to someone you would rather never see again.
- When cornered by a bore, gaze into their eyes and look for the Spirit in there. Keep it up until you find It. (The bore will let you.) Try it with someone who's angry.
- Listen.
- Read signs and billboards out loud when driving.
- When in conversation, listen for what the other person *wants*. What are they asking for by talking to you? Make an effort to accommodate them, unless it is harmful (agreeing with them they are a victim is harmful; loving attention is not).
- If you have some kind of minor pain, delay taking a pain-reliever for a while, or skip it altogether. Be hyper-aware of the pain, describing it, allowing it to be there (you don't need to go overboard — start *small* with this; you can work up to migraines and so forth with practice, but start *small*.)
- If you are in the habit of chatting up every clerk and waitress, say not one extra word to them beyond what is needed to do your business.
- Watch how often you say "my;" after some time watching this (a few days), train yourself to say "the" in place of "my." And that goes for *everything*—the car, the job, the husband, the baby, everything.
- Ditto "have to." See if you can say "am going to," instead.
- Listen.
- Say "No" without defending or explaining or justifying.
- Say "Yes, I'd be happy to" to *whatever* you are asked to do for a week (as long as it is not illegal — not to your advantage — or agreeing with someone they are a victim).
- Make a list of all the people you have judged today. Write down your judgments and identify the standards you have set for others.
- Be late on purpose if you are *never* late. Don't apologize when you get there. (Or, you may apologize but don't explain.) If you're always late, commit to being on time for a *week*.
- We are always playing a role of some kind: mother, father, spouse, employee, employer, driver, customer, etc. Most are unconscious. Identify and list all the roles you played today. See if you can play them on purpose. Do this for a week or so and see if you can add some.
- See if you played the victim role today.
- Listen to how often you say you "love" and "hate" objects and situations. See if you can change these words to "like" and "dislike." (Harder than you think.)

While typesetting this list it occurred to me as I re-read it that it may look to new students, or to someone who has never met us*, like penance! It's not, really (but is a form of "atonement"), but is hard Work with a definite purpose, and so maybe a more detailed description of what is going on here is warranted.

The natural state of human beings is probably sloth, until a suggestion comes along promising reward or threatening pain, which will move most people. This is reinforced continually through conditioning, both from within and without. This automatic state is called in the Work waking or walking sleep. What the true student wants to do is first discover just how deeply entrenched he or she is in conditioning and reactive behavior, and learn to pause and respond, not react, to situations, ignore suggestion, and gain strength, and ultimately real power.

Think of a rubber band just lying on a table. It is flaccid and useless, but you know that under certain conditions it has potential power that you could use if you needed it.

Now imagine picking up the rubber band and stretching it tight between your thumb and a finger. Every school child knows that it will move when released — the tension has created power.

These exercises can be compared to stretching the rubber band — your finger, say, is the way your conditioned self wants to go and your thumb is your new intention to oppose it with an unconditioned or conscious (chosen) aim in another direction. Rest assured, this will create tension — your conditioned self is very strong from years of practice; your intention needs to gain strength. The way to do this is to maintain the tension created by the opposing forces. (Tension is *not* the same as stress — stress is conflict; conscious tension is potential power.) Tension (and thus potential power) is maintained by Working every day on these little challenges, opposing the "natural" conditioned way the sleeper wants to go with a conscious intention to go in a new direction.

Anyone who Works at these seemingly petty things diligently will find considerable power at his or her disposal when it is needed — far more than the conditioned self could ever muster (outside a fit of rage, destructive power).

So no, the Work is not dreary, and certainly not penance, although I suspect the Wise Old Men of the distant past had this very type of exercise in mind before the idea of "penance" got crystalized by the institution.

If none of the above hints appeal, by all means make up your own, which is much more appropriate, anyway. The idea is just to observe how the Not-I and/or the physical body usually reacts to daily stimulus and intend to respond, instead, in a new direction, with the purpose of getting strong. The reason for a list is just to have a tool — if we have given it some thought beforehand, it is easier when the automatic reaction starts to have our list in mind. Have fun with it — the Work is, indeed, its own reward, you'll see. ☉

*We really *do* like to have a good time, honest!

WHAT IS IN THE WAY?

My current favorite bluesy sad song begins "Keeper of the gates of wisdom, please let me in. I just can't go through another heartache again."*

The song is beautiful and I play it often. When I first heard it, that line touched me deeply... so often in life I felt that someone did keep the gates of wisdom and wouldn't let me in — I know just how she feels... do you?

We start out being told that "the authorities" know everything we don't know. I bought this until about third grade when I got in trouble because I wanted to know why God told the Pope everything and not me. I just couldn't buy it, God telling old men the good stuff and not telling me anything. (I didn't feel inferior quite yet!)

But my rebelliousness was short lived — although I thought I rejected authority from then on, what I did was make my own authorities. Because certainly I didn't know what I wanted to know, and surely *somebody* did. No matter who we make into authorities, we are still coming from the point of view of the victim — they have it (in this case, knowledge) and I don't. So I spent the next twenty-odd years researching and badgering every "authority" I could, to try to get some wisdom, to no avail, alas.

It took a long time, and a lot of Work, but finally I discovered that the keeper of the gates of wisdom, for each of us, is none other than our very selves.

The flaming sword keeping us from the Tree of Life (Genesis 3:24) is the Master Decision, the inaccurate notion that the purpose of life is to gain pleasure and avoid pain. This error is indeed like a flaming sword, blinding us to the truth, preventing us tasting the glorious fruits of the Tree of Life: Wisdom. The keeper of the gates, the Master Decision, is surely heartache.

It is inaccurate to think we don't have pleasure, comfort, attention, approval, value; it is inaccurate to think we will always avoid pain, being ignored, rejected, feeling less capable than someone else. All of these things are part and parcel of life on planet earth. They are by-products of living, they are not the purpose of living. The keeper of the gates of wisdom is a lie.

Let's take as example the subject of the song, a failed romance, (a fairly universal lament) and apply this information. We all have an inner urge for union. It moves us. Nature and the man-made world know this and make great use of the energy available to achieve inner union. The urge is appealed to everywhere we turn, from the basest physical level all the way to lofty ideals of one-world governments. There's no escape being reminded of it countless times a day. While few of us act out the urge toward union in promiscuous sex for sex' sake, and probably fewer still are interested in working for a one-world government,

most of us hover around the notch on the scale where a romantic relationship is appealing, and seen either as satisfying this inner urge, or, more consciously, as symbolizing it. Romance is fun and delightful, and we wouldn't want to be without it for too very long.

What is the source of heartache in these relationships? What keeps the gates of Wisdom closed to us?

You can bet it's no darling cherub holding the flaming swords in our way — it is the false self made up of Not-I's.

Broken romances, for instance, are always broken by ideals. The ideals held are the keeper of the gate, not letting us see what's really going on. The ideal was that the partner would give and do everything I thought needed to be given and done to make me complete. This is error. One with this point of view will feel incomplete no matter how much the other does or gives. And to think the incomplete feeling is the result of what the partner did not give or do is just as erroneous.

I know a young man who has a terrible inner state because the police academy up the hill from me where he is a cadet is not living up to his ideal of how they should be. An institution does things its way, not ours, and this fellow is in a constant state of anger and depression because of the stupidity of the institution, by his standards (it may be that the institution and he just have different purposes.) He feels absolutely certain it should be otherwise, they should do things his way and quit making him do it their way. Another friend goes from job to job, always complaining how the jobs failed him. He thinks every employer is crazy. A woman projects her vision of Prince Charming on every man who just buys her coffee and casts them each into the role of her Savior. Somehow, they never are.

All these people fail to see what is going on. Ideals are very seldom achieved because it is not the nature of this place to supply them. But the real situation is far beyond this. It is the mistaken notion that gaining something outside ourselves is what will make us complete, happy, fulfilled. Completion is an inside job. It is never gained until we can freely allow the world to be just the way it is, until we can maintain a loving inner state even when we are denied what we want, even when everyone around us is anything but loving.

Real wisdom comes when we accept what we are, all of it; where we are, with all its limitations; what's going on, illusions of ideals and power ploys and conflict everywhere trying to keep us from wisdom — and thus knowing what we can do. At that moment of accepting and letting go, the keeper of the gates of wisdom evaporates before our very eyes, we can enter. ☉

**My Strongest Weakness by Wynonna*



HOLIDAY BLUES

Many people get depressed around the holidays and throughout the dreary months. Pop psychology is abundant at this time of year, telling us why we tend toward these feelings, as if that would make them go away. It doesn't, as you well know. Rather than "Why," the Work tells us What is going on.

It was the big ugly demonstration in Germany recently that gave me the idea for this article and that tying it in with holiday blues would be perfect. Only the comatose are unaware that the Berlin Wall came down about two years ago. We were treated via TV to a grand show, it was Woodstock Way East, an orgy of glee that lasted several days. Kids and others were everywhere celebrating, a good time was had by all.

Needless to say (I hope), I am as delighted as anyone to see outrageous limitations removed, anywhere. I never dreamed I would see this one in my lifetime, or any time soon, it was, indeed, a great show. (If this particular incident, however, was truly the removal of limitations remains to be seen.)

But I was not surprised at all when a few weeks ago a great show of another kind was presented in the same place... A massive demonstration purportedly organized to demonstrate "unity" turned into a giant melee, grotesque as could be. It was only a matter of time. The pendulum had swung the other way.

A close friend told me poignantly of her grand love affair, and the pendulum. She was the beloved for many years of a famous man, the Love of her Life, a great-looking guy, esteemed by all who know him. She admitted to me one night late how she felt so proud to be with him. People would stare at them, and she loved it. Many of those who knew them were jealous. She even told me that in weaker moments she relished this jealousy. It was all so heady, and she fully indulged in pride to be his companion. (That all has to do with "validation," another article!)

One awful day she knew would come they parted for good. Her world collapsed. There was so much pain—she was as vulnerable to rejection as anyone and probably more so. One particularly vehement bit of pain had to do with the humiliation she now felt around those who knew them—the poor little rejectee couldn't hold him. She laughed (now) and said, "That smarts!" But out of pain consciously suffered, she has learned at long last, always comes something of value. She shared with me her major insight about "The Pendulum."

One day, sobbing at the window, she got a bit of grace: The depth of this humiliating pain she resisted was *exactly* the same as the height of the joyful pride she so fully embraced. She started going over other "defeats" of her life and saw, yes, yes, exactly, emotional pain was always preceded by some equal pleasurable indulgence of some kind, equal. "Pride precedeth a fall."

Now, we don't want anyone to get carried away here, that every giftie in one's life will be followed by a curse—not so. (Every experience is not ideals run amok, just some.) What is going on is this: The elevating of any ideal will be followed by a descent equal to the elevation of the ideal.

The Germans thought that a new step in a direction toward a better life was in fact a *promise* of a better life, right here, right

now. When reality set in (a mess needs to be cleaned up over there before anyone will be better off), little children stamped their feet, big time. Anyone can see that the disturbances wrought in Germany (or anywhere else) over 50 years will not dissolve overnight. But the ideal said otherwise; when the ideal was disproved, disappointment set in, fairly equal to the earlier jubilation. The pendulum had to swing.

All disappointment (which is really the nature of depression, isn't it?) is based on ideals, all of it. Ideals simply do not exist, they are figments of one's imagination, they are not here and now, they are not "what is."

A good exercise for anyone suffering from depression would be this. Make a list in one column of every disappointment you feel. It would probably be easier to start with old ones, those without the raw edges. Make a long list. In the column next to it, work on describing the ideal that preceded it.

When you get done with this, you won't necessarily feel better, but you will begin to take charge. After you have exhausted studying your list, you will then, most likely, sigh, because your ideals will, for the most part, look pretty nice. "So-and-so should have loved me." "I should have been born smarter or prettier or taller or whatever." "Commercialism shouldn't have ruined Christmas." "I shouldn't be without a companion." "I should have a better job or companion than the one I have." Etc.

What may momentarily increase your despondency will be the realization that, as wholesome and lovely as your ideals are, they don't exist, "therefore I shouldn't have them, but *I do*." Welcome to Planet Earth. What may be the hardest thing to grasp is that we live in a place where our ideals are fairly worthless, *because it is not the nature of this place to supply them*.

I will be the first to admit this is a shocker, when you truly see it. This is not the purpose of living, to gain ideals. Really seeing this can feel like, maybe, losing a limb, we have been that closely identified with them. But when we do see it, we have options. One is to leave Planet Earth. I don't recommend it, though, no matter how disillusioning the facts may be, because how do you know leaving would change the Truth? (I doubt very much it would.) Another option is to grow up, accept it, freely experience that I live in a place where gaining every nice thing I want, lovely as it might be, where having my way all the time, being loved and admired by everyone, is not the nature of the experience. That's just the way it is. When I can freely accept this, when I can take what comes with thanks, stop grieving over what doesn't come, or sry, then I can live. And live without depression.

It's no use pining away for the Universe to change its ways on my behalf. We are all in the same pickle, let's just surrender to it, the Universe has other things in store for us if we just let go, and stop pouting. Check it out! ☼

I am so comfortable right now. Work, family, everything's going fine. Is it right to be so comfortable?

Don't fret, it won't last. Name me something more transient on earth than comfort! The very least that will happen is that you will become bored, and thus have a motivation to go back to Work. Meantime, enjoy it! (Guilt and fear demons are trying to prevent you from experiencing what is.)

When I first heard the Teaching, I thought wanting attention and approval was wrong. I tried to reject them, but secretly relished them.

Suddenly I see that it's okay to enjoy it!

Absolutely. You fell into the trap of rejecting rather than disidentifying (see article, page 3). The way I see it, Spirit is an exhibitionist. It divided in order to multiply, so It could have *somebody* to talk to and show off for. I am an attention hound, myself. I dish it out and get plenty in return. The trick is to not let it influence your inner state—I Work to walk around even when no one notices as though I am admired and loved, which I am, and of infinitely more value, knowing that I love (and I suspect this is why I get so much A & A. People enter my sphere and that's what's there—usually!). In other words, let's keep our mood up there so high that attention and approval don't influence it, they just add another dimension to what's already there.

Help! Help! Help! I demand to know something I can't figure out! Help me with this!

I got three letters last week with "HELP!" scrawled on the page. "Help" is really a victim word. Please consider if you want to continue using it when you're uncomfortable. You will never "figure out" the Spiritual understanding you seek. All the technical answers to your questions have already been given to you, countless times, both in written material and in person. You have read it and "heard" it. Now it is time to practice it. Start by putting your preconceived ideas aside (your confusion about this issue stems from your insisting on putting a new patch on an old garment, and from making an ideal of the Teaching itself.) After you have put what you think you know in abeyance, next step is to really pay attention, trying to prove or disprove the hypothesis you have been given. Let go, pay attention.

The first time I met Rhondell I had a mile-long list of questions, written down. I rattled them all off. He just sat there, playing with a paperclip. When I had exhausted my demands, and almost breathlessly said, "Well????!!!" he smiled like only he can and said, "Sweet one, my answer is this. Be thankful for what information you *do* have, and see what happens. It's been nice meeting you, goodbye." And he stood up and walked me to the door. This was one of the kindest and most valuable events of my life, though it certainly was uncomfortable. Understanding is something we earn, it cannot really be given if we are not prepared to receive, and it can never be demanded.

WE GET QUESTIONS

As you know from countless conversations, my boyfriend treats me like dirt. A very attractive man has asked me out. I am in total conflict. A-Side says I have a right to be treated nice. B-Side says I should freely experience being treated badly (not getting my way), and that if I go out with the new man I am only choosing the 4 DBUs.

My neighborhood is deteriorating—fast. We hear gunshots every night. I want to move us to a town I know that is lovely and serene. I am in conflict—A-Side says I am entitled to live in safety. B-Side says I am only trying to gain comfort and escape discomfort.

I am making more money than I'd ever dreamed of in my life. And I love my job, to boot. I am in conflict. A-Side says I've worked hard for this and deserve it. B-Side says I am wallowing in the 4 DBUs and will pay heavily for this indulgence eventually.

These questions are from six people—I heard each twice this week! These are all the same question, which *really* is (although none of you has seen it quite this way): *How can I get the Not-I's to leave me alone so I can get on with my life?* Please know that it is the nature of the Not-I's to torment you and make *conflict* to prevent you from fully participating in the human experience. I-G-N-O-R-E the Not-I's! Part of the human experience is pleasure, despite what your conditioning tells you. It is not the Purpose of Living but it is part of Life on Earth sometimes. So *experience* it!

If I am Spirit having a human experience, what is wrong with allowing Spirit a nice experience when it presents itself? If I move my family to a calmer neighborhood, have I not served Life (in the form of my family) in this endeavor? If I expose myself to a little respect from a man for a change, am I not thus respecting Life? If I have been given two great gifts, money and satisfying work, can I see these as gifts rather than "just desserts?" (And if your guilt over the money is just intractable, you can always *try* assuaging it with a hefty donation to Harmony Workshop!)

The way to shut up the Not-I's—conflict—that don't want you living fully is to (1) see what's going on here: opportunities to serve and respect life (opportunities are always gifts); (2) appreciate the gifts. Say "Thank You" and *use* them. RECEIVE.

Have you ever given a gift that was not received? What sort of person was this who spurned your gift? What was the nature of the event? Were you eager to give again? If you don't receive your gifts with gratitude, you are very mush akin to a spurner of Life.

You *can* serve Life by enjoying it.

What does the Teaching say about dreams?

Nothing. The Teaching presented in the Science of Man is composed of information that you can check out, i.e., prove or disprove (it is a science). If you can work with your dreams scientifically, go right ahead. Rhondell usually says that dreams are worthless. I disagree a little – a prolific Technicolor dreamer all my life, who remembers detail vividly, I have found them slightly useful in that I can sometimes verify where I am, and I enjoy my hobby of symbolism (in other words, they have value to me as entertainment and I enjoy paying attention to them). But it's a waste of time and probably stupid to get caught up in them.

I once read something that really hit home about getting too presumptuous about dreams. A psychiatrist told of a patient who kept dreaming her brother was a homosexual. They spent nearly a year dissecting the meaning of this, in all its Jungian ramifications. They worked hard to determine just what this could possibly mean about the hidden inner values of the patient. A year after all this introspection began, her brother announced to the family that he was homosexual and had been stewing for a year about telling them. So a year of psychiatric fees were spent wasting time on something irrelevant to the patient; Awareness was simply more expanded than she knew – what was going on that she picked up had little if anything to do with her.

Why do I listen to the Not-I's so much, even though I know better?

Why?? What's going on is it's pleasurable, and we are lazy. There is some payoff or no one would bother. We are hooked on pleasure and sleep. Some people are conditioned to think they must be victims to be loved, the Not-I's always tell you you are a victim, this is the only way the person can justify feeling loved, or the way they try to get pity from people, which they interpret as love. (Typical Not-I lie – who's less lovable than someone wallowing in self-pity?) Another reason is habit, based on sloth. We are lazy. It's easier to listen than to get UP.

Why did you get a migraine headache the day you finished your video? I thought people in the Work would be above that, could handle it.

Why do you think I walk on water? Or that I should? I don't and it's extremely doubtful I ever will. What happened was that I had summoned enough energy to move a mountain with my bare hands to get that project finished – I had more resistance with it than any worldly thing I have ever done. The energy was not needed – my part was just to pace in editing booths while someone else did the actual button-pushing. That extra mountain-moving energy had to go somewhere and since I have been prone to migraines since I was six, that was a likely way for it to work itself out.

People who make a real effort to live the Work are usually worshipped and reviled. Both are completely erroneous reactions to the admiration and fear (awe) that arises toward those we esteem. The Teaching is very explicit about ideals. It is as

erroneous to project ideals onto others as it is to expect them of yourself. What's going on is that a Not-I is trying to tell you that because your instructor is not 100% conscious 100% of the time, you don't need to bother at all. The Not-I's make an ideal of the instructor so that he or she can later be "proven" to have feet of clay, thus invalidating the Teaching from the Not-I point of view. The Not-I's will tell you any lie at all to prevent you from Working and to spend that energy feeding them instead. And you can be sure that they are especially harsh on their judgements of people who spread the Word – we are a great threat to Not-I's.

What is the meaning of the rose in Seeking the Rose? Why did the Friend hand the rose to the companions? What part did he represent? Why did the companions have to find each other before going in the direction of their home?

Seeking the Rose was full of symbolism, down to the salt and pepper on the tables (worldly idea of opposites). Symbolism sometimes sneaks past the guardian of the gate and gets some Truth through, and does a better job of it when not explained in words. But many asked the above questions, so here's some partial answers.

The rose represents the Real I, the Self who knows what I am, where I am, what's going on here, what I can do. Real I is not just the idea (Harmony was a place of ideas) but the living *experience* of them in the realm of resistance. The Rose is used in many versions of the Teaching the world over because of its magnificent beauty and permeating scent – and its thorns.

The Friend represents the Teaching, not the container, which is merely an agent, and the ever-present nature of Spirit, whether we recognize It or not. It was the living Teaching that presented the rose to the companions, not any person. In the scene where the companions are being given their potion, the Friend is there holding the sacred book of Teachings – the Friend and the Teaching are inseparable, one in the same Thing.

The companions represented different functions of the human experience: he is Will, she is Awareness. The reunion of the two was the end of conflict (A and B sides).

Because the Teaching is so precious to me, I was eager to see how it would be received – or even if it would be noticed – by the various completely uninitiated studio people we worked with. Of all the dozens of men and women who were exposed to *Seeking the Rose* in the five different studios we used, only two made any remark about the content at all. One man, an owner who had just been sitting in for several hours, finally blurted out, "How absurd can you get? There is NO WAY anyone could remember something they were told before they were born," and the second: "If these people are so heavenly, why are they smoking?" So I would say we did a pretty good job of maintaining the required Cloak of Invisibility required of Workers! Maybe too good. AND I would say that very, very few people are really interested in the Work. So to all of you who tell me often that you can't find anyone to talk to who's interested in the ideas – yes, I know. ☉

REAL I IS LOVE

SELF-ESTEEM

Several people have mentioned lately their difficulty in losing twenty or thirty pounds. In response to this, we are working on putting together a workbook to see what's going on and what we can do. Meantime, one person mentioned that her mother, disgusted with her daughter's inability to lose weight, repeatedly tells her the problem is that she doesn't love herself.

"Loving oneself," or self-esteem, is a popular topic in the media. What does the Teaching say about it?

The "inferior" self, the idea that I need improvement, that I don't live up to internal and external standards, is *right*—it never will amount to anything, because it is Not I and it is grossly inferior to the Real Self. So trying to convince it that it is esteem is a complete waste of energy—it is not and never will be. Whenever people lament their inferiority I tell them the thing inside that is saying that is right—the Not-I is inferior to *you*.

(No, this is not a contradiction—saying the Not-I always lies and saying it is right in this case. The big lie here is that the Not-I is using *your* name in vain! It is inferior, not you, yet it calls itself "I.")

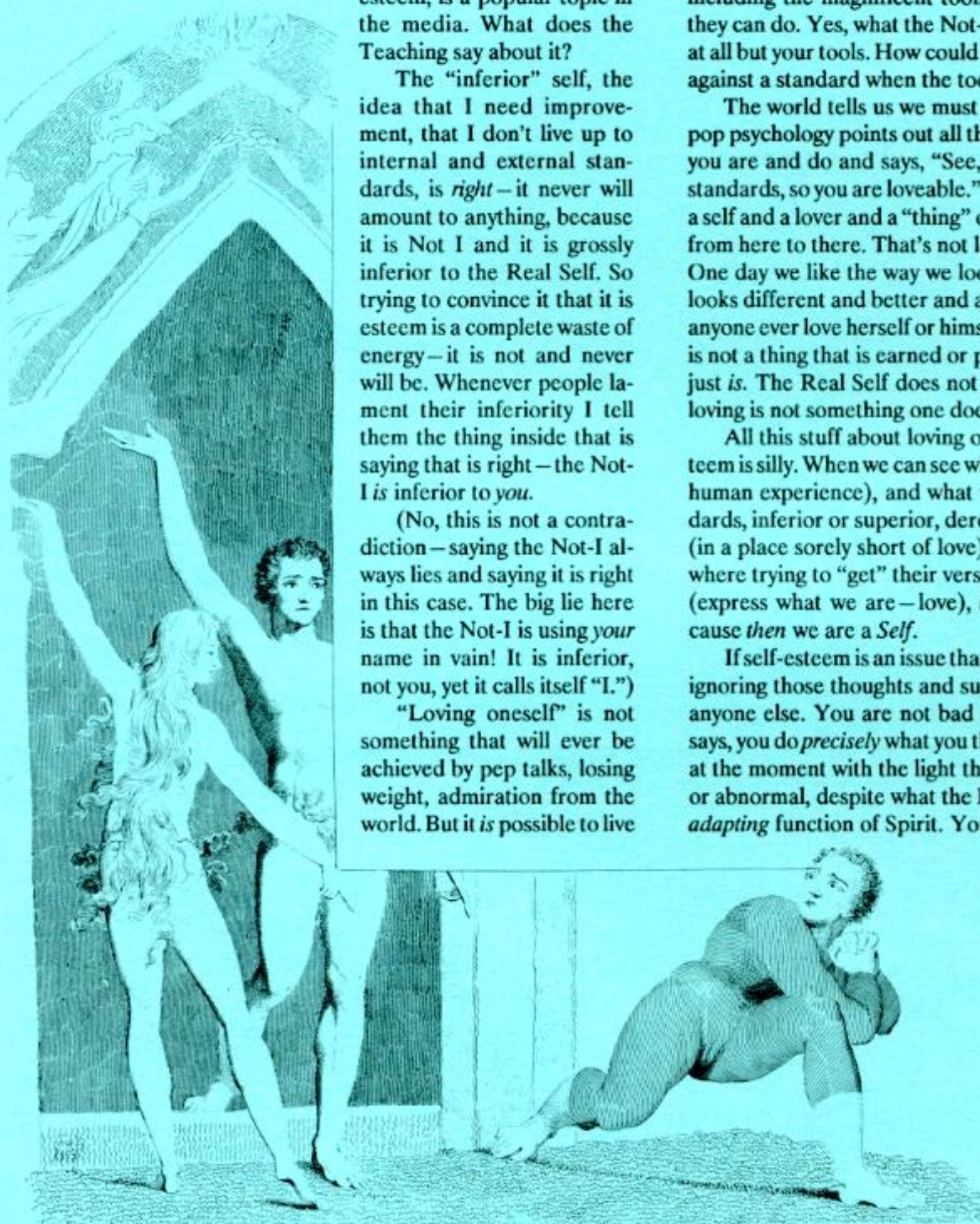
"Loving oneself" is not something that will ever be achieved by pep talks, losing weight, admiration from the world. But it is possible to live

in love, love that includes a great appreciation for all that one is, including the magnificent tools of brain and body and all that they can do. Yes, what the Not-I says is "you" is not the real you at all but your tools. How could any tool of any kind be measured against a standard when the tool is *one-of-a-kind*???

The world tells us we must merit this "love," somehow, and pop psychology points out all the good and nice and swell things you are and do and says, "See, you really *do* meet some of our standards, so you are loveable." This is baloney. It implies, to me, a self and a lover and a "thing" or action called loving that moves from here to there. That's not love, it's taste. Taste is transitory. One day we like the way we look, the next day some movie star looks different and better and again we feel inferior. How could anyone ever love herself or himself under these conditions? Love is not a thing that is earned or passed around or that changes. It just *is*. The Real Self does not love, the Real Self *IS* love. Real loving is not something one does, it is something one is (or not).

All this stuff about loving oneself and thus "having" self-esteem is silly. When we can see what we are (Spirit having a unique human experience), and what we are *not* (comparable to standards, inferior or superior, derogatory in any way) where we are (in a place sorely short of love), what's going on (people everywhere trying to "get" their version of love), and what we can do (express what we are—love), *then* we "have" self-esteem, because *then* we are a *Self*.

If self-esteem is an issue that you grapple with, start right now ignoring those thoughts and suggestions that compare you with anyone else. You are not bad or good, despite what Theology says, you do *precisely* what you think is right or proper or justified at the moment with the light that you have. You are not normal or abnormal, despite what the Healing Arts say, you are a living *adapting* function of Spirit. You are not "in" (Continued Page 20)



WE GET MAIL

Thanks for continuing the valuable newsletter. Are you familiar with Camille Paglia? I am reading a book of her essays and, if one can get beyond her silly antics, there is much to glean regarding personal responsibility. Current cultural thought and conflict with the victimization of women and minorities, etc. In her lecture at M.I.T. (transcript is in the book) she states, "... my anguish over so many decades produced my work. We have to understand that sometimes conflict is created." She goes on to talk about identity and how life experience builds identity through realization of reality, i.e., the real world and where you fit in. Interesting reading. (K.C.)

I'm crazy about Camille. I have read both her books (see back page), her book of essays twice. She certainly can be outrageous—but I enjoy her antics; I doubt the "mainstream" would listen to her without them. I have considered writing about Camille Paglia and her work for some time, but she's such hard reading that I thought few would be interested. What a delight you are—a toddler and a new baby and still making time to exercise your mind!

Paglia has discovered some real Truth, and I think done a good job presenting it. She abandons "Cause and Effect" for a much fuller view of what is going on in creation. She sees Second Force as a great power in its own right and quite distinct from First Force. The problem I have is her assignment of these forces to women and men, respectively, on what appears to me to be too literal a basis. Gender symbolizes the forces; real activity is androgynous. And I interpret her to see Form as the Result—Form and Result are, rather, distinct. Form is all the objects she relishes, Result is what we do with and about them, how we feel. There are Four Forces, not just three. But I have to hand it to her for what she has discovered, and the evidence she presents is satisfying.

This is a little philosophical. She also adds to her creativity theories her social ones, with her insistence on responsibility, and *this*, I think, is why she is so controversial and actually reviled in some quarters. Camille Paglia is a breath of fresh air in a very smoggy world, and I hope someday she stumbles on the information that would correct and realign her theories just a bit.

Thank you for remembering me and most especially for reflecting back to me a newly found profession of faith [Ibn al 'Arabi poem sent to subscribers]. It made me feel less alone.

Dear one, we *are* alone. Spirit is One and we are all It looking at Ourselves in each other. I agree that it's wonderful to be reminded. Thank you very much for your note.

To AJ readers:

Thanks to all AJ subscribers. I was amazed at the number of subscriptions.

About half of you wrote very nice notes, which I appreciate very much, even if I haven't responded, yet, to all of them.

I really want this to be "our" newsletter, not just mine, so please continue to let me know what interests you. Thank you! ~Christine

POEM

(From a Shy Guy who wishes to remain anonymous.)

*I wait for words to come from your lips
I caress your perfect form with mental fingertips
Dreams are what I am lying with
And there are times they seem so real
But my dreams don't lie beside me
And in the morning I forget how they feel
If expectation is my lesson to learn
Your presence is only telling me I have much yet to learn
To give without the need to receive
To have faith without looking for a reason to believe
I am wrapped in a web of idolatry
Trying to become what I think you want me to be
While the choice remains to perfect who I am
Spotted by the earth, living in the world of flesh
Where a spirit has become weak
Desire controls the moves I claim to choose
And my voice has no heart for the words it would speak
Balance is somewhere in the background
Spirit cries out for the Awakening
The body is so weak
Comfort and pain have become the existential chain
And the dream
Only an illusion I keep*

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WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

DROP-OUTS

A hot topic these days is suicide, although it is still subject to euphemistic phrases such as "living wills" and "patient assisted exit" and now "medicide" and so on.

There is much debate on the subject, meaning there are at least two sides, pro and con – subtle warfare (the nature of the world). People argue whether it is right or wrong, justifiable or not, and many argue vehemently, firmly convinced they *know*. I propose they don't really know. To *know*, they would have to have experienced it.

Although I do not see suicide as to one's advantage, I can certainly understand the point of view of the proponents, having witnessed the diabolically prolonged deaths of several people who got caught up in technology, hook, line and sinker. (One man I was with was force-fed green stuff in a drip-bag around the clock, even while he was in a coma, even after he had died! My dear grandma was tied down her entire last week because she kept pulling out the glucose IV. You know similar horror stories, I'm sure.)

Watching loved ones (or anyone) endure these practices, and worse, is unnerving, to say the least, and it is no wonder euthanasia is now considered a polite topic of conversation. But there is a different way of looking at the question, one I haven't heard despite the endless debate. If you're sitting on the fence, maybe it will shed some light.

Absolutely anyone who can read will attest to the value of education, at least *some* education. Even though they may disagree about the precise form it should take, just about everyone agrees that it is essential to keep kids in school till they've completed their basics. My grandmother was pulled out of school when she was in third grade to help on the farm. This was in 1904. Things have changed so much since then, people's values are so different, that today this is unheard of, and in fact, probably illegal.

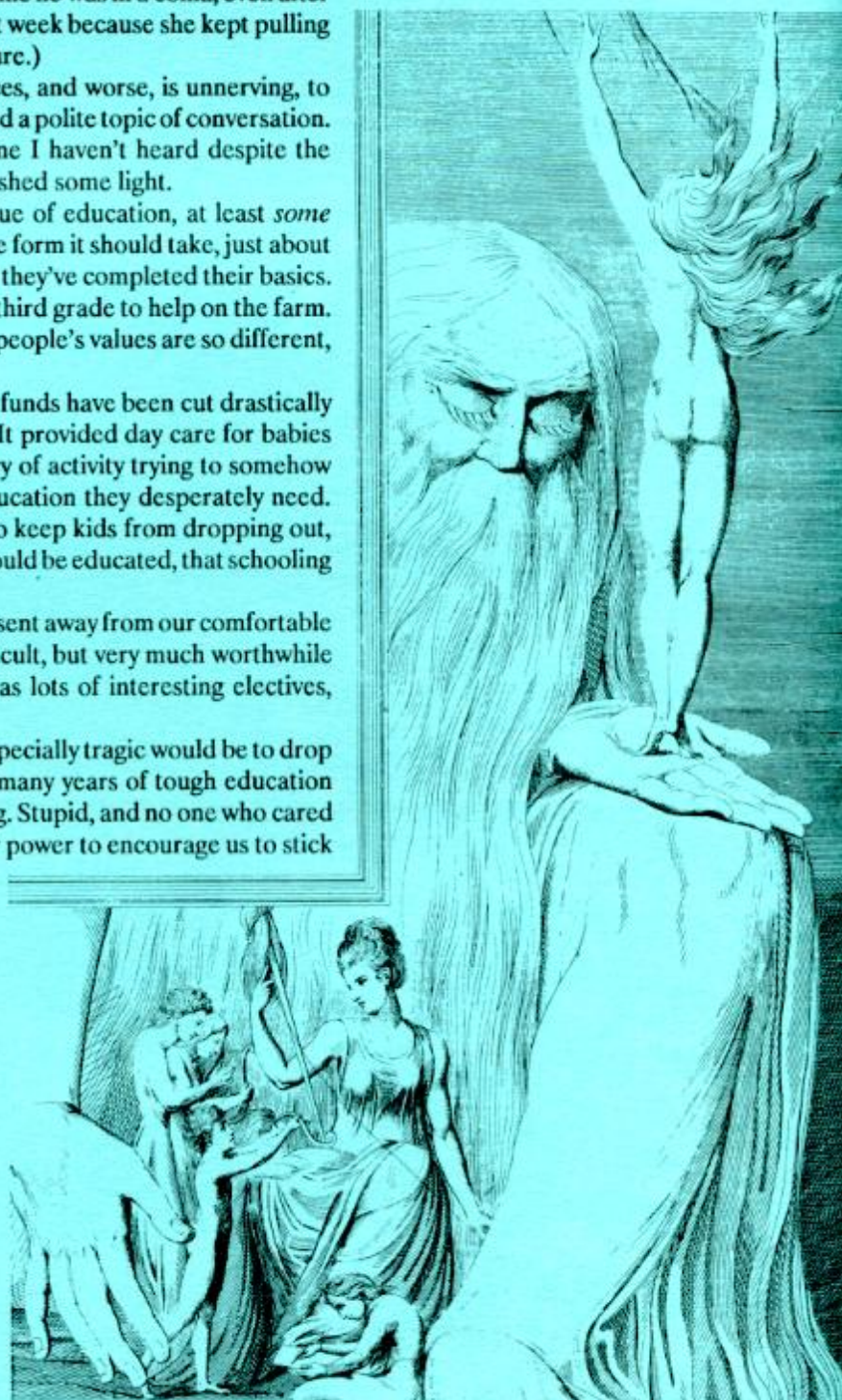
There is some travail here in L.A. because educational funds have been cut drastically and a program for pregnant teenagers has been dropped. It provided day care for babies while the young moms got their education. There is a flurry of activity trying to somehow compensate for this budget cut and get these girls the education they desperately need. Inner city schools across the nation work especially hard to keep kids from dropping out, and no one opposes this. Everybody agrees that *everyone* should be educated, that schooling is necessary.

WHAT IF Life is a school? What if we were little toddlers sent away from our comfortable home to this school, where the curriculum is alien and difficult, but very much worthwhile enduring? What if there are lessons everywhere, as well as lots of interesting electives, interspersed with a little playtime?

If this were so, would it behoove us to drop out? And especially tragic would be to drop out right at the final exam! Imagine having gone through many years of tough education and just willy-nilly cutting the final because it was a real drag. Stupid, and no one who cared for us would condone it – they would do everything in their power to encourage us to stick it out, no matter how odious it might appear. Because they would know *it would be worth it*, even if we didn't see the value ourselves.

I think Life is what we make it. It really is up to us if we want to make something of it. I am very satisfied with the notion that Life here is school – it is comforting to make this the purpose of being here, and gratifying to see what I have learned, and it excites me to think I might learn more, with a little effort. Although there are times when it is easy to forget that travelling through this vale of tears is a great privilege, when I look back at the grades I have passed, I see that they are their own reward.

If Life is a school, suicide is opting out of the final, and thus not graduating. If so, it would behoove us to hang in there, no matter what. If this theory is correct, surely we will have gained immeasurably by acting on it. If it is incorrect, what have we lost by enduring?⊗



THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

“The foundation for conscious living is like a three-legged stool: Patience, Repentance, and Service.”

If we use a stool, it supports us—it is the foundation of our posture. If any one of the three legs is missing, the stool won't hold. The foundation of the posture of a conscious life is said by wise men to be Patience, Repentance, and Service. Each leg must be about equal in strength to provide a solid foundation, and none of these is natural or “human nature”—they must be learned and practiced to become one's foundation.

Imagine an infant with patience—inconceivable. The most charming little one will wail the very moment he wants something, and won't shut up till he gets it (or is distracted by something else). We are all born greedy little beggars and few ever outgrow it—soulful wails turn into verbal complaints and whining tones and impatience, indeed, is the way of the world.

I think the greatest help to me in learning patience was to know about the Four Forces. Initiative, Resistance, Form, and Result are required for any phenomenon in this physical realm. First Force, Initiative is the Idea, Intelligence, the push forward to do something. Resistance, Second Force, always arises to any Initiative, and with just a little looking, can be seen as essential to Third Force, the production of form. Fourth Force is the Result of the first three—something to respond to.

Just about everything I thought I knew about how things worked (cause-and-effect, I thought) went by the wayside when I started looking for the Four Forces. They are apparent everywhere, in all things. When we have spent a little time watching and identifying them, we see that indeed, we are in a realm where this is the way things are, whether we like it or not! Patience is the only intelligent and responsible response to living in such a realm—things are going to take their time as the Four Forces do their dance, and maturity means biding one's time.

If one starts Working in this manner, paying attention and accepting gracefully the Four Forces, one has begun Repentance, which does *not* mean beating one's breast, *mea culpa*, but rather changing direction. First one has to determine which direction one is going (few know) and examine this purpose; then second, change the direction (make a new purpose).

When one has observed self on a continuous basis for some time, one sees that his or her Purpose of Living is, indeed, to gain pleasure, attention, approval, a sense of importance or being needed; and to escape pain, being ignored or rejected, feeling worthless or useless.

These things that constitute the old purpose are not bad or wrong in themselves, but are by-products of living, not the purpose. When we see that we've been living by these Four Dual Basic Urges, we can then make a new purpose. We can keep the 4DBUs—but they are now by-products or side-effects of our new purpose. (After enough time living a new purpose, we won't care one way or another if the 4DBUs are available or not.)

Repentance and Patience can work together to maintain and enhance each other. But two legs won't hold up a stool. The third

leg of the foundation is Service. The old purpose of living to gain and escape is totally self-absorbed. The direction is toward self. Repentance, the new direction, is thus toward others: Service. And so the three legs of the stool are interrelated and together support the foundation.

Service may be the most misunderstood of the three. There are false definitions of it everywhere. Power policies purport to provide services, and seldom do. Or they invent a false “need,” (they want to stay in power; they propose *their* desire to stay in power as a need of *our* very own) and call it providing service. The usual case is that they encourage and maintain victimhood by extortion from others. Real Service in restaurants and stores, for instance, is virtually nonexistent unless you pay an exorbitant price. (There is a whole generation of youngsters who has never experienced service—having never been served, they don't know the first thing about providing it).

Service is often confused with fixing the world. Wanting to “fix the world” is a slightly veiled desire for utopia, which is, of course, just a place where the 4 DBUs are given without effort, a place whose purpose is the 4 DBUs.

Service is not performed by a conscious person to fix or better the world. Service is performed (1) to get one's attention off of self and (2) because the conscious person loves Life and when his or her beloved, Life, asks for something, he or she wants to provide it. Not to please, but because we were asked, period. Not because we will feel good, or because it is needed (feeling good and filling needs may occur but if so are by-products of service). Service is performed merely out of love of Life, because Life asked. There are many forms of asking. It needn't be in words. A wilted plant is asking for water—you can “hear” it if you “listen”—a droopy mouth is asking for your smile. The guardian of the gate may prevent your smile from being received, but you can be sure Life was asking.

The three-legged stool of Patience, Repentance and Service is a valuable objective. We won't build our three-legged foundation in a day, but with a single-minded aim and diligent effort, we can and will build a sturdy and valuable foundation for living.⊗

The word “Service” as used by the old Masters may be becoming obsolete in our context—many people today think it synonymous with “slavery.” I propose we think of Service as Hospitality (as rare as service but more palatable to some), which has an interesting etymology:

HOSPITALITY—Root: GHOS-TI (Greek “guest,” Latin “host.”) More precisely, “someone with whom one has reciprocal duties of hospitality.” ... This root implies that to the Indo-Europeans, as to many of their linguistic descendants, the host/guest relationship was semisacred. ... in ancient Greece an important institution was “guest friendship: a host's obligation to offer reciprocal hospitality in the future.”

POWER

By Leah S. Roberts

Pul-eeze! Give me a break! What is this, some bizarre New Mythology? Females are POWERLESS?

Our girls are being lied to, big time. (And I mean *girls* – no real woman would ever fall for it.) This devil's agenda "Sexual Harassment" has gone completely berserk, off the deep end.

I happened upon a PBS program recently about sexual harassment. I missed a lot of it, but tuned in in time to see a travesty played out that I could hardly believe. It was a reenactment (why a reenactment? shoddy) of an experiment about sexual harassment of women. I always thought scientific experiments, even social ones, were supposed to hold some objectivity, that facts were to be observed, that there was to be always a search for truth, and built upon already proven principles. What was given instead was the most trumped-up hogwash based on fundamental lies I've ever seen outside of wartime propaganda films.

The so-called experiment went like this: several young men were, individually, to train several young women, individually, at a computer, one couple at a time. The men were told ahead of time that these girls were really babes (wink, wink), man, they were hot stuff. In order to see if this would be constituted as "permission" to the young men to "harass" the young women. Suggestion, permission, whatever – of course they took the bait.

All of the *boys* acted like fools and draped their arms around the *girls*, they got their faces too close, they leered, just what you would expect. Ho-hum. It seemed a little fishy to me that the girls didn't react a bit, they sat stiff as boards. Hmm... well, it was a reenactment and I hadn't learned yet of the prejudice built into the scenario, having tuned in late.

Okay, now we get the "pros" telling us what really happened there (gasp!!) and the poor victim girls telling how they felt: Harassed, violated, VULNERABLE. (VULNERABLE??? If men and women aren't VULNERABLE to each other any more, it's time to close up this shop, let's go to Venus or *anywhere* else.)

The women described in vivid detail how painful it all was, how victimized they felt, how awful an endurance test. The so-called pros wailed on about society needing to protect women from this kind of molestation and right now!

I'm telling you, I was waiting (and hoping) for the camera to pan to Rod Serling, this had to be the Twilight Zone.

It breaks my heart that young girls (and boys) are being fed this junk. Females have something males want (as you well know). And we want them. It is a law of nature. We see it on the basest level everywhere we turn, and it also symbolizes something lofty and lovely, too: the desire of Awareness to awaken Life and of Life to penetrate Awareness and create something new, the ennobling of Awareness, creating a New Man wed to his Goddess. Whew! If this isn't power, I don't know what is. Sex is *not* just porn and harassment and it is a monstrous lie to suggest that every expression of it is.

Now of course the "pros" would argue that the women didn't *want* it. I grant you that, who wants some pimply 20-year old panting at you when you are there to learn a computer. But an

insult? Never. Presumptuous, sure, rude, absolutely, insulting never. Even in my pendulous middle-age I am approached to some degree or other every day (who isn't) and I always take it as a compliment, and say "Thank you," or "No, thank you," and a little silent prayer, the episode is a reminder that Spirit is ever ready to provide for me if I will just let it in...

So basically what this TV fiction billed as science was saying was, for starters, that rudeness in approaching a woman was tantamount to raping her. But worse even than this was the implication that she was powerless, that she had been violated by a thought, that bad manners being the same as rape, there was nothing she could do about it (presumably by virtue of his – uh – Y chromosome, he was armed and she wasn't?). We are not talking about armed criminals here, we are (and they were) talking about average guys. Excuse me, but if I have something someone wants, I think I have the power! It is up to ME if they can have it or not. If they are being rude and presumptuous, what's stopping me from telling them so? And if it's not to my advantage to call them on it (maybe I want the job), is it going to kill me to be satisfied with the knowledge that I have it, they want it, I say whether or not they can have it?

During the week of the Supreme Court nomination circus, pardon me, I mean hearing, (I wish there was a written equivalent to my rolling my eyes) Christine did a survey of every single woman she ran into or talked to, waitresses and clerks, actresses, writers, a PhD. and a bank vice president, singers, sales and computer experts, housewives and others. "True or false: If I can handle the job, I can handle the men." If they answered false, the second question, "The government should handle the men for me."

Every women but one (dozens) answered "True, if I can handle the job I can handle the men." The one woman who said false then went to great lengths to explain that in theory she agreed, but had had an incident when she was 20 (17 years ago) where she had to quit the job when the man quit her. When asked the second question, she was mortified, "God no!"

So these so-called social scientists are out there *pretending* to be scientists who just look at what's going on. Instead, what they are really doing is making policy propaganda, telling and perpetuating the worst lies, that women are stupid and helpless and especially victimized, just because they are women.

Women have power, plenty of it, on many levels. With *all* power comes responsibility. Men have got away with rudeness in the sexual arena for generations. Yes, they need to be educated that it's rude and presumptuous and seldom appreciated to throw themselves at women. I think (slowly) they're getting the message. But to accuse them of gross sexual harassment just because they don't control expressing what they like and want is absurd. The responsibility of a woman to her power is to cultivate an aura of "no" when she means no, (continued last page) (⇒)

THE PICTURE OF MAN

A bright, articulate and well-read women acquaintance and I were chatting in a restaurant recently. I was telling her that while in his store, I had mentioned to her boyfriend, a salesman, about a new Cuban restaurant I tried; he was very interested. Not five minutes later the next man who came in to buy gave his name as Castro. We laughed and when recounting this little funny to his girlfriend, I said Intelligence sits up there and puts on jokes for us, to see if we are paying attention. This got her going and she said the only logical position about God was agnosticism. I told her I could demonstrate otherwise to her in five minutes. She declined to respond to this (she ignored me) – she enjoys her agnosticism, and that's fine with me.

I was, myself, a card-carrying atheist for a few days once, until I looked around me. No way is all this an accident, so I, too, became a fervent agnostic (Show me!!). (Rhondell says that the theory that this all just happened from a pool of muck to the point of mankind is analogous to a rock pile evolving into an IBM typewriter. It isn't going to happen.)

I remember well the day I changed direction from agnostic to gnostic: the day I was shown the Picture of Man, and was encouraged to check it out – and did. But I did not become a “believer” in “God” – that chap in the clouds with the demerit book. What I saw was the Intelligence, and the proof that It is right here, right now, responding to *me*, responding to this moment. You can see It, too, and so could Ms.X. if she wanted to. I'll show you:

Unseen Intelligence (Spirit) indwells a human body in this realm. There are four parts to this whole being:

(1) **Intelligence or Spirit, Life**, referred to in the Science of Man as “X” because just as in algebra, we know that something is there but cannot precisely define It yet.

(2) The **Awareness Function** of Life, which takes in impressions from inner and outer worlds, evaluates them as to their worth based on the purpose of living, and “reports” this information to “X” via the medium of feeling.

(3) The **Physical Body**, the Motor Function of Life on Earth.

(4) The **Activity** carried out by the Physical Body, based on the response of “X” to the information received from Awareness about what is going on.

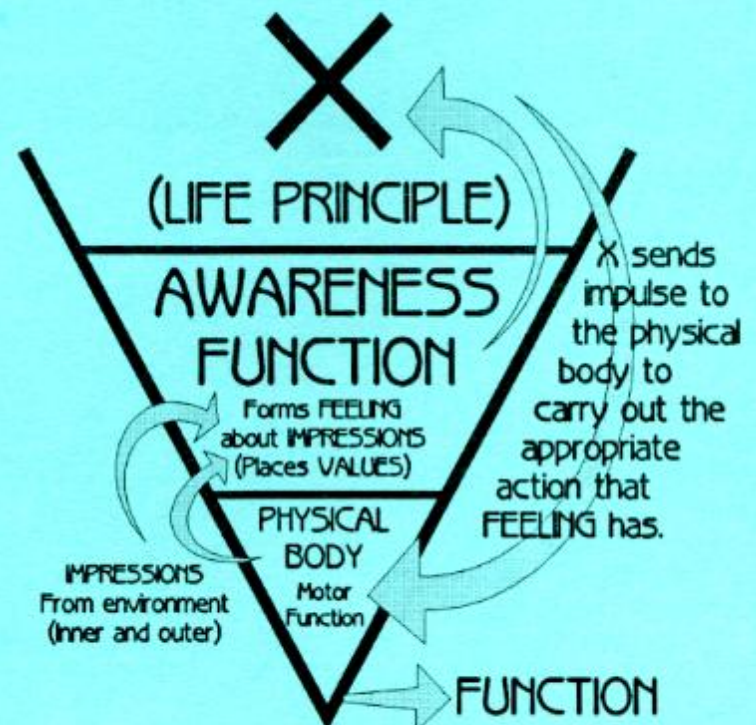
Not only is it easy to check out, it is fun. Think of anything you do that does not occur in this manner – you can't. Awareness senses some stimulus from the world, or from your internal world, physical or mental. It is received and evaluated with feeling. This feeling is received by Life, Intelligence, and responded to immediately through the physical body.

Of course, the above applies to the proper functioning of the system. What happens is we clutter Awareness with a lot of erroneous information, for instance that pain, because we don't like it, is deadly (it is not deadly; it is a symptom of something going on, a message). When the feeling Awareness “reports” to Life, or “X” is that of a threat to our purpose, Life provides energy to cope with the threat. If there is not a real threat, but only an imagined one based on error, this energy has to go

somewhere, it has to be used eventually in order to bring the system into balance. This mobilized but unused energy is used up by the body either by unusual behavior or unusual cellular activity. But even this can be seen as brilliant, intelligent, proof positive there is “something” watching over us, working on our behalf, and available at all times. And we are certainly aware when we see It leave a body... dead bodies don't hurt or adapt or “report” impressions... they merely decay, as food for something else. What is “it” that departed?

With Work we can become more and more Aware of It, we can build a conscious relationship with our God.

When Awareness is evaluating properly what is going on, the circuitry of Life, Awareness, Physical Body and Activity is the greatest proof imaginable that there is an Intelligence beyond the rock pile, and that we are very much involved with It – “we” – what we perceive to be “ourselves” is in constant communication with It, and, in fact, is Its very own. ⊗



THE FALSE SELF

People spend a tremendous amount of energy on the care and feeding of the false self. It is a major portion of a student's Work identifying this false self, and especially admitting that it is there.

So-and-so never picks up the check, is downright cheap – yet always mentioning his generosity. Do you know him? Another clucks in disgust when she hears about child abuse but is a witch on wheels with her own kids. Know her? Some man who is constantly telling everyone what a responsible man he is, drinks himself to oblivion every night of his life. These are examples of something we see every day – the false self. People have and defend a picture of themselves that is practically the opposite of how they really act. You can think of someone right now who does this.

But, alas, we all have this character within, speaking in our name, falsely describing itself *ad nauseam*. It doesn't take much of an education to realize that the reason it does this is that it knows it's lying... it is always saying the opposite of what it knows to be true, to try to convince itself and everyone else that it is what it pretends to be. And does this out of fear – fear that we haven't met the world's (and our own, even higher) standards of intelligence, beauty, health, goodness, all of it.

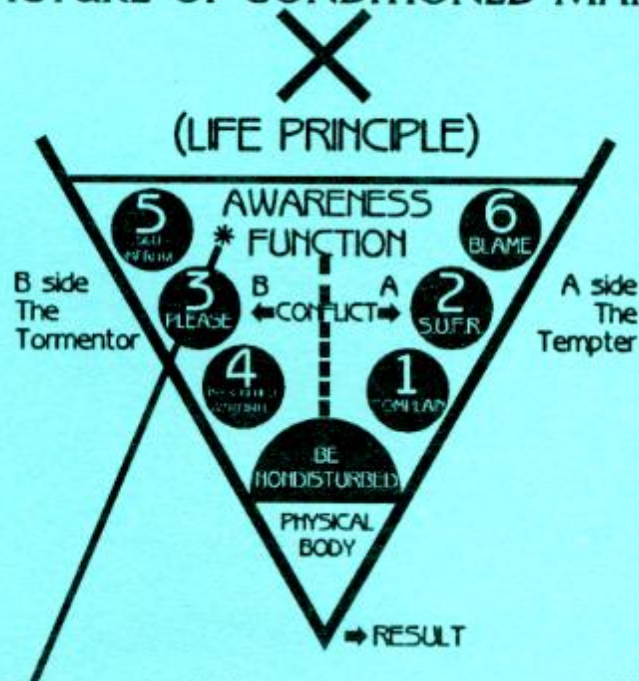
My first conscious encounter with the false self was regarding eating. I was obsessed with food and nutrition and attended countless classes and workshops to try to understand why food was such an enemy when I only ate the right kinds and right amounts. Finally I was shown the Picture of Man and the nature of binges and it was so logical and easy to check out that I finally had to admit, after so many years of denying it, that even I did, indeed, participate in binges, though I would have sworn to anyone who would listen that I'd never done such a thing in my life. And even though I was given the information in an hour, it took days to admit that it really did apply to me. I vividly remember crying in the shower, I was so upset and didn't know why. Eventually I allowed this unpleasant information – that I didn't meet the standards I had set for a perfect person – to arise fully. I *admitted* it. What an enormous relief. Over the years since then I have had many, many occasions to see and admit that I do not live up to certain standards set by the world (and *no one* could live up to the internal ones!). And believe it or not (don't believe it, check it out!) it gets easier every time, though it is always just as big a relief. I have said ever since that first time, the only true humiliation is living a lie. I'd rather know the truth, no matter how painful. The relief and joy disperses the pain immediately.

In truth, we are all perfect persons. All living persons are in intimate connection with Intelligent Life, Who is *always* doing through our bodies the appropriate thing for the information It received from Awareness. The only imperfection in our lives is the erroneous information we pass on... if we are telling lies to Spirit, we are mis-reporting, mis-identifying, mis-evaluating what is going on, and we find ourselves acting out "imperfect" behavior; it is not to our advantage because the reporting was in error – not because the response wasn't there for us.

So let's all take an honest look in the mirror. Let's listen through the day as we defend ourselves – whenever we are defending ourselves or bragging, we can be sure it is the false self defending *itself* and has nothing to do with our real inner being.

Spirit always does the appropriate thing for the information received. Let's start looking at our interpretation of impressions. Meanwhile, even our worst behavior demonstrates the great love Life has for Its creation – because it is the immediate response to the information we gave It. ⊗

PICTURE OF CONDITIONED MAN



Fragmented Awareness with Many "I"s

When the six decisions clutter Awareness fragmentation occurs, interfering with the harmonious functioning of the human being. In the examples in the text, for instance, the cheapskate is so busy feeling miserly and bragging about generosity he cannot possibly report accurately what is going on. The wretched mother is projecting her own lack of responsibility on others, rather than reporting what is going on. The drunk feels guilty about his self-imposed non-disturbance and tries to make a big case out of the few things he does take charge of.

All this clutter – conflict – prevents accurate reporting and smooth functioning of Spirit, Awareness, Physical Body and Activity. Energy needed to pay attention is squandered on feeding the Not-I's

The way out of this chaos is first to identify the Not-I's as they come up and then ignore them.

Pride and vanity – the false self – is the kiss of death.

THE THUNDER PERFECT MIND

I was sent forth from the power,
and I have come to those who reflect upon me,
and I have been found among those who seek after me.

Look upon me, you who reflect upon me,
and you hearers, hear me.

You who are waiting for me, take me to yourselves.

And do not banish me from your sight.

And do not make your voice hate me, nor your hearing.

Do not be ignorant of me anywhere or any time. Be on your guard!

Do not be ignorant of me.

For I am the first and the last.

I am the honored one and the scorned one.

I am the whore and the holy one.

I am the wife and the virgin.

I am the mother and the daughter.

I am the member of my mother.

I am the barren one

and many are her sons.

I am she whose wedding is great,

and I have not taken a husband.

I am the midwife and she who does not bear.

I am the solace of my labor pains.

I am the bride and the bridegroom,

and it is my husband who begot me.

...

I am the slave of him who prepared me.

I am the ruler of my offspring.

But he is the one who begot me before the time on a birthday.

And he is my offspring in due time,

and my power is from him.

I am the staff of his power in his youth,

and he is the rod of my old age.

And whatever he wills happens to me.

I am the silence that is incomprehensible

and the idea whose remembrance is frequent.

I am the voice whose sound is manifold

and the word whose appearance is multiple.

I am the utterance of my name.

Why, you who hate me, do you love me

and hate those who love me?

You who deny me, confess me

and you who confess me, deny me.

...

For I am knowledge and ignorance.

I am shame and boldness.

I am shameless; I am ashamed.

I am strength and I am fear.

I am war and peace.

Give heed to me.

I am the one who is disgraced and the great one.

Give heed to my poverty and my wealth.

Do not be arrogant to me when I am cast out upon the earth,

and you will find me in those that are to come.

...

Be on your guard!

Do not hate my obedience

and do not love my self-control.

In my weakness, do not forsake me,

and do not be afraid of my power.

For why do you despise my fear

and curse my pride?

But I am she who exists in all fears

and strength in trembling.

I am she who is weak,
and I am well in a pleasant place.
I am senseless and I am wise.

...

For I am the wisdom of the Greeks
and the knowledge of the barbarians.

...

I am the one who has been hated everywhere
and who has been loved everywhere.

I am the one whom they call Life,
and you have called Death.

I am the one whom they call Law,
and you have called Lawlessness.

I am the one whom you have pursued,
and I am the one whom you have seized.

I am the one whom you have scattered,
and you have gathered me together.

I am the one before whom you have been ashamed,
and you have been shameless to me.

I, I am godless,
and I am the one whose God is great.

I am the one whom you have reflected upon,
and you have scorned me.

I am unlearned,
and they learn from me.

I am the one whom you have despised,
and you reflect upon me.

I am the one whom you have hidden from,
and you appear to me.

But whenever you hide yourselves,
I myself will appear.

For whenever you appear,
I myself will hide from you.

...

and take me to yourselves from understanding and grief.

And take me to yourselves from places that are ugly in ruin,
and rob from those which are good even though in ugliness.

Out of shame, take me to yourselves shamelessly;
and out of shamelessness and shame, upbraid my members
in yourselves.

And come forward to me, you who know me ...
and establish the great ones among the small first creatures.

Come forward to childhood,
and do not despise it because it is small and it is little.

...

I am the knowledge of my inquiry,
and the finding of those who seek after me,
and the command of those who ask of me,
and the power of the powers in my knowledge
of the angels, who have been sent at my word,
and of gods in their seasons by my counsel,
and of spirits of every man who exists with me,
and of women who dwell within me.

I am the one who is honored, and who is praised,
and who is despised scornfully.

I am peace,
and war has come because of me.

And I am an alien and a citizen.

I am the substance of the one who has no substance.

From *The Nag Hammadi Library*, Revised Edition, James M. Robinson, General Editor, Harper and Row (Translations of books buried in jars over 1600 years ago and found in 1945.)

THE GREAT GAME

People take things so seriously. They don't know Life is a big game. If they could only catch on to this they would enjoy Life so much more than they do.

Almost everyone I know was talking about the election recently. In a raucous discussion one fellow said to me, "Aren't you excited there is someone new in the White House? Isn't it wonderful to have the coming changes? Don't you feel better?" I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "I can assure that who is in the White House doesn't affect my inner state one whit, in any direction." He paused mid-breath to refute (because that was the nature of the discussion, not because he agreed or disagreed), did a double take, and went back to his discussion with the others. Maybe I had planted a seed, I don't know.

But certainly we are in trouble if the world is determining how we feel. And that is the Great Game: To see that you *can* (few people know they can) choose and act out your own inner state regardless of what is going on around you. And if someone in the White House or any other house is determining how I feel – happy or awful – I am not in charge.

The nature of the game is this: The Real You is Initiative, the Initiative of Spirit to know Love in this realm of resistance. There will be resistance to everything you want to do, it's the nature of the place. We are on this big playing field called Earth; if we want to carry the ball to the goal post (bliss or Love), there will be big gorillas everywhere trying to stop us.

The gorillas are all the suggestions, conditioning and institutions trying to sap our energy in their behalf, thus preventing us really initiating (and finishing) anything. And the biggest hindrance is thinking it is serious – it is just the Game of Life.

Yes, who is in the White House (and more especially Congress) may affect our lives some (probably less than people think) because it may cost us money, it may prevent us from doing what we might otherwise freely do. But these are just ploys to make the game more interesting, and especially more challenging.

The Four Great Games are going on all around us and are not serious at all, despite the incredibly pompous tone with which they make their proclamations. The Games are: Power Policies, everything from government down to families – whoever makes the rules is playing the Power Policies game. If they have the guns (literal or metaphorical) they may have a distinct advantage. But it is still a game. Healing Arts is a game, and I'm delighted that people are beginning to laugh at it a little. Every week a new decree is issued that some thing or other is unhealthy – or, oops, never mind, what they said was going to kill us last week is now seen to be harmless. Theology is another game, which, although it doesn't have the clout in this country it once did (read about New England in the early days of this country and shudder), certainly it carries great weight in other parts of the world, affecting us somewhat. The most fun of the four is Big Business – it is a real cat-and-mouse game, they are such blatant users of connivery and it is amusing to discover their latest tricks.

Power Policies is always telling us what's "In" and what's "Out." The First Amendment has been all but cancelled by the

insistence that only what is "politically correct" is allowed to be stated in public. Healing Arts is always telling us what is normal and abnormal. Trouble is, their proclamations are based on incredible ignorance – they know almost nothing about the nature of adaptation. Theology tells us we are good or bad, depending on the laws they have put forth. Big Business tell us we are ugly or glamorous, smart or dumb, depending on what we buy from them. All these except Theology change quite often. And even Theology is beginning to waver a bit (yesterday's *L.A. Times* had an article about the Virgin Mary; they interviewed many theologians, women and men, and told how some are trying to modernize and sexualize her image and others are aghast at this – the Mary game.)

I know people, and you do too, who are in a constant state of depression or anxiety or guilt or rage over the disturbances they see in the world. There are very few of them we can do anything about. If someone is on your doorstep hungry, you can feed him, maybe see if he wants a job, point him in that direction. But what exactly can you do right now about the starving babies in Somalia? Power Policies are getting incredibly pushy of late. What can we do about it? Certainly they have the guns. It is to our advantage not to entice them to pull the trigger (so pay your taxes). But just how much attention (energy) do you think is appropriate to give them? How many hours a day? The constant reinforcement to give them your attention is astonishing. I was working on this newsletter at 3:30 Sunday morning with the radio on. The "News" came on, some mundane political stuff. Just how "newsworthy" – just what's *new* about it at 3:30 on a Sunday morning – that someone in Washington said something Friday about suggestions for future policy? "The News" is an almost constant drip, drip, drip of reminders that Big Brother is watching, lest we forget. Whenever the fundamentalist right in this country rattles someone's chain, it is big news, and the stance of the media is that they are a major threat. I see them as one terribly rigid team in a game, that's all, and the prevailing rigidity the other side. Just a game. People who aren't so inclined to fret about the world often spend vast amounts of energy worrying about their "image," that they don't look like or live like the people in advertisements. Certainly if we took advertisements as a realistic picture of our neighbors, we would think they are buying a new car at least every few months, that they have unlimited funds to purchase every goody that comes along, that they are beautiful, and we don't and are not. You have to laugh.

There is an old story about the Devil making a bet with God over a poor schlemiel down here on the playing field. The Devil bet that if Life's gifts were taken away and the game made more challenging the guy would forget it was a game and would curse God. God is a sport and said sure, let's do it. Guess what, that poor schlemiel is us – it is all a game and if you forget that, the Devil wins. Have fun. ⊗

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES

THE 4DBUs

People are always thinking the purpose of the Teaching is to make them "good." A few thousand years of Judeo-Christian conditioning has become so much a part of our world that people automatically assume the Teaching caters to it.

The Teaching is that the purpose of life is NOT to gain pleasure on all levels and escape pain on all levels, but rather that pain and pleasure are by-products or side-effects of the human experience. There is some other purpose of living.

The brain works by associations and so people make associations between the 4DBUs and good and evil. Our heritage has plenty to say about good and evil—but the Teaching does NOT. The Work is to make us conscious, not good or better. In fact, there is plenty of evidence that some actions perceived by the uninitiated to be "bad" were in fact performed by conscious people for a valid purpose. But this is graduate stuff—we are concerned here with the nature of the 4DBUs and the accurate perception of them.

It often happens that the same thing is on many people's minds. Calls and letters from across the country demonstrate this again and again.

The hot topic of late has been the worry that having or wanting things pleasant is somehow wrong or bad (see Q & A).

Make an effort for the moment to put everything you "know" about right and wrong and good and evil aside. Pretend that you really don't know, and/or that it is completely irrelevant for the time being.

Living for the 4DBUs is not advantageous for one reason only: it is *error* to think they are the purpose of living. Logic tell us that if they are not the purpose of living there must be some other purpose of living. And yes, that is the point of the Work—to find and make and live a new purpose. But the old one, though erroneous, is so ingrained, it takes some heavy looking. So let's look:

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES

LEVEL	GAIN	ESCAPE
PHYSICAL	Comfort, Pleasure	Pain and Discomfort
MENTAL	Attention	Being Ignored, Rejected
EMOTIONAL	Approval	Disapproval
TRANSCENDENTAL	Feeling Needed, Important	Feeling Inferior Useless

Whose survival depends on gaining and escape? Not-I. Real I accepts what is right now, and if it doesn't fit its purpose, will

ignore it or change it. It is only Not-I, the false self who uses your name in vain, who thinks it "lives" and dies by the 4DBUs.

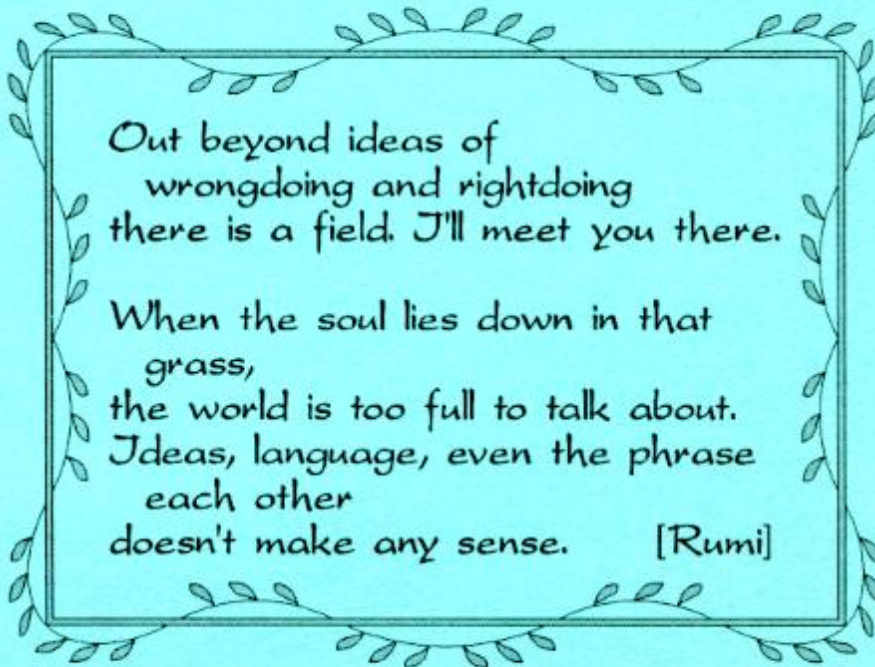
The Not-I thinks it is validated by attention, approval and feeling important or useful. Real I knows that "I Am" whether *anyone* looks, approves, appreciates or not. Not-I feels annihilation by being ignored, rejected, feeling worthless or useless. It squeals real loud over this—reject it, it feels annihilation, its day or week or year or "life" is ruined. Real I knows "I Am" even when another fails to recognizes me, rejects me, even hates me. It doesn't matter a bit. Real I is Spirit having a human experience. Because it is a *human* experience it is in the world, though not of it; though, as a student, it is not fully awakened. Before it is

fully awakened, it gets caught up in this validation/annihilation error. The Not-I's whisper (or holler) their desire through Awareness to gain and escape and Spirit responds accordingly. And though the response is appropriate for the information received, the response creates havoc because the information that the 4DBUs are the purpose of living is in error. The Not-I's have short-circuited and eventually will terminate a wonderful working relationship.

Meantime, semi-conscious Spirit enjoys a nice pillow, a great dinner, a loving companion, and is not thrilled about physical symptoms of adaptation, rude people, not being appreciated.

Let's relax and realize that we are living in a realm where pleasure and pain exist for all life to some degree and there is nothing wrong with this. Let's examine our premise that the Four Dual Basic Urges are the purpose of living, and meantime accept that although they're not *why* we are here, they are a fixed feature of the place and we are free both to enjoy and dislike them.

That's Life, for now. Eventually we will learn to disidentify, to really not care at all if they are there or not. But we will never get to this point until we freely experience that are subject to them. Trying to pretend we are "bad" if we like them, and "good" if we are martyrs, is fruitless to the attainment of consciousness.⊗



MARION WOODMAN'S BOOKS

We have for sale a few copies of Marion Woodman's books:

- *The Owl Was a Baker's Daughter, Obesity, Anorexia Nervosa and the Repressed Feminine*
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REFERENCE

Illustrations on Pages 1, 6, 10 and 12 from *Night Thoughts or, The Complaint and The Consolation*, Illustrated by William Blake, Text by Edward Young; Dover Publications, Inc.

(Page 11) If you like intellectual high-jinks with your philosophy, you might enjoy *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*; and *Sex, Art, and American Culture*, by Camille Paglia. The latter is far easier reading. Both in paperback by Vintage.

Poem by Rumi on Page 19 from *The Enlightened Heart, An Anthology of Sacred Poetry*, Edited by Stephen Mitchell, Harper & Row

Etymology of "hospitality" on Page 13 from *The Roots of English* by Robert Claiborne, Times Books.

The Thunder, Perfect Mind, Page 17, From *The Nag Hammadi Library*, Revised Edition, James M. Robinson, General Editor, Harper & Row (Translations of books buried in jars over 1600 years ago and found in 1945.)



LEAH (Continued from Page 13)

not to send mixed signals unless she is playing *that* game, and not to run around whining just because somebody with no class admires her.

So let's quit teaching our children that girls are powerless victims, please. Only the Prince of Darkness and his henchmen would do so. ⊗

SELF-ESTEEM (Continued from Page 10)

or "out," despite what Power Policies say, you have a unique view of what is going on and what you can do. You are not ugly or glamorous, or smart or stupid, but rather unique, and your real needs are met, the rest are wants, despite what Big Business says.

You will never live up to the standards set by the world, never. It is the nature of these standards to keep you in bondage to them, feeding your energy, time and money, your life, to the attainment of erroneous, fabricated "goals." So when you hear the suggestion that you should put your efforts in that direction, and especially suggestion that you have failed to do so, ignore it. Just simply identify it for what it is—a suggestion to keep me on somebody else's treadmill—and *forget it*. It is a stupid lie based on a false premise.

If you are carrying around extra pounds right now, I would say that is a great demonstration of love—it is an adaptation to certain events that would have done you in had you not adapted. So that weight looks like love to me—it demonstrates the loving response of a Power that animates you, with the *intention* of balance. Be grateful, if not for the pounds, for the great love that is looking after you at all times. (And start telling It the truth.)

And while you are busy ignoring all these suggestions of your great "inferiority," start thinking about how much love you radiate. Does it extend beyond your mind? Does it extend six inches or six feet or six miles beyond the body? It can, if you so choose. You will have all the self-esteem in the world when you make up your mind that you will stop seeking love and approval and simply start living in it. Check it out. ⊗

ADAPTATION

Awareness evaluates impressions from inner and outer worlds and "reports" this to "X" via the medium of feeling. "X" supplies the energy to do the appropriate thing through the physical body. If a false emergency has been reported, the extra energy provided by "X" to fight or flee a real emergency will be mobilized but unused. It has to be used to restore balance.

The energy will cause tissue cell alteration (adaptation) or unusual behavior (violent activity of some kind) to use it up. Binges are unusual behavior and are violent activity. If the person binging is also living in the tone of fear, he or she will store some future energy in the form of fat for the falsely perceived emergencies of the future.

All of this is appropriate for the information Awareness sent to "X" but the information was false. If there is nothing real to fight or flee, if the "emergency" was just a thought of guilt or fear or anger, etc., about the past or future, there is nothing for the energy to do but adapt the body to cope with it.

Obesity in our culture constitutes an emergency to many people because it threatens loss of attention, approval, appreciation and gain of disapproval and rejection. When this error that these things are the purpose of living changes, there are no more false emergencies. (See article in Vol.I No.1) ⊗