

# Chapter 4

## Exegesis Part One

### Purgation

It was approximately 6.45 p.m. when a friend called me on the telephone to enquire if I would like to go over to his place for a few games of chess. I explained to him that I was baby sitting as my wife had just gone out for the evening with friends and would not be back until quite late. I was just on the verge of inviting him over to my place when, without thinking, I said that I would give it a miss tonight and simply have a bath and an early night. I did not know why I had said that, for I do not usually talk without thinking as to what I am going to say. I did quite fancy the idea of a few games of chess and rarely ever turned down the opportunity. Nevertheless, having said it I let it ride.

The two youngsters were tucked up for the night and the paraphernalia of childhood joy was tidied up as I sat down at about 7 p.m. I had just placed a couple of large logs on the fire and put a record on the machine at random with the intent of a few minutes peace and quiet before going up for a bath. If I had known in advance as to what was going to transpire over the course of the next three hours I would have employed a baby sitter and a witness as to my own physical condition for the duration of that period of time.

Thus it was that at approximately 7 p.m. on a late winter/early spring evening I, a mere ignoramus of twenty four years of age, sat down for a few minutes to read the paper and listen to a record prior to having a bath and an early night. Just as I sat down in the chair in front of the fire our old cat jumped up on to my lap. It took me by surprise for I had not seen it coming and thus the thought of leaning over for the newspaper went right out of my mind. I made a fuss of the cat as it rolled over into the well of my lap with its legs pointing skyward. As I stroked its belly it gave out a purr that was almost as loud as a car engine revving, and fit to rock the chair we were sitting in. I smiled and wondered how they did it, and why. I continued to make a fuss of the cat without any further thought of reading the paper. In so doing I suddenly became aware of the record which I had put on simply for background music.

It turned out to be the last part of the Enigma Variations which was to be followed later by the Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis by Vaughan Williams (how ironic are those two titles; fantasia and enigma indeed). At that time neither of those pieces were favourites of mine, it just happened to be the record I pulled out. The music began to sound like nothing I had ever heard before or since.

It was as though the music was trying to make me aware of IT. It permeated my consciousness in ways that words cannot describe. I had a fleeting thought; one of those unsolicited 'pop in' thoughts which said "sod the paper, listen to the music old son"; and I thought, "Yeah... this is good" ! In today's language I suppose we would say that the music was reaching parts that no other Largo could get to. I had always loved music, music of all kinds, for it all had its time, place, and mood; but *this* was more than mere music, more than mere sound. I relaxed back into the rocking chair with the cat still purring away like a traction engine on my lap, although the sound was becoming drowned into the distance by the beauty of the music, when suddenly, something very strange occurred; and the beginning of I knew not what.

Instead of relaxing it was as though my concentration was becoming focused, so sharp; like a narrow beam of pointed conscious awareness focusing and concentrating like I had never done before; even in the midst of chess problems during a good game, and that alone is concentration enough, but this was more so. The music had reached a degree of profound beauty which I had never known or thought could have existed. In so attaining I somehow relaxed into it, a kind of letting go of objective observation. I gave a kind of unusual sigh and an outward exhalation of breath like a long *AHH*; and just as I did so - everything vanished, instantaneously, just like creation being switched off by the throw of a switch. There was no room, no cat, no sound of the fire burning or the clock ticking; no cats purring, no chair, no body, no weight, no mass, no heat or cold, no gravity, no up or down or this way or that way; there was just total blackness and the sound of the music which was passing through my consciousness in waves. This is not a poetic description of my listening to the music, it is literal.

At the very instant of '*going*' it was as though my ears had been turned inside out; for at one instant the music was objective, on the outside, and the next instant it was taking place 'all around', for there was no inside and outside as such. Nevertheless it was as though the music was passing through the point (which I was) like waves on a pond and each wave was of greater emotional charge than the one before it; as though each wave was preparing me for the next wave, and building up into... into I did not know what. In some respects it was like being kidnapped by divine music, perfection; the only thing that existed in creation was myself and the music.

It was as though the '*AHH*' was still going on but going on in the vastness of the space of the mind alone. It became a reality in which there was no dualistic reference between myself and music, but as though there was only 'I AM the music' in a dance, a swoon, of excitement, awe, and wonder. After an immeasurable duration of time that piece of music ended, and there was a stillness and quiet as cannot be described. I did not question (at that point) that I had no body or existence other than awareness of being. Neither would I have had the time to think of such things for the next piece of music began. To say that the next piece of music began is the understatement of all time. It did not begin, it flowed. It flowed out of nothingness, like... like I know not what.

Within a few seconds of the music emanating into my consciousness there came the most frightening experience I have ever known in my life, before or since. The passion and beauty of the sounds were such that my mind went... bang ! I blew up, fell apart, exploded, or so it seemed. As I did so I could see, I had vision, I was no

longer in total blackness listening to the music for I could see myself exploding and expanding. It seemed to be like the big bang itself. I could still hear the music, and it was just as well that I could for my mind clung to the sound to try and quell the fear and panic which was taking place. I could see what can only be described as streaked out dots of light which I was expanding into and flying through like a supernova. It was like I did not even have time to be frightened, even though I was. I was somehow trying to turn the eyes which I had away from the rushing lights and the vision of this expansion and concentrate upon the music. But those eyes (heaven only knows as to with what one could see - but see one could) were eyes that we cannot open or close by our own volition; one could not switch the vision or the experience off. Just as I thought I was going to expand into infinity and fade away into nothingness the expansion stopped. My mind gradually stopped expanding and I metaphorically gave a sigh of relief; but there was no breath or lungs with which to do it. At that point it was as if I were in a kind of unbounded dome of blackness, and I consisted of nothing except a point of consciousness with no boundary or duration, no form; just consciousness. I could see what appeared to be tiny points of light coming into and out of existence all over the space which I existed within. Much like the vision one would get with ones eyes nearly closed while seeing sunlight spots dancing on the surface of a fast flowing river. It was like creation '*stuff*' coming and going all the time. Throughout all this I could still hear the music. Then, the next shock to my system, if a system I had. The dots of light that seemed to be coming into and out of existence as far as one could see suddenly turned into the music which I could hear, and I could not only hear the music but now also see it.

There are no words to describe such music made of light. It is a vision which unlike other vision cannot be recreated by imagination within the mind from hindsight; it can only be seen and known at the time of the event. I saw the music flowing toward me. It was in colours such that we know and some that we do not know. The essential quality of the light was equal to that of the sound of the music. The light itself and the colours were not different things as we tend to know coloured light by reflections or as sources of light emanating from a certain point. The music was the light, the colour was the light. It did not flow from anything except uncreated into created. The fear that I had experienced throughout the expansion or whatever it was had now gone and there was nothing but I and the music which I was now within: I became the music; there was not an I and an it. As this event continued I became aware that I 'KNEW' the music. That is to say that I knew it backwards, forwards, inside out, one note at a time or all at once; and I could see it anyway I wanted to see it. I could become the melody, which I did; I could become the harmony, which I did. I could be one note or the whole piece of the music. Reality is stranger than fiction; and a damn sight better.

Whilst this divine dance of music in unison was going on I become aware that I was of two natures somehow enshrined in one. There came a point whilst I was swimming in this light and music when I became aware that I was looking at myself objectively, and it did not seem strange at the time. '*Myself*' did not consist of a body but only of light, but I knew it was me, and I thought, "The little one is having the time of his life", (which indeed he was), but the other me, or the me of the personality, did not know this was going on; only the other bit knew that. Likewise were all these things not being thought about as we do out here in the world of temporal forms, but somehow they were just known, and seen, and felt, and enjoyed.

(Many years latter I came to call this level of visions by the name of ARKON IMAGE EMANATIONS.) I became aware at that point that there were two aspects of myself. One which I refer to as the person and one which I refer to as the personality; the latter of which is an extension and emanation of the former and thus a perceived duality, albeit a oneness in the structure of an inter-dimensional vortex of self existence. I cannot refer to two 'I's' thus I will use the terms person and personality for simplicity. It is not so much a case of two aspects of consciousness but more the case of what part of the vortex of emanation the consciousness is existing within at that instant. One cannot observe from both points of reference at the same instant however, it is either one or the other. And it even gets far more complex. But let us proceed in the order of the unfolding events.

At this point, and even though one was aware of what was going on at the time, one was not 'bothered about it' so to speak, for I was only really concerned about the love of the reality itself, the music, the sound, the vision, the event itself, for it was indeed a divine dance of the spheres. It was passion and reality unimaginable; creation par excellence, by magic. The shift from one point of consciousness to the other is not an act of wilful intent on my (the personalities) part; it simply occurred as far as I was aware. As to how long this music and light experience lasted is impossible to say, for although it was a temporal process it was a kind of temporality other than is known in 'normal' or everyday awareness in temporal forms. Likewise the visions and objects of vision (the Arkons) were not thought of as extant things existing in their own right such as a tree or a mountain, for it was known and understood to be being created at the time and only for its duration and effect.

There came a point however when things changed. I suddenly had an entirely different vision. It was just at the point when I knew the music was going away, ending. My perspective of vision was such that I could see a being, a young boy of about twelve years of age if appearances were anything to go by. He was illuminated in a brilliance of light and colour, as the music had been, and existing in otherwise total darkness, but lighting that darkness up around him like an aura. He was sitting on his bum (with nothing underneath him) with one arm wrapped around his knees which were folded up to his chin, and waving goodbye to the music with the other hand. It was not a vision of any boy or person I had ever seen or known but I knew that I had to take the vision as myself, yet not the self of the personality which I knew to be me. Indeed it was the old me which was doing the observing and learning. Such archetypal visions are a kind of learning without any words, and which are not reasoned or rationalised and yet they are understood implicitly and without thinking about them; the experience is the thing itself and the knowledge and understanding is implicit and axiomatic; thus it is a dialogue without dialogue, and synetic in its nature. Hence, archetypal 'Synetic Dialogue'.

I could see the boy waving goodbye to the music and I could see the music fading away into a distance and into nothingness; being uncreated just as easily as it had been created. I also implicitly knew as to what was going on inside him and as to how he felt. He did not want anything; he did not fear the music leaving him, for he loved it -and that was sufficient. I cannot find the words to describe the passion and feelings which that child knew and felt; but he was perfect; and an act which I knew that I could not follow. As the music went further away the sound of it also diminished.

It eventually faded away into nothingness and the boy was alone in his own radiance in otherwise total blackness and nothingness. Then the vision disappeared, and there was nothing. I was alone with my boring old self, and once again able to think and rationalise in the usual manner and seemingly in the usual time span of thinking. Yet I was alone in a darkness in which I had no form other than conscious awareness. I realised that any perception or illusion of 'otherness', or another part of myself, was gone and I was alone with my normal personality of the outside world. Yet the world was gone, everything was gone except my self consciousness and its memories. What on earth, (or wherever it be), is going on; and why ? From hindsight one would assume that in such a situation one would be terrified, for it was like being buried alive (a good analogy); however, the thought of the music which had preceded this situation must have taken the fear away, even though I felt a feeling of great apprehension and a degree of worry. Is one going to be stranded here for all time maybe ? Is this death ? Or am I still sitting in the chair with my mind having slipped out of joint somehow ? Have I gone insane ? The thoughts that pass through ones mind are at times uncontrollable, and in this situation one does not know what to think. Surely if I just sit quiet (as if I could do anything other) and hang about something will happen; something must happen; I can't just hang about here for ever; wherever 'here' is. Perhaps someone will come into the room soon and realise that my mind has got stuck inside and cart me off to a place to get it out again.

It was however, the first chance I had to think about what the hell was going on; one minute I am sitting in the chair minding my own business and the next minute... zap, and the world has disappeared, or I from it - which is it ? I knew for sure that I wanted out from whatever I was in but there was nothing I could do about it at all; for I had no control of anything. Just at that point however, and before I had the chance to get really fed up, something did happen. I was just thinking how nice it would be to go into the kitchen and get a beer or a cup of coffee when something came. I could not see what it was for it was still total darkness but I could somehow feel the presence of something I knew not what... Then I heard a voice ! To say that one heard a voice is not true in the sense that one normally hears a voice in objective terms across a distance, but it was indeed very much like it and also sounded within my mind or consciousness somehow. As though the point of origin was somehow objective yet from a location from deeper down within myself somehow. Thus objective inwards not outwards, from 'below' as opposed to 'around' me. Something said, or gave me the understanding by way of perceiving a voice...

*"Do you want to go on"?*

I cannot describe how I felt about that. Nothing would actually shock me (I think) after what had transpired since the world had disappeared. Yet this 'request' was experienced as totally objective; it was not me that was asking the question; it was something else. I was too stunned to even think about the meaning of the question yet alone as to where it came from; for something, even an odd sounding voice, was better than nothing at all, if indeed it was a voice. Without thinking I inwardly yelled out (for the lack of putting it into other words, and more in panic); "Go on what" ? "Go on further", came the reply or understanding. I was amazed at the logic and reasoning, but I wanted nothing else other than normality to be re-established. I was just about to reply (for if you can't beat it join it), "No thanks; I have had a wonderful time thank you very much, but I think it's about time that I was getting back to

normality right now if its all the same to you". (You might as well go out laughing I thought). As I was about to respond however, I was suddenly washed, bathed, drowned in a passion, a love, a swoon of ecstasy; in which I responded in a way which was a kind of choice which was no choice; an offer one cannot refuse. (And not the kind of bath I had intended). I replied to whatever, or wherever, the question emanated from... "OK, let's do it, lets go on further" ! I did not even know what the question meant yet alone as to from whence it came.

The next thing I was aware of was that the profound overwhelming emotion had gone and I was then alone again - but something was different - stone me, my mind is BENT... out of shape, distorting ! I was now experiencing not 'nothing' but decidedly being inside of something - inside my own mind which was being squeezed out of shape. Why is my mind not round ? The things one thinks at such time. It was as if I could see the edges of my own mind in a fuzzy darkness, with my consciousness being like a point at its centre. My mind was being squeezed out of shape, or so it seemed. It was narrower at one point than at the other; a bit like a pear. I underwent an experience of being squeezed and I did not like it one bit. I became very anxious; or near on panic is more like it. I had a distinct urge to try and punch a hole in my collapsing mind in order that I could get out, escape, before being squashed along with it. I yelled out.... "Oy, there's some sod out there pulling my mind around and I cannot stop it". I felt real panic coming on fast. The restricting became worse. "If you don't pack it in I am going to be squashed inside it... sod off" ! I was about to hurl other choice obscenities when all of a sudden I heard the voice again....

*"Relax, take it smoothly"!*

I was just about to reply "bugger off" when I suddenly started moving. "Relax, he says... stone me... I'm moving... the whole bloody shebang is sliding away and with me inside it" ! "Good grief almighty what the hell is happening" ! "Relax, everything is as it should be, keep calm and relax" ! "Relax, he says, who's driving this thing anyway... how do I know its passed its bloody driving test ? And where is it going anyway... go on tell me that" ? "Keep quiet, shut up and relax" ! With that command, or suggestion, I was stunned to the core;... "Oh yes, relax... OK, I'll relax" ! Bloody liar I thought to myself, who the hell could relax in a situation like this... this is too ridiculous for words or thought... yet alone happening ! The moving began to judder; we were up against something of a resistance (me I guess)... "Relax" ! "I am relaxing"! (why can't I be unconscious or dead or something) ! I tried hard to think on good things as one does in the dentist chair while under diabolical pain; although there was no pain here, only fear. Make out nothing's happening I thought to myself. The juddering felt like whatever was clogging the works was fighting a losing battle in some inevitable way. There was a huge tug - then a release. I zoomed off like a bullet from a gun; into, or out of what I knew not.

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