

Chapter 15

The Symbolic and the Real

A really good symbolic analogy of our incarnate system is that of an amplitude modulated radio signal. Such a signal is made up of three parts (as are we); the actual carrier wave signal (the frequency at which it is being sent and thus operating at) and two sidebands; one slightly higher frequency, and one slightly lower: hence an upper side band and a lower side band. It is the side bands that carry the information and which have to be demodulated by a receiver to make the speakers work and relay the information thereon to our ears. The data is not on the carrier wave itself. Thus, the analogy is that the carrier wave is the life force and our essential being (the spirit of the thing) and which comes from the transmitter itself (Paradise, or home). The lower side band being that of the data storage which we call the soul or subconscious. And of course the upper side band being that of the incarnate personality. It is a really good analogy. But that of course is symbolic and the things itself is the real. However, unlike a radio wave we cannot eliminate the carrier wave and one of the side bands to send out a single side band transmission – although some do give us the feeling that they manage to do just that – operating in this world on a single side band. And that too is a good symbolic analogy.

When in, shall we say the deeper kind of meaningful conversations, one is often asked to initially state ones stance or perspective. It seems that many folk love to ascertain as to where one is coming from at the outset. For example are you a religionist or an atheist; a socialist or a capitalist, an idealist or a materialist; so on and so forth. They do seem to love this cut and dry, black and white, defining principle. Would that life and reality were so simple. However, we know well enough that there are and always have been those whom we call the esoteric brigade or clingers on thereof. What does this mean exactly? Well, it is a kind of elitism in that they like to assume that they are in possession of some kind of profound meaningful understanding of the facts of ‘the all’ and that such understanding is way too in advance for us mere common herd to understand or get our head around it all.

We know for example that much of the nature of reality is hidden from our everyday gaze (who has ever seen an electron for example) and hence this stuff is occulted, obscured from vision. But some folk join little sects of inner esoteric secret ‘wisdom’ brigades who like to think that they have this privileged and elect understanding of ‘the all’. Even science seeks their TOE (the Theory Of Everything). This is nothing new for it has been going on for thousands of years. Ancient Egypt was full of it four thousand years ago. True, they were certainly no dumb-dumbs when it came to astronomy, psychology, and a few other things.

Modern science was born in alchemy. However, when asked to 'state my position' then without any hesitation I tell them that I am a rank pragmatist, and always have been. What does this mean exactly? Well, an example is this. Mr Esotericism eventually states his big ultimate top secret most secret – 'Everything is Motion and Vibration'! Wow!!! My answer to that, and being a pragmatist, is to say – 'So what; I do not care if in the final analysis it is all a Marmite Sandwich'. The fact is that it works somehow and I am stuck with observing it and living in it. That, is rank pragmatism. That which we call creation is indeed organised energy however.

So, the big esoteric secret is that 'the all' is simply varying vibrating energy wave lengths. The next time a wasp stings me on the backside then I will tell it that – you are not really what you think you are chum, but just a collection of vibrations. Yet there is still a pain in the backside to contend with in the meantime. That is pragmatism. Thus, pragmatism is living with the vibration frequencies wherein one is at and getting on with it. No amount of so called Esotericism alters the fact that one is cold hungry and fed up. And no amount of knowing the secrets of the ALL eliminates the fact that ones kids have to be fed, educated and have their bums washed.

Now, could you look at your child in the light that he or she is just a collection of cosmological vibrations – even if they were? And it is here that so many people seem to miss the real truth and the whole point of it (and the mystical gnosis event). Life and existence is not simply a matter of what it is made out of in the final (or first) analysis but rather as to what gets constructed and as to how it works and why, and how we find living with it. Later I will write here a chapter on communication. But for now suffice for me to simply mention that the place I love and chose to live is called Exmoor. The Alps are twenty million years old. Exmoor is two hundred million years old; so it has been around a bit; and who cares what it is made of in the final analysis. It has vibes which resonate and effect the soul and the incarnate mind – and hence ones life here and now. And as far as I am concerned it is the best place to be in the whole cosmos of existence – including that transcendent paradise. That is also pragmatism – and the love of creation.

Is living, being a conscious entity, any the less what it is, irrespective as to what it is all made of on the bottom rung beyond our ever being able to be aware of it? The sun still shines, the birds still sing, I still get hungry and thirsty, I still laugh and cry, I am still me and you are still you; and it works. That is pragmatism. Let the ultimate stuff or ultimate frequency or ultimate vibration do its thing, it is not my job to perform its function, it is its problem and function, not mine, (and assuming that it might have a problem with it); it is also a gift to us. I have problems enough of my own which I have to live with and contend with here and now thanks. If I ever turn into a sun-beam then I will think about being a sun-beam then, and try to find the best way that being a sun-beam works. In the meantime I am not a sun-beam, I am me. So, Mr Esotericism can go jump in the lake – unless he or she can make human existence here a better life and existence for all those cosmic vibrations of this frequency spectrum which we call human beings. So far they have not; and they have been around for more than four thousand years. Just as priestcraft has.

Now, the fact that life and the nature of reality gives us (we vibrations) conscious experiences, and which helps to change us and our understanding, and our existential condition of being in this world, then fine; and they call us mystics. Fine, but that

does not turn one into a babbling neurotic or an eso-terrorist. Lots of folk have told me that I am the most practical down to earth person whom they have ever met – mystic or not. But I already knew that. Others used the term ‘well grounded’. And that is also fine by me, for it fits the bill and the facts. And my concern (whilst here anyway) is with here, and with now. I did not create creation, and my problem (if it is a problem – and I do not find it to be so personally) is to simply live it and get on with it, and try to make it as good and as effective a place to exist in. That is pragmatism.

If it were the case of the absolute nature of reality were saying to me... ‘Here, cop hold of this son’; (which it is in effect) then my reply would be, ‘Right, got it mate, now what do I do with it chum’! And that of course would be a rhetorical question on my part, for we find out what we HAVE to do with it as we go along; life reveals as to what we have to do and why we have to do it. For that is what living life actually is.

So all this esoteric ‘BIG’ secret stuff is not my ball game or interest. What is IS, and what can be found out, can be found out, and we can do with it what we can do with it. And I do not know the answers to all those questions yet so I will continue looking for my duration here – and for whatever good that might do. But to tell me that in the final analysis I am just a collection of vibrations of a certain frequency actually tells me nothing at all about living life and it does not help me one jot. Tell me how to make life taste better, and lived better, and then I will be all ears and agog; and I will put it into practice today. Thus far I can only try to practice what I have learned thus far; and that is it. So, as you can gather, I have no time for quasi psychics, shmystics, and eso-terrorists. Or, as I call the whole shebang load of them - charlatans and false guru’s. And you can perhaps see why I became known as Dick the Guru Buster, for they mess with peoples minds something rotten – just like priestcraft does. And it could well be your child whom they are messing up for life. Don’t let them do it. For extreme cases of this kind then simply observe the children caught up in new cults. But to a lesser degree many factions of society does the same kind of thing; it messes with their mind and prevents that natural living of their lives and the natural growth of the personality and their potentials – and not to even mention the inner harmony of their being. But there is a profit in it of course – money and power.

I met this guy once who was writing much stuff and becoming well known for it. He lived quite near me at the time and came to read some of my stuff. He thought that I would be a good touch to be on his side I guess. Now, this guy was heavily into Materialisation Mediums, and was a typical modern day self erected guru with a large following. His big thing was that there was a world wide conspiracy preventing his stuff from being known. This conspiracy included all science, all priestcraft, all politicians, all education, all business, most human beings in fact. In fact everybody but himself it seems and a few old lady so called mediums and believers in this so called phenomenon. So I asked him to tell me his story; and it went like this...

One day about ten years prior to our chat, he was sitting on the settee when his dad came in and sat down beside him. They chatted and cuddled (he was very fond of his dad) for about an hour or so. Nothing strange about all that, except that his dad had been dead for ten years. Oops, hear we go again. So, his dad was as solid as you and I; and they sat chatting for about an hour or so. His dad told him that in the next world he was a scientist and they were working on a project to be able to materialise back here on earth.

It had not yet been completed but they were close to it – seems that this guy must have been in advance of the mob given that they had not completed it yet. However, governments on earth had come to know about this project and were dead opposed to it, and hence tried to stop them, and that they also all conspired to suppress this knowledge from us normal mob (you and me). So, I sat listening to all this with my tongue hard bitten between my teeth obviously. I eventually asked him (as any normal human being would) as to what he said it was like there? Did he tell you anything about it Pete? Oh yes, he replied, he told me all about it. So, fill me in then Pete. He said that they lived just like we do here. They did all the things that we do, and just like this world. Oh, sound's a bit unimaginative eh Pete? Oh, no, for that is just how it is; just like this world! So what do they do there apart from trying to get back here then Pete?

Well, the same things that we do, they work and play, go for picnics in the woods, just like we do here. Oh, I see; do they die there Pete? Oh yes, just as we do! Do they leave a body behind when they die Pete? Oh no, that does not happen as it does here. So, OK, Pete, they are playing hide and seek in the woods when one of the poor sods has a heart attack (or equivalent) and dies; but he does not leave a body behind. They are all looking for him in the woods Pete whilst playing hide and seek; so how do they know when to stop looking then, given that they will not find a body? Oh, bugged if I know Dick ! And so it goes. Why do they not ever learn anything interesting and useful from these co called beings living on another plain of manifestation? When did any so called medium ever tell us anything interesting about the nature of reality which we did not already know? Never!

Now, the pity is that these people get called psychics. And they are not. It is not my place to reveal confidences and tell stories. But here is one typical one. A very well known guy (died a few years ago alas) was a psychic all his life. One typical case. He was on a train journey and a young Lady whom he did not know and had never seen before was sitting right opposite him. They had had no conversation or even eye contact. When they were alone in the carriage he looked at her and said, do not do it young lady. She was astonished, and burst out crying. He simply said do not kill yourself. She was in fact on her way to commit suicide. This was nothing new to him for it had been happening all his life. He was not a mystic, he was a genuine psychic however. He no more understood or knew what was going on than the girl opposite him did. But he knew it was so; no question of doubt. And it was so. I have known similar things myself; but not regularly. Just enough over an eighteen year period to reveal to me that such things do in fact happen. There are genuine psychics, and some who can heal to a degree; all kinds of things in fact. Including some form of telepathic communication – had a few of them myself as well. But as I have said, and although these things do happen, I am not really interested in psychic phenomena; and I do not play or mess with it.

Now, was the guy in that first story a rank outright liar and deceiver? No, of course he was not, in fact he was quite a nice chap and an otherwise reasonable human being. But what had he really experienced and what was going on? A psychic experience indeed. But he took it literally, and thence added parts which he would have liked to have been true for some reason. Look at it this way. Joe Smith is hit by a truck and his vital system stops for a while (flat liner for a few seconds). During that time he finds himself in a beautiful sun lit garden; full of flowers and trees. He thinks he is

dead and in heaven. 'Oh, now I know what heaven is like', he shouts when he comes back. But, just before he came back he saw this figure standing on the other side of a stream; and this figure informed him that it was not his time, and that he has to return. Oh shit! Exclaims Joe, and wakes up in the hospital bed with a raging pain. But anyway, Joe now 'knows' what will happen when he dies and as to what heaven is like. Well, Joe is not dead, but he is dead wrong. For he knows nothing of the sort. For what he experienced was a very common Image Emanation generated by his psyche, the inner system of his dynamics. It was a real experience right enough, and it was good; but it was a real symbolic emanation – not the reality which it was symbolising. The point being is that Joe really was dying, and this experience was something which Joe could understand and make him feel at ease. It is common.

A young Lady is on a television chat show on near death experiences (not a wise thing to do my dear) and she told them that when she died she went down a slide and landed in a basement room where there were three people, whom she did not know. But she felt very safe and secure, and with no fear. But suddenly she found herself back here again. When she told this story the shows front man bust out laughing (and incited the gormless chosen mob to do the same) and took the piss out of her something rotten, and she burst into tears. I could have strangled the git had I been there. The young lady had had a very profound and meaningful symbolic experience. But this guy ranted on... "Are you trying to tell us that when we die we go to heaven on a kiddies slid; HO HO bloody HO" ! And that of course was not what she had even said. People must be really crazy or hard up to go on these kind of shows. Don't do it.

Well the young lady had indeed had a very realistic and meaningful symbolic experience of what happens down there. The slide was simply symbolic of the vortex and the inner gravitation to the ground of being; the three people were symbolic of the trinity of her psyche. The mind is a trimorphic phenomenon. But the point is that she felt happy, safe, and secure. And it worked. Where people do come unstuck, and become intransigent, is in taking the symbolic experience as the reality itself. It is a real experience (and one exists within it) but it is a real symbolic message, in pictures. It is not the thing which it is symbolising. They are psychic archetypes. But they are cut and tailored for the individuals understanding – for the effect. No two near death experiences are ever the same; they are all different; but all meaningful and all symbolic. And this is exactly why mystics have no real interest in psychic phenomena of that kind, for it is not real in the sense of 'the real reality itself'; albeit a real enough symbolic conscious experience; and for its effect.

Stick two fingers up to the person next you, and depending on which way your palm is facing when you do it then it will have a meaning. It is a symbolic gesture; it has a meaning. You and I use symbolism all the time. Words are symbolic; the word tree is not the thing growing in the yard; but it points the mind to it. So, symbols are a sign post to something else. The word tree has a meaning and a function. The meaning is the tree itself and the function is to point to it. But the tree itself has no meaning, for it points to nothing, but it does have a cosmological function – to do what trees do. Life has no meaning; but it has a purpose for existing; and the purpose is the function which it performs in existence. Creation has no meaning; but it has a function; it does.... well, what it does. What is your left foot symbolic of? Nothing. What is its meaning? I does not have one – it exists to do its job, and it points to nothing.

Thus we have both the real and the symbolic. True, it is indeed amazing that our own inner system can produce archetypal symbolic images; and they are for us, to encourage us and make one feel secure whilst we do not know more at that time. Take the most commonly known form of visions – dreams. We have them most every night. Mine have always been in colour and the ‘reality’ is extraordinary. True, it is nothing like waking reality and it is nothing like the mystical transcendent event. But nevertheless it is clever is it not – pictures in your mind whilst the body rests and recuperates. But once again, we know that there are mumbo-jumbo meaningless dreams most of the time, and just sometimes there are really meaningful dreams that actually reveal something. So all this is psychic activity also. Everybody is a psychic in the strict sense of the word. Our system of dynamics is our psyche.

Now, there exists many thousands of well documented near death experiences at this point in time, and I have read hundreds of them myself and find them very interesting. However, there are never two alike. But there are of course similarities and modes which directly correlate. Maybe one can actually see them better from hindsight of transcendence, but I would have thought anybody can see them anyway. Thus, why is it that some recipients of near death experience assume theirs to be the one which reveal ‘real’ reality? For they are all symbolic; and all different. They only have to read others to find that out, and work it out for themselves.

Some folk have had more than one near death experience; and they have been different too. But they do come to learn that this is symbolic stuff which has a meaning, and the meaning is to point to something else beyond that of the image emanation itself. And it indeed is pointing to something else; and the gnostics (not all mystics) know well enough from hindsight as to what it is in fact symbolic of and pointing to – home; the beginning and the end of our BEING. I do not wish to dwell on this business of the symbolic and the real, for everybody really seems to know well enough that it is so anyway; and there is not much point telling people that they breath, for they know it; or that the word breath points to that function.

To define a symbolic experience is of course easy; and we know exactly what they do and how they work for an effect. But, what then of defining the real? What is real and beyond all symbolic pointing? Which bits are real? A painting of a meadow in spring is a symbol, an artistic representation of the meadow in the spring. But what of the real thing? How real is that? What do we mean by ‘real’? An hallucination is a real hallucination. A painting is a real painting. A meadow in the spring is a real meadow in the spring, a headache (I am told) is a real headache. A transient event is a real transient event. The smile which you give to somebody whom you pass on the street is a real smile. That particular smile will never happen again; but it did happen and it was real. The crux of the matter is rather in as to what is enduring and what is not. But, irrespective as to endurance, everything which exists is REAL.

On my transcendent journey I saw visions along the way, and they really happened. But I did not, even then, take them to be things existing in their own right and enduring. I knew they were being constructed for an effect; and wonderful they indeed were (especially being in that music made of light). But I did not take it to be heaven or the end of life. Indeed, quite the opposite, I took it to be, felt it to be, lived it to be – the best way of existing that I had ever known up to that point – it was really being alive; really being alive.

However, there were indeed things along that journey which were not understood to be merely symbolic. Being alone in the dark (Limbo) is not taken to be symbolic, for it just is what it is, and one is there and one cannot argue with that. It requires no interpretation. You are there so hold of that, kind of thing. If it was supposed to be symbolic of being alone, then why bother to issue forth the symbol for the effect was the same as the reality anyway. A picture of a glass of ale cannot be drunk; but the glass of ale can.

Now, if you and I are sitting in the garden having a glass of ale and a chat then could that be said to be symbolic of something else? If somebody took a movie or a photograph of it then of course they are a real likeness of the event itself. But can the actual event be called symbolic of something – and even if it is true that in absolute reality we are just two bundles of vibrations which is taking in another bundle of cosmic vibrations? And which is it better to experience; the event as it is consciously lived, or to see it and live it as some nebulous foggy frequency oscillations that look like a tangled ball of string? And this is why I maintain that life is as real as experience makes it; and accept it that way. We are conscious of these things, and it all works – we live it. And without that conscious perception of things and existing then we would not be aware of existing at all. And that is why I am a pragmatist.

True, one could argue that anything which exists in time and movement is not the ultimate reality – and I agree with that; and we all know that anyway; but it alters nothing. But so what, for it IS the existing reality. We know well enough that this lifetime is not going to last for ever; and who cares. But whilst it does exist then we are living it; and that is our existential life here. But I do not think that any human being has ever said that our life here on earth is the ultimate reality of all things extant. I certainly never have, and I have never heard it said by anyone else either. Not even by those who claim that this is all that you and I ever have. But none of this makes the actual tree which is growing in the garden a symbolic emanation of something else. True, the tree may well not be quite what we see it to be. But so what, for that is how we are seeing it, and it works. I do not wish to see all the individual atoms of the tree – I like it as it is; the observed finished product. I would rather sit under the tree than merely a foggy nebulous jumble of oscillating energy packets of whatever it is beyond that.

Moreover, I would rather be sat under that tree with a magnificent vista around me, and being actually in that picture, than hanging around in the blackness and nothingness of Limbo. Been there, done that, and made the comparison thanks! I wonder if anyone can really envisage what that reality is like simply by reading an account of it? This is why the analogy of being buried alive is a good and effective one; for they can at least imagine that. But if you were buried alive you could even try digging yourself out of it. But you sure cannot in Limbo; for one is stuck with it whilst it lasts. It is worth remembering that. I have often wondered what it would be like if one got stuck there for a thousand years. Well, it would be the same but longer. What an horrible thought eh. Half an hour or so was more than enough for me thanks. But if it can happen to me – then it can happen to anyone. The near death recipients do not mention this do they. Nor do they mention annihilation and resurrection, and the beginning and the end; and yet so often they claim to know the ultimate reality. A little learning can be a dangerous thing if one lets it be.

Some have asked me as to if the paradise event itself could perhaps be seen as symbolic. My answer to that question is that it is no more symbolic than sitting in the garden and drinking a glass of ale is. It is the same as the latter except a different living experience; and in a different place in a different reality. One is no more real, or no less real, than the other. With the exception of course being that the glass of ale comes to an end, but that other place is always the same. One is enduring and the other is not. Ah, but they say, it did come to an end. Of course it did, or I would not be here talking of it. But that is not what I mean; I mean that it is unchanging whilst there. But in the garden things are changing all the time – and when you drink the ale there is less and less of it left to drink. But the ground of being is not like that – we drink it all the time, and the taste never diminishes, so to speak.

When the neurologists tell me that it was just a fleeting meaningless hallucination then I say wow; could you switch it on again for me please; and keep me there – and if it were just a momentary (three hour) hallucination then there would be no price to pay. But they are wrong, for there is a price to pay during a lifetime. It is called eternal love and commitment to BEING and BECOMING. But they think that is an hallucination too. I wonder what neurologists enjoy doing when they go home in the evening. I wonder what is important to them. I wonder if they love and are inspired (another hallucination maybe). I will have to ask them one day. I wonder what it is like being a neurologist, and not suffering from rapid brain deterioration? I wonder if they are secret closet Christians maybe? Ah, now there is a thought to ponder eh. Nothing other than their package of beliefs could ever be true could it !!!

Now, unfortunately or otherwise I have never had an hallucination (but I am not complaining) but we know that people do have them. The perpetual drunk for example who is suffering from the DT's. They claim to see such things as snakes crawling all over their body (how profound, illuminating and life changing indeed). But we know that there are not really any snakes crawling over them. It is a psychic experience. Why are they having them? They are messing their system up with this stuff (just like drugs) and their system is retaliating and trying to make them pack it in and to get real. They do not like snakes and that is exactly why they see them – to try and frighten them out of the activity. Their inner system is not as stupid as they are. Now, if the transcendent mystical event were a phenomenon of this kind then what is its message? End life maybe – for it is not real? On the contrary it is all about life and the love of being. And one would have to ask as to what drug I took to cause it to happen. I have never ever taken any drugs in my life – nor would I, for I have too much respect for our system and the mind. True, if ever I get a raging tooth ache then I might then take a couple of aspirins. But I could count all of them in the last sixty five years on a few fingers. And I have never been ill anyway in the last sixty years.

Indeed, I have often been asked as to what I ate or drunk that day. They do think in fixed narrow little channels do they not. But the answer is I cannot remember and it was certainly nothing special. My diet is dead boring and mundane. I eat a little in order to exist here, but I do not live to eat. Eating is a necessity not an enjoyable experience for me as such. I often moan that it wastes so much time. Some days I hardly eat much at all; just enough to stay alive and healthy. Well, it has worked fine so far anyway. Or perhaps that is an hallucination too. It seems that anything which people do not want to accept is either an hallucination (from science) or being got at by Beelzebub (priestcraft).

I wonder why it is then that so many scientists (and psychologists) and religionists (and vicars and bishops) have come to me asking questions and wanting to know what it was all like and what happened and what one learned there. What was nagging at them? They do not run to the drunks and ask them questions like that about their hallucinations do they. So who is kidding whom here then? I tell you in all truth, that there have been clergy who have come to me admitting that they do not believe a word of what they are telling their flock. And when I called them a hypocrite to their face they replied, no, they are just giving people what they want to hear. And that is the absolute truth of what they told me directly, and in private. But, no names and no dates. I could, but I will not. And they know who they are well enough.

It is exactly the same with top scientists. They openly admit to me that they cannot mention these things whilst working within the establishment system itself. For they would be excommunicated. Now here is a real conspiracy for you, if a human being cannot speak his or her mind and his or her direct experience of life - Tut tut. And the double irony is that they tell me to tell it and write about it. How about that then! I am just a pig ignorant nobody with nothing to lose I guess. Ah, what it is to be a nobody eh. But if they are what being a somebody really is then I will remain a nobody for the sum duration of my existence. I am me, and I will say whatever I want to say, and whenever I want to say it, and to whom ever I decide to say it. And there is only one way to stop me. And they have not done it just yet. Although I have had a few death threats. Funny, but I am still here and they are not. Perhaps Beelzebub looks after his own kind eh. Ah well, if it were not all pathetic then it would be funny. One perhaps should call it all the shambolic and the real. But anyway, when it comes to the crunch I simply tell the neurologists that they do not know what they have missed by being 'sane'; and whilst telling the religionists that Beelzebub seems to be a lot more fun and profound than their thing; and hence they do not know what they have missed either.

Mystics truly do have a lot of fun and adventure in this life, what with one thing and another. I hope the neurologists and religionists do too; for it would be sad to miss out on it all would it not – and life being so short and all that. Nothing quite like a good pint of ale and a fag whilst contemplating on and remembering paradise. Ah, but they would not know that would they; for there is no such thing that can be known during life. Tell you a funny story....

A Conversation with Two JW's

About ten years ago two JW's came-a-banging on my door, as they are inclined to do at inopportune times, like when one is just about to step into the bath or go for a you know what in great urgency; or perhaps they just induce the feeling that one wants to eh. So one keeps it short and sweet without being too rude of course. Anyway, the old system; one experienced salesperson and one novice learning the trade full of enthusiasm for saving souls and with the born again syndrome et all, and brandishing books and flyers of all stuff holy. Cant remember the exact discussion in detail (pity because it was so funny, in fact hilarious) but the gist of it was this. The question I was confronted with was to would I like salvation and eternal life. Well the truth is I do not need to be saved from anything and I do not want to live for ever (even though

the implication of Transcendent Experience is that we will in one way or another). However, I put on my best JW's ceremony voice and said "Gor yeah, that would be good, not half, what do I have to do mate" ? This shook em a bit for starters, for they were expecting hostility and confusion. So they gave me some waffle and asked some other question. Cant remember exactly what now but it lead to the question of Paradise. So I said, in my best Cockney drift... "So what is this Paradise of yours like then mate, and what do we do there" ?

To which they both grinned, open up one of the flyer pamphlets like a clockwork orange and turned immediately to the correct page and showed me a picture. I said... "Wow, that looks like the bloody Lake District – but what about all those sodding lions and wild beasts, what are they doing there – and that gormless looking mob on the grass having a picnic is sure in for a shock eh". Oh, no, no, no, they are tame animals not wild; everything lives in peace and harmony there – came the reply. "But paradise did not look like that when I saw it; they must have renovated the joint over the last thirty years"! Beg your pardon, what do you mean? Well, what I said, it did not look like that when I saw it! But you cannot see paradise until you are dead and saved !!! Then where the hell did you get your picture from then mate? Long silence.

But Jesus knew what paradise was like !! (He must have went to the lake district then – well it is very pretty anyway). So I said... Oh yeah, and what did he say it looked like then"? Long confused silence followed again. So I jumped back in before an answer was forthcoming – Anyway, if that guy could see it during a lifetime then why can't we? There then followed a lot of stuff on a completely different topic (they were going nuts), which eventually returned to my degree of interest in salvation. Well, sod it mate, if it is like that, with those gormless looking pratts there, and bleeding lions and tigers roaming around on the loose pinching the sandwiches and beer, then stuff it, I will go to the other place instead and play poker around the fire in peace and quiet with a few beers mate! A conversation followed in which the older guy was asking me questions about what I had seen; and began to get interested – But I did not say much.

About two or three years later two Ladies from the JW's banged on the front door where I now live – never seen these girls before in my life, and they sure ain't from around here. I was very polite and in a far different mood that day. I had hardly said a thing when the elder of the two said... "Are you not the gentleman that used to live in Wall Cottage in Bishops Lydeard some time ago" ! Well, slap me vitals, they must do their home work eh !!! Good grief, talk about the Mafia or the KGB. I feel so sorry for those young kids they cart around with them. Is it any wonder then that normal folk in this day and age run a mile when they hear words appertaining to spirituality and mysticism. And do not the structured state religions of priestcraft contain within them their own seed of destruction by virtue of their representatives and salespeople therein and thereof. Do they not realise that human beings are reasonably intelligent and can think now?

The world of humanity truly is unbelievable at times is it not, truly incredulous. And all this stuff has been pumped into them from childhood. Depending where they are born and the nurture in which they are raised they pick up the social diatribe of myths and swallow the lot of it unquestioning. If they happen to get a wee bit smart they drop that package – and what do most of them do then?

They pick up another package from the other side of the street or the world. They cannot seem to live without the stuff can they - and they say it is not a drug ! And yet others manage it just fine without it all. I have come across many who at different times have belonged to three or four different religions. They hop from one to another like a demented dung beetle. What are they looking for? Do they ever find it? Do they die any the smarter? Do they live any the smarter? What do they offer the world in return for their efforts of 'learning' and becoming whilst here? A road sweeper does a far more important job in life than pedalling lies and corruption, let alone banging on ones door and stopping one working to do it. Does this earn their ticket to paradise do they believe? Well it seems that they truly do believe it. Poor souls. Tis a bit like the walking dead. Oh, yeah, they will not accept other peoples blood either will they – tis a wonder that they ever have kids in which case.

Is there really any hope for the human race one wonders at times. Do they not realise that their story is at best a half baked mythological symbolism for something and at worst a pack of meaningless gibberish, and depending on what fantastic package they have been swallowed up into. Will they still be around in a thousand years time? Will any of toady's spiritual belief packages be around then? If there are indeed people around here in a thousand years time who feel the need to hold some kind of specific beliefs about the things which they do not yet know then what kind of things will they be believing in? Probably as to whether Donald Duck was real. And will they be threatened by hell and damnation if they do not believe it? I very much doubt it. And they are doing this now to their own children and young generations of human beings who tomorrow will rule the world. Something out here is in need; and urgently. I never fail to be amazed by human beings. But the novelty does ware a little thin after knowing so many of them who are existing in this psychological prison which they make for themselves, or brainwashed into.

And what about the other kind who make a speciality of rape murder and violence. And a lot of this is done in the name of a belief system too; or inner voices. Sure one can indeed understand some folk feeling that this place is some kind of hell on earth at times; but that is simply what people make it, not what it is independent of them. What does it take to have a society worthy of life forms coming in to it? And how is it done? That is the question. Yet even you and I have sufficient imagination (for whatever that is worth in this world) to envisage one. But I guess they would never agree would they. Does one ever wonder why incarnate minds are put together in worlds such as this and have to live and work together. How much simpler it would be either if nothing existed or only that transcendent one-ness of being existed. No problems. And yet what would be the point? None at all. What would they learn?

Now, supposing you got promoted to being a creative force (there is a thought to make one shudder) then how would you go about it? Nobody has ever asked me that question yet (about the only one which they have not I guess). But I know what I would do. I would do it all exactly as it is now. Mind you, I would first have to find out how it is done exactly. But, no, I think given that freedom of choice and volition has to exist, then I would leave it all as it is – and we would each learn for ourselves as we travel along the mystic path unfolding. And I would just make sure there was a good abundance of trees for making tissues for them to weep into when they see what they do with it all. Anyway, learn well just in case a vacancy arises.

Talking of trees and reality, what happened on Easter Island when they hacked them all down to erect ridiculous statues to their gods and ancestors? Life and reality dealt them a real dose of real life and real reality did it not – a barren land and sudden mass death and social chaos. I would have thought that to be a good one off lesson of what not to do – but no, they never seem to learn do they. Maybe one day they will live on a concrete and plastic world, and full of erected idols to their – or whatever it is they are hoping is there. Certainly glad I will not be here at the time; for tis bad enough now. But it could be different. Will it? Well, you could always will it I guess. But more pragmatic then to do something about it – like now.

The existential life experience of human beings on earth and in society (and in space too) will probably get a lot better in time to come. But it is plainly obvious that it is going to get a lot worse here before it does that. All the time that there exists top dogs, and top nations (and the love of that kind of thing) then it will not work here. Or that is to say it will work here, for anything can be made to work; but will they enjoy it here? Will it be a divine and wondrous experience of existing? No, it will not. I look forward to the day when that wondrous ground of being is neither wanted or needed on this earth; for the earth and life on it would have become its incarnate form by then; and one would not even have to mention it.

However, and irrespective of existing scientific ‘teaching’, and irrespective of all the thousands of religions that have ever existed; and irrespective of what neurologists like to believe; and irrespective of all the self erected gurus and priestcraft; and all the man made philosophies et al, it is plain enough to see that all the worlds genuine mystics/gnostics, have been giving the same message, saying the same things, for thousands of years – since time out of mind. What a coincidence indeed. And yet, many folk still prefer to cling to their idols and symbols and entrenched sociological brainwashing, or invent their own ‘realities’, than to simply observe life closely and see what it comes up with to offer us and do to us, and reveal; to us. And which is the most effective in life (to say nothing of the truth of it all) the Symbolic or the Real?

Would you prefer to get in bed with a blow-up dolly of your spouse or lover; or the real thing. Tis the same. Would you prefer a good hot meal on your table when cold and hungry or a photograph of one? Tis the same thing. But I guess that having a mere photograph or a blow up dolly does eliminate having to live real life with real life – just as man made religions do for so many people. But real life makes us both weep and dance with joy a various times; so I guess a mere belief system prevents that problem too.

* * *

REASON AND EMOTION

Reason is a troubled thing
which has nowhere to lie its head;
it worries while it's still alive
about the time it will be dead.
It splits all things to kingdom come
in search of what they are;
like taking all the inside out
to see what makes a car.

But when the bits alone do stand,
there's nothing there to see,
for the world is made of structured things,
including you and me.
And what then is so charming
with a lump of energy
that does not make a cup of soup,
a mountain, or a tree ?

Poor reason's never satisfied
to sit and stare in awe;
it gallops in obsession
and ever wanting more.
But like all other faculties
it is a tool to use;
providing, like so many things,
we learn not to abuse.

Things are made for using,
each in a certain way;
we would not turn the bread we eat
into a bale of hay.
But that is just what reason does
unless we hold the reins
and give a tug to steer the thing
from mangling up our brains.

part two

**When reason tries to dig out truth
and the nature of all things,
then let it keep one wary eye
on the tune emotion sings.
For emotion is the first to come
and never fades away;
no reason exists in paradise
where emotion has its day.**

**And what is this 'E' motion
which drives the inner 'me'?
On its own it is the square
of M times that of C.
But what does all that tell you
of what it's like in hell ?
And it is not reason after all
which in paradise sings so well !**

**For reason is a mode of thought
which joins things in a row;
but thinking is an act in time,
where only time can flow.
But deeper yet, in structure,
the Cosmic way will show,
that there is no time for thinking
in the realm where we must go.**

part three

No time it takes however,
for E motion thus to flow,
for the direction of its travel
is 'up' from down below,
and not along the linear line
which time thus has to go;
nor beamed down from the sky above,
like idiots claim it's so.

Time and space are two things,
not one as some lay claim;
both reason and emotion
are facets of the game;
each with a purpose to its own
and harmony in the whole,
but isolate just one thing made,
and you have not got the whole.

Paradise would have no purpose
if there were no world in time;
and all the worlds that ever exist
need their roots divine.
You cannot have a left hand
if there is no right,
for a hand alone claps silence,
and no thing could then shine bright.

* * *

THE VOID

* * * * *

The Dimension Between Death and Resurrection

(Oblivion)

Betwixt the final Arkon,
in the dome of melting light
and the resurrection to from whence we came,
there comes the greatest fright
the soul knows in its journey
of exodus into form,
'THE VOID OF NO DURATION',
which separates the dawn
from all the things that move in time,
all things that come to be
ripples in the vortex, of temporality.

Thus, between Annihilation
and returning to that womb
there comes a point of 'nothing';
the one and only tomb.

What can one say of 'nothing' ?
There is nothing one can say !
of the point of no duration,
through which we go that day.

But if you know it in advance,
as you who read these lines,
then you will not know death, but how,
the Essence and Form, entwines.

And you will not know fear that day
for you will still recall
that you are passing through the void,
and soon will know, the all.

part two

**The mind cannot but boggle
as to what is taking place
while consciousness is dormant
before entry to that place.**

**The gap of no duration
could be ten million years,
or a fraction of a moment,
till Paradise appears.**

**But as it takes no time at all
insofar as we can know,
then all that really matters
is knowing where we go.**

**But in that final moment
of melting in the white
annihilation of the self,
indeed life's greatest fright.
Yet knowing it from hindsight
no more could it bring fear;
and I never really did know who
wept that final tear
in the trimorphic reunion
amid the dome of white
which lies before the mystic void
before Eternal light.**

* * *

RESURRECTION

(Annihilation of Annihilation)

The Resurrection defies all words
that you and I can say;
of what is seen, and what is known
in the place we go that day.
Never could a Human mind,
while in ignorance doth dwell,
construe, think, or imagine,
anything done so well.

‘Tis simpler to say nothing,
and keep the mystery,
but what a waste of precious truth
of things invested thus in we.
A picture would tell nothing
of what it’s like in there,
the vision is just perfect
but of quality nought can compare.

Imagination only works
on things already known;
thus, never try to ponder
on the quality of Home.
But when the TWO become as ONE
amid the final gate
such little time will pass before
you rest in your orbit of state.

The void of no duration
through which we then must go,
(the real, and only, act of death)
before you come to know.

part two

**There is, in resurrection,
an irony it's true,
for you'll know just what you really are;
for the first time.... you'll know YOU.**

**But what is more important
you'll know of something more,
of something else which is not you,
of something.... so much more !**

**The vision is a bonus,
though the best thing ever seen,
but there's more to that Womb than vision,
far more than you could dream.
And when you arise in Paradise...
... you never did arrive;
for that is where you've always been,
since first you were alive.**

**'Tis magic of the Nth degree;
and God knows how it's done !
and the answer to that question,
alas will never come.
But then again, who wants to know;
such things you will not care,
while you are in such Wisdom
of the child you are... in there.**

**There is another aspect
so strange to come to see;
that ultimate divine knowledge,
is unquestionable mystery.
Though it is a kind of mystery,
in which there is NO DOUBT;
and thus a total knowledge
of what it's all about.**

part three

**And in the midst of Paradise,
as far as one can see,
it goes on and on for ever;
and it's made, for you, and me.
The lights amid the darkness,
like Jewels in purple hung;
through which you orbit slowly
while the final song is sung.**

**But time is of an order
unknown by you and I:
imagine it you cannot,
no matter how you try.
Ten thousand million years go by
beyond the gates of dawn
but while in there, ten thousand years,
is but a divine dawn.**

**Think not of Trees or Angels,
or wise men with long hair;
think not of men and women,
or cherubim's in there.
But try to just imagine,
to be alone that day,
with a total love n'er ending,
in a passion none can say.**

**And when the time does come to go
and leave that divine realm;
'tis known so clear, that 'otherness'
is the driver at the helm.
"Oh my love, it's time to go,
for something is in need;
and now you must be with it !"
And thus IT IS... indeed !**

part four

**Once back on Earth in mortal form
the mind lives in a dream,
of what it IS, and whence it came,
and all the things it's seen.**

**But 'tis not for the feint hearted,
for there's fear along the way;
although the Arkons smooth the path
to the place we go that day.**

**If all the Stars up in the sky
were money, gold, or wine;
I would not change them for my love
if presented thus as mine.
For in truth I have them also,
a Universe so wide;
the grass, the trees, the flowers,
which Paradise will hide.**

**If all the stars were paper,
and all the space was ink;
and if I had forever,
the time for which to think:
then never would the stars suffice,
and n'er would spread the ink,
to tell the story of my love,
and what I came to drink.**

**No matter then, of where I am,
and what I come to see,
for all the things that come our way
remain in memory.
But when the memory has to go
upon that divine day,
then I am just as happy,
for things to be, the other way.**

* * *

SERENDIPITY

When the insubstantial pageant fades
and leaves not a rack behind
of things that come and go in time,
other than my mind;
then maybe it can come to pass
that I'll return to see
such quintessential essence in form
as the river Badgworthy.

And like the slopes that rise and fall
along the Quantock ridge;
the mists that ring the Exmoor combes
and the Barle at Landacre bridge.
The misty paths that garland the feet
of Dunkery at dawn,
the solitude of Anstey plain,
like Paradise redrawn.

Where best to be, I think at times,
in Paradise or here,
among the finished products fields
where purpose is made clear ?
Such choice is one so hard to make;
and glad that it's not mine;
but would be nice, me thinks, again
to come here one more time.

Be then in no hurry
to return from whence you came!
so much there is to do on Earth
which sets the heart aflame.
The mystic path of life entails
such wonders thus to see;
and all the things that come our way!
such... Serendipity !!!

* * *

THE WIND DOES NOT BLOW

The wind does not blow
for the blowing is the wind;
and no water exists in the sea;
there is no space where there are no things
and no paradise exists without me.
There is no time with but one event,
an event which does not alter;
the wind does not blow
for the blowing is the wind
and the sea contains no water.
The light does not shine,
for the shining is the light,
and the knowing is the mind;
and nought is made ahead of me,
and nought is made behind.

The wind does not blow
for the wind is but the blowing,
and the sea contains no water,
there is no time without events;
and no mind without the knowing.
The flow contains no river,
the river contains no flow;
for the flowing is the river,
and the mind can do nought but know.
Without a lover nought could be loved,
and yet love is never abated;
for the love that exists in paradise
is the love for no thing created.
And when you know the truth of this
then you will come to see
that everything and no thing
are the same great mystery.

* * *

THE JOURNEY HOME

(for Bryony)

Once, upon a miracle,
the ferryman called on me,
and took me on a journey
beyond the temporal sea.
Never would a one believe
the things that passed that day,
and of the many splendours
I saw along the way.

In music made of light I swam,
then drifted like a Dove,
beyond the world we all know well,
in music made of love.
The Arkons of the depths I saw
in glory all around,
then carried me through Limbo,
then to my resting ground;

Wherein I spent... forever!
midst time beyond our form;
in truth, and love, and wisdom;
the very first great dawn.
The Virgin Womb of Eternity
opened up to show
its wondrous jewels to me that day;
and why ?... I'll never know !

So furthermore dear Omar,
it is not quite true to say,
that none come back to speak of
those things along the way.

* * *

GNOSIS

A Gnostic is a one who knows
their restitution of repose,
and having seen that wondrous sight
before the moving, and the white.
The knowledge of the depth of things;
the root from which all time begins
to issue forth its Cosmic load,
and ever conscious of its road.

The wisdom of creations love
returns to seed like winged Dove
when its temporal course is through,
washed of care becomes as new.

The Cosmic mind is bound to roam
many orbits from its home,
and into Somnus it must dive,
in darkness, fear, it must yet strive
to liberate its inner form
as it was before the dawn
when the mind dwelt in the light
of that virgin realm so bright.

In mortal life its memory knows
from whence it came, and whither it goes;
and thus it never walks alone,
however far it is from home.

One day, for sure, they all will know
the greatest truth that mind can show;
that 'Love of Wisdom' is second best
to the 'Wisdom of Love', in its home of rest.
And I AM (mind), amid the throng,
have seen the singer, and the song;
and nought can reach Eternity,
other than by way of me.

* * *

THE PAIN AND THE LESSON

Daily I listen to prattling mob;
who next to pillage, plunder, rob ?
Oh what rustic glee is theirs,
in sterling, yen, stocks and shares.

Oh my love, how little they know,
of from whence they come, and to whither they go.
From which chaos do they stem ?
Did thee who made the light - - make them !?

Why boil me again in time ?
Pathetic word ! Pathetic rhyme !
Who, in truth, doth suffer most,
the sleeping ? Or the risen host ?

Why, Oh why, must it be,
that they love they,
and I love thee ?

That all must pass this way I guess,
to know that more, is more than less.
Thus, before I say "It's so !"
Truly do I have to know -

Does pain endure
in length of time
equal to that
where fault was mine ?.....

part two

List my son, I tell you true,
'tis not in me, 'tis all in you.
Fly not against the swinging gate;
but ride the winds, whatever state.
Let out all that burns within,
that your heart may truly brim.
Only then, can you alight,
on wondrous music made of light.

I tell you that you profit not
from that which time was sent to rot.
But time unfolds its inner prize
when spirit lifts its sleeping eyes.

Creation is a gift so true,
That which I bestow on you.
The weeping is all mine you see,
if you negate the love that's free.

Knowing this now let it flow;
let your self redeem its glow;
give away the love within;
and you and I will ever sing.

Thus, you have now seen the prize.
Go forth my son, and do likewise.
When next the gate swings in the breeze,
enjoy your time among my trees.
'Tis not in me; 'tis all in you,
the ink, the pen, for what is new.

* * *

THE BARREN TREE

(For Jon)

Close by the gates of Brendon
a vision came to me,
a vision of such ugliness;
a barren runt of a Tree.

Ne'r was a thing so useless;
what could its purpose be
amid such rampant beauty
as this stunted excuse for a Tree ?

Yet while amid the dancing day
in the vital push of spring,
I could not take my eyes away
from the goddamned ugly thing.

I questioned it for hours,
until the Sun was low;
and so sorry for that Tree I felt,
but why... I did not know.

But when I questioned of the Tree
I had to search myself
for whose was then the poverty
and whose was then the wealth.

The Tree (it was a mocking tree),
and I did give a sigh;
the goddamned thing had beaten me,
and I did not know why !

part two

**Hard by the gates at Brendon
a boy sat down to drink,
and there a useless ugly Tree
did teach a boy to think.**

**Of which then is more useless,
a moorland Rowan Tree,
or a mind thus not engaged in thought
where thoughts are supposed to be ?**

**I laughed and laughed as Sun went down
behind the Rowan Tree,
for I learned the greatest lesson;
the useless runt... was me.**

**And before that day was over
(a coincidence no doubt)
from this world I was thus taken,
to where Paradise is laid out.**

**But hark, a word of warning,
for where learning thus begins
there follows many a dark night
before reason also sings.**

* * *

CIRCUMINCESSION



The Trimorphic Protennoia;
(three aspects of the Mind),
two which serve a temporal need
and one which remains behind.
A Rose by any other name,
as spirit, soul, and mind,
but the Trimorphic Protennoia
is Consciousness you'll find.

FORMATIVE cognition,
the norm of temporal mode;
TRANSITIVE cognition,
which takes that lonely road;
ESSENTIAL cognition,
which in Paradise doth dwell;
and in the final Arkon field
you'll know them Oh so well.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
as some would have it known;
but they attribute to something else
that which is your own.
For Mind in Paradise is not that
which brings all things to be;
for that is something deeper yet
than the emergent parts of you and me.
Cast your net a little deeper
than the mystic Trinity
when talking of the first cause
of Time and Eternity.



COSMIC BLACKMAIL

“The Power that be does not play dice”,
quote Einstein in a rage;
but despite the fact that he thought so much
he had barely seen one page.
For you and I, the thing called mind,
can think and plan in time;
a faculty called freedom,
which makes decision mine.

The giving of such freedom
for our acts in temporal form
is how we learn our lessons,
and where dice becomes the norm.
The dice however, are loaded
by the powers velvet glove;
it cheats - by loading freedoms dice
with an essence we call love.
Thus love is Cosmic blackmail,
though nice as nice can be !
and I could not think of a better way
for the likes of you and me.
For who would go where love does push,
through darkness, fear, and pain
if choice we had to meditate
and reason found no gain ?

And how could things be smarter
where freedom has to choose,
than making us an offer
which none can thus refuse !?
Such humour in creation
runs deep in space and time
and is itself an essence
from the Virgin Womb sublime.
And Love is but one method
to teach things we must know
and bring forth acts we would not choose
by setting our hearts aglow.
But sometimes, when it's lacking,
the spirit glows quite dim;
and at such times then reason knows,
what really makes it sing.

* * *

THE VIRUS

Those that preach you're born in sin
and live and die the same,
are the virus of the human mind;
they play the power game
of discord and disruption,
and unripe to be called MAN;
no greater stagnant pool of mire
was ever seen upon the land.

Avoid them like the plague of death;
their time on Earth is nigh
to go the way of Dodo's;
and no tear for them we'll cry.

Look not for the living among such dead;
nor sin within a child,
for their birth is of a truth so pure;
of a wisdom oh so mild.

On Earth we come in ignorance;
but cannot stay that way;
and you cannot learn the facts of life
without travelling through each day.

Seek no Earthly Establishment
to guide you through each day;
but seek the truth within your heart;
and you'll not be led astray.

* * *

THE TIGER MOTH

Dedication to William Blake

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning dim
wrought of pain, racked in sin;
what primordial hand or eye
beguiles thee to rise and fly.
In what depths beyond the skies
lights the flame, attracts thine eyes.
On what wings do thou take flight
from rushing dawn, to silent night.

What the power, what the love,
that lifts thee like a wingéd Dove.
What the sight that halts thy breath
and guides thee through a temporal death.
What the singer, what the song,
that guides thy feet from stepping wrong;
and what rhythm thy heart dost pound-
what the nature of its ground.

That silent love beyond the white,
beyond the pain, beyond the fight,
which strains thy sinews in its rise,
like Phoenix to eternal skies.
Tiger ! Tiger ! thee I know;
in darkness, cold, and winters snow;
the die is cast, your path is right;
Tiger ! Tiger ! you'll burn bright.

* * *