

Chapter 12

Essences

It is often said, and in many cases believed it seems, that everything in time changes. Or to put the other way around '*time changes everything*'. But it is not true. If everything changed in time then there would be nothing to recognise change (temporal conscious existence recognises change – essential consciousness does not) and no underlying structure to change it. And if there were nothing to recognise time then the concept would not even exist. It would certainly seem to be the case however that every physical thing or object changes in time, or changes in due course. However, gravity seems to be consistent: the quantum dimension of physics seems to be constant: electromagnetism seems to be consistent; and one could go on. There are also other less tangible things which exist throughout time which time and change does not effect. Love is no different today than it was ten thousand years ago or at the dawn of human existence on earth. Beauty does not change. The truth of mathematics does not change. Truth itself does not change. But these things are even much different from those of gravity and electromagnetism in that they are totally intangible. And this is only in this dimension of existence – where change does exist.

Many have attempted to define and simplify such things as wisdom, love, beauty and truth: these are things known as essences or mysterious qualities. And yet we never really know what an essence is independent of that eternal quality we find in something itself. Both art and music are good examples. You cannot see an essence, you can only feel it. And yet *feeling* is not an outward sense detector and therefore the existing paradigm or at least many people do not accept it as true: for only things known by way of the five outer senses are true by many people in today's world. All mystics have at least one thing in common – sensitivity to a high degree. The degree to which a human being can feel joy and pain is a direct correlation to which they can pick up subtle cosmic vibes and the essences of being. So we get rid of all that emotional and essential phenomena. Do so and you will die whilst still alive - and not the mystic type of death but the existential one: into spiritual bankruptcy.

Life as we experience it on earth is more about feeling it than it is about seeing it, touching it, hearing it, smelling it, or tasting it. Feeling it is also more about *knowing it* than seeing it is. Thus it is, that even in a physical and changing world and universe, that the most important things in our lives are the evergreen intangible essences themselves. The outer senses alone are but periscopes above the waves... but what are they attached to under the surface of time and space? When you grow old you will begin to live in a world of the past - your own world of past experience. You will begin to feed off your own memories of this lifetime. At such time it is important to have many good memories, and not too much regret and remorse thrown in.

It is a very strange thing indeed that in memory one can somehow come to feel it all over again... the essential quality of the events and relationships of your past life. Even more strange is that the inner re-living of such past events in memory can reproduce old sensations such as smell. But that is not all they can reproduce. One often hears the young say such things as '*The poor old sod has nothing left but memories, and they live in the past*'. My first reply to such blatant ignorance would be that one hopes that the young will have a past worth remembering when they are old. My second reply would be to say do not feel sorry for them for they are having a whale of time living in the past – and on the occasions which they do, which is nothing like all the time. They are not of course 'living' in the past they are re-living it in memory and essential quality only. But those memories also have the power (or rather the mind and psyche does) of re-emanating those known essences: for essences transcend the time and space of the temporal mind; and they are ALWAYS THE SAME and have the same effect and feeling: they never change. They always produce the same inner depth feeling. That is one definition of an essential quality, or an essence. They are detectable, axiomatic, effective, irrefutable, yet indefinable.

The next *miracle* associated with this is that the essential quality and nature of past experiences can be felt even more when the event is not actually happening in extended reality. This is very weird and strange: but true. There are many things which we like and enjoy which are happening at the time of course (hopefully): but such things become even more alive and potent in essential quality in mind than they were when the actual event itself was happening (for the mind is focused on this only). The ground of being itself is just like that; except that you cannot even remember a past life at all whilst in it, the essences alone remain, and operating at ultimate – full volume – for the lack of a better word.

What *is* an essence then? I am not sure in absolute terms, other than that it is the thing, the quality, without which that thing could not be. Like love and beauty it is the reception of vibrations which have no enharmonics, and thus in resonance with that fundamental quality of being. But one can perhaps best define it as that eternal quality which is intrinsic within something and which remains when the thing which encapsulates it has gone. Strangely enough the essence of something can be known even better when the thing, object, or event which encapsulated it is in fact gone. Memory has more than one function it seems. One learns this fact by the very event of human memory itself, and even whilst alive on earth if you observe it closely. Moreover, why does one have to undergo this past recollection of life while in the mode of initial transcendence in one form or another. Some see pictures of their past life: others, like myself, simply *feel* those past experiences and somehow become forced to contemplate upon them: and this is not really by choice as it may seem to be at the time. Are we at that time passing on collected information, and our reactions to it, on to somewhere else for some kind of cosmological record maybe? Maybe not. But it happens for a good reason.

The eternal modality of mind, as I have mentioned, is really all about eternal essences, quality, and principles. It is not about the actual vision even though the actual vision is the ultimate essence and principle of visual beauty and grandeur. But the vision is not what it is all about. No, it is about the knowing and this gnosis of the eternal and everlasting essences of being, and the comprehension of therein.

Paradise is love without a created object of love. It is beauty without an object of beauty. It is wisdom with nothing to do about it or with it. It is about absolute pure truth without an event of truth (except the realm itself of course). It is wisdom also in knowing the truth of all these essential principles and qualities: and even beyond memory of anything other than it. And only in this way is it made to be uncontradictable - by being *in it and living it*. And of course not being able to argue with it; for there is no argument or debate there; it is not possible; for it is a mono-pole singular non changing reality. Whilst there it is simply a never ending perfection of existence – the real never ending story. But you and I out here know better; well, more in fact. And one realises that it is only the beginning and the end of being, and in essential quality of being; but it is not the middle, and it is not a dimension in which you and I have freedom and volition. And there is no communication with other beings – other beings are not even known to exist; for ‘everything’ there is a singularity – ‘I AM, and nothing is brought forth before me’ ! And so it is.

So, simply being told of either that realm, and as to what it feels like, and as to what ultimate essential being is like, would not prove it, it would not prove anything to anyone except that the speaker could speak. But being *in it* does prove it - and without argument or contradiction. You and I cannot do that for each other. Moreover, when back in temporal mind we can remember and feel all that, and the passion, just as though we were still in that transcendent realm of being, for the rest of our lives on earth even, it has become us on earth, and we it. They wonder why such people walk alone at times; but that is the effect. You can never ever forget it and you also continue to be affected by its essential nature acting on the topside mind and personality throughout your life. Is it worth knowing then? The after effect alone is indescribable. And what value could you put on it? How much would you pay for it if it were in a pill? Perhaps it is just a coincidence that I have never had an illness - not even a headache. Some pill to be sure. It works. (Pulling yourself together).

It is a very strange thing indeed, but if I were asked to say as to what I personally knew in anything like human comprehension of ‘actual things’ whilst in that dimension of being then the concept was that of a *jug*, a container of some kind, but an open container like a pipe or conduit through which the life force and these essential qualities and principles flowed up through. Like an instrument of music being played upon. That sums it up just about perfect. Paradise is the essence of eternal being. It is the realm, dimension, field, in which everything is taken from you (in the last act of absolute purgation; the last act of which is in annihilation itself): and then all that is left is the resurrection back into the original and primordial truth of primordial being, and a beauty, a gnosis of the eternal essences of creation and being; which are evergreen truths that never change. Time does not change everything then; neither does it change everything which is in and operative throughout time even in this temporal realm. Does consciousness, for example, age?

I have also said elsewhere that this level of being is not the first cause but rather the ground of our being; the first event of created personalised mind itself; and which is self evident whilst in there. But that there is something even deeper and beyond that realm itself; is self evident whilst there. But as to what it is then that cannot be known. Thus, the ‘Our father which art in heaven’ bit (as some have symbolised it in antiquity; and through either rank stupidity or sheer ignorance) is simply our root of self existence in that dimension; it is emphatically not the root and foundation of

creation itself, and it is nobodies father. That part of ourselves therein has been mistaken by nearly all religions of priestcraft to be the first cause, and that is obvious by what has been written and recorded. But we are but the first child of creation, and that is it. You and I do not create creation; and we do not know what did, nor how. And there is more than us dear Horatio. Moreover, you and I are not a him or a her in that place. Some religious priestcraft also symbolises this as a human being on earth and thus distorts and ruins the truth of it all. Well, not the truth as such but only that of peoples understanding of it on earth. Now, whatever that deeper 'thing' of no created thing is within itself, and which cannot be known independent of its emanations and essences anyway, it is obviously the root of where these essences have their origin. But in that root one would find that love, beauty, truth and wisdom are four faces and manifestations of the same thing. They are only experienced as different things here on earth. And obviously all a part of the manifestation of variety. The kind of – 'go forth and multiply'- phenomenon. And no, that does not mean breed like rabbits.

There is nothing more blind, wrong and dangerous than religions; and that is fact. And they have as much interest in truth and morality as I have chances of winning the lottery every week. Do not try to understand religions, for there is hardly anything of truth in them to be understood; but rather try to forget that any of them ever existed – and start again, and searching for truth yourself. As in fact I did – and others have done. It works. For if you open up all your equipment to the nature of reality then the nature of reality can do nought but reveal itself and flow through you. It is not an option on the part of reality; it is how it works and functions.

Just as in the physical universe all the physical forces are emanations of one singular energy at root beyond time. Love is the recognition of beauty which is truth, a truth which is beauty, and a beauty which is love. On earth these things are all different, but in paradise they are same thing... in ONE. The all in the ONE. I have also said that whilst in paradise we are also somehow connected, like an umbilical chord, to that deeper root and foundation of all being - the thing of no created thing (call it by whatever name you like, but a rose is a rose by any other – and best not call it anything at all; for it is the IS-NESS of what things are and how they work). And that umbilical chord is that of these eternal principles, qualities, essences, which flow up through us whilst there; the channel is not blocked up at that level of our being; it is an open conduit... as it can also become on earth itself in the paradise on earth event; the Consummatum Incarnate, or the Reciprocal Convergence of being. It is all very strange and mysterious but true and knowable by direct experience. And you and I have to face the fact that there are some things which cannot be known. But who cares anyway. And in all truth who would really want to know and understand everything – it would get mighty dull and boring. And to say nothing of lonely. Me thinks that a mind that knew everything would end its own existence.

Not only that but experience itself also makes sense - which is more than religions of priestcraft would ever do. And it could be symbolised in a million different ways no doubt. Even in their clumsy way most religions have said that the good things endure and the bad things are destroyed (and they use it as a threat). They have said it but they have also completely misunderstood it or misrepresented the truth of it.

Do they (the religious academics and scribes) simply judge by what they know and experience on earth itself. But you cannot, for paradise is so different; it is nothing whatsoever like life on earth; it is kind of opposite, a reciprocal reality. The essence and principles of all things remains then, (in paradise and at an even deeper level than paradise somehow; the life force phenomenon itself) but that which is not of essential nature does not remain. I have described what that place is like elsewhere, and what it feels like and what you learn there; and what I have said about it is so. Only the good remains there then; so it is a mono-pole reality; a singularity. Why should it not be the other way around then? For it would not have been my problem if it had been all bad experience, for I did not create it. I have no axe to grind or anything to prove to anyone; I simply say it as it is known and experienced to be. Why should it not be then that paradise is everything bad and nothing which is good then? An opposite mono-pole if you will? I do not know why; all I know is that *that* is how it is. Fact. I am nought but a reporter of these things - and I wish that I could make a better job of it too – for words seem to be useless to define quality – especially when I utter them.

Neither is there anything *bad* in Limbo or anywhere else in those fields; (other than what you cart there with you in memory of your past life of course) for there is nothing else experienced by consciousness in the Limbo field except your self and your past memories (all alone), and the time to think about them. I would mention also that an incident caused by another human being, no matter how bad it is, does not carry any remorse for yourself. It is only the mess which you cause that you have to live with for a while in that transitional field of being and synthesise it. Limbo is experienced as time without space (as far as consciousness and being in it is concerned anyway) and that paradise itself is space without moving time. As to what is happening in absolute objective terms beyond our experience of these things then that can not only never be known but is also totally academic to you and I whilst in it. If the food you are eating is really good and yet tastes horrible... then it tastes horrible; simple as that. *Ipsa Facto*.

In this life on earth we know well enough that time and space are not the same thing but that they are somehow closely tied up together. Indeed there are some who even believe or assume that somehow they are the same thing: but they are not the same thing. Time is not a phenomenon as such: it is an effect of phenomena. Space is an extant phenomenon in which events take place and unfold and change. But it is the changing events themselves which give rise to the effect which we call time. Nothing ever changes in paradise and it is always *now*. It is beyond moving time. Limbo lasts just as long as there exists resolution and synthesis to be done by that individual on its way home to its ground of being. One could make the analogy of a dark and empty waiting room. Hence there is nothing else that could be done other than to remember things and question yourself. There are no options such as ‘What shall I do or where shall I go’; one is in it and there is nothing one can do about it, and that is it.

Be warned then regard to remorse and that which you cart there with you; for it is not exactly a nice place to hang around in for very long; or in other words dead boring. But there is no such thing as an essence of something bad... and that is why they do not last. This does not mean that time is not real: for it *is* real; it is a real effect. But time does not cause anything or have any effect on anything. It is the things themselves, which effect each other that causes time to exist as an effect – not a phenomenon in its own right.

Time does not make you grow old, it is the physics of your form and their actions and interactions which make you grow old. These events do not take place 'IN' time, they create time. Time is the effect of these events in space unfolding. And the realm of no time does its own teaching. How can one envisage no time? A simple but good analogy would be that of a turning wheel or disk. At the very dead centre of that wheel there is a point of no extension or duration that does not turn (the axle), it is like the focal point of all the turning (energy movement) but whilst itself is in repose. Like the dead centre of a hub of a wheel. Now, Paradise is not that reality of absolute no extension and duration (for that is even deeper) but simply that of the first layer of movement around that point (the moving hub). In paradise there is movement, and it IS an orbit. The mere fact that our level of mindful existence there does not perceive moving time is because there is no change within it, no changing events (except coming out of it at some point; but you do not know that is going to happen until it is about to happen).

You and I in paradise are the *right hand movement* (hub) of the absolute focal point of all creation; the first emanation of the central creative act; the inner hub around a stationary axle of which all temporality is an extended force field beyond it... but which alters every day, every moment, every fraction of a second. Thus it is that space is real in extant terms and that time is only real in terms of the effects of mass and movement. Space is an essential quality of creation whereas time is the product of the change and effects of actual extant phenomena in that space.

If, for example, only one object (mass or blob of matter) existed in the physical universe, and assuming that there was nothing to have effects upon that blob of matter, then time would not exist at all. If there were two objects in that space, and if they did not undergo change themselves, and their movement was in constant harmony with a similar velocity and direction then time would still not exist. There is only one thing in paradise, proto-physic consciousness, and we are all *it*. Like drops of cognitive rain water returning to the ocean from whence it originally came.

It is often asked as to how an object can be said to occupy a point in space and yet be said to be moving through that space at the same instant... a so called paradox. It is not a paradox at all, for the thing does not move through objective space, it occupies its own space and its own space moves with it in the vortices of all other objects spaces. The universe expands not by virtue of 'more space' coming into existence but by virtue of mass, gravity and repulsion of mass and their radiation's of energy fields. A thing requires its own space; and yet the density of its own gravity distorts not only physical light but also time itself as an effect. (Is not our own soul - the shell - our own space ?). But it is not distorting something which exists independent and in its own right; it is only distorting (changing) its own effects and fields by virtue of its own emanation of existing mass gravity and radiation. It is not changing something which is 'out there' and independent of it; it is changing its own gravitational field, and hence time is its own product. Time was made for mind, not mind for time.

Spiritual time and physical space-time however, are *not* the same identical thing. Returning home from whence we come is a form of gravitational attraction – to the hub of creation. But what kind of gravitational force indeed? But it is the reciprocal of the force which throws us out into an extended orbit (the physical universe life). The fundamental frequency of creation (all movement) I guess. Moreover, when you

and I observe an object in space, even our own physical body, we see only the 'end view' of a vortex of emanation not the whole structure of that vortex. For the vortex itself does not exist *in* the physical universe which the senses know and experience. It exists in the cosmos of creation; and which is the sum of all dimensions, fields, and most of which we cannot even see, hear, taste, touch, smell, or even detect. But there *is* something that can detect it in this universe - YOU; the MIND ITSELF. You cannot even see or touch an idea - yet they are axiomatic. No tools will ever find paradise for tools cannot exist there or get there; and they are made out of the stuff of the physical universe. Only that which is from paradise, made in paradise, can return there, and that is also the tool which can detect it; and that tool exists in this world and in that realm also - YOU. The mind of mankind, indeed all cognitive life, is eternally tied to the cross of time and eternity; or more correctly put as time and permanence; change and permanence. That is the cross upon which the mind of man is affixed.

For anything to happen in a closed system then that pure system requires a catalytic agent. Suppose for example that only paradise existed and nothing else; (and which seems to have been the case before time transgressed the repose of mind), some would say that this would be wonderful; nonsense it would not be wonderful at all. An impurity has to be added to a closed system to activate any differential happening or event. Now, impurity does not mean something bad or something evil it means something to *stir it up a bit* (I like doing that also). An impurity is the catalytic agent. It simply means something of a different order from that pure unadulterated system itself. 'I AM' is obviously the 'impurity' (catalyst) in the pond of no created thing and no extension. And this is why we are thrown out into extended orbit - by virtue of the catalytic reaction. Clever isn't it. We are not that which brings forth things; we are that which is brought forth; hence we are not the same, and that IS the catalytic agent - and slap me vitals, IT WORKS ! And slap (or ZAP) our vitals it sure does. And those that see no mystery are blind. Even in paradise we see and are aware of mystery. FACT. Tis all a mystery, everything.

We were not thrown out of paradise for being naughty but because of an energy which we feel and call love; passion, the passion of TO BE; and love is the strangest and deepest catalytic essence of them all, and the original catalyst itself it seems. Love IS an energy form: an 'E' motion, if you like. And does not $E = MC^2$? Volition, passion and energy are the creative impulse. Love blew my mind; and that is a fact. I guess it could then blow the universe as well. Cosmic passion (E-motion) does not cling, it lets go and flows. The river contains no flow, for the flowing IS the river. If it did not flow then it would not be a river, but rather a sealed isolated pond. 'Being' is permanent and unchanging; but 'Becoming' is an everlasting flow of essential change. As I said elsewhere, creation is an intangible in search of an ideal, within the passion which binds all things together. Wisdom is knowing it. And the essence of our being knows it and loves it; for that is what it is, that movement.

What is the whole creation worth a damn if there is nothing in it (or out of it) which you love? Without love there is no motivation, no movement, no goal, no ideals, no nothing. Be honest with your self - is there anything better? Now, how could you ever come to say "I love you" if you were not free and unique to affirm it, say it, feel it and know it? Does a slave love its keeper then? Does the keeper love its prisoner? For if it loved it then it would not keep it a prisoner. We cannot stay in paradise you see; for love lets go. There is no freedom in paradise.

In paradise you are the prisoner of the divine implicate order of being, the life force (not that we complain). Yes; you are free of pain in there right enough; free from worry; free from work; free from fear; free from the grind of the day; free of doubt and uncertainty; free from poverty. But give me all these things any day, any time, any where; for then I am also free to say "*I love you*" ! And one can then do something about it, and with it. Love needs to love something other than self - hence the need of duality. Creation and creative potential have to be dualistic - the creative agent and the created essences and forms; the observer and the observed. It could be no other way. It just would not work, could not work any other way – and it is good.

There is also the so called paradox of instantaneous action at a distance. Paradoxes are fun are they not. But no such thing exists in reality; other than in our ignorance of it. How, for example can an extended gravitational field come into existence at exactly the same time as the mass itself when it is said that nothing can move faster than light; and physical light is not instantaneous? (there IS another light by the way). Because of the underlying reality of the next dimension down in the connected structure itself; that is how. Existence is not flat. The fastest radiation in the space-time fabric is that of a quanta of light so they say, and yet even light takes time to travel in physical space-time. So how come then that a gravitational field exists instantaneously with the mass itself? Look at it this way: they are already connected below that space-time fabric and it CAUSES the space-time fabric to exist.

Imagine that the space time fabric (dimension of) was the surface of a flat pond (a very crude analogy is this). Imagine something the shape of an orange squeezer was located just under the surface of that water and thus out of sight and unknown because it is in another dimension of reality. Imagine then that this phenomena (the top of its vortex) being pushed up from below the surface of the pond. The outer rim of the orange squeezer would pop up above the surface at the same instant as the peak (the mass) at the centre of the object. The peak (the bit the orange goes on) is the body of mass: the extended rim (which appears not to be connected to it in space-time) is the radiation field. In space time (above the water surface) they appear as two distinct things and phenomena, but under the surface they are but two facets of one vortex of emanation deeper than space-time emanations. Creation has to be constructed somehow you know. It is not an illusion of all our individual minds.

Imagine a tuning fork type energy of which we could only see the two flat ends of the fork part; but one stem of the fork was off-set from the axis. Imagine turning this in such a way that the central axis is one of the flat visible ends. The other end would appear to be in orbit of a central part. This central mass would itself spin on its axis... hence instantaneous action at a distance from an observers reference point, for they do not seem to be connected and yet the reaction is faster than the speed of light in the dimension which exists in between the two ends. It would seem then, that somewhere, somehow, all the stars in space are connected up in some mysterious way: indeed all matter; all things. All minds are likewise connected up... in paradise. Space time seems to be much like the inside of a tyre on a wheel. You cannot escape it by conventional transport, or see beyond it. No more so than a two dimensional being could experience a three or four, or more, dimensional structure. An interesting point is that a tyre has a valve for the air to get in and out – the mind – the gap in the universe. And the tyre does not serve its function without air in it. The air fulfils the function of the tyre – we fulfil the function of the physical universe.

You and I (our essential cognition) is not the only thing which is not of space time; for so too are these essences and eternal principles of life and existence. You are directly connected to that essential *no created thing* at the point of no duration and extension by way of such things as love, beauty, truth, wisdom, passion, comprehension, and the joy and affirmation of *being*. These are only names which we give to forces, energies, acting within us. It is learned to be so in that dimension, and understood, comprehended therein. In paradise you and I are the eternal wisdom, understanding, nous or gnosis of creation, cognition: and the being which is the love of wisdom. But there is one thing even greater and more profound than even that of the love of wisdom (which is us)... and that is the *Wisdom of love* itself. But this kind of love of which I talk should best be described as a passion for being. Not an I love him or her, or this or that thing, kind of love; it is a raw cosmic passion for 'to be'.

Perhaps all this a little too complicated for science to get its intellect and discursive mind around as yet because of – analysis paralysis. When they stop thinking they will find it, and the truth. You and I do not create these things: we only come to see them, know them, learn them, feel them, understand them, and hopefully, like a mirror, come to reflect them; and to let it flow through us out into the world like radiation from within our own vital mass. But which was not put there by our Self – the being in paradise. It is not something which we have, it is something which we ARE.

We are, whilst incarnate, the flow and pipe line of the essences of creation and the life force (morality is based upon these essences). It is the reflection, the giving out, the giving away, which is all that matters in creation in so far as what you and I can ever come to do: and that is what creation itself is. Do not want to *have* your god, or even exist in it; but get rid of it; get rid of it into the outside world. For what you already ARE then you are not in need of, and you can never ever be disconnected from that; for if you were then you would never be existing in the first place. You cannot lose that which is yours eternally. You can give it away all the time and yet your cup will never run dry, for it is not a thing of time and space, it is eternal and ever lasting, and in you. And *getting rid of it from within you* lets it come into the world; not in form but in essence, quality and effect; but the effects become the incarnate form. And your giving it away spreads that energy by effect. Not even an ant can exist on this world without changing this world. *You* have a lot more scope in creation than an ant does.

In a very crude analogy then we could say that we are the germ in the divine implicate order of things, the muck, the catalyst. But in reality (and do not forget that we are brought forth anyway, and for this purpose) we are the instrument of its own movement, for without us (incarnate mind) there is no cognitive movement and intentionality in the physical universe – we are it. The physical universe itself is an emanation of the essential reality of being, but we are the cognition and volition of it in action, knowledge and awareness. If we do not let this thing live and flow, then nothing else in creation can. That is some task; some responsibility; how important then is your lot: and you yourself? So what are you going to do with it? That choice and potential is yours – whilst you exist here. If you do not like it, then tough luck, for you are stuck with it; for that is how it is. If you negate your self you negate creation. For you are it. That which you do not use will kill you whilst alive.

When a black hole evaporates then the stuff which made the physical universe exist has simply returned to its original mode, (annihilation is its horizon also); and well beyond time. But it also comes back to do the job again. Matter goes into a black hole; consciousness goes into white hole. The separation of the parts was once called '*judgement*'; but it is a discrimination, separation, of the parts however; symmetry breaking. You will see it and know it. The blind will see in more ways than one. The physical eyes are a very poor replica when compared to the vision of the mind itself; and you do not need glasses in those realms. To put it bluntly and in more common terms of '*religion speak*'; it is the case that the divine life force gives us life and existence by modulation of its self in some way: perhaps a lowering of part of its own frequency vibrations or whatever (hence a catalyst). But it is we here on earth which can, by our own choice and actions of freedom, give IT (essential existence) existence on earth; by way of its essences... letting them flow through us. We ARE the conduit.

We could have been made as robots to do this task. But we were not; we are emanations of the life force and we can choose not to do it if we so wish. And this is not only the deepest profundity in our own lives but also the deepest secret and mystery in a mystical creation itself. The implicate order of cognitive being could not exist in its own extended creation without you and me; and without you and me inviting its essential quality through us. Loved we may be; for that is how we feel it... but needed we ARE! We are not here for nothing, but rather to perform a task; a cosmological job of work. And it is not all fun and games or a hedonistic party. From our perspective creation is not a free ride – even though many love to believe and act like it is. We are here for a function not a free ride. And the function is to work.

So we must get a grip on the essences of creation in order to make a better job of it. Is that not why we are loved - because we are a part of it? This kind of depth love is not sentimentality; it is cosmic passion; the stuff that blew the universe out there. Good is not good, such movement is simply experienced as good for we are at that resonance and that reality before our own emanation into extension; and we can maintain it here (when we know it) by volition and action. Only through us can the eternal spirit and essence of being exist on earth then... and in its own manifestation at that. That is the wisdom of love: and that is understanding and commitment to being and freedom: freedom from the divine centre of being... in order that it can live and manifest on earth, in form, as it is in essence in paradise. And they simply do not see it do they !

Only fools would want to stay in paradise for ever; but the work is out here. We must get the job done you know, for nobody and nothing else will. We ARE the Cosmic Cognition in action. Not much point weeping about it then is there. Just get on with it and get the job done instead of wallowing in ones own tears and pity and self aggrandisement. Cognition has to role its sleeves up and get stuck into it. The good, the bad and the ugly; the difficult and the seemingly impossible. Anyway, you do not know what is impossible until you have tried everything do you.

Christians tell us that they want the divine; to be with the divine always in that ground of being... but no, not I, I want it to live here and go on working. If you love creation it will always exist; for that is what creation is about; existence for the love of it. The passion is also reciprocated you see. Creation is not about having it, it is about letting it go; it is about giving it away. Love is not about having it; it is about using it and letting it go: beauty is not about having; it is about letting it go. This does not mean

your house or your money; it means your love and your vitality in being. Be a genius, or be a fool and make people laugh; sing or dance; do what you are when you *are it* - for that is existing to the fullness of our being, and such variety really is the spice of life – albeit not the essence. Likewise the physical universe could not exist without electrons; but electrons do not create the physical universe; they are but a part of that creation without which it could not exist. As are we. We are another part; and a vital part at that; the cognitive volitional part. You cannot *have* life; for there is nothing to have it and own it, you are it. You can only live it and let its essential quality flow through you and out the other side into the world. So what are these essences then? I am not sure, indeed it cannot be known by us. I only know that they exist and that they can be felt and known in all things on earth also. I know also that they are all that you do know whilst in paradise, and to their ultimate heightened and unadulterated degree of perfection. Only beyond time and memory of all extended existence can you exist in the full undiluted essence and principle of being; and so that nothing can interfere with that resonant harmonic dance of creation. But as it is in heaven, so too does it become on earth – if you let it in and out; in and out, time and again my love; time and again. In and out like breathing.

I know that they are the food and inspiration of the spirit and soul and that they can become the food also of the incarnate human temporal mind on earth as well; (As it is in heaven). So is there any point then in we human beings going in to that paradise and coming out again whilst during a lifetime on earth? Is rapid brain deterioration such a bad thing, he says smiling. Can they achieve this by plugging your brain into the national electricity grid? You think about it, for I don't have to; I did that a long time ago. You have that journey in front of you, and I envy you. Would that I had made a better job of the journey. Give it at least some thought then in the meantime. And yes, time can be mean at times. But time will not be with us for ever.

On earth this passion for being is *not* forced down our throat so to speak as it is in paradise. You are not free to run away in there either. In paradise there is no choice, no freedom: no games of chess around a nice fire with a pint of best ale and a smoke. My god this world is good, and they do not see it. Learn to love it and feel it; for you will not be here long in this lifetime. In paradise you get what you get and you get what it is. But on earth you get all that plus what you make of it here also. Is that not miraculous? Wouldn't it be nice if all the fundamentalist religious tribes were to stay in paradise for ever, and for which they long and hope and pray; while you and I could stay on this world and let it come right; and without religious wars, stupidity, ignorance, divisiveness and hostility. I tell you, it is the mystics that inherit the world not the meek and mild sheep like cretins who refuse to think for themselves and refuse to live and eat of life. And anyway, a human lifetime here on this world is a mere flash of cosmic time. And only when you are older will you realise just how quick it goes – here today gone tomorrow – like the speed of light indeed

These essences whilst on earth are a food of which you may eat if you wish to eat or reject if you wish to reject them; for that is the power of the discretion of the discursive human mind on earth with its power of freedom of choice... incredible and magic power. The 'angels' (the essence of mind) in paradise would admire our power and potentials. But would they admire what we do with them? Think on it. When you know paradise you know your true self also. But what is even more important is that you know that which is NOT your self... and among which entails the rest of

creation itself. Would your eternal inner 'angel' in paradise be proud of you then? Would you be proud of yourself when you know your self from the other perspective? That is what I mean by dignity; the dignity of man IS the dignity of being, and the dignity of creation itself. All this stuff is yours. And you could see it all, be living in it all, feeling it all, if one could but look away from the mere shadows on the cave wall and see what is really extant to see, to know, and to be – the bigger picture ! Is this all there is, some ask. No my friend, it is not, for there is more, much more.

There is no person on earth, or has been, or will be, that has known these things whilst on earth who would not sacrifice their own life for this truth; for their life on earth is nothing in comparison to this love and this truth. In paradise it is as though something has sacrificed its own unique existence in order that you and I can exist there; be there. But on this world it is as though you and I have sacrificed our eternal life (of being in there) that IT can itself live... OUT HERE. Our existence here IS our sacrifice. Do you see? Yet you even have the option to end your existence here if you wish to. That is another gift. It is a reciprocity of love and wisdom. Creation is Epiphytal. However, our given freedom of choice amounts to this.... Life, existence, needs us here for a job (simple as that) but we are given the option (by the power of choice) to do this job or not. And that is it. Is it right to do it? Is it wrong not to do it? Nope! Neither is right or wrong – it is your choice, and you will reap from it what you do or do not put into it here – but not there in the other place – for we all go there anyway; for we are made there; and made of it. You will get no prize or reward for doing this job, nor retribution for not doing it. Hence it is down to our unconditional love of its worth or not. But the world here will become a reflection of it all and what we do with it here. Those who love life would stay here to get the job done.

And the oneness has to be a dualistic construct of emanation for it to exist this way. The observer and the observed. The knower and the known. The lover and the loved. The Singer and the Song. And objectivity is not what you think it is.... It is the song in action; in performance. Paradise, from our incarnate minds point of view is merely the intermission – where we go for a drink and refreshment. Here, I would have a pint of real ale, but there I have an ocean of real wisdom. Think about it. But we do *not* cast ourselves from paradise; so what is in need then? What then needs us out here? You have a think about it. But we do not even have to do that (sacrifice ourselves), for it is already done in annihilation itself. We cannot sacrifice ourselves for this love and this task. We are not allowed to. For you are resurrected from the death of conscious existence which occurs at annihilation. In the last act of the trinity you will see and know your other self objectively, (some kind of other, or anti-part); but when the two become as one... you will then be in, and know, paradise; the virgin womb of eternity – home from whence you came and were made.

On earth male and female are kind of opposites. The ancients used this as a symbol. They said that when the female becomes as the male, then they will know paradise. They made these kind of silly symbolic analogies willy-nilly and some people today take them as being literal. When the opposite poles meet they will annihilate each other; and then only the spirit, the vital essential nature of our being, exists - in paradise, the mono-pole reality. My friend, you have another part - and that part does not evolve; and *it* needs you – to let IT out into this world.

In the past many have attempted to speak of these things, some literally and most symbolically. Some, a few, have done so in a way which is so beautiful and so true (within their terms of reference of their concepts at those times of course). Some have put words together which are not only true but are also like pearls strung together (note the end of this chapter for example – the manifesto of the enlightenment). They really knew the reality of which they were talking or writing about, but they were also gifted with words and the power of communication at the same time. Would that I was and that we all were. But most, like myself, simply mumble and stumble and probably do not make any sense to anyone at all. But there you go. To try is just fine however: but to fail is human. Do not fear failure in this life, but simply love the trying, and the partaking; the event itself. For an event such as we know it out here does not last for ever and it will never ever exist again in the annals of time and space. But the essence lasts for ever and ever; both in time and beyond. And keep in mind that to know other beings then we have to be here anyway. Is it not miraculous to touch the skin of another being? I bet you take it for granted at this point in time eh. Well, don't, for it will not last for ever. Try getting to grips with an incorporeal mind mate !!! You will not have much joy and you will be wasting your time here; for life on earth IS the manifestation and emanation of life, and the principle of TO BE.

So when they tell you that everything changes in time; well simply ask them as to how they know that; for if they can experience the fact that things change then they are using something, a tool, which is eternal in order to recognise it. They will learn what they have to learn; what exists to be learned. For in due course you can do no other, you can only learn what exists to be learned; like it or not. The strange thing is that we come to like it; and we come to like it because it is what we are made of, what we are, and from whence we come. Going home for a trip during a lifetime is a bit like the analogy of being called in, to remember what we really are; and then we say, Oh shit, yes, now I remember; so let us get the job done! The mystic, the true mystic, is the remembrance of the Pleroma of all being. Why do you weep when you are happy? Why do you weep at the sight of ultimate beauty? Why do you weep when in absolute joy? Why do you weep when observing altruistic actions by other human beings ? You do so because the inner part of you is recognising something from home; an eternal essence and principle of the divine implicate order of being. That is why; that IS indeed why. The spirit and soul recognises something which comes from beyond the horizon of annihilation - home. The inner spirit can cope with such beauty; the soul field can even cope with such beauty; but the incarnate human mind simply collapses under the gravity of the passion and e-motion in the face of a divine essence on earth. And those very essences can also drag you home by their gravity whilst even alive on earth. And they do. And watch out specifically for the power of sound – do not underestimate it; or any manifestation at all.

Passion can be found, or liberated, more easily in some things than in others from our everyday perspective, and music or natural beauty are two typical cases. It is these events which have the effect of being the key or trigger which instigates the shift of consciousness and blows the conscious aspect of our mind into a different dimension of being. It is absolutely natural. But in order for that to happen one has to be there, feeling it, and relaxed at the time; and also prepared to go with the flow, and no matter where it takes one. We have to let go of known reality and go we know not where or how at the time. Hence, hindsight is a wonderful thing. Pity that we are not born with it eh. But even that is within you in instinct. FEEL IT.

So, what for example, is music really? I am not sure, for I do not know what anything is in absolute terms beyond the conscious experience of them. But as well as being an essence known and loved by the discursive rational mind it is also a dimension of mind within the soul itself. Music is like divine butterflies in a sunlit garden of eternal wonder. Music can conjure up and reveal all the emotions known to the soul and change your personality like no other thing known on earth. It can be tragic, sad, humorous, jolly, gentle and soft or wild and passionate, profound and divine. I could live in a universe of music for a thousand million years - and still be hungry for more and more.

Music has the power to inspire the mind, elevate the soul, and expand consciousness. Fact. But then again, we are living in a creation of music here on earth anyway – the music of the spheres, and the symphony of all frequencies of vibration and movement. I hope you play your part of the tune well – for we all have to listen to it and go with the flow. So, if you want a better world, then go make it so; don't leave it all to the others; do your bit and get stuck in. For there is nothing else worthwhile to do – anywhere in creation. For, in the final analysis, it is the dance of creation, and sung by the choir invisible. Creation IS the singer and the song in action. And the last and ultimate chord is sung here on earth – NOT in paradise. That is an absolute fact. So, for your own good, and the good of the world and creation, forget this bit about the world being a prison for the soul – it is not; it is a divine wonder and the finished product as it exists here as yet. But there IS more to do yet, and it is your job to do it.

There is of course no sound, no music, no singing, in that ground of our being. It just is not needed there anyway. It is absolute silence. For the essences of all things are there in full flower anyway. But such symbols as the choir invisible and the song of creation, although symbolic language, (all language is symbolic) it is true nonetheless in the deeper sense. It is the swoon and gasp in awe of creation, and this gnosis (knowing it all by experience and being there) is the dance, the cosmic dance of to be. What would our being sing if it could sing in there – Huh, no such song or tune could ever be written. But some come close enough to it to FEEL IT. And you already know that. And I know that you know it.

But I tell you in all truth, that on those rare occasions when one is both relaxed, empty of the days problems, and also the passion is stirring within one, then music, even man made music (if one can put it that way) brings the remembrance of that realm slap bang into ones compression as though we were there living it again right now. It is amazing. True, other things can do it also, but with music it is not only the memory that comes back, but the actual feeling of that realm also – the essence and passion of it all. And the 'angels' sing a hymn in silence – for eternity. Do not overlook the power of sound – and silence. For without the silence and the gaps there could be no song, no symphony; and no singer of the song. And with paradise and the earth – then it could not work. And I wonder where these composers get their music from eh? I wonder. Or maybe I don't.

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ORATION

On the Dignity of Man.

**Giovanni Pico della Mirandola
The Count of Mirandola 1463-94.**

Manifesto of the Enlightenment

I have read in the records of the Arabian's, reverend fathers, that Abdala, the Saracen, when questioned as to what on this stage of the world, as it were, could be seen to be most worthy of wonder, replied; "There is nothing to be seen more wonderful than Man". In agreement with this opinion is the saying of Hermes Trismegistus.... "A great miracle, Asclepios, is Man".

At last it seems to me I have come to understand why Man is the most fortunate of creatures and consequently, worthy of all admiration. And what precisely is that rank which is his lot in the Universal chain of being - a rank to be envied not only by brutes but even by the stars and by minds beyond this world. The best of artisans - the creative powers - addressed Man thus...

"The nature of all other beings is limited and constrained within the bounds and laws prescribed by us. Thou, constrained by no limits in accordance with thine own free will in who's hand we have placed thee, thou shalt ordain for thyself the limits of thy nature. Thou shalt have the power to degenerate into the lower forms of life, which are brutish. Thou shalt have the power, out of thy souls judgement, to be reborn into the higher forms, which are Divine. Whatever seeds each man cultivates will grow to maturity and bear in him their own fruit. If they be vegetative, he will be like a plant. If of the senses, he will become brutish. If intellectual, he will become an angel in the son of God. If rational, he will grow into a heavenly being. And, if happy in the lot of no created thing - he withdraws into the centre of his own unity, his spirit made one with God, in the solitary darkness of God, who is such above all things, he shall surpass them all".

So let a certain holy ambition invade our souls, so that, not content with the mediocre, we shall pant after the highest, and, since we may, if we wish, toil with all our strength to obtain it, full of Divine power, we shall no longer be ourselves but shall become with he Himself who made us, for he who knows himself in himself knows all things - as Zoroaster first wrote.

I have also proposed theorems dealing with magic, in which I have indicated that magic has two forms, one of which depends entirely on the work and authority of demons - a thing to be abhorred, so help me the God of Truth, and a monstrous thing. The other, when it is rightly pursued, is nothing else than the utter perfection of natural philosophy. The former can claim for itself the name of neither art nor science, but the latter, abounding in the loftiest mysteries, embraces the deepest contemplation of the most secret things, and - at last - the knowledge of all nature. As the farmer weds his vines to elms, so does the Magus wed Earth to heaven, that is, he weds the lower things to the endowments and powers of the higher things.

If all of this appears new and strange to you reverend fathers, then think on how the Sphinxes carved into the temples of the Egyptians reminded them that the mystic doctrine should be kept inviolable from the common herd by means of the knots of riddles. The theologian, Origen, asserts that Jesus Christ - a teacher of life - made many revelations to his disciples which they were unwilling to write down lest they become commonplaces to the rabble. This is in the highest degree confirmed by Dionysius the areopagite, who says, that the hidden mysteries were conveyed by the founders of religion from mind to mind, without writing, through the medium of speech. Let us consult the apostle Paul, a chosen vessel, when he himself was exulted to the third heaven. He will answer, according to the secret interpretations of Dionysius, that he saw the cherubim being purified then being illuminated, and, at last, being made perfect.

When we have been so soothingly called, so kindly urged, we shall with winged feet fly up like Earthly Mercury's, to the embraces of our blessed Mother and enjoy that wished for peace, most holy peace, indivisible bond, in one accord, with the friendship through which all rational souls not only shall come into harmony with the one mind - which is above all minds - but shall, in some ineffable way, become altogether one. This is that peace which God creates in His heavens, which angels descending to Earth proclaim to men of good will, that through it, men might ascend to heaven and become angels. Let us wish this peace for our friends - for our century.

- PDM



Well, that was how some of the smarter ones talked of it five hundred years ago, for they knew the books were wrong but they dare not go beyond the limits too far. And this particular guy died at the age of thirty one anyway. How did one get so smart in such a short life here one wonders. Human technology and understanding of many things has changed a lot since those times, but the spirit of our being has not changed a jot. And neither has common sense it seems. Well, a little maybe, but our inner evolution is a slow process; albeit perhaps speeding up a little now, one hopes. We have a long way to go, for there is still much which is not right, and we try to get it right. And this itself is a strange and mysterious thing. For in human life on earth we cannot really know as to what IS right or best. But what we do know, simply by observation and feeling it, is as to what is wrong. We can indeed know what is wrong whilst without knowing as to what is right exactly. Does anything actually know what is right? Are we not a part of the cosmic project unfolding? Does not reality learn as it goes along? Is not the wider scheme of things learning from all the parts of the project and still writing it? Are we not the cognitive part of this project? Puppets we ain't, and needed we are. If the phenomenon of mind and consciousness had no part in this cosmological project, then it would not exist; and we would not be here.

The religionists tell me that their entity knows and directs everything. Well, there is no virtue in getting it right if you know all the answers in the beginning is there. But Man's virtue and dignity is that he and she plods on trying to get it right whilst in ignorance, and in ignorance of knowing if it can even ever really be got right at all. But that does not stop us trying or aiming for it. So which is superior and more dignified, real life and real mind, or the idiotic and dangerous alienating inventions of priestcraft? They do say that life on earth was evolving along quite well until some gigantic collision or inner earth phenomenon occurred two hundred and fifty million years ago, and wiped out ninety five percent of all life forms and vegetation here.

Well, life sure seems to be determined and resolute to out even on this little planet. I wonder where it would have been now if that event had not occurred. I wonder where life will be in one million years time, let alone two hundred and fifty million years from now. Ah, I give up. But I imagine they will not be killing each other off due to fear by then. And one thing is for sure, there will be no priestcraft and no monopoly capitalists. Maybe I (mind) will stay home for a few million years next time, and let them sort it out in the Greenwich Mean Time; or as they now say Universal Time Co-ordinated. I am glad something here is working and co-ordinated. Anyway, when it comes to essences, then like so much else in life and existence (and even far more tangible things than that) then our words fail miserably; and of course life is not about words, it is about being and living it. But, the good thing is that even though we cannot do them justice with words, words are not really necessary for the real action. For everyone will recognise an essential quality of being when it hits them, and they will not need words or conversation to prove anything – life proves itself, it is axiomatic to us all – and one does not need to be a mystic or a gnostic to know this or recognise an essence, and thence empathise with it – and thence go for it. And another thing which I can guarantee, it is this.... When you see it and know it, you will weep.

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