

Chapter 17

Communication and Potentiation and Depotentiation of Experience.

For about the fifty thousandth time I was listening in to a conversation among three or four academics a while back. They were discussing the human condition and original sin. These people were not morons, they were very bright indeed. But that did not stop them from being foolish and blind. They had been brainwashed to the hilt, and an effective job had been accomplished on them. In this day and age alas we all know exactly what brainwashing is and how it is done, and the effects of it. These people were all Christians. And they were of course attempting to rationalise and understand concepts which had been pumped into them from birth by that mob; including original sin. One said what is the point of not committing an act in the world which one had an inner impulse to do anyway. For if the impulse is there within one then that is a sin and one is already condemned and thus imperfect; so one might as well perpetrate that act and be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. How stupid and blind can people become? And this is academia. Leastwise when Christians use it.

Now, what would have happened if we had been living on a world in which this religion had never existed? Indeed, let us say that no religion had ever existed. Would they then be mentally and psychologically grappling with a concept of original sin? Of course they would not. It is simply something which they have heard or read and accepted to be true in the nature of reality and within themselves. They truly are brain dead. And this concept has been adopted by so many people and they all spread the word. And when they hear others talking of the same concept then that helps to reinforce the 'truth' if it. Well, they cannot all be wrong can they, and they are all talking about it; kind of thing. Well, yes indeed, they can all be wrong; and they damned well are all wrong. Simple as that. This arises from inventing names for things which do not exist – and to say nothing of outright lies.

Yes true enough, a situation can arise (and often does) that one feels like smashing the other guy in the face; a natural enough impulse and idea. But think about it for heaven sake. It is almost like a test, a challenge is it not. Is there a person that never has such an impulse and thence has to grapple with such things? But how much smarter, and eventually wiser, is he or she that has this confrontation within themselves and decides not to let that aggression out into the world – a simple choice and decision which one has to make every day of our lives. To smash him in the face or not to smash him in the face, that is the question. What would happen if we decided to do it? Well, it would probably break his teeth and his jaw. He would have time off work and his family would suffer.

Not only that but when he is out of hospital he would want to get his own back. So he comes and smashes your face in; and you have time off work and your family suffers. And so it goes on in a giddy spiral of downward activity. Just because you followed a momentary impulse, to which you could have said, no; I will not do it. What if you had not done it? The guy would have walked away thinking that he had won the day and the argument, and his little ego would be even that much bigger. But so what? No harm came to anybody else and the situation ended there and then. The moving finger having writ moves on. One can never go back and undo something which was done. Nor all your piety nor wit can bring it back to undo a jot of it; nor all your tears wash away the memory and the effects which it caused.

There is only one moral there – Think and judge before you act. For you will never ever undo that moment in creation. Once done it is done for all time; and nothing can undo it. Not even the Christians... whatever it is they think it is up there. But they are also told not to make judgements are they not. And this of course implies following every damned impulse which ever pops into our mind at all. How can one have a choice of actions (which is axiomatic to everybody) whilst not making a judgement as to what best to do? Both wars and peace start and end in the human mind. We have to make that choice and judgement. And that is life on earth – as it IS, in reality.

Now, is he or she who never had a momentary impulse an evil git with original sin? He or she who has never known an impulse to do something has never existed; and never will. Moreover, how could he or she who never even had to grapple with such an impulse be wiser and smarter than he or she who did and came to terms with it? Use your own brain, it is simple and plain enough for all to see and understand. Well, I am no angel yet I got into paradise well enough, and soon enough. Yet I get such impulses much of the time. One just laughs at them and gets on with real life. What the hell is volition for for heaven sake if you do not use it to good effect? Without choice in our actions there would be no volition and decision making; we would be robots. Shall I kick him in the teeth or shall I smile at him and buy him a pint? Damned obvious is it not. Anyone can be an impulsive moronic idiot. Alas many are.

Life on earth is one long series of choices, judgements and decisions – for all of us; every day of our life here (deny it if you can). And of course, yes indeed, there does come occasions when one has to smash his teeth in. But not often. What sane world would have let Mr Hitler have his way? Well this world did not I am glad to say. Getting rid of them had to be done; and it was done. And it will be done again if need be. But anyway, what would these guys have been talking about and thinking about if they had not been brainwashed by Christianity or any other religion? They would have been doing what most of the world is doing – looking at life and themselves and the nature of reality and trying to work out what was going on, why, and as to how best we could cope with it all – and all quite naturally. But, unfortunately it is easier to brainwash people than it is to un-brainwash them. It is often the case that once it is done then it is there for life. And that is tragic. Just try to imagine what a world would be like that never had priestcraft? But just human beings doing their best, working together, talking about life experience and the things which they had learned which are effective for all people. That, is the simple and honest life; and all that is needed, anywhere any time. And it pays rich dividends to live ones life that way. I know. Try it, starting tomorrow – it works. And you will probably sleep better and need less pills anyway.

I wonder if there is such an innocent world out there anywhere with little beings like that on it. I hope so, for life's sake. I wonder who originally told people that they had to believe things? 'Tis incredible. Perhaps it was the same guy that invented money and exploitation. But of course all these things come from the human mind, they do not grow on trees. But volition can over-ride any momentary impulse if it so wishes to. No problem at all. Just walk the other way – if your little ego will let you of course. But are you not bigger than your little ego? The ego is the negative and totally selfish aspect of a personality – the bit that is the grabbing, me, me, me, bit.

However, human beings have far more profound things going for them than simply silly little momentary impulses. They experience all manner of things; and these things also need thinking about. If you are sitting in a room reading this then look around you. Where does the stuff which you see come from, and what really is it? No, do not tell me that it is bricks, curtains, tables and chairs, flooring, and that it comes from the local DIY store; for we all know that. But tell me what it really is, and where it really comes from. No human being knows the answer to that. But what each human being does know is to how it effects them and as to how they live with it. For all this stuff, both animate and inanimate, communicates with you. This communication happens with any kind of experience, and no matter where that experience takes place – in normal daily consciousness or transcendent of all things known here. All this stuff of communication is our life food; and we have to digest it sooner or later. Sooner is more preferable than later. And this is why I keep reiterating that experience is the food of life. Starve yourself of conscious experience and what do you then have to grow by? It is the same with mental food as it is with physical food. One is for the body the other is for the mind.

Although it is not my field I assume that when you and I eat a meal that it takes quite a while for the food to be turned into the necessary chemicals and energies which the body and brain require for daily sustenance. What I do know for a fact is the analogy when applied to experience. We grow and learn by way of experience. If you allow it to, then life and the nature of reality will communicate with you in a big way. And the more it communicates with us then the more we can communicate with it. And in so doing one moves into a different and better existential life on earth; and one also wises up a little.

However, for the large part that is predominately the earthly kind of wisdom that everybody gets from living on earth for, shall we say, somewhere between forty to eighty years. That is to say worldly wisdom, and also shall we say becoming street-wise, and getting to know what people are like and what to expect from them; and which of course is important. But the term wisdom when applied to, shall we say, esoteric literature (and reality itself) is a very different kind of understanding and experience of hindsight. However, this kind of wisdom or understanding is equally applicable to being of practical use in daily affairs; and especially with regard to a persons dealings with other people and some events where the hard kind of decisions have to be made. But I do not wish to dwell on that here, other than pointing it out; for it does become a major facet of a new way of being in this world; a new experiential existential existence. Indeed, much has been written about this now.

The point being, and as indeed every mature adult knows well enough, is that experience changes people. This change is not a decision of the rational discursive mind (and or by choice) any more so than we have any choice in as to what happens to the physical food which we eat once it is inside the system of the body. It does what it does. However, an interesting and most important point arises; and this was something that I personally had not given a great deal of thought to until I read the work of a lady in America: Rhea A White, of the Exceptional Human Experience Network. She herself was very much initially changed by a near death experience whilst quite young and which then lead on, as they generally do, to a whole series of occasional anomalous experiences henceforth. Her work, and which when thinking about it I already knew that it was correct but I had not dwelled upon it (too much else to do and think about) was with regard to the becoming process due to various types of anomalous experiences, and covering a whole range of them: from the short sharp and simple to the long deep and most profound.

Now, the real interesting issue here (or just one of them really, for there are plenty, for she is a very smart and well experienced lady) is that of the phenomenon of potentiation of an experience. I knew this was correct even though it was not something I had ever contemplated upon to any extent. But what I had not given any thought to was the complete opposite of the process of potentiation of an experience; and which was also spot on true in the nature of our reality. And that is to say the rejection of an experience; or depotentiation of it (failing to digest it). I do not wish to write about all this process in any detail, (a) because it is not really my field of interest (b) because she has devoted here life to this aspect of reality and said just about everything which could be said about it; and said it all better than the rest of us could say it, and (c) I do not think she has left anything else to be said on this point. So I must recommend that people read it; and including the work and major article on a map and outline of this process by her colleague (and good friend of mine) Dr Suzanne V Brown (and which is on my website). Both these people are not only exceptional in the fields of experience but also very coherent academics. So I highly recommend reading their literature.

Anyway, the opposite to the potentiation of an unusual or new experience is that of depotentiating it. And this is profoundly important. Being of an inquisitive mind I naturally gave much thought to all the experiences which I underwent anyway, and including normal daily experiences even. So I naturally, without even thinking about it, potentiated them; and indeed as many people do. But, it became clear to me when it had been pointed out, that some, indeed many people, actively and consciously depotentiate an experience; and this is dangerous, and an obstacle to further growth and integration, and hence an obstacle to becoming the more that they can become. It would also seem that it can be both psychologically and physical dangerous; for they are all connected. And many of such people openly claim to suffer all kinds of negative effects; yet not knowing what to put it down to. So, this stuff is very much worth reading in full – elsewhere.

I will make the analogy with food, although it is not a particularly good analogy really for there is not a lot of choice in it when it comes to food. Normally when we eat food it does what it is supposed to do; or perhaps better to say that it does what it does, and we move on with sustenance for that day; so food simply supplies the energy and oil for the body and brain to work as it should work.

However, if something is wrong either with the food or the system of the guts – zap, it all comes back up again and the food was wasted; and the body has not received new nourishment from that meal. It is exactly the same with the mind and the psyche, and their inner dynamics when it comes to life experience. ALL experience is for learning something from – and that means all of it. There is no such thing as some experience to be worthwhile and require thinking about and some irrelevant junk not worth thinking about - one must eat and digest it ALL.

Now, the depotentiation of an experience, to put it in simple terms (I love being simple because I am simple) is the conscious rejection of it. An example would be this. A person has some kind of odd experience, let us say for example a very brief out of the body experience maybe (could be anything). The reaction being... ‘Oh shit, I am cracking up; losing my marbles, and this is all wrong. I must forget about it, put it out of my mind and make believe that it never happened’! And they do just that, and never think about it. That is the classic case of depotentiation of an experience; and the result of negative feed-back; for society has told them what to assume is right and wrong experience. The fact is that in reality they had indeed undergone an anomalous experience. Anomalous here simply meaning any experience which academia cannot address as yet.

The positive attitude to be taken here would go like this... ‘What the hell was that? What is going on? Why did that happen; and what happened exactly? That is the start of potentiating an experience. One has accepted that it happened and is letting the experience work on them. One has accepted it as truly having happened, and one is open to coming to try at least to understand it, and to see what it does and why; and to say nothing of what it teaches one. I think that I have put this in simply enough and brief enough terms to make the point. Potentiation is to live with an experience and accept it as really happening, and give it some thought; and depotentiation is to reject it and forget about it. And these points are highly important; for every action has an effect. Depotentiation of an experience is the same as not digesting one's food and therefore not allowing it work on one's system – and equally as dangerous; or maybe even more dangerous. It is also a kick in the teeth to life and existence itself.

The point which I would also like to make here however, is the same process in normal daily average experiences; and one which I had indeed given conscious intention to even as a kid. We often hear somebody say that this or that person is not thinking about what they are doing, and it is often true of course. But I would add that they often seem to not give thought to what they have done, and why. Normal everyday experience should be thought about and digested, contemplated up, as a normal part of our daily life. And I would imagine that most people do just that. But it is important I feel for young people to think about this and to do the same; and this book is being written for young people. This simply means sitting alone quietly for an hour or so a month (or each day) and just contemplating upon the experiences of the past days, or the past week, whatever, and thinking, asking yourself as what affect did this or that experience have on you, and as to what you learned from it? Was it really a good idea to moan at Fred like that for doing something that he felt he had to do anyway? What did that day in the country do for me and teach me? Why did Joe react like that when I made that comment? So on and so forth. Think about your life and have inner dialogue with yourself on it. And do not underestimate the miracle of conscious experience – any of it.

In fact, do not expect any kind of answer or feed-back at all. For there probably will be none that you are consciously aware of; and as it usually should be. Do not do it specifically for an answer, but do it for the inner effects of doing it. But what I am emphasising here is that all life experience is a form of communication and interaction with existence itself. And it is your food. We eat it and digest it just as it is with physical food; and we become what we become largely by virtue of it. Moreover, by thinking things out (or talking to yourself inwardly) you are in communication with your self too. That is to say that the topside mind is giving feed-back to the deeper aspects of your mind and psyche. There is a lot of creation in front of you and out there in objectivity; but there is also one hell of a lot of creation behind you, inwards and downwards through your mind and psyche. And that is a fact. Use everything which exists to be used; not just half of it. That is of major importance.

Let your inner self do what it naturally does. If you let only the top-side discursive rational mind do all the work, and block off all the other stuff; then not only are you only half alive but in due course it can and often does result in severe mental and physical problems, and no doubt beginning with stress and tiredness, headaches and neurosis. Let the tools do the job which they are designed for, do not try to do it all and be in charge of all things yourself – meaning the discursive rational mind. Any pragmatists would use all the tools available to them to accomplish a task – and life, among other things, is a task. Use everything in your system which exists to be used; for that is what they are for.

Did you know that some, in fact many, of the worlds greatest finds and discoveries, in all fields: science, the arts, psychology (and mysticism), come when the discursive rational mind is not even active at all? Zap – Eureka !!! Your mind and psyche is the greatest wonder, miracle, and phenomenon in the known universe. And it is all YOU, and most of which does not permeate into consciousness. And that is a fact. Use your self. Do not abuse your self; nor neglect it. Use all your mind, not just the outer rim of it. A good craftsperson does not attempt fine jobs with blunt instruments; they use what they have to use for each job; that is what they are designed for; to help.

When we come into this world we come with everything which we need for the job of living life here. Nothing is missing. So, OK, on the face of it some seem to be born with some dreaded handicap. But are they really what they seem to be on face value? And what in fact do we learn from them? Much. Now, the rational discursive mind might decide that it would be a good idea to be able to walk upside down on the ceiling; but in reality it just ain't necessary, so we are not made that way. Maybe if the floor disappeared then we would have to adapt and walk on the ceiling; but heaven only knows as to what would be holding the ceiling up. The nature of reality is a damned sight more practical, pragmatic, and cost and energy efficient than human beings are.

People who are said to be born highly sensitive (and which they indeed are – and which certainly seems to be a prerequisite for being a mystic and or psychic) are simply doing just this. They are, from birth, simply using more of the stuff of themselves and all of their in-built antenna. To put it in the language of ancient mythologies they would be more in contact with their soul and the nature of objectivity itself.

All this means in reality (in fact) is that there are deeper parts of ourselves within the vortex of our emanation (I call it the Arkon Realm – the place of Archetypal experiences and psychic dynamics of the mind) and these people are tapping into it even without giving any conscious thought to it; probably not even aware that they are doing it even. Are you constantly aware of breathing? Same thing. This of course also begs the question regarding the kind of people who either meditate (I have never done it or been interested in doing it – and the time to do it would be a good thing) or deliberately decide to try and seek out either psychic or mystical experiences. They are trying to do by conscious choice what the sensitives, the mystics and psychics, do naturally and without thinking about it. I am not an advocate of messing with the mind and psyche; it is a dangerous game to play and one played by many fools. Never try to mend something that is not broken; or improve upon something which is already working perfectly well. I am a pragmatist to the core.

But quiet reflection, thinking, questioning your self are not only safe but also necessary. Reflection and contemplation are not the same thing as switching your mind off in meditation. They are the opposite in fact. Minds are made for using, not abusing or emptying. But the trick, as I found it to be, is that after periods of deep thought, reflection and contemplating – then forget it; put it aside; sleep on it, and do not give it another thought for a while; get on with your daily life. The thing is that you have sent stuff back down into your mind; you have communicated with it; feedback. It is then the job of the deeper regions to do with it what they do with it. That is not the same thing as emptying your mind as in meditation. Minds are made for using, and using well. Invocation is playing games; life and reality is not. It is for real. I would also mention that I have never yet come across a person who, by way of meditation and or invocation, have brought forth the deep profound mystical transcendent experience - psychognosis. Indeed, many of them (including so called advanced Buddhists) have come to me (in private again) asking questions about it all.

Without communication our conscious top-side daily mind exists in isolation, Limbo (but without knowing it and being in it). Its contacts with the nature of reality and existence (creation) come to it. Some, and for the large part most of it, comes from the outside, objectivity; and some comes from the inside; both the deeper mind itself and the psyche. The mind and the physical psyche are best thought of as two distinct parts of our inner system of dynamics – a double vortex of emanation; one vortex within another vortex as mentioned elsewhere. However, when it comes to communication, there is all sorts of the stuff. We tend to think of communication (by way of negative brainwashing yet again) as simply talking or writing to somebody, or reading a book or a paper. But when you sit on your bum under the tree and open your eyes and your ears, and your nose to the world and the outer universe, then IT (objectivity) is communicating with you. THAT IS communication.

It is all stuff for the mind by way of experience. Cosmic experience; objective reality conversing with you; personally and first hand, and alone. Now, keep in mind that objectivity is everything which is not you; and never forget that one either. But suffice for now simply to point out that the outer sense detectors detect communication. Just as the senses which face inwards do. Sitting under a tree in the sunshine by a stream, on a glorious day, with no problems on your mind, is perhaps the greatest experience in the whole of creation; and I do mean the whole of it. You laugh no doubt eh?

Oh but it is so common and just an ordinary everyday occurrence, they say. It is indeed, and that is why you take it for granted. My advice is do not take it for granted – for it will not always be there; believe you me. And that is a fact. Neither will your kids, your friends, anything of the things which you like always be there. They will emphatically not always be there; Ipso Facto. So, not only cherish every moment of life on earth whilst it lasts, but learn from it all – even the so called mundane. No better advice could ever be given to anyone by anyone; and that is for sure. Do not wait until things are not there before you appreciate them; love them, use them, eat and digest the experience of them NOW. They will most certainly not always be there. Hence, yet more advice from the hard earned benefit of experience and hindsight is – grab the day; and each moment of that day. And remember, it only lasts for one day. Tomorrow, today will be gone, and it will never, ever, exist again in the whole annals of creation and existence. Today, will never come back again. Other than in memory and whilst memory lasts.

Now, this business of communication with the nature of reality (and of course the inner realms and depths of oneself also) raises the important issue of sensitivity. All sensitivity means is that one is using a wider spectrum of ones receiving equipment or antenna than some folk do. In the final analysis life and existence, creation itself, is not about seeing it, hearing it, smelling it, touching and tasting it – no, it is about feeling it. Feeling is not an outer sense detector; it is an inner one. And yet it is by far and away the most important sense detector in the whole of our tool-kit of works. And that is a fact. It is infinitely more important than any of the outer sense detectors and it is even more important than the rational discursive mind itself. Moreover, and albeit an accepted norm of activity which is probably done without thinking about it, do not all people say – how are you feeling? Or how do you feel about this or that? And rightly so. Are some of them then not asking you just that on the one hand whilst writing feeling off as a mere subjective irrelevant aspect of life and existence? For only that detected by the outer senses is real according to many of them. Does that make them some kind of hypocrite? If they do not really care as to how somebody is feeling then why ask. At least that would honest and open.

A person might be born blind, or deaf, or mentally sub-normal; and all these things we judge to be tragic, and try to repair them if we can (and rightly so); however, if that person has felt life, truly lived it fully on the inside; (and if only for a few years in fact) then they are wealthy indeed. One must not be too hasty in our judgements of other people and their gifts or their handicaps. Better off is he or she that is born blind or deaf, or a bit simple, or with an arm or leg missing, but who has drawn out every essence and fibre of life experience, and lived it to the full, than he or she who has all their equipment working well, and all the gold in the universe, and all the dolly birds, and all the large mansions, and all the dosh, and yet does not feel life. Which would you rather be – alive and truly living the stuff, or a walking talking empty shell, or zombie? Ask yourself.

True enough if you could have the best of both, then you are wealthy in more ways than one. But most of us ain't eh; so tough luck to us. But, and there is a big but. In the final analysis it does not matter as to what transient trinkets you had; it matters as to what you really got out of life in your living it and what you gave back to it. What you actually did with it all. For it is that stuff, and that stuff alone, by which one will grow and become the more that we are in essence, and indeed whilst alive on earth

even. And it is that stuff which is the only important stuff on the return trip. And it truly is the only real way to know life and existence – feel it, be it. Over the course of the years (and even when I was a kid in fact) and for reasons which I never understood, I have been confronted by people who had problems of one kind or another. And as to why they came to air them out on to me I never did know; for I certainly never solicited it or even wanted it. It just damn well happens to me for some unknown reason. When my poems escaped and I was asked to start writing, it happened even more and more. I am not an agony aunt, and I have no intentions of ever becoming one thank you very much.

However, if somebody does come to you asking something, then how the hell can one tell them to bugger off? I cannot; and I always try to help if I can, and assuming that I have any idea as to what the problem is. I have had all sorts. Those simply looking for information on these things: those who wanted my feelings or understanding of this that or the other; and those with psychological problems asking if I had any idea what was going on or what best to do. I have had many who had previously tried to kill themselves – and sometimes because of their religion they told me. However, I am not here to go into all that. What I want to mention is with regard to those who have come asking about the problem with their sensitivity. I do not tell stories about people or name names, in fact I never ever repeat a thing which they tell me to anyone, and it ain't for sale. But I wanted to make this point whilst briefly on this topic of communication and sensitivity.

I have met quite a few people (and some well known) who had so called IQ's that went through the roof on the upward scale. They could have chosen to do anything which they wanted to do in life (and unlike most of us average bods). But as well as all this intellectual capacity, the ones which I met (or rather they came to me) were also highly sensitive people; extremely and deeply sensitive people; and they were wonderful human beings. And yet they had all tried to kill themselves and had psychological and existential problems up to their eyeballs. Tis odd, but many of the highly intelligent folk do not adapt to society too well, and it takes little understanding to see as to why; and which can and does at times cause them psychological problems. Highly intelligent and sensitive children are far more difficult to raise than the average kid; for people try to raise them according to the average code of conduct; and it does not work.

One of the first things they said was that they were over sensitive, and they did not like it one jot. When asking them as to how they knew that they were OVER sensitive they replied that their friends, families and acquaintances had told them so. And moreover, they were being highly exploited by virtue of it. So I would then say to them... 'So what is your problem then – for you are a lucky sod'! That was not the reaction which they were expecting; and I knew damn well that it would not be. So I went on to explain that they were not OVER sensitive at all, and that nobody could ever be OVER sensitive. I simply told them that they were sensitive and that the other silly buggers were insensitive clods, or zombies even. And which pricked their ears up and made them listen with new ears. For they thought it was wrong to be highly sensitive; and also painful. I told them that they had an amazing gift – two in fact, because they were highly intelligent gits as well; and hence chum, you have got to learn to live with it and cope with it. They were all ears at that point.

I went on to explain a few things about the amazing joys of sensitivity, and the potentials therein; and they listened carefully – probably for the first time to anyone in their lives. I also went on to explain to them about a mystics armour from the daily world of zombies and the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Some of these people were psychics and one was a budding mystic even, except that they did not know it. All they knew is that it did not equate with anything they had ever heard or read – well, it would not would it! For it is not found in religions, nor in science, nor in existing psychology. Yet it is obviously known by all who are suffering from rapid brain deterioration – the mystics/gnostics.

I went on to explain to them to feel everything to the very highest heights of joy, wonder and beauty, and also to feel other things to the deepest depths of inner pain, nausea, disgust and abhorrence. For heavens sake feel everything that is supplied to be felt and known; and to the deepest depths and the very core of your being – for that is what being alive is about; one should not hide from any of this, or from oneself; (depotentialisation). I also told them that as the world is at this point in time that they must do all this whilst developing a suit of armour from the world; so that the nauseating crap and trivia of stupidity could wash off them like water off a ducks back. I had to learn all that as a mere kid in the streets of London during the war; the hard way, and alone. And it worked. I could be the hardest, most cantankerous, stubborn, argumentative, dogmatic git on the face of the earth. I learned those tricks young, and I learned them well. Nobody ever messed with me twice; once was more than enough for them. Without this armour mystics and sensitives cannot survive on this world as it is at the moment. They had to learn to be tough and firm; whilst still being sensitive and strong. We are not perfectly suited to our environment, and we would not feel the need to change things if we were.

Over the course of the years I received many little gifts; bottles of wine, cigars, cabbages, spuds, and bars of chocolate; even a pair of wellies. And this was just great. It was no big deal to give them words from the hindsight of experience; it came free and it goes free. But it was a big deal for them; for it changed their lives, and they came alive again. Moreover, it was no big deal for them to give me a gift of a bar of chocolate or a bottle of wine, they could afford it. But it was a big deal for me, for I could not more often than not. On many occasions I was also offered money; but money I would never accept. It came free and it goes free, and nobody can buy it from me; nobody. And that is how it should be. Show me a guru and I will show you a charlatan. Plus the fact that I choose to whom I talk to, nobody else choose for me.

When integrity and self respect is lost you cannot buy it back with all the cash in the universe, nor all your tears of sorrow and regret, from here to the grave. Irrespective as to what may or may not be at a latter point it is always best to live one's life as if it were the only one, and use all of it to the full. This, and grabbing the day, does not mean a hedonistic life style, far from it, it simply means being there when life is happening, and living it to the full with all your inner and outer taps and communication valves running at full volume. Live a coloured life, not a black and white one; a deep one not a shallow one, and learn from it, for there is nothing else to learn from anyway; and indeed nothing else to do even. And when something is learned, and even if only one thing, use it well. To nearly know a million things is irrelevant, but to know just one thing is what communication with life is all about. Moreover, to know a million things is irrelevant if you do not understand them.

Such things as these kinds of human communications are also interesting in the fields of cause and effect, and the power of the word, psychological help, so on and so forth. How the hell do a few mere words change a persons life? I discovered, was indeed told, that the poems which I wrote were having the same effect on many people; I was gobsmacked. And indeed even bring them alive again so to speak. Words are only noises in the air are they not, or so we are taught. But there is more to it than that is there not; for words carry information, data, and meaning. And it is the meaning which sinks deep into their psyche and thence starts to cause later effects. Same as music is it not. Music is not just a noise in the air. In fact music is one of the most important forms of communication for human beings in creation itself. Music has the power to stimulate the mind, elevate the soul, and to expand and transform consciousness into other realms of being. Music is truly magic stuff – the power of sound. And that is a fact.

But once again it is communication with the mind. But keep in mind that the mind is a very deep and far reaching phenomenon, and not a mere surface flat epiphenomenon. Some food is for the topside mind; some food is for the middle sections; and some food is for the essence or spirit of our being. Nothing exist in creation for which the food does not exist to feed it. It is only human beings that have that problem when they want to start owning things and excluding others from that resource. And human beings must change. And because they must change then they will change. No argument. If they do not bring forth and use that which is within them then not bringing it forth will kill them - and they will even be dead whilst alive. You will still die from this world even when you do use it all, but during that time one will be living it to the full – and learn much in the process.

Life and reality is the ultimate in dogmatic. You cannot argue with it. Well, you could but it will sure get you nowhere fast. However, let us get to us. Some things in life are mere matters of opinion and personal tastes, likes and dislikes. There is no right and wrong in this; it is just a matter of what you like and what you do not like, and it is as simple and relative as that. I like chess and music some like golf and lap dancing – or so they tell me anyway. And good luck to them. However, if I were to say that the moon was made of white wine and that you were to tell me what it was really made of, then I would expect you to be dogmatic and stubborn, for you know for a fact of reality what it is made of. You would be doing me no favours by saying... ‘Oh, have it your way then.’ I have argued some people to sleep, or nearly passing out with fatigue. Well, they did have the choice of sticking around or bugging off did they not. But I am dogmatic about anything which I know is so. And I admire that in others. So, there is nothing wrong with dogmatism. And one does not have to listen to it if one does not want to.

Actually this is something which has always annoyed me. Two people are having a conversation, and an argument in the true and positive sense of that word (argument is useful and sometimes affective). However, one of them states a matter of fact. The other person who does not know this to be a factual statement of truth simply retorts – ‘Ah well, we are all free to believe what we like and have our own opinion’ !!! The implication being is that opinion is the only thing that matters; truth is irrelevant; the facts are irrelevant; only opinions matter. And, my word, so many of that type of people exist in this world today.

True, we all are entitled to our opinions of things but opinions and likes and dislikes do not apply to matters of fact. The moon truly is made of something; it is not a matter of opinion or likes or wishes; it is what it is what it is; and it is not relative to the opinions or likes or wishes of every person.

Funny really, for we all have our little obsessions and touchy points; and this is mine. When somebody asks a serious question my reply is either that I do not know the answer to it (which applies to most questions) or that I do know the answer to it. If it is the case that I do know the answer to it and thence they ask me to explain, one can spend ages answering a complex question – and then they turn around and say – ‘Oh, that is just your opinion – mine is different’ ! Well, if they knew then what the hell are they asking the question for. And if it turned out to be different (and I happen to know it to be a fact) then they are damn well wrong, and opinions have got nothing to do with it. Tis a bit like a waving rag at a bull to me. But I soon laugh, so no problem. Human beings can be very annoying and frustrating at times can they not. But they are what they are what they are; and they are each at where they are at. So we have to smile and walk on. But, and I reiterate, life and the nature of reality is not a matter of opinion; it is something that exists; and it is what it is what it is. And it is dogmatic.

Most of these sort of problems arise however when chatting with the type of person that has never ever sat down and thought about anything at all invariably, let alone experienced much in their life as yet. I walked into a pub a few weeks ago where some guys were playing dominoes. I got my pint of ale and stood behind watching for a while. I eventually said that when I play this with my youngest kid she always manages to get the double six in her hand; and which of course allows her the first discard of a tile and hence an advantage. Unanimously they all shouted out the obvious and true answer – ‘She cheats’ ! And they were of course correct, she watches out for where it is in the pile and makes sure she picks it up. I just smile; and sometimes tell her not to cheat, and she replies, what me dad? And I have to smile yet again (for it is funny) and reply – Yeah, you mate ! Oh my, they do love winning eh.

Anyway, I just happen to mention to these guys that is why I like chess, for you can see it all in the open and one cannot cheat. With that the young lady behind the bar chips in – oh yes you can cheat at chess. To which I replied, no love, you cannot. But she was most insistent that one can cheat in a chess game. So I asked her to explain to me as to how one can cheat at chess. She said in many ways; but one of them is that you can slide a bishop from a white diagonal to a black one, or the other way around. I asked her as to how long she had been playing chess; and she said a few years. I asked her as to what kind of people she played with, and she said her friends. Well, maybe they were blind, who knows. One of course could also blow smoke in your opponents face to put them off, or to keep fidgeting, whatever. But that is not cheating at chess, it is merely being downright rude and trying to get a psychological advantage; and is as old as chess. But the game has rules, and without them then it is not the game – and all real chess players stick to the rules.

So be it. It is not worth arguing with that is it. And neither is there any point in even being dogmatic in such silly and trivial cases. The less some people know about something then the more they seem to think that they know all that there is to know about it. Ignorance is bliss. Life is dead simple to the simple or the very young; and they have all the answers, for there are not even many questions. And many of their

answers come from a book naturally enough. Usually comic books. I could give many hundreds of good chess examples just for fun, for chess has much in common with life itself and one feels all the pains and passions in chess (dunno why, but it is so). One day many years ago I was teaching a young bloke to drive (I had my own driving school for many years; and loved every moment of it) and he asked me if I played chess. This was long after I had finished playing chess. I had taught all his family to drive, and his parents, and knew them all well – nice crowd of people.

Anyway I simply said yes I used to play a bit of chess back along. He informed me that he had never been beaten (been down that road a few times as well) and asked if I would give him a few games. He was a nice kid but getting a little bit cocky as do many of them for a while. I did not really want to one jot; but he insisted. So I said OK I will pop around one evening and give him a few games. Which I did; and the poor lad did not know what had hit him. So I simply said, hey ho, there goes another bloody record eh mate; such is life eh ! Emmmm !!! He replied. Ignorance is bliss.

One more story of simple psychology in action here, and once again in chess. I worked for a while in an electronics factory where I seem to have been put in charge of load of young women, and also in charge of the machine shop. One thing about factories is that they are so boring that you have to make your own fun; and we did. One day a guy came up to me and said they were starting a little chess competition and the winner would get a little cup; did I know how to play and if so would I take part. I had about as much interest as in fly swatting or watching paint dry. I asked him as to who was taking part in it. He reeled off some names. One guy was the most unpopular bloke in the factory; they used to call him flash. He thought it was because he was in charge of the electronics section (clever bloke in his field) but they called him flash because he had the biggest head and self opinionated son of bitch in the factory. He was quite a nasty and bumptious piece of work. And I thought, Ker-Riced, what an opportunity to have a bit of fun and bring him down to earth a peg or two. So I said yeah mate, I will have a go, but I ain't much good you know.

Anyway, to cut a long story short I made a point of losing all my games to these guys – non of the buggers could play anyway. And when it came to old flash I was invited around to dinner. His housekeeper (come whatever) laid on a big meal, and the wine came out, and all the trimmings. And then he said well, it is about time we had our game. He added that we would probably be able to fit in both our games this evening, and I said fine. He had already told everybody that he had been a big noise in chess in London. And I thought Oh yeah, and how eh; (one simply knows from the way they talk and act). Anyway he had seen my impressive score of zero wins and assumed what such people assume. The first game lasted no more than about three minutes. He sat in a daze. Utterly shocked and lost for words. He thought a miracle had happened. We played the second game and which went on for about fifteen minutes. None of the guys in the factory from that day to this knew what was going on; and it did not matter eh. It was fun, and old flash was never the same again. Assumption is not a good companion – especially in the hands of an egocentric moron.

So, I guess there are different ways even within human communications eh. Life can be so funny at times can it not. One more little story in this vein. One of the nicest guys I ever met was a bloke who used to deliver our eggs for the few years that we lived in Bristol. One week we did not want any eggs for we were going away for a

while, so I left a note on the step, it was a poem in rhyming verse. When I came back there was a gorgeous reply, also in rhyming verse. I thought, I like this bloke. Over the course of the weeks we used to chat about all sorts of things. It got to the point where he started coming around to visit on occasional evenings. He saw a chess set stashed away somewhere and asked if I played. I said yeah, I used to play quite a bit.

He said, although not in a bumptious manner, that he was once the schoolboys county champion in Surrey, or Sussex maybe, I forget which now. And asked for a game. So we played three games. He was quite ok really. He eventually sat back and said, well, I have never ever been beaten three times in a row before. To which I replied, ah well, I was lucky, and there is a first time for everything eh mate. And he laughed. And nicer people one could not wish to meet. The thing about chess also, is that people can not only not cheat, but they cannot hide their true personality. Tis most illuminating to be sure. And I quote... "Chess, like love and like music, has the power to make man happy". And that is quote from one of the best chess players in the world at his time. I guess he forgot to mention that it can make them feel bloody miserable as well. Tis a truly torturous game, and which rips the mind and guts around something rotten.

The personality is a very complex and mysterious issue is it not. And we can each present a different personality according to the type of person whom we think we are dealing with. Personalities can be faked, as every con artist or their prey will confirm. But under all that there is what is generally the real personality. I always found it best, even as a kid, to present your true self to everybody; the same personality. If they liked it then fine; and if not then fine also; and you knew who your friends were. No matter whether it is royalty, the greatest brain in the world, or the biggest crook or wheeler-dealer in existence, the works manager or the yard man, always try to be yourself. I have found it the best way to be. Sod the lot of them; either they like you for what you are, or they don't; and either way is just fine; and no masks or pretence is needed anywhere. Moreover, you never have the problem of trying to remember who you have to be for this or that person – and if you meet two or three at the same time then you do not have to flip between personalities – just the same one for all; the boss, the toilet cleaner, and the forces which shape our being. Be your self always.

There is one problem that I have not solved yet with regard to chess however, so perhaps you could tell me if you happen to know. Why is it that the best and most interesting games are always ones which we lose? I guess it is because we are pushed to our limit, tried like hell, but was not good enough; the other guy or woman was the better player and knew their stuff. I guess the real enjoyment is in the trying eh. But as I always told my own kids... the real winner at chess, or any other game or sport, is the one that enjoyed it most. When I asked my kids as to who won their chess games then they used to both shout out in unison... 'I did dad'! And who can argue with that eh. Ah, communication is a jewel is it not. Oh by the way, people never win a game of chess – but the other guy (or yourself) loses it. Games are lost, not won. And the one that did not lose is the one that made the least vile mistake.

But above and beyond all this human communication, the serious and the fun and games, there is nothing on a par with the communication which we get, in private, with life itself and the existence of things. A blade of grass, a tree, a mountain, the rivers and streams which dance over the moors. The skylarks singing and dancing on

the air. Electrical storms; and the music of thunder and the dance of lightening. And not forgetting the most amazing show which I have ever seen... Music made of light. Oh my, oh my, nothing can communicate like life and all the 'dead' things and living things of the natural world. And I think that of all the critters that exist in the known universe then cats must truly be my great favourites; for they are smart, and aloof, and also so warm and friendly. And what communication one can have with them eh. Who needs words to communicate with life. Rhetorical question. Does life know if we love it and communicate with it? Well, consequences can sure depend on what we do. And as for pets – wow; what a responsibility they are (just like children) – another life in YOUR hands. A pet will spend its whole life experience – in YOUR hands. 'Tis frightening really is it not. I guess, in whatever way they think or understand, that we must be their 'god'. 'Tis a good job that we are a better one to them than the Christians one is to them eh. For if they crap in your slipper then we would probably smite them with the sword and blow them away. But real human being do not do that – they just clean up the mess and give the animal a hug.

Is there any point in living if one did not come to know life and love it at all its levels? I think not, I think not indeed. Live it to the fullness of your capacity; and communicate with it; and feel it to the highest heights of joy and the deepest depths of pain and sorrow; and then you are living with the very essence of things, and truly being there – and you can judge it better. The whole of life, no matter whether it is transcendent or imminent, here or there, this way or that way, is all about communication. Communication is the be all and end all of everything which exists. And every scrap of it, every note and bar of it, the whole shebang cosmological symphony is just for you – and you get in to the show FREE. Are the worlds mystics really the stupid and blind ones, and suffering from rapid brain deterioration? Well, you be the judge of that too.

Suffice to say that the mystics and sensitives are communicating with the whole of existence in a big way, and in a deep way; and living it to the fullness of their being. There is no room for an isolated and alienated observer in the machine when all this is going on, for both the personality and person simply melt into the stuff of objectivity and forget that they are even observing whilst they are taking part in the dance of creation. It is as though there is only the moment and the dance, not an observer and the observed; just a one thing; an event which is going on in a kind of union on earth. And that, is the communication to end all communication. When you forget that you exist and only the event itself exists, then it is achieved; and this is what the dance of creation and the music of the spheres is all about. And it cannot do it without you, do you see; for it needs somebody to dance with – the grand duality of being. Think about it eh. And that is the greatest lesson to be learned in the transcendent mode of being. And it is called gnosis – or psychognosis by me.

So many people seem to be past masters at underestimating others do they not. A saying has become so popular in this country over the last few years that it has become totally nauseating. They make a statement and then add... "Do you know what I mean"? In fact they seem to end every sentence with it – do you know what I mean? Talk about copying the mob. Now, this is probably done as a gap filler to prevent the Ah's and Umm's. But at the same token it is an affront to the intelligence of the listener. And just how profound and complex was their statement anyway? I went to the fish and chip shop last night, do you know what I mean? No mate, I ain't

got a bloody clue what you mean! However, if one truly were trying to get over a complex issue, or at least one that they did not know, then asking the question as to whether they have satisfactorily understood the communication would be a reasonable request – do you understand what I mean? But, that apart, we do find those kind of people who really do look down on folk and take things for granted and assume much. 'Tis a pity that schooling cannot even teach them some respect for communication and other folk; do you know what I mean? Communication is a very important thing it is not. True, in some cases it can be wiser not to communicate, but just let it ride. Sometimes the least said the better. But on other occasions we cannot let it ride, and something has to be done. How do we know when something has to be done? Kind of magic is that – do you know what I mean !

But, unfortunately, in this world at this point in time, communication is no great shakes is it; and it certainly does not seem to achieve much in a hurry. And as they say, money talks louder than words. Maybe this is why so many folk spend so much time reading and watching fiction; and they do not have to communicate with it do they; for it is not real. True, some fiction can be inspirational, and some fiction can be truth disguised as fiction or symbolism. But by and large so much human time and effort is spent on, well, what should one say? Irrelevant stuff. Guess there is nothing like a good novel to make one forget that millions of people are starving and leading miserable and short lives. But anyway, they are a few miles away, and don't even speak our language so best forget about them for they must be thick, do you know what I mean? Ker-Riced, if this is normality and sanity then give me the insanity and brain deterioration of the mystics any day, and every day.

Yup, there is a case for not turning the other cheek some of the time; or for burying ones head in the sand of fiction all the time. Well, anyway, I know what I mean, and I say it. Do you know what I mean? Well, if you do not then rest assured that you will one day. Rome was not built in a day and neither is a lifetimes experience. And the affects of it. Mystics of course, unfortunately, always have the last laugh, as I have mentioned elsewhere. For when the non mystic suddenly becomes a new mystic – wow! They invariably make such a noise about it (still yet having known so little in life) and run around shouting to the world. There is one quick way to deflate a new little budding mystic who is going off the rails, and it is dead easy. Just say this... Piss orf and come back when you have digested your last meal son. Poor little souls.

But yes, it is true; a little learning can be a dangerous thing if one assumes that there is no more learning to do. We are all the students of life, not the teacher of it. Some people know this bit and some people know that bit. But no man is an island, and we have to put all those little bits together, and put them to work, for the greater good of the whole. Life, reality and existence can do without me and you, even though it cannot do without an observer and dancing partner. But you and I are mere one-off human beings on this little world, well, I guess that puts it into perspective does it not. One hefty lump of rock from space and.... Zap!... this whole shebang world will be gone; you and me and the lot of them, all in one fell swoop of a mere lump of rock from space. We have to keep this in mind and in perspective at all times. So, how big are your little problems of today? Whilst your child exists here – make it worthwhile for them. And remember that every human being is somebody's child – just like yours eh. If you know how you feel then you also know how they feel. Why hurt those feelings? Does it give one a cheap thrill to do so?

But your reward will be greater for doing the opposite; so too will be the reward to the world itself, and the phenomenon of life and being. When people can see what is better then they will work for that betterment; but they cannot work for what they do not know. There are oh so many things that none of us know – let alone as to what is going to happen in the next ten seconds – or a million years time. We know and understand oh so little of even the multitude of things which we find around us today here and now. And that includes the mystics too. We know that, we accept it, and we live with it and laugh about it. But in the final analysis there is one thing which it is important to know a little bit about – and that is yourself. And when achieved we still have to keep it all in perspective and keep our feet well on truly on the ground and – and fully open to learn even more as we go along this mysterious road of consciously existing. And keeping in mind of course that we are only going to learn more by communicating with it – and each other - for nothing happens within you without a catalyst to cause that change and becoming; and all that is data which comes to you; communication. Alone on earth, we are not worth anything writing about; let alone singing about. You are made to be what you are and what you become by that which comes to you – and not by yourself in a void. And it will not come and get in if we close down the equipment for receiving the signals and thence making good use of them.

We can and do learn as to from whence we come and what we are when all the things which are not us are gone, hence the beginning of being; and the level of being which we can and do return to at times to empty away the amnesia, the forgetfulness. We also regain that inner cosmic wisdom of what existence is and what it is for; the gnosis. And I have mentioned these things in some detail (not many do or have done as yet). The implication is that we also return there in the sense that it is the end also. However, it is not the end of incarnation and time. So, the question is as to how long does time itself last and what can we become incarnate? Naturally enough I have no idea as to the answers to those two questions; and guessing has no value. Neither does anybody else alive on this planet right now know. As mentioned, we can only know something from the now and from hindsight of past events.

One of course can think about what perhaps could be in time yet to come, and the mind truly boggles – even about speculating on the relatively close time to come, to say nothing of thousands of years hence. But fun though that is to think on at times, and even thinking of what best we can do for tomorrow, which indeed we have to; one should never forget to grab the day and the moment of the existing now, not only because of what it is, but also for that communication which we have with life and existence here and now – for tomorrow will indeed be built on what we become today and what we do with it tomorrow. And if we do not grow a little new understanding today, then we start tomorrow from the same place. And too much of that gets us nowhere fast. At this moment I am communicating with you, the reader; and even if I am long gone from here (that is clever eh). As to whether this communication has any effect on you one way or the other, then only you can know. But it does not really matter much in the final analysis whether it does or it does not – providing you do the type of communicating that I have mentioned above.

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