

Chapter 23

The Beginning and the End of the Road

Wherever there exists a road, or a river, or anything which manifests in time, there exists two ends of it: one end where it starts and another end where it finishes. Ah well, now there is dose of wisdom for you! Well, it seems that conscious life existence is much like that too, but with a twist - and I do not mean a bend in it. We thus have to look at life from two perspectives to get the bigger picture; our own individual lifetime here and now, and life as a whole. The experience and implications of the transcendent mystical gnosis event, is that our own and all conscious existence (life) starts and ends in the same place; and hence our beginning and end are the same thing in the same reality – a kind of ‘Home is the wanderer, home from the sea of time and changing events’ scenario. So that is one of the two ways of looking at it in the personal sense. The other way of course is to look at, for example, humanity on this world. In this second way of looking at we are of course simply talking about incarnate man; and as to how long it will last and where that particular journey ends, and how – or even if it does in fact; but even universes do not last for ever; although others probably come and go also. But I would guess that any one manifestation of a physical universe does come and go – not that this is our problem or concern. Existing in one for a while is our problem and concern.

Will this physical world last long enough for human beings to become smart enough to acquire the means of leaving it and taking up residence elsewhere; so that when this world can no longer support life then we are gone from it anyway – and moved on to new pastures incarnate. If that came about then humanity could probably exist and evolve until the physical universe itself comes to an end. The world could of course end tomorrow, and then that would be it – game over kind of thing – for humanity on earth at least. But I guess there must be other life out there, for creation is all about life. Or if there is not then there will be in due course one would imagine.

But if the world did end tomorrow, or very soon at least, then humanity will have reached about where we are now at. But what if the world could support life for at least a few million more years yet – what then? Where would we have reached in our understanding of things, our powers, and as to how we saw it all, understood it, and harmonised with it all? Who knows, we cannot even imagine it, for we have no idea as to what will be discovered in time to come and as to how such things could be used and implemented – and to say nothing of evolved itself. Likewise, and as I have said, we have to come to learn as to what exists for consciousness to become conscious of and as to what we can do with such things and potential – and for us that must remain a mystery for the time being.

Our wisdom here on earth comes from experience – simple enough to see and understand; and who would argue with that. But where does that transcendent aspect of our wisdom come from in the other place? Who knows. Tis mind boggling. But, if that is mind boggling then what too of the scenario if we got off this world before its end and moved out there into the vast yonder of the galaxy and the distant universe itself, and added to it the sum of incarnate wisdom too? Sure stuff to dream on is it not. I often used to laugh at the lack of imagination of such programs as Star Trek, Doctor Who, and the like. Still, they were good fun and clean – albeit rather stupid and naïve, and so close to reality as we know it now in human terms. Personally I would make a program which took place a million years hence, not a few hundred or a couple of thousand; for evolution takes its time. And that of course would be all utter speculation and wild imagination – and only in so far as that can go. Moreover, it would be fiction.

Imagine that if a few very imaginative cave dwellers, of say ten thousand years ago, tried to imagine human life on earth as it is today – would any of them have got it right? Not a chance. And we of course are in no better position to do any better than they would have done. They knew what existed then and where they were at, and what they could and could not do, just as we do today. But we do not know tomorrow, let alone a million years hence – and assuming that it and we are both still here. And what of sixty million years hence? And what of a billion years hence? I guess we would have to keep dodging black holes too – or spread ourselves all over the joint in order that factions of humanity would survive – or whatever they called themselves at such time. But, it is impossible to even imagine it. I wonder if it is possible to come to know it however? Well, if they are still around then they will know it eh.

And if they did then I wonder as to what would survive in the way of records, if anything, of their incarnate beginnings here on earth a billion years ago and more. And supposing, just for the sake of the idea anyway, that we were alone in this universe, and hence no other advanced life forms were ever found; and that we (or they then) were it. But of course by then there would be zillions of them, and all over the place; and perhaps some of them coming to evolve along different lines owing to their existing environments. One could get a scenario where two guys meet up along their travels, from different parts of the galaxy or even universe; they get talking, and the green and blue one says, “Oh, one of my ancestors came from Tottenham”; and the orange and purple one from the other side of the universe replied, “Oh that is a coincidence, for mine was from the Elephant and Castle” !

What would be even more fun, and worth staying alive for, would be the potential to travel backwards and forwards in time, as well as space; in order to study it. But you cannot, so there you do not go. Man, that sounds a bit like sticking ones neck out on the block does it not. But, I do not think so. For to travel somewhere then that somewhere has to exist in reality, not just in potential. Where is yesterday? Some say it is in the past, but it ain't, it does not exist anywhere, it has been and gone, and is no more. So, it is not IN the past, it WAS the past when that past was the extant now. But it ain't no more. So, you cannot travel to somewhere which does not exist NOW to be travelled to. It could become the case that we could perhaps be put into a sleep and woken up many years later, or even perhaps to a small degree of time dilation – but that could only be in a forward direction not a backward one. And one would still be waking up in the place which would be extant in the NOW, then.

However, even this does not completely rule out the possibility of a backward time travel experience. How come? By way of psychic experience no less. Think of all the stuff which is recorded in our inward system of dynamics. Now, suppose they came to the point where they could by volition get their consciousness to reformat past experience of the species from within the psyche, and experience what it was like at this or that past time. Well, that would be a good and interesting trick would it not. But I would not hold my breath on that ever happening either. Another scenario would be this. Suppose evolved life reached the stage where it could in fact kind of hang around near the bottom of the vortex of our emanation; and then have the option to pop up into another life forms vortex and experience life from that point of reference for a while – a kind of holiday in the past via somebody else’s experience of things in their NOW. Wow, the mind boggles.

Given that such a level is below the space time fabric, and given that all the stuff is recorded anyway, then perhaps they could pop up a living incarnate vortex anywhere in space and time. Fun eh. What are you going to do today Fred? Well, I thought I would pop down to the East End and find out who Jack the Ripper really was – and then whisper the name to one of the local bogies. That would put an end to his farting in church eh. But this of course is not science fiction, but rather psychic fiction. Funny really, for I have met a few, and read of some, who had undergone that very odd kind of psychic experience wherein they found themselves back in some past reality, so they claimed. But I do not doubt the integrity of the people or the actual experience which they had – I would just question what it really was however, and not just what they thought it was. The psyche, as mentioned before, can produce some fascinating tricks of its own. I knew one woman who, on occasions, claimed to get a kind of click in her head and would then find herself back in what she took to be ancient Egypt – even locked up in a sealed pyramid on one event. A bit claustrophobic for my liking. Good job it was just a psychic experience – although they did used to do just that. It is said that Genghis Khan used to boil people in a pot. Charming people indeed.

Some claim them to be experiences of a past life of their own, whilst some think of them as a contact with past and long gone beings from this world. Some have claimed to be experiencing these things from THAT time reference, whilst others claim to have had experiences in which their existing personality went back to that time and conversed with beings of that time by existing among them for a while. One person even told me that they were in regular contact for a while with a well known past writer (by going back there), and each thinking that the other was a ghost for a while; and this writer came to name a book after this person – and obviously the book was published over a hundred years ago, and so called named after a person who is living here and now. All very mysterious stuff indeed and I have certainly never known anything like it. Nor do I fancy it. What does it in fact reveal? Not a lot I guess other than the fact that the mind is an amazing and complex phenomenon, and it sure starts to make them think seriously about it. But none of these things address the perennial questions as does the mystical experience of gnosis at the deepest root of our being. And as I have already said, psychic phenomenon is not my ball game and does not interest me other than where one has to fit it within the Double Vortex Theory, and the fact that such events (whatever they really are) do happen; hence my interest in it is purely academic.

It is also interesting as to why all these psychics (and there are lots of them it seems) are so interested in hearing about mystical and transcendent experiences, whereas most mystics (myself to a large degree also, other than academic) are not interested in psychic experiences, as mentioned before. But, if we could indeed come to control them safely and wisely – then who knows; and I would indeed become interested in them at such a time – if ever it came that is. However, if during the course of very far off evolution of the incarnate mind, beings did come to gain some real volitional control over conscious experience and the psyche itself, then one sure wonders as to what could be done. But the question would still remain as to why they would want to do it, and for what truly effective and useful purpose.

If ever such a thing were possible then the only advantage that I could see from it would be to ascertain some true facts about history and evolution itself, as recorded at least in the psyche, and to say nothing of the evolution of societies here and there. Who knows eh. But I doubt it. Still one could have fun, even today, if some like to think and write novels in terms of psychic fiction by way of a change from science fiction, for more could surely be done with it – and science fiction is a bit childish most of the time, and about as interesting as Donald Duck and Micky Mouse. And they are about as imaginative and nourishing as school dinners.

Occasionally one gets a good book or a good film which is pure fiction but nevertheless truly moves people on the inside, and in some cases brings them to tears, and certainly makes them think and feel. What was that little film called that was about the guy up to his eyeballs in money problems who was about to throw himself in the river when this old boy turns up and claims to be his guardian angel – a novice one. The guy gets to see what the world would have been like had he not existed in it. A very sweet and touching little film to be sure – and of course much in the way of real truth in it, in so far as what effect people do have in this world by virtue of existing in it. But alas ninety nine percent of all films and all fiction is fit only for the trash can. What a waste of time, money, talent, and film (or paper in books). But if any fictional film, or play, or book, can really touch people, and move them to see something or feel something, then all for the good indeed. Music can do the job even quicker and deeper, and so too can some poetry. Have you noticed that when many people laugh it is a mere sham, mask or pretence, but when they weep it is always real. Strange critters to be sure.

Talking about the end of the road of our being reminds me of many little stories which I could relate about conversations with people, and where they were each at and the point of reference they were speaking from. Here is just one of them for an example....

Met a bloke once at a do where I was asked to give a talk on transcendence. During lunch this guy had attached himself to a cosmologist (a sensible one) who was giving the first part of the two part talk. There were only four of us on this table, and the other three were chatting away whilst I was getting on with my sausage egg and chips (no beer alas). Now, this guy was telling us (well the other two guys, I was not joining in the chat at the time, for I was not interested in it) that he had discovered the ultimate reality (end of the road). So the cosmologist and the other guy, a friend of mine for many years (a mystic – well half way anyway) asked him what it was and what it was like.

So the guy described it; and he described it quite well indeed. He said it was nothing, it was totally black and there was nothing and nobody there – an utter void. I nearly choked on a hot sausage and yelled out ‘How the hell do you know that nobody was there’! He replied (obviously without thinking) ‘Well, I know for I was there’ !!!! Would you believe. Mystics do have a lot of fun by the way. So, I replied, but you said nobody was there. So he said, well I was there but nobody else was there; it was utter blackness and nothing. So I replied that it could not be nothing if he was there. With that he gave up and ate his cold soup; and peace and quiet was restored. I went on to tell him that he had hit Limbo; and indeed as many people have. So, Limbo was his ultimate reality! Why? Because he had not gone on any further; and came straight back here from that inner level. But of course, they do not know what they do not know do they. And he truly did think that this personality of his (which he still had there at that time) was the ultimate reality.

I could tell many hundreds of these kind of tales, and most are hilarious. I will give an analogy of it with the game of chess. I only ever reached a stage of chess which would be considered to be a county player – and which is nothing in the hierarchy of chess. Chess playing ability is like a pyramid. A cheap chess computer can beat ninety nine percent of all chess players now – or people who know how to play chess anyway. Club players are a notch up on this ability and they comprise the next rung up on the pyramid of ability. But this pyramid is very wide at the bottom with only one or two people alive at any one time who are at the top of pyramid – and way beyond my comprehension in chess by the way. So, it makes a good analogy.

There are hundreds of levels of chess playing ability – and soon (even now really) the top computer programs can beat the lot of them. The human mind is not constructed for this kind of thing at that level – for it is not necessary in or for human existence. So, it is just a bit of mental fun, and that is all (do not tell the top chess players that). However, the point which I am getting to is this. Can a novice who has been playing for a few months assess the ability of a grandmaster? No, of course not. For they cannot even follow their line of thinking and their moves (and neither can I) – it is not a part of their conscious awareness, experience or understanding. It is all way out of their mind and depth. Can the grandmaster assess the playing ability of the novice? Yes, of course. For not only was the grandmaster once a novice (he or she had been there and done that) but their whole perceptual understanding of the game is of a higher order. Now, the novice knows well enough that the grandmaster is the better player; but he does not know why or how; or how good.

Look at it this way also. If there were two or three relative novices then the grandmaster can see which is the better and which is the worse player – it is dead easy. But could the novice assess the better of two or three much stronger players than himself? Of course not. In so far as he knows they are all just better than he is, but he could not assess their relative playing strengths against each other. The novice is clueless and out of his depth. True, he or she may one day be the world champion – but he or she is not as yet. The relativity of chess experience. But the game of chess itself is not relative; it is what it is; and it is very complex and mysterious – well, to me anyway. However, the identical thing happens in any study, any discipline, any ology, and in life experience itself – including mystical events. The guy had not been past Limbo. But others have. Simple as that. But, would he accept that as being true? Some do and some do not – others, the sensible ones, just listen and wait and see.

If ever you get into conversations with thousands of people regarding exceptional experiences (psychic and mystical, let alone the gnosis event) you will meet them all. And some of them will almost drive you nuts. They have seen little or nothing, and some of them (not all of them) assume it is the lot; and that there is no more to be seen, known and understood other than where they are at now. Well, they are very wrong. But you cannot tell them that, for they are at where they are at. Just like the chess player analogy. And this of course is the combination of intransigence and assumption, and of course the lack of experience itself. But the lack of experience does not cause intransigence, nor does it make one jump to conclusions and or assumptions. And indeed, not everybody does. Hence listen to anything – but keep an open and enquiring mind; that is all we can do and the best way of going about it.

Many years ago now, and long before the days of computers and the internet I was coerced to start up a discussion forum by an organisation seriously interested in mystical experience (not gnosis), and for people living in the area where I lived at that time. It was decided to hold these meeting in the house of a well know depth psychologist, and which was a large and spacious house more or less central to the given area. Anyway, most of the folk that came along to these meetings were indeed into mystical experience to some degree, or at least very interested in it academically. On one occasion a young Lady came along, seemingly out of the blue, or maybe a new member to the organisation in question, and her idea of mystical experience was to have seen what she thought was a ghost. Well, some of us chatted to her about this for a while, but when the topic got around to other things, as it obviously would with that lot there, then she did not have a clue as to what any of them were talking about. Obviously. Seeing what she liked to call a ghost – was her ultimate mystery. And so it goes. But it sure made her think and ask questions which she would not have done otherwise.

Oh, just as a matter of interest whilst on that. One evening when they had all gone home I was having a glass of wine with the owner of the house – the well known Depth Psychologist – and he took me in to show me his library. I was still quite young in those days and he was an old timer by this time. The library was the best and largest library I had ever seen in anyone's private house (outside of the National Trust that is) and I was amazed. Anyway, I said to him... "OK, no messing about, and be honest, which is your favourite book here and which you consider to be the most profound and illuminating"? He seemed a little bit reticent to answer initially – but I have a way with people – and he eventually smiled and pulled out a book. "This one", he said, and showed it to me. It was the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

This is not a bad little book in so far as it goes, but it does not go very far; and that is for sure. I had read it many years before. And it sure ain't the end of the road inwards. Or outwards for that matter. And this guy had earned a small fortune in so called Depth Psychology. Fun innit. It is also interesting that when he eventually came to run the show at these meetings (which they asked me to start and run) because he was a well know psychologist and I was and still am a nobody, then they folded up and people lost interest. Oh man, we do have fun at times. The guy actually knew nothing of mystical experience at all – other than a few bits he had read in a few books over the years. Nevertheless he was good at what he did – so they tell me.

By the time I got asked to partake in email discussion forums I had already been doing it for years live and face to face (and which I much prefer anyway). But wow, the membership out there is vast indeed, and all over the world. And seven years was far more than enough of that. (it seemed like a hundred years from hindsight). I do not communicate with people any more, other than on the occasions where somebody contacts me privately; for enough is enough. So, that is the end of another road so to speak, and a well worn one at that. So, there are also roads within the greater road are there not. Oh by the way, we often hear it said that all roads lead to the top of the same mountain. I would obviously put it the other way around by saying that all roads lead home, to the bottom of the mountain – back where we came from in the first instant. But that road of course is not the temporal road; for it is deeper down than the emanation of time and changing events.

However, there is also the incarnate road is there not; and none of us can know where that one ends for humanity itself; for we are not there yet, and there sure is no hurry to find out. In the meantime we can but dream dreams and with a little hope thrown in for good measure. One of the implications of transcendence is, as I have mentioned, reincarnation. So maybe we will find out as to what is at the end of the incarnate road one day after all. And maybe we will not. It does not really bother me one jot either way, for today exists NOW, and so too does this world; and one has to function in it NOW. And sufficient unto the NOW is the existing NOW and its joys and its problems. But what we do NOW, will shape tomorrow. And that too is a fact.

However, just for mere fun and day dreams, would it not be interesting if we could occasionally choose where and when to be born and as to what we did in that life. When would you choose, and what would you like to do? One of the things that I would love to do (and nothing big or any big deal) would be to exist just a couple of hundred years ago, in the time of the early Mail Stage Coaches; and drive one through the night, from perhaps Penzance to London – and of course stopping at all the old wayside Inns for a good old fashioned glass of ale around a roaring open fire in those old buildings, and chatting to the locals in passing. Maybe I did it once before and it still resonates – who knows eh; who knows. I have such a picture hanging over the fireplace; and when I look at it (which is often) I get that kind of weird but nice feeling – as though, perhaps, one had been there before, at that time. I wonder why some things resonate so much within us, as they indeed do. I wonder.

Then again, and at other times, I feel like I would wish to exist for a while a long way off in the future, in a world which as yet I can only imagine – but an imagination based upon things which I have known just a little of as yet. And that would be good too. But, in the meantime, we can on occasions when time allows, just sit and dream dreams, and for whatever that might achieve. But all I know for a fact is that work gets things done; so that must come first; and one can dream dreams when one gets the time to dream dreams, and too worn out to do anything else.

But as for the end of the incarnate life road, well, not only could I not even imagine it, but I do not think I would even want to – for tis the road itself which is the fun is it not; and travelling it one day at a time, and taking a little time out along that road just to watch it and take it all in, and grab the moment whilst it lasts. And maybe, just maybe, we will record it for it to be read, and ridden yet again. Who knows.

But if ever you did come to travel back in time then you would have to be very careful as to what you said to anyone – even by mistake. One could not make the mistake of saying something like - ‘Mr Hardcastle died tomorrow’! I wonder what anyone would make of that. But, at the end of a hard day, and when that days work is done, then as it has been said before, we can unleash the imagination before we fall asleep, and head for pole star until midnight, and then turn left and go on until dawn. And I will meet you in the little Cafe on the purple planet in the Andromeda Galaxy. Bring the beer and I will bring the Cigars. I wonder why we can dream dreams? Nothing is for nothing after all – and everything is for something. It sure beats me though.

However, and back to the reality in which we find ourselves today, here and now. These mystical events, and particularly the specific gnosis event, reveals that our beginning and end of the road of being is that transcendent mode of being in what is experienced and known to be Eternity – or perhaps better stated as the Womb of Eternity (where things start from). Hence the journey of a lifetime for us would thence be a kind of loop or circle; but with a part of it being the temporal road which we call a lifetime here. That is to say starting from there (and forgetting it whilst here) and then doing the incarnate temporal bit (or road) and then going back again to the Womb of Eternity again. But in all truth there would be little point in all that if it really did happen only once. (not that I would care or worry personally).

But, the experience reveals that we (that part of us) is never terminated. And of course which truly makes the incarnate mind boggle when we are back here with that understanding. There would be absolutely no point whatsoever in personal consciousness (me or you) staying eternally in that ground of being – no matter how amazing and perfect it is from our judgment of it; it would be just totally pointless and unnecessary. It would achieve nothing at all. We also learn (naturally enough) that we cannot stay there; and hence we get flung out (to put it in simple terms). So, if we can get flung out once then why not ten million or more times? The irony is that even if that is true we could never know it to be true. I did say at the beginning that there are some things which can never know; and it is true. Why could we not know it then? Easy. It is because we can only know ANYTHING from hindsight of it happening. But you could not know the truth of this simply because of both annihilation on the way in and Cosmic Amnesia on the way out. Ipso Facto.

As I said before (in the Exegesis) every time one goes there it is always the now and the same thing – it would be the same a million times over. Moreover you can only ever remember it if it happens DURING a lifetime. And I have never known of it happening twice in a lifetime, let alone thousands of times. We do not need it twice during a lifetime – and most never have it at all during a lifetime; and that is obvious enough to all. (hence the question as to why mystics or gnostics). But, there you go, and there indeed the gnostics do go – and everybody else for that matter. But how many times does one pop in and out of that level of being? I have no idea – I do not even think that I want to know. But, the implication is that we do. But, as for the little old me which is here and now, implications are not my thing; and I do not care at all one way or the other. Indeed, the implications of never ever being terminated in the absolute sense are perhaps a little more scary than that of everlasting oblivion (which does not bother me at all). It would be something other than good to have to come back and exist on a world like this time and time again never ending – bloody purgatory more like – unless they wise up of course.

The irony of course is that even if we did then we would never know it anyway; and I doubt if anybody would even want to know it. So, if that were the case then there sure is a lot to be said for Annihilation and Cosmic Amnesia. Hence, in the purely selfish sense I would much prefer just one lifetime and then everlasting oblivion. However, on looking around at the lives of some people on this world, (so many of them in fact) the pain, misery, suffering, poverty which is their life – and very often very short – and which I find tragic and not their own fault at all. Well, then I could not but wish them another go at it, and under far better circumstances and life style. To have lived and not loved it; to not have seen some of these things whilst alive and known them and integrated with them – leaves me without words or thoughts. They must, they have to, have known it better. So, I could not wish for everlasting oblivion for them. And assuming that there even is the possibility of everlasting oblivion (which flies in the face of everything which I have learned anyway). Even the so called worst human being that as ever existed on earth, should know and have the opportunity of knowing these things, and living it incarnate to the fullness of being. For even they are beings like ourselves in the final analysis. Even I, a mere temporal human personality on earth, could not let them miss that. If a mere being like myself would give them both paradise and paradise on earth, then what of that greater reality from whence we all come and to whither we all return, and the forces which shape our being. Would it do less than a mere human being?

In that gnosis event we come to know that everything is for everything. We know that the all is in the one, and the one is in the all. The nature of reality does not judge the nature of reality – only you and I do that. And it is best (so I learned the hard way) not to make final judgments about life and people until you have come to the end of the road – back where we started from. For that is not only the bigger picture – it is the picture itself – in the beginning and the end. All the genuine mystics/gnostics have said the identical thing – you can only know these things at the end of time (when time ends for you). And I also said it long before reading anything about any of them. But as for the incarnate bit, and that paradise on earth event, well, in my judgment they must all know that too. And I for one could never really rest in peace until they do. And I am not even sure that I would want to come to that. But all I can do is to say – let it be so. But I doubt if that will carry any weight anywhere – but we can dream eh. Everything possible must be there for every life form there ever was, is or will be. But that is simply my judgement and wish from hindsight of it all. And I wonder why it is that I judge and wish for that. And no amount of abhorrence which I see on this world could make me change that. So, I asked earlier as to where did that wisdom come from which we have there? I also said that going into it million times is always the same NOW. I also mentioned somewhere about it all possibly being done from the end (knowing it) and not from the beginning (hence feed-back). It sure make one think, and makes sense from hindsight. It seems that we are tapping into the ultimate understanding – at both the beginning and the end of the road – and which is the same thing anyway. But, as I say, out here you and I have to think; but in there it is not needed; for we KNOW.

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