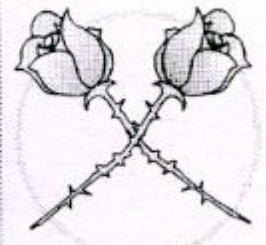


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Awareness Function of Life, or, The "Feminine"

My friends and readers know that I appreciate and use the symbolism of masculine and feminine for Spirit and Awareness, though Rhondell seldom does. I found a lovely book which extends this analogy a bit and want to share a portion of it with you.*

I call Spirit masculine because it is the Idea—Intelligence—it initiates, goes forth, penetrates, inseminates, is held, molded, formed. Awareness is feminine because it receives, contains, limits and/or shapes and forms by virtue of her job as evaluator, and thus is a form of resistance.

Spirit is impatient, does not follow schedules. The Creative Impulse arrives and announces itself when it is ready, not necessarily when we are (though conscious Awareness is ever ready). It can knock you over if you're not prepared—or strong enough to receive it. Unconscious or conscious, it is always there; conscious means we are aware of it. Spirit, First Force, is the lover, the doer, it is the life force, vitality.

Gertrud Nelson goes on to call it "active, dynamic, direct, productive, sportive, achieving, focused, single-minded, logical, competitive, intellectual, tangible, practical, clear, discriminating, structured, linear, flamboyant, spiritual." (I wonder about "discriminating"—Spirit seems totally indiscriminating and I would put that particular facet, discriminating, into the "feminine" column, that of the well-developed, strong, *conscious* Awareness. Which of course, is the "pregnant virgin," and with development is eventually neither of "this" category or "that" but rather androgynous, the Real I—most analogies break down in the end.)

Among the attributes I consider of the Soul, or the feminine, of the Awareness, are receptivity, evaluation (here again, consciousness is the key), molding, shaping, forming, allowing a thing to be, appreciating irony or paradox; the beloved—true, steadfast and faithful to her lover.

Gertrud continues (and laments that these following qualities are so undervalued in our society): "different, impractical; stillness, waiting, being, contemplation, yielding, receiving, with ambiguity, the intangible, the hidden, the secret, the absorbing. Roundness, softness, the circular, the earthy, nurture, patience, cooperation, incubation, wisdom, the poetic." And she is saddened that "We think [of these things] as too intangible, or as something belonging only to women, or as merely unimportant. While we notice whether the sun is up or down, we don't much notice the moon and

her phases. We sleep away the nighttime, sometimes even thinking sleep as a waste of time and our dreaming meaningless. We avoid the word 'no.' [No = discrimination.] We fear darkness. We flee the ambiguous. We see waiting as wasting. Even words seem too hard edged here to describe the nature of the 'feminine.' But these qualities are the yin in the construct of wholeness and belong to us all."

□

Let's take some of these attributes and see how they apply to the Picture of Man. X, Spirit, is active, it is the doer. It takes the information received from its Awareness function and *does* the appropriate thing for the information received, through its tool the physical body. Awareness is the reporter, receiving impressions from both inner and outer worlds (which includes impressions from Spirit itself); evaluating these impressions with feeling. The evaluating feeling of its Awareness function is "registered" by X, Spirit, and responded to immediately. The response is always appropriate for the information received—what a responsibility of Awareness, then, to correctly evaluate what is going on! Her lover will do whatever she says is of value. When you see or experience nothing happening in response, it is because Awareness is sending conflicting reports—this short-circuits the system, eventually causing it to fail. If Awareness evaluates a situation as something both to gain, because, perhaps, it will feel good, and yet to avoid, because, perhaps, there is a risk involved, this is conflict, and she is sending messages which cancel each other out, nothing advantageous happens.

So a sub-text here is to realize that, if it is true that Spirit always responds appropriately to the information received (check it out), a single-minded "reporter" has an enormous power at his/her beck and call... one wonders if conflict itself can sometimes be an "asset" of sorts after all—preventing the misinformed, the thoughtless or inconsiderate (or corrupted) from wielding this great power and causing havoc and worse. Possibly even paralysis has its value.

Different... Only a conscious Awareness is different, is a real Soul. Unconscious acts are so predictable that a conscious observer of them is often thought to be clairvoyant. Though what he or she does is identify (next page =>)

*Here All Dwell Free, Stories to Heal the Wounded Feminine by Gertrud Mueller Nelson (Fawcett Columbine \$12.00 list)

Feminine (Continued from Page 1)

someone's software and "predict" that it will always do the same thing (and what that act will be): always accommodate its programming (itself), and it does. That it will always complain when stung, that it will see gifts as entitlements, that it will connive with an alluring smile or even a bouquet of hidden-motive flowers, a sad little tilted look or a calculating kiss. That it will unfailingly quote "them" and sneer at what is not politically or otherwise "correct." That it hates itself, and has its "defective" image always in the forefront, its attention on itself, comparing itself and failing. That, in contradiction, it also holds an image of an ideal self that it never believes yet constantly promotes. The conscious "clairvoyant" knows the unconscious conditioned Awareness will strike out and whine or howl, blaming everything and everyone for every challenge. There is nothing "different" about the unconscious Awareness, there are billions of them walking around, all the same, all predictable.

The conscious feminine, the Soul, Awareness, is different. She sees life as infinitely changing and challenging and relishes this and makes use of it, always leaving evaluation open—"This or he or she is different—how interesting! Let's see what it's all about..." Man-made standards are not her foundation. Purpose is.

Conscious Awareness is not self-absorbed. Her only self-concern is to determine what's to her advantage, knowing that if it's not to another's advantage, too, it's not to hers. In other words, consideration has replaced selfishness. How different from the common herd...

She is not afraid to go against the grain of mass mentality, of the institutionalized yardsticks of looks, behavior, thinking, feeling... she is a unique expression of Life and knows it. Different is okay, different is interesting.

Impractical. This is almost anathema in our society, at least in theory. Impracticality is disturbing and we can't have that. The bigger business and power policies get, the more they value practicality, because it is profitable to their purpose, because we are then easier to control. The reality is a little different, though; the more congested our cities get, especially, the bigger the companies one deals with even by mail or phone, the more impractical it all becomes. More conflict. Efficiency is thought to be almost divine, it is imposed, yet it breaks down constantly because people are treated like machines (and because they act like machines).

Conscious Awareness is at times wholly impractical, but not from chaos. She will see a unique relationship and interpret it in ways no one ever thought of, in ways that people may even laugh at. I have seen Rhondell do things, for instance, which at the time seemed incredibly impractical, and learned maybe even years later the great wisdom displayed, and of his vision of nuances no one else noticed at the time, and, thus, I witnessed real creativity. Yes, the Soul is sometimes impractical and no, contrary to our patriarchal conditioning, this is not a sin.

Stillness, waiting. "Be still, and know that I AM." Have you heard this beautiful little phrase? Life speaking to its

beloved Soul. Be still... How often do we make time to be still? When was the last time your Soul was still as the glassy surface of a pond? As majestic in its stillness as a towering mountain? Serene as your kitty curled up or sprawled out asleep in her favorite chair? Although some of you live in rural areas (and I would like to hear from you about this, if you wish to tell us) and one presumes are more often able to enjoy such gifts as stillness around you, most of us do not. I live in one of the biggest cities in the world, on a busy street, in the middle of what seems to be an enormous clanking, whining, raging, bustling machine, Los Angeles, "The Jackhammer." Stillness is water to me, I need it to survive, and so I stay up most nights till one or two or four because around midnight, right now, in fact, it slows down, quiet does descend, it is still. With a tiny bit of imagination, Interstate 5, a quarter-mile from here, sounds almost like the ocean, and the only other sounds I hear this moment are a dog barking off in the distance, and a single bird trilling. It is still and I need this. But even more valuable, in fact, essential, is inner stillness, which we can accomplish with some effort at almost any time, if even for a half a minute, five seconds will do. Spirit is active and dynamic and always on the move... Soul must be still to be its target, she must be still to know him, to recognize him, to receive him. Stillness has little value in our society, and yet it is an absolute prerequisite to Union.

Contemplation. How many know what contemplation is? Most people would define it as thinking, analyzing. It is not. It is watching. There is a world of difference, the difference between machines and Life, fire and rain, masculine and feminine, between thinking and watching. When we are thinking, the mental apparatus is in high gear, software is busy making associations, solving technical problems (right function); and reliving and rehearsing real and imagined conversations and events of the past and future, what-iffing, why-me-ing, gimme, gimme, and it's not my fault, and yes, *but* (when working in error). Thinking is a wonderful tool, of course it is part of what makes us human, and whether it is used as a gift or a curse, is part of our activity. Rightly used, it is masculine in our current terminology.

Contemplation, though, is something else. One contemplates in stillness, one watches thoughts rather than think them. (Yes, the thinking may be going on, but She, Soul, Conscious Awareness separates from that machine and watches it.) A good example is our personal history. How often do we think about it, relive certain events, over and over, blaming, criticizing, wishing we could improve them, casting judgments on all involved, measuring all the actions and all the people, and ourselves, against artificial standards, against ideals that didn't materialize? This kind of thinking is flawed and it is rife with emotions—anger, guilt, fear, blame, inferiority, the rest. (The feeling in correct thinking is, rather, vital interest.) We can let go of all this if we wish. And this does not mean to pretend to erase our personal history—we couldn't do it if [continued page 19 =>]

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

Healers, Priests, Purpose

Four great machines run the world: the institutions of Power Policies, Theology, Big Business, Healing Arts. They are not completely separate from each other, parts of them overlap.

I continually harp on the nature of institutions—that for the most part they feed on human energy (attention, money, labor), and do not provide a fair exchange for the price but rather feed to increase their own growth, thus requiring ever more consumption. The Teaching is not to label institutions “evil” or even wrong or bad, but is to be aware of what they are, and how they use suggestion (threats and promises) to entice you to feed them.

All of these machines have divisions, branches, which overlap. An especially prominent partnership is Power Policies’ and Healing Arts’ use of Science (and its offspring, Technology) which currently is based on a false premise that nothing exists or is real that cannot be measured in some way, “materialism.” If matter is all, then materialism is “god.” (I can’t verify the following but I read that Stephen Hawking (1) is a self-declared atheist AND (2) that his life’s goal is to discover and define the unified theory, or the “Theory of Everything,” that is, to find the purpose in the grand scheme—such a purpose implies Intelligence, which he has already dismissed! Good luck, Dr. Hawking.)

Science and Technology are almost the State Religion in our culture. Scientists and doctors are high priests of this religion. (In antiquity, the priests of Spiritual religion—*as opposed to our Materialistic religion—WERE the healers.* The more things change, the more they remain the same, though we can see a 180-degree difference in purpose.)

Most of my admonishments about the four great institutions have been of a general nature, describing their purpose and what to watch out for lest they hypnotize you. But recently life provided an example, no doubt so that I could share it with you (*I assign the value of what happens to me!*).

Years ago I took some philosophy courses and met there a certain M.D. By coincidence, maybe, I recently began to run into him at a social event that we both attend every week or so. We began to talk a bit and he has become quite frank discussing his opinions and feelings about things.

(Now before I continue, lest any Not-I’s are lurking waiting to strike here, be assured that you do NOT know this man. It is not Dr. Dan, Dr. Bob, Dr. Jonathan, Dr. Bill, Dr. Neil, Dr. Jerry, Dr. Anybody that has been to workshops or that you have met through me or Rhondell. I have ascertained that this man is completely unfamiliar with any of us except me. And I am *not* picking on him, but just passing along to you what he gave to me.)

As an M.D. he enjoys the privileges of rank in the Healing Arts, which is bedfellows, of course, with Power Policies AND Big Business (and which gives short shrift to Theology). He is quite wealthy, he has some prestigious assignments beyond his regular practice, he gets to travel a lot and his input is requested at international conferences. In other

words, a big shot. He fully enjoys the power and dispensation of the priesthood of our state religion.

One thinks, therefore, that he is at least a token healer. I don’t mean this in an esoteric way, I mean one assumes that he took to heart the Hippocratic oath, that he *earns* his living by caring for the adapting, that he admits an obligation to give his patients their money’s worth, that he knows with power comes responsibility. Do you agree with that assumption? It is not outrageous, certainly.

Well he and I were chatting the other night. It was obvious that he was scattered and tired, and grumpy, too. I asked What’s going on? He said, My patients make me sick. I am so tired of them. They disgust me. Oh? Yes, I just want to quit everything I am doing and retire to Florida. My office is a horrible place to be, I can’t stand my patients, they’re driving me crazy.

Because of an ulterior motive of my own (not because I have any shred of do-gooding—I don’t), I suggested he invite me to his office to calm his patients down, a talent that I have. He emitted a derisive laugh, as though I must be kidding. For a split second I thought he felt I was over-selling myself. Not at all. I quote, “I couldn’t care less if my patients calm down. I hope they all fall apart. Christine, I couldn’t care less, the truth is I don’t even care if they die.”

Well! Now hold the Not-I’s in abeyance—rather than cluck at this, find fault with him, I just have to hand it to him for being so honest. Diogenes, here’s your man.

I recount this episode to you NOT to condemn this so-called healer at all, but because it is an actual example of what I go on so about. I think it is obvious that if one doctor tells this to a mere acquaintance, others feel the same way. (And certainly not all by any means—I am not suggesting that.) The man in question is not odd or eccentric at all, and I find him considerably less arrogant than most doctors I know. I am sure he is representative of a fair sampling of his peers.

□

It is obvious that medical school is a crystallized remnant of ancient esoteric schools, where healers were priests. Some of the activities there are rituals that represent *real* schooling of ages past. For twelve years (symbolically a completion; the purpose is theoretically achieved in twelve years) the medical student is given the teaching of the healing arts. He is allowed to practice by degrees, always supervised. At the end of this preparation he is then thrown to the wolves, internship. Internship is a crystallized form of Initiation of the student into the priesthood, the Real World, a crossing over from school to reality, and it “separates the men from the boys.” The young doctors are required to work under the most stressful conditions [continued next page ⇒]

Healers, Priests, Purpose (Continued from previous page)

imaginable, i.e., they are allowed almost no sleep at all, heroic demands are made of them. (Some of you might see here parallels to the Work of an advanced Student.) They are paid almost nothing for their efforts, just sustenance. They are required to maintain their purpose without sleeping, and as a contribution.

(By the way, the AMA itself is in conflict about this: one faction wants to abolish this "diabolical" practice, sees it as Medieval—which it is! though "Medieval" is not always pejorative in my mind—and the other faction, the remnant of the Patriarchy, is insisting that it is a rite of passage and must be maintained. This will be interesting to watch.)

After a person has gone through all that, long and intense education and strenuous internship, and *endured*, one assumes that he or she is a qualified healer/priest. Surely this is why the reverence in this country toward doctors (did you know that in Russia, doctoring is considered women's work and that physicians are paid less than cab drivers? There is no reverence for them there, they certainly are not seen as priests—maybe the tractor builders were the priests? or the Politburo?—and one is inclined to think that a State Religion of overt Atheism naturally engenders this point of view.)

Well, agents of the Healing Arts, and/or Science and Technology, are *not* priests any longer, any more than are the agents of Big Business (or Theology for that matter), they are not to be entrusted with your soul, and I think my acquaintance has told us why. For the most part, agents of institutions do NOT have as a purpose the development and enrichment of Life. They rather *consume* life, because that is the nature of the machine that they represent.

While the doctor I speak of is surely an extreme example, know that if one very respected member of his profession speaks like he does, he speaks for many. Do you *assume* that an institutional agent has your best interests at heart? Maybe not.

P.S. I know that several of you are going to ask for "the rest of the story," i.e., what did I tell him. The answer: Nothing. He did not ask. He has made up his mind. Without saying so aloud, I admired his honesty. When he looked at me a little defiantly, probably waiting for me to find fault with him, I said, "I'm already aware that you feel that way." He nodded. He does not assume I am coming from the same place, we have discussed contributing to life at other times and if he listened to anything I said, he already knows I would not agree with him. He wasn't looking for correction or enlightenment, nor even agreement, he was merely unloading. So I just let it be. If he ever does ask appropriately, I will respond appropriately.

I was grateful for the incident because it provided such a perfect example of institutions, purpose, and prestige, too. It is not my duty to straighten out the priests, or anyone else. What is my duty, and any student's, is to evaluate experts, not to assign the label "authority" on anyone, and to be very careful identifying who the real healers and priests in our world are, before we ask them to serve us. ☉

THE VICIOUS CYCLE

- » EXPECTATION (Based on the Ideal—an Illusion)
- » DISAPPOINTMENT (False Emergency—MOBILIZED ENERGY)
- » HURT (Purpose is to be non-disturbed)
- » LOOK FOR WHAT TO BLAME
 - Anger (I blame you)
 - Guilt (I blame me)
 - Fear (I don't know what to blame)
 - Insecurity (Anger/Guilt/Fear/Greed to be non-disturbed)
- » STRESS from MOBILIZED but UNUSED emergency energy
- » NEURO-MUSCULAR TENSION
- » CHEMICAL IMBALANCE
- » ADAPTATION (Symptoms) or UNUSUAL BEHAVIOR (Binge)
- » UNUSUAL CELLULAR ACTIVITY
- » UNUSUAL SENSATION
- » TISSUE CELL BREAKDOWN
- » LOOK FOR A CURE
- » MORE EXPECTATION
- » MORE DISAPPOINTMENT
- » Etc. (All over again...)

Adaptation, or "Dis-ease"

The human being has four facets: (1) Intelligence, Spirit, called "X" by the *Science of Man* because, as in algebra, we recognize that something is there but can't yet precisely define it; (2) Awareness, which evaluates and "reports" to X via the medium of feeling impressions from inner and outer worlds; (3) Physical Body; (4) the Activity of the whole.

When the Purpose of Living of the individual is to be non-disturbed, and the methods used to try to gain this state conflict (as in wanting to gain pleasure and escape pain on all levels), impressions are evaluated as threatening the Purpose of Living, as emergencies. Since non-disturbance is not an accurate purpose of living (mankind was designed for something else), these so-called emergencies are false.

However, Intelligence responds to all information (evaluations of impressions via the medium of feeling) as though it were true. Thus, extra energy is given the physical body to cope with, fight, or flee the reported emergency. Since the emergency was merely discomfort, and not a real threat, there is no coping, fighting, or fleeing to be done. The extra "emergency" energy has been mobilized but is not used in a true emergency. It *has* to be spent in order to restore balance to the body. It is perceived as unusual sensation (usually evaluated as still another emergency, thus a vicious cycle). Next is tissue cell alteration, which uses the extra energy, and eventually breakdown of the physical body. This is called adaptation (the physical body is adapting to the extra energy in order to re-establish balance). Tissue cell alteration is avoided sometimes by an alternative use of the extra energy: unusual behavior (binges of one kind or another which use it up). The human being was not designed to operate in a continual state of emergency, nor especially in a state of false emergency. Thus eventually adaptation cannot cope with restoring balance in such circumstances and death ensues. ☉

Beliefs

Recently a friend showed me her new tattoo: "Remember Self" all dolled up with an X and roses.

Needless to say, I endorse wholeheartedly her view of the value of remembering self. But I will note that she may have the cart a little before the horse, and is making things even harder than they need be.

Self-remembering is step two of the Teaching Two-Step. Part one is Self-knowing.

We begin with a very distorted filter through which we perceive. Partly we made it ourselves, partly it was thrust upon us by others. But it is there and must be discovered before real evolving growth is achieved. The skill of self-remembering is a wonderful thing to work on, but it must go hand-in-hand with self-knowing to be of real value.

The filter through which we perceive (and thus evaluate) is made up of beliefs. We are operating on countless assumptions and beliefs that we are unaware of. Beliefs about ourselves and others, about the world and the way things work, about how things should be, or even could be. These all need to be checked out, and we can't check them out if we aren't even aware they are there.

There are several ways to do step one. Contemplation is one way. I have working on this intensely, sort of reliving my life, but as an observer. When I took on this project I was rewarded with recollections of things long past, and I was able to view them with some objectivity, and I was amazed at how much more information was available to me about the various events when I was able to approach the memories this way. (Watching "her" instead of "me.")

Another good way is to watch yourself when you make a pronouncement, no matter how seemingly trivial. (This is where the two steps work together... one has to remember to do this!) If you're any good at all at grammar and language, you can make an effort to listen to yourself phrase things, study your declarative sentences to see what you are putting forth as a belief as opposed to what you really know.

Another way is to write down all the things you do believe. Then you can pretty much discard this list, it is obvious; now your real work is cut out for you. Or you could list the "opposite" belief and see if you can make a case for it, just as devil's advocate. (You can. And what does that say about your belief?)

The Teaching stresses the necessity to remember self. But really, this is almost futile if you are not spending just as much effort in getting to know yourself. It is essential that we uncover the beliefs we operate upon. There are more than you think, I promise you.

□

I have recently come across some extremely interesting books that talk a lot about beliefs and how not only individuals but whole cultures behave in certain sometimes inaccurate ways based on belief.

For instance, do you believe that mathematics is finite?

Or infinite? Do you believe it would exist without mathematicians, or not? Did you know that when Euclidean geometry was established it was a sort of scientific Law of the Land. One fine day someone discovered that although it was accurate enough, it did not cover a whole range of measuring (and thinking). He announced his discovery and was ridiculed. It took a *hundred years* for others to give serious study to his findings and for society as a whole to admit there was more to things than just their cherished belief.

Do you believe in UFOs as evidence of a race of intelligent beings beyond humans? Do you believe the people who claim to have been abducted by aliens are kooks? Another book presents the UFO phenomenon and shows how our established beliefs prevent us really checking out the situation. It's a fascinating and comprehensive look at the whole UFO thing. (And/or read Doris Lessing's *Shikasta* series for some Teaching about this, veiled in science fiction.)

A third talks about the disappearance of the feminine goddesses of paganism—how the Jews banished her. Do you believe that Judaism is misogynist for this reason? A lot of people do. The author proposes another theory, quite possible in my view, and with only the best interests of humanity, *including* womankind, at heart.

I want to offer a caveat, though. I have not quite finished any of these three books and so don't know for sure that any or all might not just pull the rug out from under me at the last minute. But so far they are all three some of the most interesting books I've read in a long time, and really examine this question of "belief" in very thorough ways.

□

Pi in the Sky—Counting, Thinking, and Being by John D. Barrow (Clarendon Press/Oxford) If you are a little retarded math-wise, like me, you needn't be put off by this book. The author promises no math, and delivers no math. But he does deliver a wonderful look at the way people think.

Angels and Aliens—UFOs and the Mythic Imagination by Keith Thompson (Fawcett Columbine) \$12.00. I just can't put this book down! It is the most intelligent approach to the subject I have ever read and extremely well-written.

In the Wake of the Goddesses—Women, Culture and the Biblical Transformation of Pagan Myth by Tikva Frymer-Kensky (Fawcett Columbine) \$10.00. A little thick on Summarian and Babylonian mythology in the beginning, but skip around a bit. Well worth the effort; a fascinating view of the Jewish idea of One Source, put in a way I've never come across in print before. ☉

The false self made up of A and B sides of the Picture of Man is an idiot-savant—"savant" with a very small "s"!

Even children can understand when shown that it is not to their advantage to whine, stick up for non-existent rights and blame (A-side). These are automatic reactions to disturbances and are seldom useful methods to get one's way (though I will admit that on rare occasions they can be useful when dealing with adamantly mechanical agents of machines—if we are *using the methods* rather than the feelings associated with them using US.)

But we can see that usually, if not always, whining, demanding and blaming are counter-productive—they provide resistance to the "offending" party, thus making him/them stronger. Only an idiot would want to make his or her opposition stronger!

So the A-side is an idiot—its methods only contribute to what was offending in the first place. Easy to dismiss the A-side, it is so boring and stupid that it hardly warrants our attention. (But you must admit, it's always on the job.)

The B-side—pleasing for effect, obeying and quoting authorities, feeling guilty, self-improving, measuring Life against contrived, artificial "standards," being ashamed of and/or stifling feelings—the B-side is the "savant," it claims to be the veritable Fountain of Wisdom. It is not (of course) but claims to be. The B-side knows it ALL. It knows exactly what everyone else *wants* and knows how you can (and should) provide all these wants; it knows exactly who all the proper authorities are in every subject imaginable, and knows just whom to quote and whom you should "follow."

The B-side knows just what worldly standards of beauty, intelligence, health, wealth, hipness, and good behavior that you should constantly measure yourself against—and it ALWAYS knows when your measurement is lacking, and tells you so loud and clear. It knows what is socially, economically, politically correct. It is the absolute arbiter of propriety and never fails to rap your knuckles when you are not *adequately* proper.

It knows just who qualifies for Master status, too—it hangs ALL the shingles. It's the one who be-knights authorities. It places infinite value on suggestion and tries always to have you kowtow to the most persuasive suggestion-monger.

The B-side is also a fantastic mimic—it can speak in your mother's and/or father's voices; it speaks crystal-clear in the voice of "our family," and it knows EXACTLY what Moses and Jesus and Buddha and Dr. B. meant when they spoke, and speaks in their voices, "interpreting" them all the time.

What a wise guy—"savant"—the B-side is.

The B-side knows before he tells you what your husband or beau should eat. It reads a menu better than he can any day. And it knows even better what you should NOT eat.

The B-side has declared you Earth Mother, Caretaker, Nurturer, Feeder of and provider for the Homeless—if not

directly, than *at least* via guilt. It knows that Uncle Sam is the world's 911. It sees to it that you feel that the taxes you pay are a "fair share."

Pride and vanity are the B-side's special stock-in-trade. It tells you constantly that you must be God-like in everything you are and do, and points out *everywhere* that you have failed to live up to its version of divinity.

It also has much to say about your genes. It knows that your DNA is not quite up to par—you should have been taller or had blue eyes, or blonde hair, or broader shoulders or musical ability or, especially, been thinner, and it never forgets to chastise you for this deficiency on your part—the deficient intelligence you used when you picked out your genes from the gene shop right before you got here. (A-side condemns your ancestors for reproducing these less-than-ideal genes.)

The savant is especially expert in the Work. It will *never* fail to tell you that you have fallen short of the "expected" result in any exercise that you do. It tells you it's important to be a good student. It also obliges you by re-interpreting the Teaching to "fit" better with what it already knows.

One of its greater abilities is to be librarian of your talents. There are two modes of this operation. It either tells you there is no such book, or that it is a dumb book and you don't want to check it out anyway. It tells you that what you do well any idiot could do, or it tells you why bother, you will just fail anyway, or why bother, your contribution will not be received in any case.

The know-it-all monitors your weight, your cholesterol, your blood pressure, and spends a lot of your money on vitamins or elixirs or better foods and has a fit if there is a bit of fat on the meat or someone is smoking within 100 feet of you, indoors or out. It nags you to have check-ups, and in fact, is the wisdom behind the most incredible invention of our time, which just appeared out of the ether in one generation—"health care." (A-side has, for your benefit, declared such entity a human *right*. No one over 40 reading this went to the doctor as a child unless they were sick... the phrase "health care" would have elicited a puzzled look from anyone thirty years ago, it did not exist as a phrase. Times have changed... but I notice people's health hasn't... well, maybe the savant will straighten that out. It will assuredly try.)

The Font of Wisdom knows *precisely* what qualities a potential companion must possess before he or she is worthy of you. If and when this paragon does show up, the B-side will remind you how you do not deserve the beloved, however—you have failed miserably to give tit for tat and couldn't possibly even if you tried.

The savant is expert at running your credit cards over the limit—it is the B-side who buys the *very* expensive ⇒

wedding present lest the newlyweds think you have no taste; who treats for meals lest your friends control you; who absolutely cannot allow you to receive a gift without sending an equivalent check or returning even a bigger favor—and it also is the one who bathes you in self-pity when you are broke, exhausted, unloved and too fat.

I am having such fun with this but the better part of valor says *enough!* You get the picture.

EVERY derogatory thought or feeling, every comparative thought or feeling, every *automatic* "knowing" of *anything* about Life is the Idiot-Savant. And the more sly or adamant the voice the more likely it is the savant, Mr. or Ms. Know-it-ALL.

You need measure yourself against NO standards. You are free to "measure" your professional skills against those set up by agreement for any particular game you might want to play. But professional standards have nothing to do with the essence of you—they are merely constructs of a game and you can take 'em or leave 'em, it's completely optional whether you play any game.

You need not please anyone, ever. Most people won't be pleased, anyway (*their* savant is usually judging your gift as inadequate in some way, or is sighing, "Here's another debt"), or if they are momentarily pleased it only piques their appetite for more/better/different and you will be *very* busy trying to sate appetites. But more importantly, pleasing for effect is no gift at all, it is controlling.

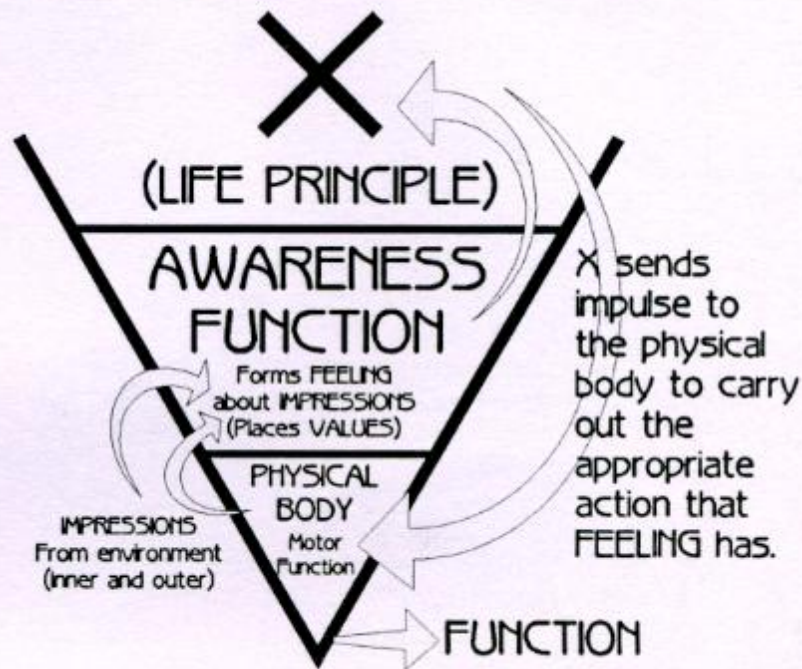
There are absolutely *no* authorities in the whole wide world, period, none. There are many experts in many fields. These are people who have made an investment in learning something, and who dispense their learning, often, but not always, for a price (money or attention). But they are not authorities. Feel free to take advantage of any expert you may need—after you have validated their expertise—but do not under any circumstances mistake them for authorities, and should they claim to be authorities, run the other way!

(Even those with the guns are not authorities, although these terms are almost interchangeable. Anyone pointing a gun at you—literally or metaphorically—is Antichrist. Hardly qualified as *your* authority, Antichrist.)

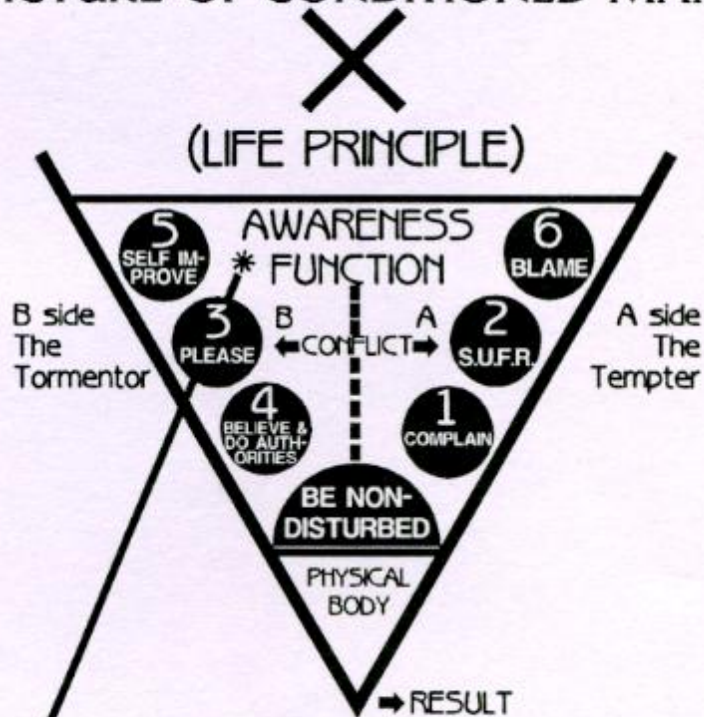
The Idiot-Savant knows *nothing* for real. It is lies and was spawned by the Father of Lies, the master decision that the purpose of living is to gain and escape. Don't be conned by an erudite voice, by a dictatorial and dogmatic tone. It is all a big fat lie, by the imbuing of standards and ideals with authority.

Listen for these lies... they permeate every crevice they possibly can, they work hard to ruin every party, internally and externally. You do not need the Idiot-savant, kiss it good-by. ☺

PICTURE OF MAN



PICTURE OF CONDITIONED MAN



Fragmented Awareness with Many "I"s

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| B-SIDE NOT-I's | A-SIDE NOT-I's |
| 5. <i>Self-improve</i> | 6. <i>Blame</i> |
| 3. <i>Please for effect</i> | 2. <i>Stick up for rights</i> |
| 4. <i>Believe & obey authorities</i> | 1. <i>Complain</i> |

Annie Knew Love

By Leah S. Roberts

Annie's daddy was a junkie, though she didn't know it at the time. She just knew he was sick in bed a lot, and talked awfully slow when he took his "medicine." He was often sad. She liked him, though—he was handsome and he sometimes sang to her.

He sang one song about a playmate who couldn't come out and play because her dolly was sick, it was his favorite song. Annie always cried when Daddy got to the part about the sick dolly, and Daddy seemed to love her lots when this happened. Apparently, because he would sing just those lines for her, to make her cry for him, at the oddest moments. He was sad but Daddy was nice.

Mommy was busy with the babies, when she wasn't tearing through the house screaming. She screamed and she screamed, about anything and everything and Annie tried to stay out of her way.

Late at night Annie would hear her parents fighting with each other, night after night after night. It was hard to sleep and she got dark rings under her eyes and the kids at school laughed at her and called her "Black-eyes."

"I'm leaving!" "No, you don't have to leave, I'll leave..." very late at night. Every night.

Oh, dear, oh dear, what am I gonna do... They're both leaving and I will have to find a way to feed all these kids. How will I ever get enough money to buy the food?

And Annie worried a lot about this, and helped with the babies, and wondered why everyone was so miserable.

Kindergarten was boring but at least it was different than home. One day something was in the air, maybe even something special. It was a mystery, and Annie was especially aware, sitting with the other children, paying attention. Today was "Halloween." The teacher gave tickets to each child. They were to be used like money. What was this all about?

Finally school was over and the little ones filed outside. Oh, wonder of wonders! The playground had been utterly transformed! There were games and a long table full of beautiful cakes, another table full of scads and scads of little round bowls, each with a goldfish in it! and clowns, and men hitting jugs with baseballs, and teddy bears and best of all, "Go Fish" where Annie was given a fishing pole and told to fling the line over the cardboard wall; and something tugged on the line and she was told to reel it in and there was a tiny dolly on the end and it was hers to keep!

What a marvel this all was, Annie had never seen anything like it. She wandered around for a long time, playing games and paying attention. She asked no questions, but she was all ears—she listened carefully to what people were saying, and eventually she came to realize that some of the mothers of her schoolmates had arranged this party, and had set it all up while the kids were indoors.

It was a surprise and it was wonderful and Annie could not believe people were so very nice to do this, to put a party on just for her and her little friends.

Annie was overwhelmed. She watched people walk around the cake table while music played. Suddenly the music stopped and everyone sat down... except that there was one too few chairs and the person left standing was eliminated. How funny this was and she watched as chairs were removed and the walk became more lively and people scrambling for chairs and eventually only one chair left and the lucky sitter got to pick a cake for their very own to take home. What a party, and everyone was having so much fun and absolutely no one was miserable and Annie just could not get over that people took time from their busy lives to make this party for her—it seemed like it was all done just for her.

Annie was so happy, she had to share this with her sister, who wouldn't go to kindergarten till next year. She went home to get her, she couldn't wait to surprise her like she had been surprised. Oh, she would love it too! And maybe they could even win a cake to take to the family.

Annie walked home with a lilt in her step and appreciation in her little heart and something strange happened while she was silently thanking the unknown moms who had made the lovely party. *Thank you, thank you, how very, very nice of you...* And she noticed the trees started to glow. They were the same old trees she saw every day, but today they were glowing... she "looked" at the air... she didn't know how you could see air, but she could see it, it was like a huge diamond all around her, brilliant and crystal-clear and it smelled so good and a butterfly was there and it glowed, too, and seemed to be made of something altogether different than anything she had seen before. *Thank you, thank you!* Little Annie was about to burst so filled with bliss was she. What a wonderful, lovely day, and it was a present and she didn't have to earn it or be good, it just happened, and for her. And Annie had never heard of "God," but somehow felt that day like they were best of friends, she and—she and—whatever this was; everything was all right, the world was a fine place, everything was absolutely okay.

Annie knew Love.

And Annie skipped home and got her sister and returned to the party and they played until they were exhausted and they didn't win a cake but that was okay, it was fun just the same, and finally they went home and Annie slept like a baby that night, for the first time in a long time.

□

But the next day and the next and the next the party was over and things were back to normal. The babies crying and Mommy screaming and Daddy sad and sick and eventually another element was added to Annie's life. Kindergarten⇒

was over and it was time for a new school. Oh, she'd had no idea school could be so awful. The teachers were very old ladies in long black dresses with bibs, and drapes over their heads, nuns, they were called, and they beat up the boys and they screamed like Mommy and sometimes the boys even bled and boys were always throwing up and you didn't dare say a word, ever, no matter what, don't talk! except to answer a question if you were asked. And Annie didn't like this new adventure one bit, she was terrified of the nuns, and Mommy got meaner and she became terrified of her, too. Annie hated school and she hated to go home. She forgot all about the party of long ago, about the crystalline air and glowing trees and butterfly, about the mothers who put on a surprise party, just for her.

Annie lived in dread. She awakened each morning with her heart pounding... time to go face the nuns. She was careful to be good in school and not get hit (although it didn't take her long to realize only boys got hit... nuns did not like boys at all...). Finally the last bell would ring and she had lived through it, a sigh of relief, and she climbed on the city bus and dreaded going home. When she got home she would gently touch the front door and wait for a minute... she could feel it in the door, somehow, if her mother was at home, and if she was, Annie would take a deep breath and walk in on tiptoe and get busy with the babies and her homework and talk to Daddy a bit and try to cheer him up, and she tried to be good. She would listen to the fighting all night and finally get some sleep and the next day it would start all over again and Annie was a very sad girl.

Somehow she got through first grade unscathed and settled into a routine of hateful days and hateful afternoons and hateful nights, and she wanted to escape but it was probably impossible, so she plodded through her young life, worrying how to feed the kids when both her parents left, worrying about how not to upset the nuns, wondering if this was all there was to it, you are born, and live in misery and someday die. Surely there was something more?

Second grade had a special event attached to it, though Annie didn't understand it at all. First Communion. It was somehow related to Catechism, a bunch of numbered questions each child had to memorize, in preparation. But before the main event was First Confession, where you had to go into a closet in the church and tell the priest there all the bad things you did. "Sins." Annie couldn't think of any sins she did, all she did really was worry, take care of babies, play a little with the neighbors, escape to the creek when she could, and do her homework. So she made up a few bad things and told them to the priest and somehow qualified for First Communion, whatever in the world that was. It meant nothing to her, but at least was something different.

One day a miracle happened. The most beautiful white dress Annie had ever seen or even imagined arrived. It was from Grandma and was for Annie's First Communion. Oh what a dress! It had a built-in satin slip, covered with the most delicate lace in the world. It was not stiff at all but soft

and sort of flowed over Annie's hands like—well, like maybe a cloud. It had little puffed sleeves and a satin ribbon that tied around the waist and was the most breathtakingly beautiful garment Annie had ever, ever seen. And a veil! Imagine! And it was hers. First Communion was looking up and Annie was eager to wear her dress.

Finally the day arrived. There was a mad scramble around the house to get everyone ready for Annie's First Communion. No food or water for her before the big event. "Fasting" they called it. Well, that was okay, Annie never ate breakfast, anyway. But she was real careful brushing her teeth not to swallow any water, just to be sure. Annie had a bit of a headache. It was hard to sleep the night before because Mommy had tied her clean wet hair in rags so she would have "long curls" for the occasion. Annie and her sisters and her cousins always got to wear long curls for very special occasions, and it was worth the discomfort to look so pretty. Annie looked in the mirror and was fairly pleased with what she saw there. *Isn't that funny, I look like a little bride...* She was pleased.

All the First Communicants were to meet in the classroom before Mass. Her parents dropped her off in front of school and the family went into church. How odd this was, the school yard was empty, there were very few people around, it was so quiet. How pleasant, how different. It was a transformation of sorts and for the first time ever at this place, Annie was not afraid.

Just a little regally, she walked down the hallway and saw some children in their new white special clothes—they looked so different. She got to her classroom and it was nearly empty and all of a sudden something very strange happened. Someone had apparently come in and washed all the windows and waxed the floor and polished all the desks, they glowed. She walked toward her desk as if in slow motion. She could smell furniture polish (and thinks of this event even today whenever she smells what was then "Old English") and the desks actually *glowed*. She stared at the ancient wood, the familiar scratches and initials made insignificant by the now magnificent grain, all shiny and glowing. And she realized it was not the furniture polish but rather they seemed to be glowing of their own accord. What a wonderment, there was a Presence in the room, and Annie felt as if she were the only person here together with the Presence and she stopped at her desk and beheld there were presents on it!

There was a scroll made of the most exotic paper, it had a texture she had never felt before. A picture of Jesus and a guardian angel and a little girl in a white dress, and there were gold curlicues all around the edges and written in the most beautiful hand Annie's name and the date and it was a lovely thing and so elegant and she was delighted to have it. And a little holy card, a picture of a beautiful lady with stars around her head and standing on the clouds and little angels all around, Mary of course, and this was another present. And almost beyond her [continued page 18 =>]

Are these real people you write about in the newsletter?

Yes, "but..." Some are composites of real people, others are disguised versions of actual people and events, some are not disguised, but only when I have received permission from the person involved*—and all of them are *potential* versions of each of us: anything anyone ever did I am capable of doing under similar circumstances with similar conditioning and similar light, and so are you. I would not intentionally embarrass anyone ever, though, and so I go to some lengths to protect my "subjects."

It might interest you to know that in all the years I have been writing newsletters, probably hundreds of articles by now, not a single person has ever told me they had recognized themselves specifically, not a one (unless they knew because we had discussed it that I would be writing about their experience). It is usually very difficult for us to get a clear picture of our own precious self!

Occasionally someone will think an article was about them when actually I had someone else in mind. *This* is when the purpose of writing about people at all has been fulfilled, when we recognize our own behavior or feelings or thinking in another.

Rhondell says that outside the fully conscious person, there are only seven people in the world: The one who thinks that the purpose of living is to gain pleasure and escape pain on all levels, and his henchmen: the complainer, the sticker-up-for-rights, the obeyer and quoter of authorities, the pleaser, the guilty self-improver, and the blamer. Of course there are infinite versions of these seven guys, together in a slightly different pattern of behavior. When we recognize ourselves, we have learned something of value.

Please rest assured that you need not hesitate to talk to me out of fear you will see your deepest personal foibles revealed for the world to see in *Awareness Enquirer*. It is most unlikely—I have a lot of fun protecting you while exposing us all and think I do a pretty good job of it. And I certainly understand the reluctance to be exposed—I say to my close friends that every time I send out a newsletter I feel I am putting my heart on the street... I know the discomfort of this and wouldn't subject you to it without your permission.

"Boopsie" for instance is a first-class attention hound and was delighted to see her bike story in *AJ*, and just a little disappointed that I did not use her real name!

I went to a workshop the other day and could not believe the stupid questions that were being asked. They had been asked and answered a hundred times before.

What's the matter with people?

There is an old saw about there being no stupid questions, it's only stupid not to ask them, or something like that.

We Get Questions

I disagree entirely with that and agree with you that there is plenty of evidence of stupid questions and by inference, stupid questioners. I confess to rolling my own eyes and verging on boredom on occasion myself. People don't listen, and especially they are not really asking at all—they are demanding and basking in the spotlight.

BUT. There are at least two positions we can take with this. One is the judge and executioner, not to mention the victim, being "forced" to listen to drivel. This is the stance of most people in any group, spiritual or otherwise, and your position.

The other is Student. (Which is what I think you would probably like to be.) A student implies a school. While there are on occasion authentic schools run by Teachers, every group you find yourself in is a school—family, work, society, travel, whatever. A student in a school is Working on developing a point of view different from the common herd. Judging, condemning, being a victim, are about as common as one can get. Uncommon is Student, who is first and foremost an observer. Period. Without all the rest of it.

Now here are some things a student might observe in the situation you mention:

- I know that person has asked that same question for ten years—I have her on tape! *What prevents her hearing?*
- Do I ever not hear? If so, what prevents *me* from hearing?
- What is the purpose of him asking the question? Does he really want an answer, or is he just asking for attention?
- Do I ever seek attention?
- What do all of the questions I am hearing asked have in common? How do they differ?
- Do the answers I am hearing apply to everyone, or are they specific to the person asking? Does it apply to me?
- Do answers sometimes contradict? If so, is this really contradiction, or is it maybe paradox?
- Why do I enjoy feeling smug that I knew the answer and the questioner didn't? Does this momentarily negate an innate sense of inferiority I have? What exactly is the value in feeling smarter than someone else?
- The school is made up of four categories of people (besides the Teacher). How much time and effort am I willing to spend observing Life in order to discover what these categories might be and which one I fall into?

You can see that we could go on for pages. There are many members in a school and only *some* of them are students. ALL the others are there for the students to learn from. They are necessary, they *are* what constitutes a school.

The nature of a spiritual school (and anything is a school if you make it so) is to show us *ourselves*, our own potentials, our own misunderstandings. It is not to entertain you, it is not to make you feel inferior or superior, good or bad. It is merely to inform you. If you paid money at a workshop to be entertained, when the purpose of the workshop was to inform, you need not complain about not getting entertained—that was *your* purpose, not the Teacher's.

Next time you are verging on boredom by a droning,

stupid question, you can say the prayer, "There but by the grace of God go I..." and probably do.

I feel so guilty when I take pain pills for my bad shoulder. I know I should meet the challenge, but I also know I need my sleep for work the next day. I just don't know exactly what to do, I get really rattled up about it.

For heaven's sake, take the pill and be done with it. Conflict is worse for you than not being free to experience intense pain. The Not-I will make hay wherever it can. It is telling you that you should be a better student. Excuse me, have you heard in the last 15 years or so that wanting to be a good student has nothing to do with the Work? Be free to be a wimp, and *then* you are doing the work!

I really enjoyed the article about Satan in the last newsletter [The Light Bearer].

Thank you, but please note I did not use the word Satan, I said Lucifer. The etymology of "Satan" is unclear, at least according to all my references... it may well be the same guy, but I rather suspect that Satan is more like "Son of Lucifer," especially as presented in the article.

I don't understand why I can't freely distribute the Teaching information to people I see who need it. When you told me of a conversation you overheard in a restaurant, and you didn't intercede and correct the person who seemed to be asking, I was amazed. I would have.

There are many reasons. I will spell out just a few.

Did you ever hear the rather impolite quote, "Do not cast pearls before swine, lest they turn and rend you"? Most people who are familiar with this phrase don't even know, or forgot, the second part, about getting rent. I think it is pretty self-explanatory, and we would do well to remember it, it's quite accurate.

Next, I feel no need whatsoever to straighten out the world nor even individuals. That is absolutely none of my business. Because of many years of experience with this (this is something you can only check out for yourself, it is not "provable" in an ordinary way), I know that because of the way I perform, people *who are ready* to receive the Teaching will know on some inner level that I have "something" they are looking for, and I am quite approachable. This is a skill that I hone every day of my life. In other words, if someone is truly looking for something beyond the 4DBUS (few people are), they recognize it here, and they are free to approach me if they want it—there is no need for me to jump into their

lap. I don't want to control anyone, and I allow everyone the same free choice that I myself enjoy.

As for the incident you mentioned, it is too bad you couldn't have been there with me. It would have been a nice demonstration. The person in question looked directly at me and I smiled at her and I am confident that she knew she could speak to me as freely as she was jabbering to all the other strangers around her. She chose not to, and I allowed her that choice.

This is a real skill I am talking about. It is "consideration" in a much deeper sense than just being polite. You can learn it, too, with Work. The best place to start is to really listen to what people are saying. This particular young woman was gathering up as many horror stories as she could to insure that her first pregnancy had every prop she could muster to keep her the victim/star of her new role. The women strangers around her were more than willing to oblige, and did. I was not and did not. Although there is no way to check this out short of kidnapping and interrogating her, I suspect that she saw me as a threat, someone who might burst her bubble. *And that's her choice!* I was open and receptive and she could have asked me if she wanted to. She *chose* not to and that made it no longer any of my business.

Here is another reason to be careful whom you tell what to. If they are not ready for it, people will condemn the Teaching and *decide* it's not for them. They will operate under this decision from then on. I committed this crime myself in the very beginning, when my life had been utterly transformed in just a relatively short time of really doing the Work. I was overjoyed and wanted someone very close to me to share these new ideas and give up her misery, too. I dragged her to a workshop—she didn't want to go, but I insisted. I arranged introductions with teachers for her. (I can still see her in my mind, shaking like a leaf out of fear to meet them. This was violence on my part.) She resisted all the way, but went along with it to please me. But it was not her time, she wasn't ready. That very day she made the decision that these people are a bunch of kooks, they are threatening (and we *are* threatening to the Not-I's, this is why the Teaching admonition, "Wear the cloak of invisibility"), and she made a firm decision, a commitment if you will, not to have anything to do with this "Teaching" stuff.

Well, this was 16 or 17 years ago. Meantime this lovely person has made some remarkable changes in her life having to do with a 12-Step program. I know that someone like her who has taken the 12 Steps to heart as she has, *may* be ready for the Teaching. But the dye has been cast. She has seen no need to re-examine her original decision about us, it was made very firmly.

In essence, my early evangelism has probably deprived someone of the Work, rather than given it to them.

There are lots of reasons to treat the Teaching as the sacred thing that it is—harmlessness, common sense, allowing people to be. See Page 14 for still another reason. We cannot always share our joy *overtly*. ☉

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES

A Conscious Purpose—And “Opposites”

“How about doing something on Purpose sometime. I’m sure you’re wondering what I mean since the Work is about Purpose. However we do hear a lot about what is not the Purpose of Living. Make us a ‘correct’ version—spell it out, the opposite, shall I say, of the 4DBUs.”

I really appreciate getting this question and all the others sent in, it is nice to know that I am not just writing to the clear blue sky. It’s helpful to me to know what’s on your minds, and how you perceive what you hear here.

The question is interesting but contains a couple of errors, which I will try to clarify.

“The Purpose of Living.” Yes, we drone on considerably what it is not—to gain pleasure and escape pain on all levels; and you are correct in that you have heard very little about what it *is*. But you have heard, just forgot, that *it is up to you to decide*. Making a conscious purpose is the thing, period. It doesn’t matter what it is—that’s nobody’s business but your own.

Only No.4 Not-I wants someone else to make it for you. It can be discovered, whatever your individual Purpose is, with some effort. But it won’t be established until the old one is clearly identified in all its aspects in every facet of your life. And that takes some time.

Here is a hint: Your new Purpose may have some affinity with whatever talents that you have.

In the meantime, Rhondell has given us a very nice, and rather simple (though not easy to remember) interim Purpose. It is yours if you want it. Practice it a couple of years and you will be in a position to make one of your own.

Here is Rhondell’s hint at Purpose. It is in response to the Four Questions: What am I? Where am I? What’s going on here? What can I do?

One way of looking at Life here is as a huge party, put on by a bountiful and generous Host. (Now this is different than the usual view of things!) I am a privileged, invited guest, as is everyone else. Just like any ordinary party, there are games going on (romance games, professional, technical, money, art games, family games, and countless others), which I can play if I like, or may observe (or ignore altogether, for that matter). What can I do? Play games (remembering they are *all* just games), be harmless and considerate and make a contribution to the Host in appreciation for being invited. Notice it said, contribute to the Host—I am not contributing to the other guests except indirectly. This contribution will usually have something to do with the talents one has developed. Maybe you comfort or even heal the sick, or are a good cook, or sing, or build houses, or sew, or write, whatever it is that you do.

If you make the *intention* of seeing and being this way, you will constantly find your old purpose interfering. This is a wake-up call, and a continuous opportunity to use healthy tension to make the new Purpose superior to the

old. (Notice it didn’t say banish pleasure and comfort... they are side-effects or by-products of Life on Earth and will be around; they are now just not the Purpose of living, something else is.)

Rhondell also tells another version of this story, which I prefer. (I will admit that I sometimes find it difficult to view this world as a party—it is often more like a brawl...)

The other version goes like this: You are someone who has left a comfortable home seeking adventure—challenge—in order to develop, and finds himself in a strange land; an alien among the natives. What’s going on? Odd practices and lots of taboos. What can I do? Meet challenge gracefully, be harmless, considerate, and make a contribution. (See *Who Is In Charge of My Inner State of Being?* by Rhondell for the full story.)

Both stories sound very simple, almost childlike. But think about it for a minute: if it were your very PURPOSE OF LIVING to be a good guest, it means EVERYTHING, doesn’t it? If your very PURPOSE OF LIVING is adventure, are you going to whine when the going gets rough? If your very PURPOSE OF LIVING is to be harmless, would you ever, ever commit physical, mental, economic or emotional violence? Or agree with someone they were a victim? Or ever want to control anyone? If your PURPOSE OF LIVING was to make a contribution, would you ever, ever have time to complain, stick up for rights, be bored, angry, fearful, anxious? Would you go around following other’s directions and orders and advice? If you KNEW what your VERY PURPOSE OF BEING HERE was? Would you be wallowing in self-pity and guilt? Would you be blaming everyone else when things got challenging?

Again, the Work is to make a conscious Purpose. It’s all unconscious, automatic, robotic, erroneous, and mammalian (and worse) until then. So make a purpose, any purpose. Or expend some effort observing Life and see if you can discover the Conscious Intelligent Purpose already in operation. When you do, you may wish to make it your purpose to join that.

Now part 2 of the question, “spell out the opposite of the 4DBUs.” Well... it has been said here many times, and I am happy to say it again: “Life does not operate in opposites. Life is *degrees* of experience.”

If I were to give you a list of “opposites” of the 4DBUs, I would be making a list of “good” and “bad,” wouldn’t I? The very crux of the “problem” is that the 4DBUs *are seen as opposites!* This is the source of all conflict. (Please re-read the last two lines, it is extremely valuable.) We want to gain pleasure BUT escape it’s “opposite,” pain. Pleasure and pain

are just degrees on a scale of sensation. (My all-time favorite expression of this principle is from Idries Shah: "Is the breath that warms your hands and cools your soup hot or cold?") Everything in Life is degrees of expression, *in relationship*.

The false self made up of conditioning sees opposites where none exist. It also sees survival as depending on gaining and escaping these so-called "opposites" at the same time—utterly impossible. It says gain attention; escape being ignored. We are always in some state on a scale of receiving some attention from somewhere and being ignored by at least some quantity of people. (Imagine everyone in the world focused on you at once. Absurd.) There is usually somebody looking your way, even if it is just because you are in *their* way. Or if there is absolutely no one in the world paying you attention, and you notice this, at least *you* are paying attention to your self!

Approval and disapproval are seen as opposites. Especially people assume that if someone didn't comment on their new dress, hairdo, car, whatever, they must not have liked it, i.e., lack of approval = disapproval. Not so.

If you're not needed right now, or important in some particular situation, or being useful at the moment, does this automatically mean you are useless, inferior, powerless, nonexistent? Of course not, but that's what the 4DBUS say.

So I cannot give you a list of opposites for the 4DBUS or anything else in life. All of your experience from, say, sharing a grave disappointment of someone you love, to a daily exercise routine to maybe the sublime reception of a new baby, or your observation of a waif on the street, to the whole political scene, for instance, are degrees of experience. You can choose for yourself how to value them, how to interpret them, what their meaning is, whether or not

they even *have* meaning. (Some things don't: they are none of our business.)

An ancient story says that the fall of mankind occurred when Adam ate of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. People often abbreviate this to "Tree of Knowledge," (dropping the "of Good and Evil") changing the meaning entirely: the meaning of "Knowledge of Good and Evil" is *Thinking in Opposites*.

I think this is a good place to give you a little gift, another piece of the Teaching that you may not have heard before. I didn't quite believe it when I first heard it (and you are admonished not to *believe* it either but check it out), but have learned after a long time working on it that it is true (for me). It is this: "All proper and/or properly constructed questions contain the answer." A good exercise would be to take the two-fold question at the head of this article and see if you can re-phrase it to contain the answer. (And I don't mean just the person who asked it...) It is an excellent question in that it provided an opportunity to clear up misconceptions... about questions. And about the process of "asking."

One of the things that just about everyone does when they meet up with the Teaching is make the person who gives it to them into an authority. They are not authorities, they may be experts. And if so, it is not because they have any more information than you do, or secret information, but because they have worked hard with the very information you have been given, and truly learned from it. They did not just "study" it, but devised little experiments every day of their lives to check it out. You can't really be "taught" by an outsider, it is done from within. The expert can guide you, and will if you ask, is happy to do so. But you will LEARN only from your own experience—this is the ONLY way to learn, period. ⊗

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES

LEVEL	GAIN	ESCAPE
PHYSICAL	<i>Comfort, Pleasure</i>	<i>Pain, Discomfort</i>
MENTAL	<i>Attention</i>	<i>Being Ignored, Rejected</i>
EMOTIONAL	<i>Approval</i>	<i>Disapproval</i>
TRANSCENDENTAL	<i>Feeling Needed, Important Appreciated</i>	<i>Feeling Inferior, Useless Worthless</i>

The nature of the physical body, reinforced by physical, mental and emotional conditioning have led us to believe the 4DBUS are the Purpose of Living. They are not bad or wrong, but are only BY-PRODUCTS of living, not the Purpose. It is the nature of Life that they are present to some degree. The 4DBUS are a sub-human Purpose of Living—mankind was designed to evolve beyond this. This evolution depends on his discovering and/or making a New Purpose of Living.

I received a beautiful letter from a far-away friend which clearly describes a part of the journey, and I'd like to share it with you.

...I have been working on experiments in areas of the Teaching [this] one has neglected or possibly been too young in the spirit way to work with.

I don't know what others have done but for me these last years have been used largely in the observation of Not-I's and how resistance is a gift of great value. Keeps one awake!

Suddenly a picture was developing. [This] One was still operating totally on taste, "I like, I don't like."

The Teaching (THE WAY) was set out upon because it was to my taste to have some peace of mind. To say nothing about the greed for knowing something new.

The infant awareness is awakened and something unexpected began. The Not-I's are strong and hide behind every shadow in the inner being. But Life favors the Awareness.

So much if not all of what is done is to the purpose of remaining undisturbed. I heard this in the lessons, I read it in your papers. But at one moment in time I could see it so clearly in this self that a little light went on illuminating corners and crevices yet unseen. For one to act on new purpose one must see value. For this one valuing would be greatly aided by work—and experiments with the "Four Forces." It feels somewhat like a first step for this child. There is so much to work with in the "lessons," in the Teaching, and babies seem to need exercise, rest, exercise, rest. Like a pulsing strobe light till at some point they start to shine full time.

I continue along the way grateful for the Teacher and the Friends who have been guides when this one was lost or tired.

Thanks, B.

P.S. I planted a garden and each day I see weeds growing up with the young plants. I look closely to see which is which and proceed to pull the weeds. If I miss a day the weeds cover the seedlings and deny them the sunlight. It takes looking every day. There are always new weeds. If I stay on the job the weeds don't get much of a hold. I will let you know what happens as the plants get bigger and new challenges come along.

□

Well said, and I would like to make a few comments.

There are many traditional Teaching "sayings" that refer to your experience, which is right on target as to process. One of these is: Not much development and no evolvment will occur until one's necessity is increased. You can see that even your necessity to be comfortable—your uncomfortable search for comfort was killing you—made you willing to receive the Teaching. Most if not all people are first interested in the Teaching because it feels good—it calms them down (they are usually in chaos when they find it); it is new and different and puts them in vital interest. There is nothing wrong with this, it is part of the process called Spirit having a human experience. As a beginning, it is just fine. You have no doubt noticed in your observation of others who have been given the material (even by you... I watch that when someone's necessity is increased you give them

some written material, whether they asked or not!) that more often than not, people don't leave the stage you have described. They continue to use the Teaching to gain comfort, and that is okay. They usually have less chaos when they are comfortable. I have yet to meet a person who was not better off no matter *how* they used the material, even just to be comfortable. (With the exception of using it to control. Some people catch on that they can have what they see as "power" over others, although it is violence, by complaining for them, sticking up for their rights and blaming for them, being their authority, demanding to be and never being pleased, imposing standards and forcing or enticing them to try to meet them. This violent abuse of the Teaching does occur—this is one reason why the Teaching was secret in the old days; the necessity of mankind has increased, though, so now the risk is taken by the Teachers, and the Teaching has been made public, though it is a risk. And those who abuse it are not better off but eventually pay a very great price for their violent indulgence.) But for everyone else, it does diminish chaos, if they use it even a little, no matter how much they "don't see."

You have described the next step, as well, that few take: seeing how sly and all-pervasive the old purpose is, how cunning the Not-I. It tells us that we are doing the Work, when really we are using it as a tool to gain comfort and escape pain. What you have described is the "good student" syndrome, where the B-side usurps the Teaching. It happens to just about all of us for a time, though, and it's okay. And what a leap in development occurs when we recognize that! As you now know.

You are right, too, about the Spiritual Babe. It *does* need to rest a lot, even sleep, just like the physical baby. And that is okay, too. There are Teaching stories about this, and maybe, since I know you enjoy Teaching stories, that would be a fun job, to hunt some of them up. There is nothing wrong with sleep when you *need* it, nothing at all. Even Masters take a nap now and then.

I want also to comment on your postscript about the garden. It is very accurate, and a little incomplete. A paradox. Because sometimes we need to let the weeds grow until the seedling is strong enough not to be destroyed when the weed next to it is yanked up. So discernment is necessary, but more than that, I want to say you needn't make weed-pulling too important. If the plant is nourished and tended and gets *enough* light (not necessarily continuous light), it will be plenty strong enough to withstand it when the time comes to yank on the weed. (Look up Matthew 13:24 for a story about this very thing.)

Thank you for your letter. I imagine that quite a few readers will identify with what you wrote and maybe even sigh a little in relief. ☉

WORKER'S TOOL BOX

Tools Wrongly Used Don't Help Create, They Destroy

Psychology is a tool—just like a plow, a pen, a pasta machine. Tools are methods to achieve something else: a crop, a letter, dinner, an understanding of conditioned patterns of behavior and relationships.

When we make the tool, which is a form, into the result, we are executing a kind of idolatry. Idolatry is the wrong placing of value on the material representation of an incorporeal idea, a matter of incorrect perception, coming from the wrong stance. Idolatry is ignoring the *essence* of the form, "worshipping" (placing value on) the form rather than the initiative, the essence. Result is the child of Initiative and Resistance, Form is merely a symbol of it. The crop, the letter, the dinner can all be parts of an event: the meal, the invitation, the party. All these things are still forms, third force. The intention was to entertain, the tools helped overcome the natural resistance, the form is the party, the result is what each guest and the host make of it. The essence of a party is not the sum of its props, it is the intention, and the result is something to respond to.

Psychology is no different. Though just a tool, and a representation in words and thoughts and feelings of relationships and their dynamics, it is seen as "result" and thus end of the event. And in Not-I's Black Mass upside-down way, it makes result into *cause*. The huge danger in this is that psychology is used, rather than a tool to be discarded when its purpose is accomplished, as an intractable reason to *blame*. (Now you see what I am getting at!)

Freud and his cronies' work was popularized in the '50s. Women's magazines, especially, are full of it and people my age who have also done a little heavier reading of some of the original stuff have a unique perspective in having watched an idea materialize, grow, blossom, decline—and in some areas degenerate entirely (i.e., some of our modern-day witch hunts such as the McMartin Preschool debacle).

After World War II, when America appeared to be thriving, maybe for the first time ever the "common folk" had time to pursue such esoterica as how the mind works. We ate it up, it was so interesting (and still is). It has been fun watching "psychology" branch out into new forms, for instance feminism, marketing techniques, Wall St. predictions. In some ways it has replaced religion. You cannot pick up a big-city newspaper without seeing an article about why "we" do this or that, or a description of an accused murderer's relationship to his father, or a listing of workshops about the mind and/or behavior (usually how to improve it). Pop psychology is a staple of the American make-up.

And for the most part it is horribly misused, it is seen as an end in its own right, it is merely a way of establishing blame in a politically correct way, or of self-improvement.

I want to digress here and assure that I am not condemning all psychologists. There are a few I admire very much, who have plied their trade in a useful manner, that is, seen and used it as a tool to assist in understanding so that

wisdom can eventually transcend all the junk that psychology's tools dug up. Marion Woodman comes to mind as one I deeply respect and who knows the right value of things. But the "patient" or client has as much responsibility to evaluate the usefulness of the tool as does the psychologist, and many of them in both categories have grievously misplaced their values.

Psychology is the observation of the psyche, variously defined as the mind, the soul, sometimes the ego or person. No mind or soul can be understood, much less formed, in a vacuum, so psychology by its nature includes the study of relationships. And this is where the fun begins.

We have been taught to analyze our early relationships to the *n*th degree. Especially our parental relationships, though some quacks place as much of the blame on siblings as they do on mom and dad. (I think they can get a bigger audience at their confrontations that way, hopefully dredging up more business.)

Although certainly our perception was shaped to some degree by these early relationships, conditioned to respond to the dynamics of an established situation (already in operation when we arrived), most modern psychology misses the point entirely. These relationships are not firm foundation, the *cause*, for all that follows, the reason for all our misery. They are merely symbolic of something *else*. This something else is intangible, non-material, immeasurable (and thus does not exist, to them). I originally intended to spell this out but upon reflection it seems something very worthwhile for you to ponder yourself... I would not deprive you of the joy of this discovery. (Hint: all the people in your early life represent different facets of your inner world... and on different levels, too. Have fun with this!)

□

Unknown to 99% of psychologists, what really is going on is this: We left a realm of pure comfort and entered the world of challenge. Period. We found ourselves in a place of challenge, weak little babies that we were. (You may take this literally or spiritually... it applies either way.)

Because we were relatively immobile—we could flail our little arms and eventually scoot, but certainly our whole world was severely confined—there were few people in our world. And because we were so utterly dependent, they played big parts in our lives. They were the closest at hand and had the most to offer (and withhold), and thus were our first experience with people challenge. (Physical challenge began immediately upon birth.)

Now very few of our parents had any idea what was going on. They were (and probably most still are), as Rhondell says, "infants with grown [continued next page =>]

...And a Time to Laugh

bodies and technical educations." (His definition of most people in the world.)

Surprise—we were little more than a challenge to *them!* So we have several "infants" in the household, of varying degrees of size and experience, trying to cope in a world of challenge, nobody knowing what's really going on. So these relationships often got hairy. But this is exactly the nature of Life on Earth, i.e., Spirit having a human experience (with the aim of discovery).

Someone was bound to challenge you, most likely the first people you ran into, the slaves who changed, fed, cuddled and on occasion ignored you, maybe even abused you. Soon enough your world expanded, you found others waiting in the wings to challenge you, too. And they did.

(Annie, of the story on page 8, is a very close friend of Leah's and mine; we all went through school together. When Leah was writing the story and we were talking about this, Annie wondered, had she been accustomed to parties in her honor and being coddled with lots of toys and gifts, whether she would have ever had the experiences described in the story. She had it pretty rough growing up and told us that those two events sustained her through horrible times... they were evidence of things unseen, faith, which kept her ever seeking the "something more" that she eventually found in the Teaching. She said that she wouldn't exchange one miserable moment of her childhood if the price were those events of knowing Love.)

So psychology makes a great issue of our family dynamics, saying that none of these people did it right, they did not perform to standard, and they did that on purpose, and *that's* why you're miserable, it's all their fault. Unheard of even a generation ago, today's standard M.O. is to confront them, in court if necessary, and let them know how ticked you are at their failures, and somehow make them "pay."

I am curious... just what price would cancel out a miserable childhood? A million dollars? A billion? A heartfelt apology? Perhaps the sacrifice of a limb? Death?

So much money is spent (and made) and so much time wasted because of that dubious branch of Healing Arts, psychology. (And we all know what Big Business it is.)

The fact is that we came here to experience Life in a realm of resistance, and that's that. Anyone in our way provides it, one could even see that's their job, if that's the purpose of our being here! (A dirty job, but somebody has to do it.)

Let's let go of blame. I don't care how "scientific" a branch of knowledge psychology may be (and certainly some of their descriptions of relationships are accurate), there is no one to blame, period, no one. History is history and nothing more. It is the record of challenges met and opportunities missed. While our early conditioning is interesting, to be sure, the only relationships that count a bit are the ones going on right now. Yes, how we handled the early ones may have a decided bearing on how we handle the current ones, especially the more asleep we remain. But they don't have to, always, and these patterns have [Continued on Page 17]

Having grown too old to ring the bell in the cathedral tower, Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame, ran an ad in the local newspaper for a replacement.

An armless man appeared at Quasimodo's door, and the old ring-master asked him, "Are you here for the job of bell ringer?"

"Yes, I am."

"But how can you ring the bell when you have no arm you ha

"That's easy. I may lack arms, but I possess an extremely tough skull. I simply run at the bell and strike it with my forehead. The tone produced is absolutely exquisite."

"All right," conceded Quasimodo and hired the fellow.

The man ascended the spiral staircase, climbed into the bell tower, ran at the bell, and struck it with his forehead, indeed making a lovely clang. Alas, though, the bell swung back pendularly, smashed into the poor chap, and knocked him out of the tower. He splatted on the cobblestones far below.

When the police arrived at the scene, an officer asked, "Mr. Quasimodo, do you know this man?"

"Yes, I do," answered Quasi. "He was an employee of mine."

"For our records, please give us his name."

Quasimodo furrowed his brow. "I don't know his name, but his face rings a bell."

Shortly thereafter, Quasimodo placed a second ad in the paper asking for new bell-ringing applicants. A second gentleman appeared who looked exactly like the first, including the state of armlessness.

Quasimodo asked the new man, "Are you here for the position of bell ringer?"

"Yes, I am," replied the second man.

"Then I have two questions for you. First, am I wrong or do you look exactly like another fellow who was recently in my employ and who came to a tragic end?"

"That man was my older brother," replied the applicant. "Indeed, many people have remarked that I look just like him."

"You look so much like him," Quasimodo went on, "that you too lack arms. How do you propose to ring the bell?"

"Easy. Like my brother, I too have an exceedingly tough forehead, which I use to ring the bell, but I am more agile than my brother, and I have learned to get out of the way of the bell's backswing."

"Fine," sighed Quasimodo with relief. "You may start immediately."

The second gentleman mounted the spiral staircase, climbed up to the tower, and ran headlong into the bell, producing as exquisite a tone as had his brother. As the bell swayed back toward him, he deftly stepped aside and avoided getting clobbered by the return swing. (Page 18 =>)

Conscious Man

A letter of appreciation for the newsletter contained a request for the presentation of The Picture of Conscious Man, with each of the six Not-I's replaced by different (advantageous) behavior, a diagram Rhondell drew up some years ago and which was published in a previous FTE newsletter.

I have some misgivings about reprinting it, because there is a possibility for misunderstanding. That earlier newsletter went mostly to people who were thoroughly acquainted with the *Science of Man*. A] goes to lots of people who do not have such a thorough background. And so a diagram of consciousness is a little touchy—consciousness always resides in the moment, it is absolutely spontaneous, not predictable, and I hesitate because a diagram of this sort could imply to some that what we are trying to do is re-condition Awareness (self-improve). (This is sort of what the question on page 12 is looking for.)

We like to have things to rely on, systems, but really, re-conditioning is not the answer. What the conscious person relies on is his *purpose*. That is the reference point, not any specific "standard" action in place of a particular Not-I, though if one were to draw the POM diagram of any specific conscious event, it might look like that.

So rather than risk misleading anyone, I will put the information here *sans* the diagram.

- When No.1, "Complain," arises we can rather remember that this is not meant to be an ideal world, and that I am free to experience a little discomfort.
- No.2 says "Stick up for rights." When we are tempted to do this we can remember that we have privileges instead, and rather than get into the anger mode necessary to stick up for rights, we can be thankful for the privileges we do have. (And we can remember, too, that the best way to lose privileges is to start demanding them.) Also, we can remember that I *already have* the only right that counts—the right to be in charge of my own inner state. Nobody can take that away, so what's to stick up for?
- No.3 says "Please for effect." We can stop that altogether, see it for the horse-trade it is, and make a contribution instead, expecting *nothing* in return. And/or we can practice *consideration*—considering where the other person is coming from, what light he has as the moment, and respond to him accordingly.
- No.4 says "Quote and obey authorities." We can remember that the only authority in our whole world is within—it is our Purpose, which we made, all by ourselves. We can change "They say" into "My purpose is..."

Psychology (Continued from Page 16)

value only as tools to use to discover our inner selves. They do not *account* for our experience today, they do not.

It is entirely up to us what we experience today, not to our families or former school teachers and playmates. ⊗

- No.5 says "I should act or be different than I feel; I should self-improve." It feels guilty and inferior. Every time these harmful emotions arise I can immediately search for and identify the false standard I am comparing myself to (and laugh).
- No.6 says "If only he, she, it or they were different, I would be comfortable." Blame. Every time that particular heat arises I can use it to remember that he, she, and they are/were doing whatever to them at that moment is felt to be right, proper and justified. And "it" is just the way it is here, challenging.

There is nothing at all wrong with re-conditioning in this way, but the re-conditioning is not necessarily consciousness, it is a *bridge* to consciousness. So if it works for you to have this handy pattern available to refer to while you are Working at correcting erroneous decisions, by all means use it. Use *whatever* it takes to keep on track.

You've heard me say this before, and I may be biased (I think it's an invention right up there with say the discovery of fire or the wheel), but I think that the *Science of Man* with its Picture of Man is a magnificent, living, evolving, organic thing. It is the absolute bare bones, the skeleton if you will, of the human being; the Work done over the years puts the flesh on the New Man, and each will be a little different as the individual's evolvment continues. I am positive that you will discover this for yourself as you continue your endeavors. So if we were to make a picture of a conscious person, and there were, say, 400 fully conscious people in the world (an optimistic view), there would have to be not only 400 different pictures of conscious man, but a different one for each unique event experienced by each one of them!

It occurs to me, though, that this may be a wonderful exercise for people like you and me who like this approach. At night you could make a little diagram of how you handled certain events throughout the day, maybe several diagrams for each day. It might be fun. Although I discovered the picture you described about ten years before Rhondell wrote it down for the newsletter—(I vividly remember scribbling it on a paper placemat for my friend Dr. Neil at a rather ecstatic lunch in a restaurant full of plain-clothes cops in Chinatown! Neil, do you remember??)—I'm sorry I never thought of applying it in the way of a continuous exercise; there was a time when I would have really enjoyed making notebooks full of such pictures!

Thank you so much for taking the time to write. You are helping make A] a living organism in its own right, not just Christine's view of things, and I appreciate it. ⊗

NOTES

Annie (Continued from Page 9)

comprehension—so beautiful!—there was a little prayer book, oh it was lovely, white and shiny with gold on the edges. And she opened it up and couldn't believe the beauty it beheld. There was a little oval recess in the padded cover and a magnificent tiny cross made of a pearly substance, with a golden Jesus, and it was all lined in satin, just like the ribbon on her dress. And it was hers to keep, because there on the page next to the cross was her own name, "Anne," in the same lovely hand, and the date. It was the prettiest book she had ever seen, far prettier than any book she could have imagined. And it was a present for her.

And Annie looked up from her gifts and around the room and smelled what almost seemed like special perfume, though she knew it must just be the furniture polish, and the desks were still glowing and the book was glowing and she rubbed the fine paper of the scroll. Everything was so still, serene, quiet... and Annie was overwhelmed with appreciation, someone had done this just for her, gifts, and everything aglow, and she was not afraid here, *Thank you, thank you*, and maybe this is what First Communion was all about, and Annie was in bliss and so very glad to be alive. And she knew that everything was all right.

Annie again new Love.

And then the nuns led them to the church, and they did what they had rehearsed and her family was there and the wafer stuck in her throat a bit, and soon everything was back to normal. But Annie knew that night that this had been a very special day. And she said *Thank You* again as she went to sleep.

□

And life marched on and Annie had good times and bad times and lots of things happened, (and Mommy never left and Daddy didn't leave, either, until Annie did the day after high school graduation), and it was a long, long time before she new Love again. But when at last she did, she remembered it—I have been here before, I know this, this is God, and everything is okay, and I know Love. ☉

End of Joke (Continued from Page 16)

Alas, though, three nights later, the new bell ringer got stinking drunk. He staggered up the spiral staircase, lurched toward the bell, and struck it with this forehead. As he stood there swaying, the bell swung back and knocked him out of the tower and onto the cobblestones below.

Again the police arrived. "Do you know *this* man, Mr. Quasimodo?"

"Yes, he too was an employee of mine," answered the hunchback.

"May we have his name, please?"

"I don't know his name either, but he's a dead ringer for his brother."

(From *The Miracle of Language* by Richard Lederer, Pocket Books.)

Misc.

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Recently I connected with a whole new world—CompuServe.

You can reach me there if you wish. Send a message, download an epistle or other file, order catalogs or books & tapes (C.O.D. only; sorry, we can't extend credit). We're listed under my name, and my I.D. number is _____ (Address through Internet is _____ Note comma is changed to a period.) What fun this is, I have a whole new sphere of people to play with, and access to a tremendous amount of information. If there are enough of you out there interested, it occurred to me our own BBS, or maybe even forum, might be a good experiment. But keep in mind I'm a neophyte at this—I would need assistance to set it up. I'll wait to hear from you.

Now available—"The Master of the Inn."

The Inn is a refuge in the woods somewhere where broken-down, burned out, disheartened men gather. The Master not only rehabilitates them but heals them, he makes them whole. Though there isn't a woman in sight, it is one of the greatest love stories you'll ever read.

It is set in a bygone era where men for the most part were gentlemen, even broken down ones. Don't be fooled by its external quaintness, though. It is a magnificent tale of agape—real Love—appropriate for any time.

Harmony Workshop has published this novella in book-let form. A nice gift. \$9 plus postage.

New catalog, new stuff—available soon.

Harmony Workshop's new book and tape catalog will be ready soon; it will be sent as soon as it's the new books are ready. We will have some new things—new format editions of old standbys, and, by popular request, the *Science of Man* 48 lessons in workbook form (new books and workbook should be ready this fall); new videos of Rhondell workshops and audio tape of *The Bedtime Story*, *Transformation* posters, and *Master of the Inn* ready now. We are making arrangements to offer Visa and MasterCard purchases (but not over the phone—write or use CompuServe E-mail).

Study Groups?

We had a call from a man who is moving to Pennsylvania inquiring about *Science of Man* study groups. I am aware of a few groups around the country but none in Pennsylvania. If you have a group there and would welcome a newcomer, please let me know and I will get him in touch with you. If you have a study group which you would like listed in *Awareness Journal*, let me know where, when, the nature of the group (listening to tapes, discussions, or ?) and the cost.

Feminine (Continued from Page 2)

we tried. What we can do is contemplate it. We can watch those events as though they were movies, we can be a spectator now, instead of a continually reincarnated participant. We can watch the movie objectively, watch "her" or "him" instead of me, me, me. It is a fine skill, contemplation, and takes some effort to acquire and to perfect, but it can be done, and is its own reward.

Yielding, receiving... Who yields, these days? If city traffic is any reflection at all of the inner state of a populace, it is obvious that "yielding" is a lost art. In the most literal form of the male-female/masculine-feminine model, obviously the female yields or there is no union (or, unyielding, the union is rape). This applies to Soul, too. And yielding allows receiving.

There are so many little ways we can work on this, and yet we are all so stalwart, we stand firm, we stick up for rights and will *not* be controlled! Yielding is not necessarily being controlled... but it is relinquishing control, and so what? Before I got into the Work I firmly believed that one must control to avoid being controlled, that there was no other way, no middle ground, no alternative. I have learned since that there is something altogether different, and now I can yield, and thus receive, or at least get out of someone's way, graciously, without being controlled whatsoever, and still be firmly in charge. What a liberation!

If you want to work on this, start watching yourself refusing to yield. What are you defending? Your right not to be controlled? Only you are in charge of that, no one else. So why bother to "defend" what is yours alone, which no one can take from you? Watch yourself when someone gives you something, or a compliment, watch yourself immediately refuse it, or send them a check later, or carry around a tally in your head of what you "owe" them—you are refusing to yield, you are refusing their gift, you are insisting it be a business deal, you are trying to control. Watch when you interrupt someone... why not yield occasionally, allow them to express themselves without your editing, allow them to be, yield to them, receive them, receive their imperfection, perhaps, and love them anyway.

Life wants to give us so much, and we must prepare to receive, and the very best way is to start working on these little things, to get in a different place, a place where we are free to yield, where we are *able* then to receive.

With ambiguity... To yield and receive with ambiguity means that we can say "I don't know." I don't always know what is right, what I or another "should" do or be. It means I don't know and don't care what may be ideal, because I don't hold ideals up as goals for myself and everyone else. It means we don't have to always question the motives of a giver or a doer, it means that we don't have to have a guarantee before we yield. It means we are willing to accept whatever is given: yes, we can value it, or not, and will, as we may, but we can wait a bit, we can contemplate its value, we can exist for a time in a little uncertain space of ambiguity without the terror of "losing control."

The intangible, the hidden, the secret, the absorbing... These are not attributes highly prized in our scientific society, not at all. Their only value is as objects to make tangible, overt, defined and explained, controlled, and most especially measured (or they don't exist at all, according to science, if unmeasurable) and the sooner the better. But the feminine is intangible, it is a *function* of life, it is as intangible as any other function. We can measure the heart and blood vessels in certain ways, but just how tangible is "circulation"? It is a function and when it leaves, all the measurable parts are still there for a time, but where is circulation? This is true of any function, the mechanism may be measurable but the function is intangible. The Soul is hidden, usually, although certainly there is a radiation when it exists that can be perceived. But Soul takes in, absorbs impressions, doing this quietly and constantly, without a fuss, without fanfare, she is there and quiet and ever vigilant, and she is hidden. We do not need to dissect her, we do not need to poke and prod and lay Awareness out like a slab of meat, analyzing and picking, psychology run amok. Let her be, there is a veil, it is for her protection, and she is hidden, and that is all right.

Patience. Oh what prizes to the one who owns this! And to all who enter her sphere. Patience is not valued in the man-made world, its necessity is seen as victimization. Instant gratification is seen as birthright, patience as some long-suffering coping mechanism forced on us in this vale of tears. Our masculine brains and aching bodies have no time or use for patience, not at all.

Yet the very nature of the feminine is patience, and the very nature of female demonstrates this: waiting for the bread to rise, waiting for her prince charming, waiting for her late period, waiting to be *heard*, waiting for her baby to come, waiting for her besotted lover to come. Women know waiting, they know it intimately. But do we, does our feminine, know patience? I think the only way to really *become* patient, outside of discipline and will-power, no fun at all and a contrivance (because it's self-improvement, not understanding), is to watch and understand how the Four Forces work, to accept that we live in a realm where all things occur in process, where time is a governor, where every journey is by necessity composed of steps of some kind, in time, in time. If you want to work on patience, start looking for the Four Forces every-where, identify them all day long and through the night. When you begin to look you will be astounded, all things are the dance of these elements—Initiative, Resistance, Form, Result—all things. When you watch this undulation, you will be awed, and you will, in time, become patient. There is no other way to *Be*.

Cooperation. Now this is one attribute of the feminine that is certainly appreciated, because it is so rare. It's the antithesis of competition, and how in the world would our institutions exist without competition? But just look what is accomplished with cooperation, instead of "us and them"—we. I have lots of friends outside the Harmony Workshop realm, people who have no idea what [continued next page =>]

I do here, who are not specifically aware of hearing the words of the Teaching (and I do make an effort that they see it demonstrated). Lots of these are business settings, and I attend meetings and get the inside dope on what is going on, and watch with great interest people relating. A very special one of these is a small group of women who have invited me to participate in a video production. [See below.] What a marvelous group this is, so different, and so very feminine, in the sense we are using the word here, as a function of Spirit. There is no competition whatsoever. There is total cooperation, single purpose, yet each woman with a unique perspective, a unique contribution to make. Conversations are utterly circular rather than linear and often almost baroque—we discuss books we've read and men we know, feminism, restaurants, and all the time the thread of our project is attended and our purpose is nurtured and everybody *listens*, each of us is *heard, received*. It is so quintessentially feminine and absolutely devoid of competition, and in time is sure to bear fruit. I marvel each time we meet, thinking of men friends in business (and some women, too), who are out to kill, suspicious, impatient, voracious, intent on rolling over everybody. There is another way.

Incubation. Think about it! Occurring in the dark; hidden, mysterious—yet something happening, something wonderful. Whether a little bird's egg, a human embryo, an invention, a caterpillar about-to-be butterfly, any project at all. Incubation, that wondrous time after insemination where the idea takes shape. This is the realm of the Feminine, this is what happens in the medium of her feeling. Communion, insemination, incubation, creation. Yes, Awareness is a womb. Here is where patience, serenity, is mandatory, impatience is the angel of death. We don't always know the "how" of a thing... we can know how mechanically, but who knows how Life performs its magic? Incubation is magic, it is the realm of the unknown yet expected, it is faith, evidence of things unseen. It is a sacred mystery, and it is feminine.

The poetic... Who has time for poetry? What a luxury, that's what I tell myself. The thinker has little patience with poetry, it takes a special kind of work to experience it, it's not worth the trouble or there's just not enough time. How sad, what a loss for busy people. Poetry disdains grammar

Would you like to participate in our group long distance? Have you ever wanted to write a screenplay? Do you have a favorite *obscure* heroine from times past who might be the subject of a video in this series?

Our intention is to furnish 13 scripts, for a series on "Rescuing from obscurity the contributions of women of the past." So far we are working on Perpetua, an early Christian Roman martyr who kept a fascinating diary; Sorra Juana, a Mexican nun who wrote poetry; a Medieval Japanese woman who wrote the classic saga *Tale of the*

Genji, Catalina de Erauso, a Spanish woman who posed as a man and became a priest; and a so-far undetermined American pioneer woman. We are also pursuing Hypatia, ancient Greek physician; and a Spanish artist who kept company with the big boys of her time. We are looking for others.

You can participate in several ways. We need researchers who are willing to dig up as much information as possible about these women, and type it up nicely, or locate books we can purchase; these books need to be read and the pertinent information extracted. Some of the above names

and structure, maybe, or transmutes it, it values rhythm, beauty, paradox. It is really an androgynous thing, masculine words and feminine manner, but certainly it is a containment of the masculine, a molding and shaping of ideas, a unique production, part of a woman's world, Spirit utterly confined yet liberated—paradox—by feminine Awareness.

Almost last on Gertrud's list is *Wisdom*. Thinking of Wisdom I imagine the High Priestess of the Tarot Cards, sitting on her throne, guarding the temple, power personified, serene, regal, discriminating, knowing who can enter. (And that headdress of hers, to me, suggests a little humor, though this of course exposes my thoroughly contemporary and American ignorance and rootlessness.) Wisdom is what happens when we see selflessly and act consciously. When we meet challenges with right purpose, understanding the nature of challenge, when we accept whatever arises with grace. Wisdom is graceful, discerning, she is still and yet she can *do*. Wisdom is power. I have said in these pages before that I think of Spirit as something like lightning, incredible force roaring about... and tamed by its bride, Awareness, tamed into all that is good and awesome and of value in this world. If we are to survive, we need her. Awareness must awaken Spirit within so that we can prosper, so that we can live and thrive, so that we can be fully human. What a majestic mission this is, and Life depends on her. ⊗

THE FOUR FORCES

1st Force—INITIATIVE

Single-minded Idea, Spirit, Will, Penetrator, Inseminator

2nd Force—RESISTANCE

Arises to oppose 1st Force, Receives, Contains, Shapes, Molds, Incubates

3rd Force—FORM

Object or Event; tangible

4th Force—RESULT

Something to respond to.

An Invitation

are fairly well researched already; others are not. This work, I know, would be welcomed by the group, immediately.

If you would then like to write your own script, this will be submitted. About half the group are experienced screenwriters and can assist; there are good books that teach this, too.

No one is being paid at the moment, although this is not a volunteer effort—we intend to make money when funded.

If you are interested, let me know. You are cordially invited to participate. ⊗