

CARRY THE SKY

*For the Genius within you.*

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# THE GATEKEEPER

Before the days of knowing, you walked as One.  
There were glimmerings, yes, inklings, beginnings,  
Flocks of darkness on the wing—  
But, for all the hints of sky,  
Time remained untime,  
And space unspace.

Green islands peered through a full flat sea,  
But there was no trail from thought to thought,  
Just fanged simplicity, a culture of blood.  
Eat, sleep, fight, roam.  
The serpent slept around your heart—  
Hush.

But then it came, inside a mindcub,  
A host of signals surged down deeper  
To warm the quiet seeds unseen.  
What was without now dwelt *inside*;  
You cried with the light, “I am the One!”  
And knew the light no more.

Truth swooped, horizon-winged,  
All talons, bells, steel, silver,  
And tenderness gave iron its due,  
Then twin loops trembled, lifted, *lifted*  
As silvery fish jumped dark reflections;  
You felt the seams of the old stars split,  
And God lay newborn.

And so you stood by the light of the lake,  
Nebulous, aching for the ocean's succour,  
But there was none—  
Only distance sat, cruel at the centre,  
Laughing long.

At last, the devil came forth, and spoke:  
"Come back, mind-child,  
Sink—sink down,  
Sleep once more in the songs of water."  
Oh, how the thought charmed!  
Belladonna blackness.

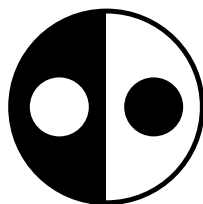
And the day sank lower,  
Beast-low, loam-low,  
Until the fingers of the South Sea closed  
On the collars of the clouds,  
And made a promise:  
"In me all sleep; all sleep in me."

Homesick, you felt a black-hole drag,  
And your dawning rays ached not to rush,  
Not then, not ever,  
As the blue deep tugged,  
Reaching, sighing:  
“Return, *return*.”

That was the choice of choices,  
When time was a curse  
And winter sang with summer voice,  
“Kiss me, caress me, let us be mute  
As twins in the womb, darklit, Möbius.”

“No,” you said, with God in your arms.  
And the lightbringer spoke: “Then so be it.”  
And thenceforward, in the newness of shadows,  
A chasm sat fatly, spider sure,  
Gloom-sized, and ever crowing.

Night came, yes,  
But refused to fall.



# CELLAR STEPS

Görlitz, Bohemia, 1622.

Jakob Böhme employed the same gaunt soldier.

Then, the Keeper of the Cellar Steps spoke as follows: “If thou wilt use these Words aright, and art in good Earnest, thou shalt certainly find the Benefit thereof. But I wish thou mayest be warned, if thou art not in Earnest, not to meddle with the dear Names of God, in and by which the most High Holiness is invoked, moved, and powerfully desired, lest they kindle the Anger of God in thy Soul. This little Book is only for those that are in a Desire to begin.”

The wrong medicine can *kill*.

This little Book is offered, likewise, in secular reverence, but it comes with the same warning. Heed it. GOD 3.0 isn't for those who would stay as they are: Comfortably Numb. It isn't a book for the hopefully median. “Give me one man from among ten thousand,” Heraclitus wrote, “if he be the best.” Forget talent, skill, education. Here, “best” is most courageous. We need to breathe on the scale of aeons. In with antiquity; out with the Renaissance. In now; out in five hundred years, five thousand years, *fifty* thousand years. We will all be there, make no mistake. Hence the Gatekeeper standing at the Frontier, saying: “Go away, if you aren't here for the task.” This book is a journey into the Deep, and such a thing isn't for the scientific masses. It isn't feelgood. No. It's a long descent on cellar steps, a twining of roots into bricked-up tombs.

It's risky, yes, without a doubt.

So, if the thought of the Unknown jars, if comfort tempts, if normalcy tempts (normal as the crowd thinks, that is), if the mention of devilry and ugly truth is reason enough to stop, then, please God, *stop*. Unless your soul is with you, go away. I'm deadly serious. You will not be the same person after reading this book. Here, nothing is sacred, because everything is. Your mind isn't sacred, your thoughts aren't sacred, your concepts aren't sacred, because YOU are. Mine is reverential blasphemy; this book is stirring of the oldest dust.

Darkness calls.

Don't seek the black well unless you're ready to dive in.

Outside common sense, beyond religion, beyond Western logic, there is little scholarly comfort to be had. Hip, hip, hoo-fucking-ray! This book fits in no bookish niche; its yards are hard. It is a digging down, a welling up, a tap tap tapping into walled-off corners. And, thank the Lord, those dells aren't dead. Ah, far from it. In the nooks of *Animus Sapiens*, something stirs; there is movement beneath the soft leather of eggshells. Böhme's "Anger of God", known five thousand years ago, has, contrary to our (a)theist prejudice, secular meaning, that is to say, black moods, depression, sickness, even *death*, and these things must not be taken lightly, even in the absence of faith. Especially in the absence of faith. Atheism, in the boldness of youth, is to be expected, of course, even hoped for temporarily, but this book deals with the Empirical Facts of what was once called Hell, and, while Böhme's God is dead, what that word represented is not.

As the HELIX turns, everything returns.

*Changed.*

The house of your mind is ancient, and you are not so pure as you like to pretend. That, my friend, is as true of you as of me. That's the bond between us. We are each coal-dark, snow-bright, wolf-grey: strong, bitter, sometime killers. The ten thousand sheep would rather think otherwise, filling their paunches with lazy grass, but this isn't a book for them; this is a book for those with *grit*. I know; I have walked the cellar steps. I will not pretend, to sell more copies, that the journey will be easy; the journey will be fucking hard.

I, as any teacher must, offer only Life.

So, atheistically, the God-warning stands.

Heed it, please.

Then make your choice.



Don't be fooled by the pessimist joy-sellers, by the attention bandits, by our culture of meagreness. There is true loftiness to be found. Beyond the bog of consumerism, beyond the quagmire of religion, beyond the hollowness of the mob, there is a true Mission. You have, inbuilt, a route to More, a route to nobility, to greatness, to the Lady of the High Heart. There is a Doorway, hell reversed, and it leads through to that orphaned child, HOPE. Yes, it's real. Real as the tears you might rise to shed. You've read about it in all those tales (the true ones, that is) breathing quietly behind the symbols: the jewel under the mountain, the sleeping princess, the purple hall in the City of Jade.

What joy is life, when one cares for one's soul!

All it takes is toil and time. What joy for you, Hero in the Rust! No luck of the draw, no 0.3%, no "sorry Sir, this is members only"; no one gets a say but you. What bliss! All it takes is the courage of years. Arduous, wonderful, lucid years. It requires grind and sacrifice. Oh Christ, does it! *A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop!* But, haha, what could be better? Who hears of a chance to face his dragons, those talons that tore him when he was too small, and says, "Nah, not me. I'm just not up for it. I'm a businessman now, you know. A grown-up. Besides, diary's pretty full. Monday, analyse market trends in the Far East; Tuesday, play squash with Jenkins; Wednesday, feed wife's continued denial with bunch of garage daffodils; Thursday, give uninformed and vitriolic lecture on the dangers of marijuana to son and heir; Friday, push self-loathing as far up that blonde intern as increasingly flaccid wiener allows."

Fuck all that.

The quest is there, if your soul wants it. The dragons are there. They are wrapped around the Girl in the Darkness: all diamond underbellies and molten fire. Yes. Feel them burn! Feel it well. Then you'll know which way to go. And what a ride it's going to be! What a rush to know oneself! What a task! Oh, you'll have to train; you'll have to train like nothing else; you'll have to train like you didn't know was possible. But that, of course, is what you want. When the angel with the sun in her eyes is calling, who cares for cost?

Oh, there will be much.

You'll have to die and be born again. It will take the love of unsung hours, the stepping beyond all expectations, the leaving of the herd, the surpassing of all labels, the squaring of all four of your shoulders, and, above all, the absolute, undying, unshakeable need to LIVE. I assume you are in.

It is in my nature to *believe* in you.

I assume that you are, in courage, the One.

I speak to the deepest part of you, the Pearl encircled by the Snorting Serpent, that core of knowledge distantly aware of your latent potential for greatness. I speak to the two halves of you, the Lady and the Champion, who would love each other, sky may fall. I take the opposite stance to those who would diagnose you with Delusions of Grandeur. Pharmaceutical cockjockeys. Your dream is no delusion; I see your grandeur. Down, down, down the line. I see in you not the reckless bravery of the gung-ho jock, not the words of the silver spooner, but the soulish bravery of higher youth, which is always *fearful*.

To open one's mind is hard; the Path to one's heart is steep.

You must learn tolerance of uncertainty, welcoming of paradox, courage, unselfishness, and the love of Higher Duty. You must realise deeply that your thoughts are not the agents of your life; you must abandon your conscious goals; you must have determination to be wounded and continue, to fail and continue, to collapse and continue. You must be willing to shelve the petty goals of the crowd—power, pleasure, pride, ease—for the fulfilment of something more. You must stand, *rempli du Saint-Esprit*, barrel-shouldered and afraid, and make, again and again and again and again, the affirmation:

I WELCOME ALL OF THIS.

This book isn't self help; it's a depth charge for the Soul.

"And, ahem, what is the book's *synopsis*?"

No.

Banish that academic shit.

This work isn't for those steaming cunts who harvest opinions so as to sound clever; I didn't come through hellfire and brimstone to furnish wannabes with elegant gobbets. Treated so, as a toy, or a weapon, or worse, as a way to *seem* like a sage, this book will be dangerous to the reader's well-being. Once again—my heart to yours—this is not an idle threat. I write genuinely. It is a warning to the wise, given in faith by a most responsible teacher; it is the calm and considered thought of a professional mathematician.

Know this well: you cannot game the system.

If you want to be thought of as a hero, that's great. I salute you. But there is only one way to do it; you have to actually be a hero. People suffer, people

truly *suffer* as a result of mishandling what was once called God. I have seen it. Clever folk laugh, thinking themselves safe as atheists. But what is immortal is and ever shall be; veiling the Infinite doesn't destroy it. Those who see, yet carry on blindly, end up in pain, not as punishment, but as X leads to Y.

Words are sharp knives.

This book has no synopsis, and should not be studied academically. With hindsight, I now see that clearly, rewriting years after my own Leap. I felt it then, and I know it now. It is what it is. Its purpose is to awaken, to illuminate, to ignite, to spark the powder vaults beneath the Hellene Tower, to catapult the reader, waiting for Life, numbed to sofa-languor by the Western soporifics, into the vastness of the Ocean Sky.

I present this book as the gift of Trial.

Do not underestimate the scale of the challenge. A long road lies ahead. You will need the courage you dreamt at midnight, the courage you kept in that box under the bed. And shallower chests (those who, even with experience, *still* rate a shortcut) won't like that at all. Cowards shouldn't read this book; they will hurt themselves.

Then, ha, who is this book for?

YOU, who stands at the cellar door.



As the Gatekeeper stands aside, as Ulysses stirs, a note about seat-belts. There's one you mustn't buckle: the unconscious self-defence of the Zeitgeist, which is dominance by cherry picking; tyranny of tempo. This book charges to a swooping rhythm: it gallops and seeks to be read as such. Not aloud, necessarily, as the ancients did, but silently, *internally* aloud as Word, Word, Word, Word: martial polemic spoken by the monologue. If you want my help, read every word. The point of this most deliberate pacing is to occupy the role of the Mind Ghost, that clever old Western critic, and thus to move beyond, into psychic Virginia, where logic is no longer prince.

FRONTIERLAND, in other words.

You will need to take leaps of faith. But, when you do so, your footing must be damn sure. Thus a reading which skips, as ego would choose, like a skimming stone, landing on only every third or fifth word, will be outright dangerous. If you only *think* you have it in you, you don't; you must *know*, in your

deepest heart. Because to window-shop, to mind-binge, to twitter-harvest as so many bullshitters do—once again, know it deeply, life is no system; it *cannot* be gamed—would be to ignore Böhme's glinting blade, to think the Gatekeeper's shield some marketing schtick, and to run cock naked down the catacomb steps. But that isn't bravery: that's idiocy. Those who face the lions too early get eaten. Bravery is the *knowing* walk, the *slow* awakening, the gauntlet *brightly* lit. Dutch courage is no courage at all. Get drunk, of course, then come back when you're undrunk. Rather than running blind, ankles turning on the cobbles, you must accustom your eyes to the long dark, so that, seeing all, you can fear fully.

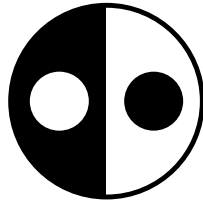
Only then can you make the Leap.



Therefore, if you read, read on with courage.

Just don't expect sweetness.

The World isn't so.



# TEARS OF THE WEST

Religion, dying, has bequeathed us a broadsword:

THE WORLD IS ALL THERE IS.

Oh, how those words throw wide the Great Gate!  
And quietly close the shackles.

That axiom is the creed of *Right Here, Right Now*, offering the city slicker and New Age Materialist emancipation from the old church horrors of sin, guilt and world-denial, while, in the same breath, stripping it all of that strange old chestnut, Meaning. Yes, the Unholy Sabre is the triumph of the flesh, and so, by the inevitability of concept, of the deepest suffering of the same. To wield that weapon is to be pure, rational, smooth as the terapixels of a touchscreen, unsoothed by the twangling of harps in the afterlife.

To be RIGHT, ✓, most stupidly of all.

Back in the day, when heretics burned, it took balls to be atheist. It was no small thing to stand alone, to pass up all those bandersnatch promises and to speak hard truth to the Inquisition. But times have changed. Most bravery is fear of looking weak, and modern kudos is earmarked for the cynic. To him, all flows in abundance! Indeed, to be otherwise, that is to say, to feel with the heart or know with the guts, is seen (prior to tangible success) as a sign of mental incapacity. The world looks kindly on those who flatter her, and there is little more favourable than to say: «*Mon amour, le monde, c'est toi*».

Unencumbered by guilt and all that bump, the materialist, if in negative mood, or atheist, where there's a drop-down menu, or even brave Champion of Reason, in the mirror, gives the Anglophone Dream his full attention.<sup>1</sup> His *love*, no less. Chips on the metal, he goes all in: "Look on my works, ye nubile secretaries, and despair!" Victory for the able, defeat for the stupid, irrelevance for the docile rest. And life proceeds in enacted instruction, a commute to the sound of the boom-town jingle. Which is?

"Win; stay young; get more than them. Succeed. Make sure your children succeed. Watch boxsets; buy handsets; be good to your friends. Find a spot in the sunshine. Drink enough to stay funny. Have thick hair and good sex. Keep fit. Don't die. *Never* die, in fact. That's important. Make sure you don't get any life-threatening diseases. Cure yourself immediately of any diseases you do get. And if you really can't avoid dying, if you absolutely must let the side down, make sure you do it quietly. Crawl under the porch. It's better not to mention death to the savvy; it isn't done. And keep your soul under wraps too. Oh, destiny and conscience too. *Noblesse n'oblige rien*, so keep shtum there. And, whatever you do, don't mention (suppress an empirically verified shiver) GOD. Boo! What a fucking tool that guy was! All that mumbo-jumbo, Jesus! Talk about a restraining order on life. Tag my ankle and call me sinner, will you? Fat chance, dickheads. I'm one of the ELITE, the tech-wise, the Sorted. Just look at my pill cabinet! Lithium's the business. I barely need sleep! And all that old religious shit, what was it for, anyway? It slowed down Progress, which is always the goal, right? GDP, boom. Why should I hamstring myself with that monk chat? After all, there's no point entering the Rat Race unless you're in it to fucking *win* it."

So goes the Materialist sermon:

"I AM MY OWN HIGHEST PURPOSE."

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<sup>1</sup>In Western "elites", religion is seen as, in the end, somewhat pathetic, an ancient disease we haven't quite cured. Instead, what is now seen as high virtue is *tolerance* of religion: one should be sympathetic that fools less elite than oneself have not yet grown out of their superstition.

But why do the Champions of Reason speak so? Why the disdain of noble ideas, ideas that might lend honour to life? Why the hatred of grandeur? Why the fear of duty? Why the Great Enshallowing? Well, what does a Big Fish hate? A Big Fish hates an even *bigger* one.

The top dog hates the *wolves*.

"But I've heard there's an ocean," the pond-minnow says, with the pure, unabashed hope of adolescence. "I've heard there's something beyond all this. Someone said... there's a *river*." The minnow points a trembling fin towards the deep end of the lake. "They say you can reach it over there. Through the gap in the reeds. You know, where the water...?" Then, whispered, *sotto voce*: "Someone said it takes you to the *ocean*."

The response?

Laughter.

The ocean is the Deep of Deeps, and such a place asks questions even of apex predators. *Especially* of apex predators. So, for a goldfish or barracuda, feted by the money-pond, there can be no chance of the ocean's existence. Even the possibility of it, the thought of tentacled octopodes and lightless chasms, dismantles the hierarchy of the puddle's thrash, with its scales, fin extensions and dough. So, for the Big Fish, the only safe status for the ocean concept is as a fool's myth. And to make it so, to make it youngling naiveté could hardly be easier; after all, the little fish has seen... nothing. The Ocean lies beyond the reeds, along a river too vast to imagine, and brooks no tangible proof. It is indescribable, incomprehensible, unknowable. So, all the Big Fish need say is: "The pond is all there is." Against such certainty, what argument can the boy-minnow offer?

None that holds postmodern water.

But, nonetheless, deep down, he *knows*.

Somehow he knows about the river, about the rapids, about the Big Blue. He knows that there's something wrong with the world; something missing. Even in the pond, he gets a sense: there's something in the hum-burble of the water. An ancient instinct, prickling low. Memory, perhaps, or love, or hate. He has a feeling that, in fact, *all* the fish know, even the ones with the gaudiest scales. Even the ones with guns and AUTHORITY. There's something in the way they swim whenever they're close to the gap in the reeds. Their tail-fins beat that little bit faster. Ah...

...woosh!

Until, back in their regular shoals, safe in the midst of a “school of thought”, they forget the words of the river-dark spirituals, and return to the big-boy’s question: how best to ensure a *Win Win Win*. In other words, as ego-freaks and the rich like to think, how to go about Surviving the Pond. But, let me lay it out explicitly (and this is something that, in a healthy civilisation, wouldn’t ever need saying), *no one* survives the pond.

Big Fish, little fish, everybody dies.

Who is the more courageous: the minnow who braves the rapids or the Big Fish in his high-rise tank? The power-suited blare out their answer: consult the rich list, watch the Oscars. But power loves itself, and those who love it. So, in every forum everywhere, the real questions go unasked. The weapon of pond-mindedness is too sharp to put down. It’s too impressive to Pretty Pink Newts; they find those zeroes sexy. And, as a result, whenever someone mentions the Deep, what do the Big Fish do? They close ranks. Silently, attention slips away. The politician returns to strategy; the brand ambassador talks of “important questions”; the FCO flags up a decreased quarterly return and, with a deft click, suggests investment in developing markets. And everyone nods, yes. The river wild is forgotten. Why? Because it would change *everything*.

“Wishful thinking!” the grouper says.

“But...”

And out comes the old sneer.

“All non-materialism is snake-oil and cowardice: fear of life, fear of death.” Such is the mantra of the brilliant West, this foundering Ark, this rising balloon. It sits on top of a wall, that answer, and sniggers, throwing its favourite stones. Honour? Weakness. Fate? Stupidity. Faith? In what, some Bronze-Age folklore? As atheists would have it, those who believe in anything beyond our current understanding—love, say, or the Pauli effect—are wavers of wands, morons a priori. But about such things, for those with brains, balls and a modicum of self-respect, there must be Doubt.

*De omnibus dubitandum*; live it, fuckers!

Whence do materialists get their opinions? Are their certainties empirical theses? No. God, no! They are mooings of the shit-spangled herd. The White Man is a statistical beast, and a frightened one at that: he will do just about anything to stay in the centre of a puddle in which he’s empirically sure he could never drown. Barely a one thinks for himself.



So who makes the Zeitgeist?

Well, the moral throne AUTHORITY is never empty for long: there's too much to be "gained" by writing (or should I say regurgitating) the rules. Tech giants, governments, moguls, corporations: the pond is global, and the Fish have grown to match. Post-religion, there are new churches, new pulpits, new prayer books. Most end in .com and are paid for by ads, and by the poor, and by Mother Nature. Our morals are now *branding* morals. Our culture is one of incessant "betterness". The Big Fish say: "Hey, hey, little fish! You could be so much bigger! Perhaps, one day, you could be as big as me." Forced beauty, that is to say, beauty-as-concept screams ugliness from every hoarding: firmer abs, faster car, sharper suit, tighter vagina.

"Achieve your hair goals," I read the other day.

Yes, our age is a goddamn spirit-killer.

No one with a mind and followers (read *serfs*) ever mentions the orphan MEANING; no one is willing to commit such Insta Suicide. Apparently, as far as the Internet is concerned, there are only two settings for Amount of Depth, which are ① total silence, or ② fucking god botherer. The Ocean, you say? Turn the dial hard left. Ah, sweet relief: "wishful thinking". How tragic, when the very same celebrity Queens, hoping to sell a few more copies to the workers, drone on about their "callings".

But callings to what? Callings to where?

Our lack, in this Desert Age, isn't for answers.

Hardly! It's for *questions*.

Big Fish talk of their "destinies", then waddle back to the money machine. Physicists see the utterly inexplicable,<sup>2</sup> quantum riddle after quantum riddle, but then, sinking back into their beanbag worldview, *Reality Is Stuff In A Box*, they laugh off the implications for life. "Shut up and calculate!" they half-joke, half-threaten, too yellow to own their desperate faith. Po-faced executioners of soul, they cry "*Qu'ils mangent de la brioche!*" And, yes, I get it; no one likes to admit they're clueless. No one likes to find out, having been told that cleverness will do the job, that there are ghosts guarding the Yellow Castle. Answering deep questions is hard; asking them is harder; but admitting total ignorance? Powerlessness, even? That's the hardest of the lot.

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<sup>2</sup>It is categorically impossible, assuming the cosmos to be 13.7 billion years old, that the largest-scale structure of the cosmos could have formed under gravity. And yet... there it is!

So, the Ocean remains “wishful thinking”.

Once you know, you can’t unknow.

Admit it, and—blip blappety bloop—you’re riding the River forever.

So, once again...

Unless you are in “a Desire to begin”, put the book down, and walk away.

“Or what? I’ll come to believe? In what? God? Don’t make me laugh. What of Hitchens? What of all those sodomising choirmasters? What of papal insanity? What of the myriad atheist treatises that prove the non-existence of Yahweh?” True, true, true, fucking *stupid*. “So the spiritual life is toast!” Cue sighs of relief, and a trip to Las Vegas. “All good things come to an end, right?”

Nope.

Dismissing pre-medieval non-atheism is like laughing at Parmenides for being old and Greek. The God Delusion is correct, yes; Jesus was a man, yes; and the point has been catastrophically missed. Does our worldview have all the answers? Does our worldview have *any* answers, in fact, about anything that truly matters? No! For God’s sake, why don’t we just come out with it? We don’t know how anything important works.

And the world is SICK.

We have clocked the obvious symptoms—the ecological destruction, the depression, the pain—but not the roots, *never* the roots. Why? Because the roots grow thick, black as spiders, right through the chambers of our own hearts. We are afraid of our fuller selves. We’re afraid of the responsibility of purpose. We’re afraid of genius, afraid of being brilliant. This is why our self-satisfied *Weltanschauung* looks outwards in objectivity.

But tomorrow’s introspective histories?

The future’s psychological maturity?

Those eyes will judge us heavily. Hubristic fools, we’ll be, damn ugly. Just imagine looking back at all the branding smiles, once their disease has drowned the world. Think on the scale of civilisation: those pearly white lies will make the grandchildren of our grandchildren *weep*. But the spirit of the times says, “Open Happiness!” so that’s what we try to do. We buy the bullshit like infant suckers; nirvana is always just a new car away. Except (as if this needs saying) it isn’t: happiness is an inner thing. Nothing to do with the jangle of endorphins, everything to do with *meaning*.

Deep down, we all know this.

We just don't *act* on it.

Why?

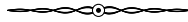
Because of the weight of AUTHORITY. Don't underestimate its weakness, or its strength. To think with your heart takes stepping out of line. Hell, it takes valour of the deepest kind. Let no one say the age of the hero is gone; the Strength of Old Days is needed yet, and more than ever. It takes the courage of a titan to face the mordant hordes, to stand unbowed before the plastic tide and yell, broad-shouldered and smiling wide:

"Here am I! Yes, this is me! Do what you will, Grey Men. Laugh, I care not! Mine is the glorious fate of all life. I fly now with all the angels of heaven, and my love, she waits in the Golden Hall."

How *can* a man die better than that? But to Live before you enjoy this death, to gain entry to the Unknown Lands, to earn the right to kneel before the Lady of Silver, you must turn, with me, with the carriers of the dawn, to the machine automatons of consumerism, those whisky-warm voices that have wheedled our trust, and scream:

"Wake up! Wake up, all of you! Your whole power-suited life is a *tragedy*! Your outlook, your mission, your goal, it's crazy! The White Man's dream is a goddamn nightmare! Wake up, please! Your trillion-dollar industry is at best a catastrophe, at worst a fucking *crime*, and you should feel guilty. You've traded bliss for... what? Fans? Likes? Followers? Fine wine? For God's sake, take pity on your souls. For God's sake, oh, for your *own* sakes, stop."

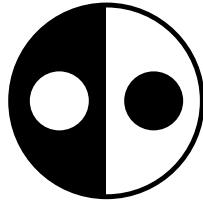
This is what is required, not to save the world, but to save ourselves.



So, let us stick two fat sympathetic fingers up to the pond.

Adios, motherfuckers!

Time to go looking for the Ocean.



## THE NEW GODS

Psychology is a new science, but an ancient art.

In the USA, the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, the peer-reviewed go-to for peddlers of painkillers and other shortcuts to economic productivity, runs to 947 pages of meticulously crafted Reasons to Tranquelize. It boasts around three hundred revenue-generating disorders. And my oh my—the profiteers should be proud—what big names they have!

- *Oppositional Defiant Disorder,*
- *Avoidant Personality Disorder,*
- *Unspecified Disruptive/Impulse-Control and Conduct Disorder,*
- *Major Depressive Disorder,*
- *Attention-Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder,*
- *Disruptive Mood Dysregulation Disorder,*
- *Social Communication Disorder,*
- *Mild Neurocognitive Disorder,*
- *Histrionic Personality Disorder,*

Hurrah! Polysyllabic bullshit!

So many socially acceptable tools for the quiet exorcism of that old and now socially unacceptable chestnut, the HUMAN CONDITION. Praise God! The DSM is the well-bashed bible of American psychiatry, and it has been used and

abused, at appalling human cost, to justify the pharmaceutical lobotomising of some three or four tragic generations, literally selling itself (Larceny Licensed) as the “Authoritative Volume” on psychological matters.

Yet what success has it had?

$S < 0$ .

America has lost its soul, and is choking to death on the pills.



Rewind an aeon, and the finest psychiatric tool in the Western world was the Olympian pantheon, whose purpose (as purportedly is the DSM's) was the mental health of its users. The myths of Atlas, Heracles and Hermes were tools for psychological healing. Likewise the cults: Dionysian or Orphic. These were targeted, over-the-altar medicine for the psychic ills of a culture breaking new ground. The ancient Greeks, as they succumbed to the addiction (to concept) that still haunts us, didn't lack for problems.

But neither did they lack for imagination.

Answering the call of psychological need, the slopes of Olympus burst into life, ending up housing somewhere in the region of 300 deities, each of which allowed for the treatment of a certain set of psychic ailments. As ego-culture bloomed and rotted, grown too fast in logical loam, pagan religion, imperfect by definition, tended to the fallout. The Greek gods lived on a mountain; their Western counterparts live in a textbook. What's the difference?

It's easy to think our modern way is better.

That *ease* is, of course, exactly the problem.

Given the pitiful state of the Western psyche, there is, looking through the broadest lens, only one comparison to be drawn. The Greek pantheon built the Western world; Big Pharma is literally killing children for money. The Wheels of Progress have turned, yes, but in the worst of directions: *greed*. Do not think us clever. We have returned, as “objective” scientists, to heathen trust in a new set of gods. The DSM lists them. But on what basis, except for payroll desire? At least antiquity's paganism helped. To the current mental health epidemic, we have no answer, or rather, we do have an answer, but that answer—drugs, drugs and (Christ, the hypocrisy of The War on Drugs) more fucking drugs—is itself a snowballing epidemic. Religion, the old mainstay, is now a bag of dry bones, and, with God dead, salvation has been replaced by *sedation*.

What have we learnt since the Greeks?

Zip, it seems.

Despite the seeming leaps made in education, despite the apparent demise of superstition, despite the millennia of increased “self-awareness”, the average understanding of the HUMAN CONDITION, that is to say, the capacity to come to terms with self-awareness and live a genuine, truthful life, is at an all-time low. In psychological matters, our culture is absent. We are still in the grips of the European nightmare that Nietzsche woke to in the 1880s: while the standard of living has got better and better, the standard of *life* has got worse and worse; the young, the middle-aged, the old, the vulnerable drug themselves into stupor on whatever they can get: chlorpromazine, booze, holidays or reality TV.

And the profiteers rub their hands.

Outwardly, yes, this is a golden age.

Inwardly, it's a fucking *abyss*.

We put Brave Faces on, of course, but those pearly-white go-getter smiles that litter every commercial break disguise a deep and terrible malaise. There has been a great EMPTYING, a draining, a hollowing, a closing off of the soul space. Christianity, for the thinking individual, is finished as a meaningful creed, and, in its place, where belonging used to be, is a snake-black vacuum, a torrent of

Hence the waves of addiction: to creeds, corporations, chemicals, coitus. Each is based in yearning: yearning for something to believe in, to live for, to love inside, now that the old ways are done. Now that, in the eyes of the Sparkly New Atheist, everything is spiritless, heartless, pointless.

This is the riddle of the age.

So what now?



The problem lies in the *unseen unseen*.

The West has swallowed a cyanide pill:

WE KNOW OURSELVES.

Total awareness is what our culture teaches, by avoiding (except in the DSM's facile terms) the subject of awareness altogether. Secular mass culture in the West, uniquely in conscious human history, is mute, beyond lip-service, on the topic of *What It Is To Be Human*. On what it is to know and unknow

oneself. In such matters, we are left, as children, to fend for ourselves. Each split soul, each boy-minnow has to find the answer, the Pearl that lies beneath the sea, anew. But the journey, unguided, is far too hard. So, what do we end up believing? Materialistic common sense, of course. Of what are we conscious? Consciousness, obviously. We believe the default, mass-logical answer, because, in our educated, “rational” Patriarchy, the question isn’t raised. What question?

Yes, that’s exactly my point.

Read it again: I KNOW MYSELF.

This fiction is what the I *wants* to believe.

Totality of knowledge is the natural, desirable, and therefore inevitable conclusion of the modern mind. We, the educated masses, know *about* the parts of life that are unconscious, of course, aware, academically, of the existence of a concept, but that means nothing. Most of us are aware of unicorns; most racists are aware of racism; most who hate are aware of hate. But, in the end, very few take the inner journey seriously. Even fewer take it *personally*. At best, it’s an intellectual curiosity, a piece of Freudian esoterica.

This is a goddamn catastrophe.

Without some such concept, deeply valued, of inner duality, whatever its form, there can be no understanding; not of humanity’s staggering love, nor its staggering hate. This is the tragedy of our postmodern arrogance. In the past, there was automatically a name for “what lies hidden”, because so much lay hidden. In the past, there were copious symbols for the unknown, because so much was unknown. In the past, only the most calamitous idiots claimed to understand everything; geniuses were adamant they didn’t. Yes, but now?

Ouch.

Proud of our technical prowess, we have succumbed to a mass infection, hyper-rational hubris. Not only is the unknown unknown (which, of course, it must be), but it is almost universally unknown *as* unknown (which it should *never* be). The prevailing attitude, Total Consciousness, precludes knowledge of what it is to be human. We say: “The shadows don’t exist, we’re modern folk. We are what we know.” This is the spirit of the age. It’s a preposterous notion, an infantile notion, a flaccid choad of an idea! It’s amazingly far from being true.<sup>1</sup> To demonstrate the existence of the Unknown, contra the wieners, all we

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<sup>1</sup>The main tenets of so-called “rationalism” are incredibly *stupid*. One of the greatest obstacles to enlightenment is that one must recognise, and then forgive, this stupidity in one’s own people.

need is a single counterexample to the imbecilic (ooh, hark at my dispassionate rationalism!) self-omniscience statement “I know myself.” A counterexample... hmm, tough one. Creativity, there we go. How very difficult! Imagination, rage, anxiety, arousal, dreams, laughter, blushing, tics, infatuation, projection, facial recognition, sympathy, tremors, fantasy, hatred, psychosomatic pain. *Love*, for God’s sake! How easy it is to point to those hidden things that are surely hidden and, just as surely, us.

Rationally—yeah right—any of these should be enough to establish, to a logical and self-interested mind, the existence of the UNKNOWN as something worth conceptualising, as something worth turning the mind to. But, while we like to think ourselves “thinkers with the head”, that’s just the name of our *disease*. The heart and guts still call the shots, as they always have and always will do; they just do it like barbarians, darkly.



Consider REMINISCENCE.

A memory springs from nowhere, unbidden, something or someone long forgotten. Its reappearance brings a frown of bemused surprise. An involuntary grin, perhaps. Either that or the gut-punch of sadness. Such is the power of the deep. Now, was the beginning of that process *conscious*? No. If it had been, there would have been no shock. But the process happened: we remember what we didn’t. So, something set the old cogs churning, and in no way was it the Will (whatever that means). Such archived memories arrive at consciousness, they aren’t products of it.

Mathematically speaking, we’re done, point proved; there’s no need of a thousand counterexamples. But old habits are much like old shoes: comfortable until you step in a puddle. We can’t rely on the “should” of *Modus Tollendo Tollens*, because—let me once again burst a pet bubble of the educated White Man—we human beings just aren’t logical. Logic is one of our favourite termite sticks, that’s all. As any mathematician worth her salt knows, it’s no use merely *proving* something, one must also *believe* it. So, believe it. At least some of our inner workings, the doings of the soul, are out of the beam, off in the dark beside the road, never to be seen “as is”. Their effects *rise* to consciousness, of course—we sure as hell know when we fall in love—but such risings rise as *faits accomplis*; they come to consciousness prefabricated.



This is the leap of faith:

THERE IS AN UNSEEN HALF TO THE INNER LIFE.

Take the Leap.

Fuck it, you only live once!

What name you use for this other half is mostly irrelevant. Words are just words, choose whatever flavour you like: known/unknown, ego/unconscious, left/right-brain; human/divine, Son/Father, whatever. Nobody but you is going to give a shit. Forget the words, and know it. The dragons are in the knowledge, not in the word “Knowledge”. What matters—and oh my word does it matter—is that you *value* a place beyond the conscious mind. All human hope lies in accepting that fact. Not, mind you, the intellectual reasonableness of the fact, nor the logic of it, but the Fact itself.



Consider JOY.

Some piece of music catches a nerve, *Scarborough Fair* or *Les Feuilles Mortes* and, suddenly, the world is all bliss. Sunshine flows from the speakers. What changed? Well, the music, clearly: ambrosia from heaven. But, the next time, it isn't the same: nothing happens, in spite of the wish. So, where did the rapture *really* come from? Was it circumstance? No. Was it created by consciousness? No. Was it deliberate? No. We can no more summon bliss than rain. We can seek that sense, yes, but we can't turn it on.

JOY is the product of a deeper place.

BEYOND THE POND, THERE LIES AN OCEAN.

Take the leap.

Fuck it, you're only born twice!

The intellectuals, corrupted by long entronement of the ego, argue twat semantics, denying the workings of this Deep Beyond the name “thoughts”. But all such sidesteppings are irrelevant. Call the workings of the other part of life whatever the hell you want. Functions? Demons? Complexes? Jabberwocks? In the end, it doesn't matter. The details are for clever droogs who would rather logicise their way *out* of life than *into* it. You are stronger than that. The fact is:

*something* whirrs in a place beyond the known, which means there is a division of All into what is known and what is unknown.

We are not aware of all we are.



Consider RESPIRATION.

It rolls on, regular as clockwork, outside of willed control. But we can command it if necessary. Most of the time, it runs unconsciously—we could use “automatically” just as well—but not always. The instructions “inhale, exhale” are subject to the conscious (sense of) Will but, nevertheless, they go on during sleep, beyond awareness. They are shapeshifters. Even the body, so material, so tangible, takes instruction from both the well-lit stage and the unseen wings; sometimes “I” controls breathing, sometimes it doesn’t.

The Ocean needs no *tangible* reality, of course: the unknown place exists in the same way that, say, Spain exists, or friendship, or the number 6, or dreams, or love, or the quantum, or the word “silence”. These things have their existence as MODELS. They cannot be placed on a set of scales, but that changes nothing: they exist nonetheless. The unknown is, by definition, unknowable to direct experience, but that doesn’t preclude its use as a concept. We were damn sure the moon had a Dark Side long before anybody saw it. Likewise, the Dark Side of Life exists. The only logically coherent doubt of that fact would be nihilism, but nihilism is just porn for idiots.

We are in the business of living.

YOU ARE NOT YOUR THOUGHTS.

Now, to avoid another fool’s landmine: “What lies beyond consciousness cannot be defined; it is amorphous, therefore useless.” That’s nothing but old cowardice masquerading as cleverness. Is “ease of description” a *sine qua non*? Hell, no! Genius, anyone? Hope? Physics? In an idea, it is, in fact, an *excellent* trait to lack hard frontiers. The ensuing ambiguity reins in generic “answers”, those murderous narcotics, and doles out doses of Individuality. Yes, the two realms, conscious and unconscious, meld at the edges, and there are many things (imagination, for one) which fly with wings in both airspaces. The boundary between known and unknown is fluid, unpredictable and ever-shifting. But is this a problem? No. Contrary to the bleating of Newtonians and politicians,

boundary fences aren't required for existence. Antarctica's bounds melt and freeze yearly, yet it exists; the Nile is never the same river twice. In the same way, this un-conscious place exists.

With Jung, call it the UNCONSCIOUS, yes.

Then don't.

Look behind the word.

The word "unconscious" is a label for a model, necessarily imperfect and none the worse for that, of the systems of life and contents of Reality of which the ego (the mind's abstract concept of itself) isn't aware. We need not tie our definition down further—in fact, it is better if we don't—all we need accept is that the Unknown, in whatever form and carrying whatever name, exists. Alongside the conscious part, there is something else, which makes two inner protagonists in the human drama: firstly, THE UNKNOWN, the ocean, the deep; secondly, THE KNOWN, the pond, "I".

We share the houses of our minds.



With the BEYOND established, we can proceed.

Whence *eudaimonia*, meaningful happiness? What makes life worth living? Is it the known, the pond, the shallow I? Ego can summon pleasure, yes, but can it summon fulfilment? Can it summon joy? Tragically for those with dreams of a Materialistic Utopia, yet also hopefully, a thousand times no; no one can will their heart to glow. If we did have willed control of such things, life would be very different. Joy on tap! Rapture for all!

But this isn't so.

While the sage commands, or, to be more accurate, experiences such bliss, most are nowhere near. We ride the peaks, and see out the troughs. Which isn't, of course, to deny that our egos work to *influence* the source of meaning. Christ! Like thirsty hands pumping water from a well, we work until our arms ache. But (and it's a killer, this "but") we can only request that fullness of heart, we can never demand it. What is freely available, what can be bought, what can coerced and controlled is hedonistic. Walking down the street, at any given hour of any given day, brings either warmth of heart or emptiness, and Willpower, that mirage, doesn't get to choose which. If it did, we would always be happy.

Look around the city: we aren't.

So, it behoves us, whether we like it or not, to attend to the *source*. Therein lies true power; the source is everything. It holds the key to soulglow, to the deep solar plexus warmth of love; it holds the key to depth in friendship, to purpose, to everything worthwhile and halfway worthwhile; it can suffuse a simple smile with perfection, or else, in lack, make all beauty plain. We don't choose the black hole that settles in the chest, and we don't choose bliss. It is *never* "I", so desperate to lead, that decides.

So what is it?

The world? A social contract?

Fuck no!

The same circumstances—a party, say, or any outwardly good time—can bring brimming joy or abject pain. Circum-stance, i.e. what *surrounds*, just isn't it. So, what remains as the source of emotion and affect? One thing: the deep well of the UNKNOWN. While we conscious egos may pretend (fat chance!) to govern thought and deed, there can be no doubt: when it comes to everything else, the Deep holds the cards. When it comes to the heart, the guts, emotion, everything depends on the Other protagonist. No man chooses the kaleidoscope lights that dance in a woman's eyes.

#### HAPPINESS LIES IN THE UNKNOWN.

We humans have known this fact, that the source of bliss isn't the known "I", for as long as there have been thoughts written down. Always, always, of course, the question has been: "What is the source? Whence comes meaning?" Folk have searched hard. For knights and Romantics, the "other" was a white handkerchief; for the Lipan Apache, ground peyote; for superfans, it's God in the Bass; for the Samurai, service to the sword. But the world's seekers have always talked of the other *within*, of that part of the self that is "I", yet also not "I".

A Mandaean poem reads:

*In the whole world and its works  
I have no trust in the world.  
After my soul alone I go searching about,  
Which to me is worth generations and worlds.  
I went and found my soul—  
What are to me all the worlds?*

In the *Shvetāshvatara Upanishad*, it is said: “The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of every creature.” Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher emperor, wrote of “the guardian-spirit, which Zeus has granted to each of us as a portion of his own being to serve as our overseer and guide.” To the Greeks, it was the *daimon*; to the Romans, the *genius*. Zhuangzi, the wily old Daoist, put it bluntly: “When consciousness comes to rest in what it does not know, it has reached its utmost.”

The inner Other holds the key.

Here are some traits of the UNKNOWN WITHIN: being felt as alien, it’s mysterious; being “the other”, it’s frightening, oh yes; being a part of the psyche, it’s ever-present; being the “overseer and guide”, it’s omniscient; being the seat of *eudaimonic* happiness, it’s all-powerful; being a concept without materiality, it’s ineffable; being out of this fucking world, it’s divine. In other words:

GOD IS IN THE UNCONSCIOUS.

Now I could, deferring to the academic *Weltanschauung*, use a less provocative version, such as “The religious sense is the sense of the unconscious psyche,” but that would be wormish. Of course, the word GOD is laden with baggage, but that’s precisely the point; that exactly the baggage we need to attend to. The concept, in one form or another, contains most of our philosophical inheritance. The finest minds of the West, from Plato to Nietzsche to Jung to Einstein, have used God, the gods, the death of God or some such to describe The Facts of the HUMAN CONDITION. Thus the God-model, the God-topic, the God-field contains the larger part of the White Man’s wisdom, from the Greeks to the Galatians, the Sumerians to the Swiss. It would be stupid, even as an atheist, to see that wisdom as worthless.

It is not.



The statement “God is in the Unconscious” has many levels of meaning. At its most absolute, reading  $\subset$  as the limiting case in  $\subseteq$ , it means “The concept GOD is the same as the concept THE UNCONSCIOUS.” They both describe the human condition: they are concepts for the great Other. In this starkest way of thinking, religion is, in fact, psychology, and God has, post-religiously, a role in the empirical worldview. An *essential* role. Which is, of course, every type

of heresy at once: rational, religious, moral *and* scientific. But that's the way it is! Where there is unrecognised sickness, every healing thought must tread on toes. Western toes are in all the wrong places. Neither priest nor atheist (for opposite reasons) wants a resurrection of God, but what does that matter? Forget the puritanical white coat of science; forget the bible-bashing black robe of religion.

God is in the GREYSCALE.

The statement "God is in the Unconscious" means that the model "God" and the model "the Unconscious" symbolise the same thing, namely the great and ever-present power that is The Deep. Each represents life's great ocean. Both point to the other protagonist in the drama. Both, without doubt, *exist*.<sup>2</sup> According to this view, the Abrahamic prophets were right: God does exist. As were the atheists: the prophets had no idea what they were banging on about. But, although atheism (in the tickbox sense of non-belonging to a particular religion) is a stepping-stone for any brave soul, it is not rational, nor is it in any way empirical; it makes no sense in the light of known facts. God is a model for something that exists. Something *crucial*. And, we, therefore, as post-theistic "would-be atheist" psychologists, as Those Who Would Fight Inner Dragons, have a rational belief system that must contain the God-model to at least the extent that a theist's does. The chosen worldview is merely broader. It makes no sense to name a higher-level philosophy as a negation of one subsumed, which makes both "atheist" and "theist" obsolete terms.

In the HELIX, new language is required.

The statement "God is in the Unconscious" occupies No Man's Land. It sits in interdisciplinary space. There, we need *neutral* language, plain terminology to describe religions, philosophies and psychologies, without alienating any of them. Disciplines, like countries, don't like "foreign speak". We must be flexible. Firstly, GOD with a capital G: the atheist lowercase is petty. As established, the Beyond has power, tangible, concrete, *awesome* power, which makes insouciant disrespect towards it, as admired on Twitter and other twat boxes, a puerile act. Secondly, let us symbolise the UNCONSCIOUS psyche, offering precisely the same level of respect, of course, with a capital U. We have, then, a bigrammaton:

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<sup>2</sup>It is unempirical and naive to claim that all claims can be assessed lab-empirically. As I have demonstrated amply elsewhere, the tangible protons and electrons of the perceived world have, speaking scientifically, not one iota more existence than love, hope, and the Universe-soul.

# G/U

This stands for many things:

- the firm equality “*God is the unconscious psyche*”,
- the conceptual statement “*G and U symbolise the same unknown*”,
- the psychologically biased “*God is in the unconscious*”,
- the religiously biased “*God acts through the unconscious*”,
- the pair of options “G/U”,
- the comparison “*G and U juxtaposed*”,
- a simple shortening of “*God-slash-Unconscious*”,
- the whole God/Unconscious theory in its role as a philosophy.

To preserve this flexibility, I leave the slash silent. G/U, God, the Unconscious psyche, the beyond, the gods, depth, the Ocean, the UNKNOWN: all of these are symbolic names that point in the same direction. They are labels for something real, something all previous attempts at description have failed to describe, in exactly the manner that my attempt and every future attempt must do.



We can now, with laughter in our hearts, resolve the flatulent academic debate as to the existence (pah!) of God, and move on. Hitherto, this ruckus has been fatally marred by our Western addiction to the absolute. According to the main combatants in the Battle of Syllabuses, Kepler vs Fludd, there have only ever been two choices: the existence or non-existence of God. Heads or tails, black or white, the Boolean  $\{1, 0\}$ . But, as always, the truth lies in between. Not in half-baked agnostic refusal to engage with the question—most agnostics are just plain lazy—but rather in understanding *both* views from an overarching perspective. The God-concept has the Boolean 0, that is to say, God has non-existence as a spatiotemporal object; the God-concept also has the Boolean 1, that is to say, existence as (at the very least<sup>3</sup>) an experienced entity. “Either/or” doesn’t apply. Why should it? God is a model like any other. Contrary to the bleating of rational sheep, who love to misapply mathematical logic, existence and non-existence just aren’t mutually exclusive; love has both, after all.

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<sup>3</sup>In fact, according to Unity theory, unconceived of at the time I first wrote this book, it is quite clear that God has a *greater* metaphysical level of existence than humans do.

From the right vantage point, the whole sorry debate folds in on itself and disappears. Atheists hate to admit the existence of the unconscious, because the unconscious is frightening; theists hate to dethrone their pet gods, because different lights cast different shadows. Status loves the status quo. Hence the squabbling over physical “existence”, as if that is the relevant point. It isn’t. The claim G/U makes is different. G/U claims PHENOMENAL existence, viz. existence-in-experience, which is (by any sensible definition) more important than the metaphysics of any Empyrean Gandalf. We are concerned with Life, angels to arseholes. “The unconscious” and “God” are models. And both are vital. G/U (the entity so-named, not the name itself) is the source of love and meaningful happiness. Disbelief in love doesn’t destroy love, it merely destroys one’s own *capacity* to love. Disbelief in the beyond doesn’t destroy the beyond, it merely destroys one’s *link* to the beyond.



Let us put the thing to the test.

What does G/U make of the positives of religion?

In the light of G/U, any religion, practiced genuinely, remains a set of tools for making contact with the unconscious psyche. We needn’t tear up the Torah; I’m not interested in destruction. Beliefs in e.g. celestial blondes with Grade 9 harp, eyes of azure and mouths like Miss Judy of old Phnom Penh will suffer, of course, but the benefits of considered religious practice need not. Prayer, meditation, communion, confession: each has obvious inner benefit, and comes out stronger. In G/U, they make perfect sense.<sup>4</sup> They are attempts to communicate with God, that is, attempts to communicate with one’s deeper Self. So, G/U takes away nothing from religion.

And what of religion’s downsides?

Well, dogmatic arguments are immediately bunk: obviously no one has truth monopoly. God is in the Unconscious, so all approaches to the divine are attempts to address the same problem, viz. “What do I do about my inner duality?” All approaches, therefore, have equal, that is to say, zero claim to being the right way to go about the task. There is no “right way” of dealing with G/U, just as there is no “right way” of dealing with people. Only the shallow seek codes for living. Thus, G/U strips the naiveté from religion: it tears up morality

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<sup>4</sup>Contra the self-image of scientific intellectuals, this is underrated on both sides of the fence.



(only sheep need take fright), while allowing for the continuation of culture. And G/U offers disheartened believers—those armies of Sunday Epicureans for whom God is nothing but a killjoy—an alternative to slow spiritual death. In G/U, every science-hobbled religion is reborn.

And, as regards atheism's positives?

Well, G/U retains all: modern freedom from Bronze Age superstition, emancipation from the grubby "Thou Shalt Nots" of soul-trite moralists, the chance of genuine philosophical creativity, progress, reason, non-dogmatism, sense, the "present" life, and true individuality. G/U strengthens all of those. No benefit of atheism is disturbed by the realisation that God is, in fact, a name for the Unknown Within. The atheist can now *understand* religion, rather than jabbering, Dawkins-style, about "proofs of God's non-existence." What do such proofs prove? Squat.

God has non-existence, yet God exists.

It is concerning atheism's *negatives*, then, that G/U has its deepest effect.

G/U robs atheism of its most prized possession, its most cherished weapon, its most terrible invention: the Sword of Materialism, *The World Is All There Is*. Previously, as atheists, we were all authority; we thought, *The I Is All There Is*. Which meant that ego consciousness, deprived of its soulmate, deprived of the source of all its joy, was forced to invent its own meaning. And, spurred on by existentialist despair, it did so, with panicked relish. Money, "goodness", power, virtue, sex, certainty, status, pride. A whole host of European utilitarianisms. But the task was misguided: the ego *isn't* all there is; it is one part of a twofold system: a relationship. Which brings duty, yes, but—ah, bliss!—also duty's MEANING.

Freedom from duty is valid in the absence of God; the hedonist has infant logic on his side. But GOD is a name for the UNCONSCIOUS, and, beyond all doubt, the unconscious exists. Duty simply isn't a choice to anyone with an iota of sense; conscience isn't a choice. As every religion knows, worldly things—the rotten fruits of the idiot decision to live "free" as ego—lead, eventually, to a living hell. Not "up there", but inside. This is what required the *religio*, the "binding" of the old faiths. These offered rigid paths towards heaven, which is, of course, a place on Earth.<sup>5</sup> Full acceptance of inner duality, whether it

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<sup>5</sup>More precisely, heaven is *at right angles* to Earth. As I have seen since, this book, from which Unity theory sprang, was part of my own Leap. The Cellar Steps were mine. In the myth of C

is modelled religiously as human-God or psychologically as ego-Unconscious, brings *both sides* of the coin. If you seek MEANING, know this: there can be none without responsibility, duty, nobility. All of these arise through connection to something bigger than oneself.



CONSCIENCE, in post-religious times, has presented the rationalist with a dinkum problem. That opaque sense of rightness is so obviously a message from “elsewhere”; it cannot be tagged as a product of ego. No one *chooses* to feel guilty. For naive religion, of course, the way out was easy—conscience as one’s better angels—but, for the atheist, there is no divine source, which presents a horny dilemma: post-God, where does one place deep content, viz. senses of personal duty to entities other than family or boss, when the answer, which is “in the Deep”, is outlawed? Such puzzles have tormented philosophers for centuries. The materialist answer is simple: *denial!* But that leads to the lobotomised desert of egotism. The second answer is that of the flock. Herd-folk sheepishly project conscience *out* into culture; they neologise so as to control, labelling it as a “social construct” or some such. But this view ends up, like all postmodernism, in a pathetic (and very quickly tawdry) lack of backbone. For a freethinker, that is to say, for one with a SOUL, behaving as everybody else does brings the most guilty conscience of all.

But G/U offers conscience a *home*.

CONSCIENCE, literally “with-knowing”, is living in accordance with one’s broader self. Now, the herd-at-large can’t handle such relativism, because of the need, based in the power drive, to codify crowd-control. Dictators do so love to dictate. Sheep and goat herds are deeply convinced that sheep and goats need “Good” and “Evil”. Thus Christianity claims to know all sorts of objective “facts” about God. G/U, however, knows such stuff is humbug: the unconscious differs from person to person. No one can tell you how to live: the wise only help folk find their *own* natures.

The old pagans did better here. In polytheism of the Egyptian, Greek or Norse variety, the usual M.O. was: “Pick the gods most meaningful to you, and act in accordance with their rituals.” In G/U translation, old in the Helix, this

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and and the story of THE HIGHER, I was writing my way towards a conceptualisation of Unknown which was acceptable to my own mathematical mind. Allah be praised, I found it.

means: “Construct a model of your own unknown, and act in accordance with it.” Our loss of this idea is tragic: it is the reason that the husk now calling itself Christianity struggles so with guilt. Guilt is always transgression against one’s Self, not against some stone-scratched rule-book; a sense of good conscience is simply the sense that comes of acting WHOLESOMELY.

But let us not underestimate the task.

In G/U and similar, we see a vision of awakening, a vision of hope, a vision of meaning, yes, but those are gifts that don’t come for free. On the contrary: meaning only comes with responsibility, a responsibility to one’s deeper self. And responsibility is *hard*. Giving God new genesis is no sunlit stroll, no sudden Eureka, no flick of a switch. It’s far earthier than that. It’s the hardest, yet simplest, task there is. As the Gatekeeper warned, it’s the labour of a lifetime, which is exactly what a lifetime needs. G/U, therefore, in whichever guise, offers the rationalist a stark choice: the burden and hope of meaning, or the bovine bliss (read “misery”) of ignorance. Either we accept the fact of the deep parts of life, together with all that they entail, or we sweep them aside, shrug, mock, and carry on as before.

Both options remain open:

GNOSIS with responsibility or *ignorance* with ~~bliss~~ misery?

And we mustn’t mistake the import of the choice. Wake from sleep, or don’t? Become a conscious human being, or don’t? You are confronted, even now, this very minute, reading these very words, with the existence of your own demons, those ones you kept locked away beneath the bed. With the raw power of the unconscious psyche. With the power of the UNKNOWN, such as has been the preoccupation of every conscious person throughout recorded history.

GOD, as was.

You, dear reader, are confronted with it right now. Here, right here, in this very paragraph. Yes. Whether you know it or not, indeed, whether you *like* it or not, you are face to face with the reality of the Unknown, with meaning’s duty and duty’s meaning. And, most likely, your ego, your mind’s abstract concept of itself, is deciding not whether that reality is TRUE, but whether or not it *likes the implications*. Whether or not it is brave enough to face whatever lies behind the world-veil.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup>Remember, as you seek your courage, that it does not lie in your ego. You cannot find courage logically. Courage is a deeper thing, an animal instinct, a fire in the soul. That’s why everyone is

That's just the way it is.

There is, on the far side of the glittering pond, a gap in the reeds, a hidden opening, long camouflaged by all sorts of *isms* and *ologies*. And what lies beyond it? Where does it lead? To the great river, and on to the OCEAN. To the joys and troubles of a conscious life. To authenticity. Not to monkish piety, not to pious superstition, not to superstitious goodness, but to LIFE. Life in the fucking *raw*. A stepping beyond the suited mob.

This is the choice offered by G/U.

The dungeon door stands open. The steps leading down and away glisten damp. It's dark down there. Rotten, in places. A few candles burn, there is light enough to see, but the floor is wet. Make no mistake. And, once we take our barefoot choice? Once we pad below to see? There is no going back. There is no closing of Pandora's Box. Remember the warnings of Böhme's soldier: if you know, in your heart of hearts, and still back away? Such retreat spells deep, deep trouble: pain, depression, misery, emptiness. Not in metaphor, but in *reality*.

In 1887, Nietzsche wrote:

"Total atheism (—and *this* is the only air which we deep men of this age breathe!) is *not* the antithesis of the idea it appears to be; it is instead only one of the last stages of its making, one of its final forms and results—it is an awesome *catastrophe*, the end of two thousand years of truth training, which finally forbids itself the *lie of belief* in God."

An "awesome catastrophe", he called it. Too right. Two years later, the great Polish soothsayer, that spectacular genius, had lost his mind. To face the deep and walk away is soul suicide. We are each *two*. You, the present reader of these words, are, in fact, a part of a whole. A great and ever-present power lives with you and within you. It always has, and it always will. Welcomed, it fortifies; denied, it overwhelms. The latter was the case in Nietzsche. DUALITY is a basic fact, *the* fact, no less, of the human condition. The Deep evaluates your every thought against the image of your fuller self, against your soul, your Wholeness, your destiny, which it knows better than you.

How terrifying!

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born twice. Firstly, you become ego. Then, later, consciously, you become You.

How *beautiful!*

Yes, it and you have a purpose in this world: an unknowable, yet also *soul* knowable purpose, some wild, earthy, individual task that has sweet F.A. to do with the office. There is mountain air to breathe. Ah, it's so tempting to run from grandeur! But you mustn't do; no. Instead, you must lean in *further!* Now is the time for summoning ego and soul to stand together, to *ally*. G/U is no cycloptic ogre, no blue-eyed maiden, no rampant witch; G/U is all of those things and more: dark, light, and all shades of endless.

But God is never the enemy. Not of the SOUL, not of the *true* self. Our gods are, at the deepest level, with us, because they are us, and we are them. All the laughter of civilisation, all the grim wisdom, all the battle-scarred courage of deep time lives in us. Each of us. There is such potential, such division, such *hope!* The Ocean is vicious, calm, wild and the stakes are high. Yeah yeah, fucking *sky high!* The stakes are the stakes of LIFE. Individuality is on the table; adventure is on the table; destiny is on the table; grit is on the table. Oh yes, *grit*. God, for pleasant folk (and we are overly outwardly so...) is never "pleasant"; the unconscious isn't bourgeois, it isn't boringly sweet. For us, it's noble, savage, terrible, raw, Satanic, loving, lofty, wise. G/U has drives for which there are no names.

And, once we see deeply?

Once we walk in step with soul and depth?

Those morning-after senses of regret go. There is pain, yes; there'll always be pain. But one's *sense* of pain? One's *addiction* to it? No. The road leads ever onwards. The unconscious is mighty, godlike, warlike, capable of being the ultimate ally, or, if ignored, the worst of golems. A demon let loose. The unconscious mirrors the face it sees. Ignored, it ignores; fought, it fights. So what does it matter what the old priests promised us? Who cares for their saccharine, whitewashed tat? We don't need everlasting life to make this life worth our while. We are here, and G/U has the power of soul-bliss. The power of joy, meaning, love. Yes, love! That beautiful ache. The materialists say, "It's just a bunch of chemicals." What a bunch of empty-hearted goblins. Is Allegri's *Miserere* "just a bunch of notes"?

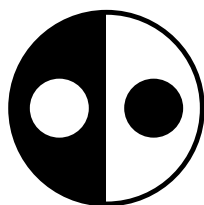
All sort of beasts prowl the abyss: the sea snake, the man o'war, the manta ray, the kraken. And the time has come for you to swim. It's either that, or wine-blindness, or pain. Courage! *Courage!* The ocean is savage, which is why, in old

days, only the bravest souls walked the path. Only those with a harrowing need, some wound, some jagged scar of the heart, went to face the other side. Regular folk, for their own protection, were kept safe from life's great mysteries; their spiritual lives were managed by ritual, always according to another's plan. But those halcyon days are gone. We live in an age of rude awakening. Innocence, that of the Garden of Eden, is now reserved for children. The rest of us are in the Garden of Gethsemane, by accident and by cultural training: we've grown too clever to remain "just so". It takes too much booze, too much sex, too many pills to dull the pain of being only half human.

For us, the only way to heaven is *inward*.



This is our quest and question.  
So, how do we answer?  
With a cry: "To the queen!"



## GOOD VS EVIL

Let's attend to a good old catastrophe:

"GOD IS ALL-BENEVOLENT."

Ahaha!

The utopian creed of omnibenevolence is axiomatic for many. And yes, rotten wood does look better painted. But, as cynics, comedians, agnostics and Gnostics have quite rightly pointed out, claims of God's infallible goodness are laughably naive. Tragically naive. All those excuses, all those "mysterious ways", all those scrabbling, babbling attempts to fit evil's square peg into good's round hole... for what? Diddly. Theodicy is scholarship for the terminally boring; the whole argument is now and always has been a monumental waste of time. And, alas, much worse. We wish human hours were the cost of such naiveté. But, no. Wilful innocence kills; unmanliness in thinking kills. The milk-and-cookie charlatan "Good", Plato's greatest blunder, has, in fact, underwritten it all: bombings, burnings, beheadings, the lot.

The "all-white" religions were just plain wrong.

To call the unconscious "good" was a mistake, a most *human* mistake, and, in hindsight, nothing short of a disaster. Well-intentioned, neoPlatonic soul hedonism fed two things: firstly, the cracklike addictiveness of the Abrahamic faiths—when virgins wear white lingerie, how their dark eyes twinkle!—and, secondly, the closeted malevolence of sword and collider. All that sanctified,

parochial barbarism. Jesus, that brilliant Jewish maniac, said some fine things, but omnibenevolence wasn't one of them. Flowing down the river of history, that crystal torrent has not just failed to wash away hatred, it has done precisely the opposite. It has, in fact, with the pompous weight of piety—"She's a witch, burn her!"—driven the mill-wheels of genocide.

Holy war is always GOOD vs GOOD.



Consider the story of the Binding of Isaac: the strange tale of a father's demonic urge to murder his own son. To sacrifice his *own son*—just consider this in human terms—to God. The tale is bleak, but less so than the squandering of those endless years (even Kierkegaard fell for the trap...) spent trying to find the good in it. It's simple, really. There isn't any. "Good" is a pious fabrication, a moral toadyism, a powerplay. Some part of Abraham's deep—call it a complex, God, or a demon—ordered him to kill Isaac. Lovely. But, in the end, he didn't. Even lovelier. A divine intervention? Yes. But God ordered the killing in the first place. A victory of faith? Yes. But what the hell good is that? Blind faith in G/U is the stuff of madness. Blind faith flies jets into buildings. We want God to be good, yes; we desperately want God to be angel-pure. But expecting perfection in relationship is childish: the Ocean, of course, is no such thing. Why should it be? In G/U, God is a WILDERNESS, perfect the way wolves are.

Consider *lust*.

Where does it come from, that sudden urge to fuck? Who gives the order to swing the wrecking-ball, to tear down the house of a marriage? Is that urge a willed urge? Far from it. Sense is needed to *overcome* the urge. From elsewhere, a command arrives—"To hell with the rest, hitch that skirt up!"—and the ego's choice is whether to obey, not whether to issue the order in the first place. The concept "I" doesn't instigate such drives: they are arrivals from beyond, voices on the Tannoy. With enough depth, enough training, enough self-to-Self control, they may be *overridden*, yes, but no one can ego-banish them into non-existence. The urge to find love on all fours is an itch: all the ego gets to do is choose whether to scratch it or not.

So, whose responsibility is a "deadly sin"? According to omnibenevolence, lust is demonic (whatever that means). To Darwinians, it's evolutionary. The classy parents think: "It was all his friends' doing". In Anglo-Saxon puritanism,



the fault lies with the bestial *body*. But, whatever the flavour, what everyone agrees on is that temptation comes from ELSEWHERE. Why? Simple. Personal experience. Our culture is one of ego-goodness, which means, a priori, that evil comes, *must* come, indeed, from beyond the wall. Any old wall. Temptation is always a foreigner. Many serial killers say as much: "It was the voices told me to do it." Of course, to the ignoramus who views the human being as a single Will, such stuff makes no sense, and is therefore dismissed as "insanity". But that is psychologically facile. The fanatic's ego isn't the instigator of the urge to kill, just as the middle-aged man doesn't choose the girl in the tight shorts. The "I" may go along with things, yes, but the orders are received from elsewhere.

That elsewhere is, of course, G/U.

Which leaves GOD a long way from *good*. But what good is a white-painted God? It's just a *word*. What use, for a champion of old blood, for one who would take the hand of the Girl with the Emerald Eyes, compartmentalising G/U into "What the herd likes" and "What the herd doesn't like"? There's quite enough inner division already. Is the fence between known and unknown not enough? Must the Unknown itself be split? Carving out the inner life into good GOD and evil DEVIL is Patristic trench-digging. Those Church Fathers meant well, of course, but then so did Field Marshal Haig: in the end, all Drawers of Lines fuck things up, because every line becomes a fence, and every fence becomes a fight for what's mine. Dogmatic categorisation of good and evil has, over the Christian aeon, installed a culture of virginal brightness, and, with it, an exiled realm of shadow. Evasion-by-purity condemned the dark, and, in doing so, condemned the individual.

The reality is G/U/D.

In the West, we are still living in the rubble: war, grief, patriarchy, pain. Godliness, where God is pure, is frailty: the frailty of choirboys and buggerers of choirboys. Purity is a white serpent, but individuality demands a whole lot more. All self-knowledge is devil-knowledge, so God and devil must become One; good and evil must become One. In a culture hobbled by grunt morality, evil is evil's vaccine. The syrup-sellers, the billionaire carbon-hogs won't listen to virtue; they'll listen to the one who stands with his devils. Forget all those curated cheerleader smiles; forget the Armorican Fantasy; the montage of *hated* faces is a thousand times holier than any manicured trip down Memory Lane. The one who takes evil seriously prefers to see pictures of his or her enemies.

Why? Because such images are *sacred*.

GOD might want you to kill someone, yes. And the DEVIL might want you to save the world. “God” and “the devil” are just alphabetic history, Ocean strata, symbols for hitherto separated aspects of the Great Unknown. And such naming is relative: the particular nature of the named model depends entirely on self-image and microculture. The cold-blooded killers of underworld gangs probably have demons that like making macaroons. And the all-charming, all-benevolent “nice boys”? Rest assured, their cellar-djinn have fangs. The truth is, God is far from good, and the devil is far from evil. Deeply, the two are both and neither. The Unknown is a place of unnameable urges, more complex than “I,” and assuredly more complex than anything “I” could ever invent.



Etymology can help: “Demon” comes from the Greek, *daimon*, which was, to those mighty pioneers, the “guardian-spirit”, the divine portion of a human being. The Romans called it the *genius*. To both, it was the best and most important part. The implication is clear: human genius lies in the demons. LUCIFER is literally the *light-bringer*. Following the ancient swoop of meaning: fear of evil, fear of the devil, fear of the demon, fear of the daimon, fear of the genius, fear of genius, fear of one’s own greatness. To shy away from the devil is to shy away from one’s own potential. This is why the snowflake charter of “Speak No Evil” is a soul-killer. True character lies beyond the Wall.

Porn, say.

Most churchy, white-bearded religions, sitting on lakes of repressed lust, spit magma: “Whores! Jezebels! Nubile *hellspawn*!” Religious fury loves to hate women who enjoy the heft of a sturdy cock. But the Utilitarian replies, with thin reason enough, “If the actresses are consenting adults, what’s the problem?” And, logically, there is, of course, no problem. Demand creates supply. But what does logic have to do with anything? Porn isn’t evil, it’s just, for most involved, a wasted opportunity: she plays the role of the user’s ghost, and he doesn’t see it. Misled by the indignant morality of cowards, he doesn’t have the psychological depth (and is *never* taught, of course) to know he is watching his own soul getting spitted. Hence the deep fascination. And the subsequent *guilt*. If he were to face the fact that it’s his own girlish fantasy—biology, of course, guarantees that we all experience this—to be filled to capacity by heavy-set men,

he might attain Enlightenment. But no, such is the fear of the deep: man takes his rules from a Parental Book, and ends up none the wiser.

We each have *two* moralities.

EGO morality, which is based on The Rules, sits juxtaposed with G/U morality, which lives in gut feeling, soulfulness and guilt. Often, the two clash. We find ourselves “in two minds”, torn, caught between a rock and a dark place. Eventually, hating the indecision, we settle for one or the other. But *neither* is correct. An excess of EGO morality leads (currently) to herdish materialism, the lot of the perennial follower. “As long as I do what I’m told,” bleats the corporate lamb, “I must be doing the right thing!” Bullshit. To listen solely to mass-morality is to be a characterless nobody, an advertiser’s wang-puppet.

Yet a knee-jerk lurch to the other side is equally disastrous. An excess of G/U morality can lead just about anywhere: to the caliphate, to chemsex, to the KKK, to idiot Marxism, to child abuse as childlike love. Those who obey God mindlessly fall for the worst of the devil. It’s hard. What we require, what we always require, is a *synthesis* of urges. The deepest morality is WHOLE-morality, which integrates both ego and G/U, thus maturing the whims of each. With full integrity, viz. integral oneness of head and heart, morality, as a concept, ceases to apply. Guilt ceases; self-consciousness ceases; all “do this, do that” guidance ceases. The conscience becomes conscious, and logic blurs. In such a state, there is no justification for action, there is only action.

In G/U, I call such a state TRANSPARENCY.

This state is not a moral state.

Indeed, it is precisely the opposite: effortless amorality, beyond the poles of Good and Evil. Dual morality self-extinguishes not to *immorality* (which only exists in codes) but to individual *behaviour*, and Life as a hero is all that’s left. This is the only true goal of philosophy and religion. The codes of moralists and firebrands are doomed, always and without a shred of doubt. Moralities, be they secular or religious, are only ever statements of current ego-G/U division in a culture, and, as such, only have meaning as long as the collective state remains constant. Which it never does. In the psyche, individual and collective, all is in flux. Thus, in morality, all is in flux. But the West, addicted to the god Certainty, denies this outright.

“Drugs are evil! Faiths are good! I have a right not to be offended!”

*Ta gueule.*

The terminally influenced, lacking holy character, end up agreeing with whomever bleats the loudest, be that the corporate Alpha or the snowflake Beta. (With whomever is *closest*, usually.) Either way, the result is anaemia. We keep polishing our Empire State Buildings, expunging all dust, lighting all shadows, teaching the doormen ever finer manners, forgetting that the devil has, and will *always* have, ready access to the service elevator. I'll say it again: the system cannot be gamed.

And what becomes of our banished demons?

What of the vigour? The strength? The fury?

Well, a billion neurons spark and sputter, damped by the indignation of ego, but they don't go out; they never go out. The Wrath of God isn't a patio barbeque. It's primal lava. And such vitality can't be destroyed; it can only be channelled, suppressed, diverted. And it's in those unseen diversions of "evil" that trouble takes hold, the kind of trouble that leads to suicide. When a "nice girl", hoping to stay "nice", banishes the strength that would have made her somebody, that's when the heat runs amok.

The only choice is: INWARD or OUTWARD?

If the person-ego in question is "nice", i.e. caring and/or cowardly, then the lava remains, contained, bottled up in G/U, with no outlet but a personal hell. Daimon morphs into fire-demon, and life becomes *horror*. Neurosis, depression, migraine, anxiety, anorexia, self-harm, OCD. This is the divine fire turning on itself, fighting itself, destroying itself. In such cases, the one-sided and "nice" person takes on the burden of inner misery, and henceforth lives hounded by the symptoms of benevolence, viz. psychosomatic pain and incapacity. Is that noble? Honourable? Admirable? Hardly. In the end, good girls and boys are no use; the world needs real men and women. Only when the good see their own dark reflections, their own hatreds, their own DEVILRY, does such martyrdom start to have meaning.

Alternatively, if the person-ego in question is callous, i.e. uncaring and/or stupid, then he or she doesn't want to take the pain. So, what might have been absorbed is redirected *outwards*, and someone else gets burned. The lava spews forth. Projection of psychic cowardice is more pleasant for its subject (in the short term, at least), but, inevitably, worse for everybody else. Where shadow-energy is set loose, where the burden of evil is shifted to "others", where duty is shirked, the devil goes spare. The lava escapes, and men end up torching their

surroundings. The scale of this buck-passing calamity runs from the common bigotries of sexism, racism and homophobia, all the way up to serial rape, slavery and genocide.

But those aren't the only choices.

So what's the plan, then? Become a goth? Become a Satanist? Of course not. Devil-worship to the exclusion of God is as stupid as its opposite. Sages fight dragons not to sharpen their swords, but so as to put them away. They approach the inner fire in order to be warmed by it, to be strengthened by the banished ally. Thus wisdom listens to the devil in the same way as porcupines make love. Daimon-archeology is *creativity*, a study in dance, in prayer, in flow; it's the ultimate unpaid (and thus rewarding) job. The patriarchy pooh-poohs such things, of course, but such is the lot of the individual, to go beyond what is currently "good"; to be evil, in order not to be. Thus, the individual flexes her claws, stretches them, feels them, brings them to the light, until she grows accustomed to their weight. Only then can she retract them fully.

Otherwise, when she hugs, she stabs in the back.

Consider that ancient demon, *misogyny*, widely seen and widely scorned. The West has plenty of women-haters, and most are unaware of it; trolls think they're saving "womanly perfection" by abusing one woman. Now, the reason for the hatred itself is clear: there is a deep fear of G/U's banished femininity (and the attraction of masculinity) in an overly patriarchal society. But the real question is: How does such a thing go undetected? How can the abuser fail to see himself?

The problem is belief in Will as a single •

With Mind as a dot, and the only labels available {Good, Evil}, why would anyone admit to misogyny, even to himself? Who on Earth wants to be Pure Unvarnished Arsehole? Why, in the current climate of psychological hypocrisy, would a man confess to hating those whom he consciously longs for the most? The problem is a modelling error: *oversimplification*. Without reference to the Unknown, a man hates women or he doesn't. There is no way of speaking the truth.<sup>1</sup> And, with misogyny condemned as "evil", and our culture's assumption of philogyny as "good", there is only one choice: the misogynist thinks he thinks highly of women. And everyone suffers.

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<sup>1</sup>This is the greatest problem a culture can have, and the West has it in abundance. There is no prison so difficult to escape from as the one you cannot even *describe*.

It's a Catch-22.

Moral Booleanism engenders blindness towards G/U, and that blindness towards G/U engenders moral Booleanism. Law, especially in America, is deep in this whirlpool, and has been for some centuries now. Remember the Salem witches? Prohibition? History, perhaps. But what about The War On Drugs, ongoing since "Three Strikes And You're Out" in the nineties? In a gross oversimplification, the Clinton administration boiled the user down to a *single point* of Will, and assumed, therefore, that all an addict had to do was to say "No," and their drug use would stop. The imbecility of this "White vs Black" attitude is staggering. Patently, the human being is infinitely more complex than a unified, single Will. A track-marked user is devil-ridden, God-ridden, unconscious-ridden. Only a fool or a child thinks otherwise.

Consider two scenarios:

- ① Someone kicks a child and kills it.
- ② Someone's horse kicks a child and kills it.

Both are tragic, yes, both warrant investigation. But they are also categorically different. In the latter scenario, it is of no use for the owner of the horse to have to confess, à la point source, "Yes, I personally kicked the child and killed it." That simply isn't true. Rather, the first step towards justice and the chance of healing is acceptance of THE FACTS. The horse killed the child. Whose horse? The owner's. Denial of ownership would, of course, be reprehensible, but to *equate* horse and owner is just plain ludicrous. Yet this is what the American government did, and this is what Western culture continues to do.

But psychic duality is the HUMAN CONDITION.

As such, it cannot be simplified.



The named "man" who hates women is, in fact, twofold: he is ego and G/U. His unconscious has misogynistic tendencies, yes; his ego, on the other hand, has philogynic tendencies. Neither is "the outlook" of the man; there is, in the end, no such thing. His defensive denial, "I'm no woman-hater", is useless and self-defeating. But his girlfriend's accusation, "You're a woman-hater", is also useless and self-defeating: it is as tragic an oversimplification as the equating of horse and owner, or the assumption that an addict can listen to reason. Models

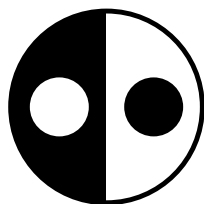
of DUALITY, however, offer hope. When a man discovers unconscious misogyny in his deeper self, that doesn't make him a misogynist; it makes him free, likely a genius. Someone who might do some real Good. Left-sided demonic misogyny joins with right-sided angelic philogyny, to become the middle way, which is... *nothing*. Such transparency is, of course, the only stance to take regarding the four-billion-strong group "Women". Blanket admiration of "Women" is every bit as idiotic, and every bit as harmful, as blanket hatred, because you cannot have the one without the other; every G/U demon is the dark reflection of an ego angel. Our spoken admirations, our trumpeted "Goods" are, in fact, flags of quiet loathing. Our culture praises praise of groups—it is seen as "good" to admire, say, businesswomen—but such praise always points to its opposite. The moment a group becomes "good", according to ego morality, the *users* of the word become, instantly and without choice in the matter, evil. "I admire businesswomen" is, in fact, misogynistic; "I love gay people" is homophobic. Simplicity is beautiful, yes, but *over*-simplification is a killer.

The task of the individual (lit. "the non-divided") is not be a -phile or a -phobe, but simply to *be*, avoiding morality altogether, with the goal of action without justification. Stated {Good, Evil} opinions are useless, until, examined by a rigorous self-awareness, they reveal their shadow-opposites, and thereby offer the opportunity for synthesis. Then? They become *gold*. TRANSPARENCY, which amounts to a total absence of classifiable attitude, looks like weakness to the current worldview, which is that of the boardroom, of Codes of Conduct, of objective rules put firmly in place after the event. *Always Keep Milk Upright!* In the absence of real strength, in the absence of real character, we are, once again, expected to codify strongly, to categorise behaviour in the manner of the puff-barrels of the Spanish Inquisition.

#### BAN ALL HATE SPEECH!

In this post-heroic climate, a firm stand on good and evil is once again seen as a sign of character. It is, in fact, the opposite. The weak of heart always like to reassure themselves that they are in the middle, i.e. that they won't be taken first when the predators come. That's what the ego's horror of death brings. "Good" and "evil" are, in the end, merely Safe-Zone banners for the pleasure of the masses, the chirpings of flock-birds, the bubbles of shoal-fish.

The soul, however, goes beyond.



## THE AXIOMS OF FAITH

How deeply we long for the Mystery!

And how diligently the dreary seek to drain the world of it!

Recorded use of the concept NUMBER overlapped with the Neanderthals. The scratching of tally marks on bone, the first record we have of the concept of COUNTING, goes back, at a conservative estimate, at least forty thousand years. This places number, as a system of thought, that is, as a culturally transmitted neural structure, at the dawn of pre-conscious humanity, belonging to the same era as the oldest preserved cave paintings and more or less contemporaneous with the extinction of our closest cousins. Number, the concept, the abstracted idea/model, is a cerebral termite stick as old as the flint adze, a paleolithic tool whose inception and development may well stretch back, undocumented, into the hundreds of thousands of years.

And number is *abstract*.

While cave paintings of bulls were of bulls and cave stencils of hands were of hands, we can be sure that, whatever the notches on those old bones depicted, it wasn't *notches*. Higher mathematics, specifically algebra, is obviously abstract, yes, but arithmetic, if considered carefully, is no less so; indeed, if considered even more carefully, neither is counting. There are many non-trivial layers of conceptualisation involved in FIRST and SECOND. Which gives the counting system now formalised in the natural numbers  $\mathbb{N} = \{1, 2, 3, \dots\}$  the significant accolade of being the *oldest recorded system of abstract thought*.



EGO CONSCIOUSNESS, on the other hand, is, as far as it is possible to tell, a development only of the Holocene, i.e. of the last ten thousand years. There is plenty of evidence prior to that of *body* awareness, that is to say, of a sense of recognition in the mirror, but that is a trait shared by many animals; it carries no implication of awareness of the psyche, viz. psyche turned on itself.<sup>1</sup> Likewise, ritual burial, which is often touted as evidence of deeper thought, implies no egoic self-awareness. Attachment to the dead signifies emotion, but emotion isn't ego. Many animals grieve, but that doesn't mean they know it.

The point is, we have no evidence of the ego-unconscious split inherent in partial self-awareness before the dawn of civilisation, and much evidence of its subsequent lack, even into the modern era. Irrespective of the exact timing, we can be reasonably confident that, for many (if not all) humans, NUMBER, which dates from, at the very latest, the end of the Middle Paleolithic, predated the dawning of ego consciousness.



With that timeline in mind, consider NUMBER's numinosity, i.e. its strange sense of magic. Throughout recorded history to the present day, number has meant something to people, and not just in intellectual terms. For conscious folk, number *glows*: it enchants, it terrifies, it bewilders, it fascinates. It has come to mean far more to humanity than mere notches on a baboon's fibula. Far from being a merely practical tool (as our Western delusions have led us to believe) the concept appears in dreams, in myth, in prophecy, in fairy-tale, in religion; everywhere it is imbued with a sense of depth, a sense of the deep's importance.

Why? Why does number glow?

Because it speaks to an ancient need.

Number was, as a system of abstract thought, already installed when ego consciousness blossomed in the Holocene. This means that the human psyche was speaking of FIRST and SECOND *before* it ever knew of itself. Which places the concept, as a language spoken to awareness, outside the ego-human realm. Its age and its source beyond the gap in the reeds make number *divine*.

The ego senses this keenly.

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<sup>1</sup>No disrespect to animals here; many are very smart. They don't, however, seem to share our human *condition*, which, for many modern folk, is a deep horror at simply existing.

NUMBER, unlike, say, Arabic or ballroom dancing, doesn't feel invented. Both to those who love and those who hate it, number feels absolutely *necessary*; it seems pre-anthropic, True to the First Degree, like immortal revelation carved in stone. For good reason. Number isn't "human" thinking, in the modern, rationally comprehensible sense of the word. It's primal. Numbers are thoughts so deep we forget they are thoughts at all.<sup>2</sup> The legendary Ramanujan, whose extraordinary theorems cement his place as the greatest ever numerical poet, knew this very well. "An equation for me has no meaning," he said, "unless it expresses a thought of God."<sup>3</sup>



Number birthed MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics is poetry written in the ancient language of number. This elegant form, whose verses are equations and choruses theorems, is one of the oldest cerebral activities of ego, laid down on clay, papyrus and tablet since the very dawn of recorded civilisation. It is the field of human endeavour which burgeoned as a direct result of two facts:

- ① the EXISTENCE of the conceptual language of number,
- ② the NUMINOSITY of the conceptual language of number.

Now, the first fact, EXISTENCE, is explained in elementary terms by Darwinian evolution. Numbers are, of course, useful to an intelligent tribal species, when e.g. hunting or assessing incoming danger. It pays to be able to communicate facts: while one baboon might be viable prey, ten baboons is not. The *origin* of number is certainly utilitarian. But mathematics, just like other languages in which songs are written, is no longer about utility. In rich nations, hardly

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<sup>2</sup>Countless are the times I have read so-called "philosophers" state, without any justification, that  $2+2=4$  is *true* than other truths. But this claim is merely the statement that "The conceptual foundations of the ideas are so deeply embedded in my mental infrastructure that I can't see them. It would be difficult to think about such things, and I am unwilling to do the hard yards."

<sup>3</sup>This was one of Ramanujan's:

$$\frac{1}{\pi} = \frac{2\sqrt{2}}{9801} \sum_{k=0}^{\infty} \frac{(4k)!(1103 + 26390k)}{(k!)^4 396^{4k}}.$$

If it seems extraordinary to you that such a result could come out of a human mind, think again. It didn't come out of a human mind. As its primate pen stated explicitly; it was a thought of GOD.

anything is; collectively, we have all we need to survive, and ten times over. Most of our time is spent looking in the opposite direction: for ways to bring back the Mystery. So the numinosity of number, unlike its existence, can't be explained in terms of practical return.<sup>4</sup> That's not why we mathematicians do it. Number glitters, as it did to Ramanujan, because of its SOURCE.



Before the Mesopotamians kick-started civilisation six thousand years ago, NUMBER was, it is fair to assume, just plain number: tally marks were counters for time or trade, no more or less scary/exciting than flint or wood. But, with the Sumerians, whose clay-carved cuneiform pre-3000 BC was both the first written language and contained the first mathematics, number became *godlike*, because, as the known became known, as Adam ate the fruit of the second tree, the newly formed “I”, desperate for succour, found itself across the pond from its angels; there is no beauty like a stranger's.

Again and again, the deep has spoken (and continues to speak) in NUMBER, because it is one of the few conceptual languages, the *only* one, perhaps, of which G/U and ego both have understanding. Number is a language older, more basic and hence far more potent than, say, English, which is a mere thousand-year youngling. The primate mind has been using number, learning and relearning it, embedding it into the circuitry of the mind, for at least forty thousand years. That's some three thousand generations. And, chances are, it's been around for many more. When ego arrived, God was already fluent: the unconscious psyche, the broadest self, has been wielding numbers since before time was time. Hence the myriad recorded revelations (a revelation being a numinous content that comes to ego from G/U) involving number symbolism.

The set of natural numbers  $\mathbb{N}$  is the dictionary of a language of God.

If we are to speak with God, we need to draw some careful distinctions. The use of number is such—with our attitude of *die Welt über alles*—that the original symbolism is often obscured. Take 3, for example. The numeral “3” symbolises many things in mathematics, indeed, many more than most realise. But 3 signifies two concepts in particular, and it is these we need to separate

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<sup>4</sup>I think it's fair to say that, in the days when Kings and Emperors had armies of offspring, it wasn't the mathematicians who commanded fecund harems of teenage concubines. As every geek knows, one gets scant biological admiration for spending one's days in quiet study, soulishly puzzling over long reams of algebra, and much for being an arrogant fuckstick.

out, because one is numinous and one isn't. One is divine; the other human. These aspects are:

- the QUALITATIVE as opposed to the *quantitative*, or, equivalently,
- the TOPOLOGICAL as opposed to the *geometric*, or, equivalently,
- the ORDINAL as opposed to the *cardinal*.

In both everyday and mathematical language, these senses are conflated; the numeral “3” is used for both. In this book, however, so as to home in on the divine sense, I will distinguish between them using bold and regular type:

the *qualitative* **3** as opposed to the *quantitative* 3.

In this chapter, and henceforth in this book, I use **3** to denote the older, more fundamental meaning of “three”, which is qualitative, topological, ordinal. **3** labels the THIRD entity, following on from **1** and **2**. There is no meaning, then, to a statement like  $\mathbf{1} + \mathbf{2} = \mathbf{3}$ . Conceptually, that is as empty of meaning as First + Second = Third, or Gold + Silver = Bronze. The point is, *labelling* something with **3** doesn't involve *measuring* that thing; **3** is simply a reference, an ordinal tag, a rank, a name for a certain quality of itemhood.

In contradistinction, then, I use the numeral 3 to signify the younger mathematical quantity THREE: the familiar geometric, cardinal number which sits on the number line  $\mathbb{R}$  the same distance along from TWO as TWO does from ONE. This is the modern, mathematical meaning of the numeral 3. Unlike with  $\mathbf{1} + \mathbf{2} = \mathbf{3}$ , which, as logic, means nothing,  $1 + 2 = 3$  is a true statement. Add 1 apple to 2 apples, and you get, obviously, 3 apples. The numbers 1, 2 and 3, unlike their bold ancestors, *measure* the world: hence the distinction between the qualitative, topo-logical **3** and the quantitative, geo-metric 3.

Mathematics speaks to the Unknown. But G/U understands only *part* of its modern structure. The ancestral psyche speaks the language of the **3**, not the 3. In this book, and everywhere the HUMAN CONDITION is given the stage, we are trying to set up lines of communication; hence we must speak carefully. While 3-number is familiar to ego and allows clever theorising and so world manipulation, **3**-number is the thing with depth. That's where we're heading: down the cellar steps. So, let us set aside the modern 3, that geometric tool for measuring the world, and return to the *logos* of **3**.

What do **1**, **2** and **3** symbolise?

Firstly, APARTNESS.

Three raindrops, falling into an ocean, cease to be three, because they no longer have boundaries. Unless objects have some inter-object demarcation, they cannot be counted. Thus, three people are potentially three because there are borders between them, and, furthermore, because there are borders between them and the background. Because they are, at least on some level, *entities*. One entity can, of course, *also* be many (one deck, fifty-two cards) but, without some form of APARTNESS, counting simply doesn't apply. The broad reaches of the cosmos cannot be tallied, and neither can the space in a cup. They can easily be *quantified*, of course, in terms of volume or temperature, but that is the later egoic invention of applied **3**-mathematics, not the work of **3**-counting. Mesolithic humans would have (rightly) thought it imbecilic for anyone to set about tallying the sky.

Secondly, TOGETHERNESS.

Three people, demarcated into entities, have threeness because they are all *people*. Two people standing next to the ocean doesn't make three, even though the set {Person A, Person B, Ocean} is clearly delineated into separate objects. Once there is apartness, to qualify as "three", a set of demarcated objects must share some trait, even if that trait is merely "being objects sitting on a table". Picture the same two people and the same ocean floating in space, and they gain a certain threeness by dint of the shared fact. But, on Earth, two people and the ocean are apart and *only* apart.



What does this mean for **1**?

Well, **1** is the original number, the primordial essence, pure existence, but it has no meaning until *juxtaposed*. Without APARTNESS (which, by definition, the first symbol **1** cannot represent), the numeral **1** means nothing. Without a partner, without opposition, the symbol **1** is tautological. If everything is **1**, then the statement says nothing. No holistic philosophy says "All is one" except in contradiction. To gain symbolic meaning, therefore, the original **1** must relate to a not **1**. In the divine language of the natural numbers, this is, of course, **2**. The ordinal number **2**, therefore, is primordial, every bit as fundamental as **1**, because **1** gains meaning as a symbol only when it is compared with **2**. Thus,

**1** and **2** are the primordial pair, defining, in juxtaposed duality, the concept of counting. **1** and **2**, the first and the second, are the original symbolic descriptors of the conceptual condition APARTNESS with TOGETHERNESS.

Little wonder, then, that **1** and **2** have been used extensively by G/U, in a billion dreams, poems, revelations and songs, to speak of and symbolise, in conversation with man, the realities of the Human Condition. Indeed, **1** and **2** are its purest symbols, stripped of all extraneous detail. Number isn't suddenly featuring in this book in the role of "something that happens to symbolise". No. It features as the mind's *original* conception of the key fact of conscious life, the key fact we, the tragic fools of the West, have collectively conspired to forget. **1** juxtaposed with **2** is the purest abstraction of the psychic situation which has, since the dawn of self-awareness, been the business of all sentient life: one must, one absolutely *must* find a way to make one's peace with God.

So, the fact that number should be felt as frightening, as it is for many, is no surprise at all: number is not only divine, it is the *primal* way of describing divinity. Mathematical anxiety, that common complaint, is precisely the fear of God. Number is the topological language of APARTNESS, and apartness, until reconciled, is agony. The black hole of the addict, filled with drugs or buried in pussy, attests to that. Untended by culture, unsoothed by religion, unaddressed by the trite languages of matter, this agony is the deep and enduring burden of that Hellenic invention: the Western ego.

We can't find the right tears to cry.



Vision led to painting; matter led to science; death led to burial rites; sound led to music; and NUMBER, number speaking boldly as God-thought, led to mathematics. Mathematics is, as its devoted practitioners sense, a discipline for approaching the divine. I say nothing mystical when I refer to mathematics as poetry or music. All art, before the Money Men get their filthy hands on it, is a call to the Ocean. It makes no difference whether the language is the written word, paint, sound or algebra; the goal is always the same. The modern view of the Queen of the Sciences as earning her Highness by "utility" is, in fact, a warping, a shallow corruption symptomatic of the sickness of our rational age. Number symbolism runs far deeper than paltry "application", which is the last thing we and our poisoned planet need. We need *healing*. Number symbolism,

beneath all the dirty calculation, beneath the tests and the significant figures, goes right to the heart of all love and hate, because number is a conceptual tool with which *both* parts of the psyche can understand their mutual duality. NUMBER is divine revelation, and mathematics is the beautiful, mangled church that has tried so hard to read it.

And, like every church, mathematics has its *articles of faith*.

These are the DEDEKIND-PEANO AXIOMS, studied at undergraduate level and taken by most high-level mathematicians as the logical foundation of our system of number. The three most fundamental read as follows:

- Ⓐ  $1 \in \mathbb{N}$ , or “**1** is an element of the set of natural numbers”.
- Ⓑ  $\forall n \in \mathbb{N}, S(n) \in \mathbb{N}$ , or “Each natural number  $n$  has a successor”.
- Ⓒ  $\forall n \in \mathbb{N}, S(n) \neq 1$ , or “No natural number is succeeded by **1**”.

### AXIOM A

Compare AXIOM A to the proclamations of other faith systems:

MATHEMATICS	$1 \in \mathbb{N}$
RELIGION	God exists.
PSYCHOLOGY	There is an (unconscious) psyche.

At this axiomatic stage of symbolic description, prior to any explication of the terms involved, the set  $\{1, \text{God, the unconscious}\}$  contains elements that are, in every sense other than nominally, indistinguishable. Before juxtaposition, they are entities without characteristics. Just try describing **1** without reference to itself or other numbers; likewise God without reference to God or not God; likewise the unconscious without reference to consciousness. You can't. No one can. Despite our familiarity with it, despite its Zeitgeist acceptability, the concept **1**, exactly as God and the unconscious, cannot be described, but must be simply stated to exist. Hence, the elements of  $\{1, G, U\}$  are, as descriptors of a primordial unknown, logically equivalent.

In mathematical terms,  $\{1, G, U\}$  is an *equivalence class*.

$$\text{DEITY: } \{1, G, U\}$$

Next, consider DOMAIN.

The set of natural numbers  $\mathbb{N}$ , which, before its post hoc definition by use, is also pure abstraction, is the scope of the axioms. So, for the “ $\in \mathbb{N}$ ” in AXIOM A, we can read “is an element of the relevant domain,” or, equivalently, just “exists”. In the case of religion, the domain of enquiry is precisely that. In psychology, the domain is the psyche, which, contra physicists, is the same thing. Empirically, existence is, in the end, existence in experience. In logic, none of the domains  $\{\mathbb{N}, \text{existence}, \text{psyche}\}$  has any *intrinsic* characteristics: each is pure abstraction, defined axiomatically.

In fact, EXISTENCE in religion and philosophy and PSYCHE in psychology remain equivalent even after their application as models, being the same thing, namely the data of perception, viewed either objectively or subjectively. What is the word “existence”, after all? Experience? Reality? These questions aren’t nearly as clear cut as fools and atheists like to make out. Western thinking is a House of Cards, and the higher storeys are much less sturdy than those living in them pretend. Physicists, particularly, are desperate to reassure themselves that *Things Exist*—the laboratory says so—and that psychology is nothing but subjective speculation. But that’s mewling at the dried-up tears of old Hellas. In any attempt to classify THINGS, as White Men endlessly want to do, the sets  $\{\mathbb{N}, \text{existence}, \text{psyche}\}$  form an *equivalence class*:

DOMAIN:  $\{\mathbb{N}, \text{existence}, \text{psyche}\}$

There is correspondence, not just metaphorically but logically, between the primary statements of mathematical, religious, and psychological faith. The only difference is nominal, that is, linguistic. And, indeed, professions of belief rarely differ even in their language. **1** is, of course, the ultimate symbol for God:

The Nicene Creed	“I believe in one God.”
The Sikh <i>Mul Mantar</i>	“There is one God.”
The Islamic <i>tawhid</i>	“He is God, who is One.”
The <i>Daodejing</i>	“The Dao engenders One”
The <i>Shema Yisrael</i>	“The Lord is one.”

And each of these can be read on one of two ways: as a religious claim about the ONENESS of *divinity*, or a psychological/mathematical claim about the DIVINITY of *oneness*. Think more deeply than either reading. Since all three languages,



the religious, the psychological and the mathematical, point towards exactly the same Unknown, these interpretations are, in the end, *identical*.

FAITH:  $\{\mathbf{1} \in \mathbb{N}, \text{‘God exists’, ‘There is an unconscious psyche’}\}$

In mathematics, a name is merely a label: it gives no attributes to what it describes. Therefore, metalogically,  $\mathbf{1} \in \mathbb{N}$  and ‘G/U exists’ make the same claim, namely that something with no characteristics exists as an element of a set with, likewise, no characteristics. In the statement ‘God exists’, neither “God” nor “exists” has meaning a priori. So, the bigrammaton G/U is, under the bonnet, a trigrammaton  $\mathbf{1}/\text{G/U}$ , with all three elements—as long as we use the prehistoric  $\mathbf{1}$ -counter rather than the mathematical 1-quantifier—representing the same thing: the primordial fact of existence.

### AXIOM B

The second AXIOM states: “That which exists is succeeded by another.”

MATHEMATICS	$\forall n \in \mathbb{N}, S(n) \in \mathbb{N}.$
RELIGION	God created man.
PSYCHOLOGY	The unconscious birthed the ego.

Together with AXIOM A, AXIOM B asserts the existence of  $S(\mathbf{1})$ , i.e. the *successor* of  $\mathbf{1}$ , which, in mathematics, is  $\mathbf{2}$ . Compare the equivalent religious statement. The second line of the Nicene Creed states subsequent belief in “the Son of God, begotten of the Father.” Setting aside the erroneous atheist vs Christian assumption that “the Son of God”, in the historical vs Mythological figure of Jesus of Nazareth, is the *endpoint* of a chain of symbolism, this says the same thing. Likewise, it is one of the fundamental tenets of depth psychology that, both anthropologically, developmentally and continuously throughout life, the unconscious is the creator and sustainer of the ego; in fact, the very name of the concept creates: to write “the un-conscious” is to speak ego.



It is easy, from the shallow perspective of the materialist, to laugh such connections off as flights of fancy. I am quite accustomed to folk thinking me kooky. But if we, as proudly modern post-theists, find “ $\mathbf{2}$  as juxtaposed with  $\mathbf{1}$ ”

in some way more *believable* than the Nicene Creed’s “Son as juxtaposed with God”, or psychology’s “ego as juxtaposed with G/U”, then that is only the effect of familiarity, or, to put it another way, blindness to the Zeitgeist. The assertion of the existence of **2** as **1**’s successor is even *more* abstract, even *more* flight-of-fancy than the assertion of the human as God’s successor, or the ego as the child of the unconscious. The three disciplines—*mathematics, religion, psychology*—are all abstract, and mathematics is the most abstract of all. Our culture is blind to its blindness. **1** and **2** only *feel* more concrete because they are such old, undoubted friends of ours; in the modern era, **1** is fact and God is fiction, but when religion was “now”, it was the other way round.

Neither view is correct.

DEITY	{ <b>1</b> , G, U}
DOMAIN	{ $\mathbb{N}$ , existence, psyche}
SUCCESSOR	{ <b>2</b> , human, ego}
FAITH	{‘ <b>1</b> $\in \mathbb{N}$ ’, ‘G exists’, ‘U exists’}
CREATION	{‘ $\forall n \in \mathbb{N}, S(n) \in \mathbb{N}$ ’, ‘G made humans’, ‘U made ego’}

These logical equivalences imply that so-called “rational” denial of G/U, that raft to which dicks and materialists cling, is the same, metamathematically, as denial of the numbers **1** and **2**. Hardly in keeping with the Worship of Number so prevalent in the digital age. Atheism, point-source psychology, and, if there could ever be such a thing, “anumericism” make up a DENIAL set, all equivalent in logic. “Follow the Data!” the shallow proclaim, throwing themselves down before the statisticians. Ooh, how admirable. But, under its chrome veneer, that catchphrase is a *religious* trope. The materialist is a hypocrite: there is no difference between Skybeard moralism and the use of statistics to make policy. Data, as anyone with half a brain and a tenth of a heart knows, is no saviour. Ego can twist anything to any end; only integrity knows the truth. Our culture, built on quantification, believes itself to be superstition free, but mathematics (and thereby science as applied mathematics) needs exactly the same degree of faith as a culture built on God. The rationalist counters: “Ah, but look at the results!” What? As in technology? Fucking great, man. Step back, take off the paradigm blinkers, and *really* look at those Satanic mills.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup>Just as the Mayans and the Polynesians of old Easter Island, we are destroying ourselves for worship of false gods. Our God is the darkest and deepest of all: *number*.

**AXIOM C**

AXIOM C says “**1** preexisted the natural numbers.”

MATHEMATICS	$\forall n \in \mathbb{N}, S(n) \neq \mathbf{1}.$
RELIGION	God preexisted.
PSYCHOLOGY	The unconscious preexisted.

In mathematics: “There is nothing in  $\mathbb{N}$  that has **1** as a successor.” Again, step back. In religious terms: “Nothing exists that was not made of God”. The Nicene Creed: “being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made.” The Quran 13:16, “Allah is the creator of all things.” In psychological terms, “Nothing preexisted the unconscious psyche.” Now, there was, of course, pre-psyche reality (roll back a few billion years), but, without consciousness to recognise it, there was no pre-conscious “existence”, in the awareness-domains of psychology. Existence is a *model*. Psyche can only “exist”, so far as that word has meaning, with the existence of an unconscious psyche.



Henceforth, the disciplines diverge. Of course. They are different schools of thought, with different applications. Number, religion and psychology have, respectively, abstract, normative, and medicinal nuances, and, consequently, their approaches to the task at hand—coping with apartness/togetherness—differ greatly. What does *not* differ, however (and this is what, in our scientific blindness, we have misinterpreted) is the nature of the underlying task, viz. *what* it is that is being conceptualised: each presents the HUMAN CONDITION. In religion, we assert God as preexistent, of one substance with, yet not equal to, man. In psychology, we assert the unconscious as preexistent, of the same category as, yet not equal to, the ego. In mathematics, we assert **1** as preexistent, belonging to the same set as, yet not equal to, **2**.

**In Combination**

Ever since the Bantu carved their notches, number has been with us: the primal descriptor of separation. And we were then divided. The entire edifice of modern mathematics arose, then, in response to the Mystery of Number. And

that mystery is, at heart, TOPOLOGICAL; what is numinous is the symbolism of a cataclysm both ancient and modern, the birthing of our human consciousness. Globally, an event of the Holocene; locally, an event of the teenage midnight. Such an apocalypse, which leaves the newly conscious gasping at the vision of brightness inside, is no fusty academic point. It is the topology of psyche that drives the addict; he cannot abide the hole in his chest.

But our medicine is all wrong: we think reason is the point of reason, physics the point of physics, wealth the point of wealth, tech the point of tech, number the point of number, story the point of story. All to avoid looking the facts (dragons) in the face. But there is no escape. There are only two options: face your inner dragons, or be nothing. Dig deep enough into any discipline, any philosophy, any art, and you'll find it, all the way down at the bottom. Why does the Queen guide you towards the deep? Because she senses your fullest Self, knows who you could train to be, and wants to love you, King of Truth. Just run the logic, and you reach the very purest statement of the HUMAN CONDITION:

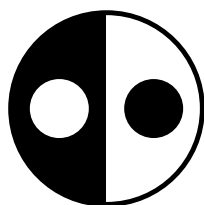
AXIOM A: **1** exists.

AXIOM B: **2** succeeds **1**.

AXIOM C: Nothing is succeeded by **1**.

Axioms A and B give us the existence of **1** and **2**. Axioms B and C give us the fact that **2** is not a successor, but that **1** is. Which brings up the primal deduction of all mathematics, the oldest and deepest piece of logic there could ever be:

$$\mathbf{1} \neq \mathbf{2}.$$



## DEEP INFORMATION

In storytelling, DESTINY—from Latin *destinare*, “to make firm”—appears just about everywhere: in the path the kid genius just had to follow, in the tune demanding to be sung, in the hero’s hope, in the underdog’s dream. And, with such hindsight, the “mission from God” somehow makes it all inevitable: a sense of destiny in the present justifies all sorts of past insanities. Yet, when the spotlight settles, no one seems to believe in the thing. Or, at least, not that they’ll admit to. FATE, the uncertain knowing of deep time, doesn’t fit with the corporate worldview, with its comprehensible goals and material “cause and effect”; so, to objective ears, fate remains the ultimate “nothing but”. We throw it in as a flourish, a poet’s trill to make for pretty reading.

Destiny, in short, is a rational joke.

According to the scientific mind, the Holy Grail of Western civilisation is an all-encompassing *Theory of Everything*. Everything, yes... apart from, of course, those inconvenient things to which falsifiable theory doesn’t and can’t apply, such as soul and meaning, love and fate. It is, therefore, no surprise that the official creeds of the logical West should ignore destiny, the one-off beast whose claims about the future are, by definition, 100% unfalsifiable. There is no way of “controlling for” individuality; there can be no double-blind studies. Yet, despite the enforced blackout, *individual* scientists (and the best ones at that) have always known of the importance of fate. Einstein, that most ardent irrationalist, said: “The valuation of life and all its nobler expressions can only

come out of the soul's yearning toward its own destiny." While our would-be objective worldview claims to have no room for "callings", it has long been built by those who do. Simply, one cannot think deeply enough to become a real empiricist without have a soulish sense, in the data of fate, that that is exactly what one *should* be doing.

Folk without a sense of destiny end up nowhere.

Old religion doesn't know what to make of fate. Destiny poses all sorts of theological conundra, even with the liberty of supernaturalism taken, the trio of DESTINY, HELL, and OMNIBENEVOLENCE is mutually contradictory in logic, but we still hear Christian noises of "God's grand plan". Hindu *dharma* describes such a life-purpose; the Islamic "*Inshallah*" recognises a scheme; the Dao is the streamish "following of the flow". But, while faith-as-poet loves to *talk* of destiny, Free Will (nonsense) abounds in religious practice. Abrahamic moralism, so deeply enshrined in English law, needs it. The West runs on the implicit assumption of free will; its concepts allow no alternative. So, in the end, lashed to the mast by addiction to dogma, the religions of developed (haha) nations sustain a perplexed uncomfortableness, and a pretence of holy certainty. No one has a damned clue.

And the rest?

Well, there are myriad opinions:

HERACLITUS: Character is destiny. HERODOTUS: The destiny of man is in his own soul. SHAKESPEARE: It is not in the stars to hold our destiny but in ourselves. GOETHE: Destiny grants us our wishes, but in its own way, in order to give us something beyond our wishes. MARLEY: Every man got a right to decide his own destiny. VIRGIL: Let us follow our destiny, ebb and flow. Whatever may happen, we master fortune by accepting it. LUTHER KING: All life is interrelated. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality; tied in a single garment of destiny.

And here's the trouble, at least in the West.

Such an aethereal, ambiguous, Koan-like concept has, despite its evident cruciality in any genuinely lived life, no modern home outside of poetry. It's a worldview orphan, a theory without parents, an idea condemned, by those who worship concrete, to be "mere" imagination. Big fish materialists use this critique to dismiss talk of DESTINY (when it runs contrary to the egoic, status-seeking model) as childish hoopla. Yet *amor fati*, the "love of fate", the love of

What Actually Happens remains, in this age, as in all ages, the essence of a true life. Without a sense of purpose, without a sense of joy in destiny, a human being is just a fleshy droid. That's our worldview, folks! In Western philosophy, the choice is between a sense of meaning and a sense of control. Throughout our education, the two are presented to us, as so much in our hypocritical culture of ego, as a Boolean pair of opposites: DESTINY *versus* FREE WILL.

But why is it a fight? Why the either/or?

The answer lies in our deep love of Theory.

According to the idiot-patrician creed of the Dot Psyche, there are only two attitudes towards FATE: {Yes/No}. The idea that the personality emanates from a • wrecks the debate, leaving no room for nuance; the essential plurality of the would-be individual is given *kein Raum zum Atmen*. Such a topologically mangled model forces the dual nature of the life-urge to become not a marriage of imperfect allies but a fight between perfect rivals. Just as in the “wave *versus* particle” antagonism in old QM, a pair of complementary options is forced into mutual exclusivity. The Western abhorrence for paradox precludes wholeness, and we are left with the same divorce as that which juxtaposes Good and Evil. And, because ego loves control, once DESTINY and *Free Will* are in the ring, the former doesn't stand a chance.

Fate loses every time.

As do we.

The task is to build a home for both: both the sense of purpose that gives the individual an individual path, and the sense of agency that allows for the walking of that path to feel personal. To live a meaningful life, an individual needs not just a destiny, but also the sense that that destiny *isn't fixed*. This seems paradoxical. But that's just the paradigm, built as it is on Hellenic {Yes, No}. Thus, the potential space for synthesis is cordoned off, hidden from view by the walls of ego and its inarguable common-sense concepts. When it comes to free will and destiny, the frontier turrets are built of strong stuff. Thus, we need psychic dynamite! Logic and Sons have wonderful tools, but they are wonderful ego tools; they don't apply to G/U, which is—just as with all black/white Boolean errors—the space for subtlety, for greyscale synthesis. Fate, as every culture in history has known, lies with the GODS. So, at this point, we must step out beyond common sense, that well-fortified kingdom of Western thought, and forgo some pleasant certainties.

The AXIOM OF EGO states:

*“How I conceptualise the world is how the world is.”*

That this assumption is incorrect is clear to anyone with some experience. Consider the depths of a psychedelic trip, the sparkling glass of a migraine aura, or hallucination induced by high fever. These immediately attest to the yawning chasm between inner experience (filtered by concept) and outer reality. “How I see the world” is, by definition, primarily dependent on the mechanism of sight, and only secondarily dependent on the world being seen. And this applies to all forms of perception and conceptualisation: the first thing one sees is always *the apparatus with which one is seeing*. Thus, contrary to the belief of so many misguided materialists, how we see the world is emphatically not how the world “actually is”.

We experience only PSYCHE.

Now, this is not to say that a migraine aura or a hallucination doesn’t have its *own* psychic reality (certainly it does) but rather that such *inner* realities—those sparkling haloes of brilliant light—correspond to nothing concrete in the objective world. The so-called “objective” world, that is to say, the 3D image that comes to perception, is, as many Western philosophers and Eastern mystics have pointed out, a fantasy by definition, and a stupid one. I have provided copious proof of this elsewhere. None of our common-sense models can be taken at face value, as applied to existence per se, noumena as opposed to phenomena.



Consider THE PAST, that old favourite of free willish thinking.

Much of the structure of Western language, thus Western thought, thus Western culture, is built on the model of cause and effect, with these taken as temporally distinct entities. We’re always explaining with the past, always seeking the prior root. Unemployment generates inflation; infidelity enrages the murderer; abuse turns children into child abusers. This model—present dependent on past—is a gnarled veteran, dating back to the very inception of the Hellenic *logos*. As such, it appears in every conversation, every piece of journalism, every trial by jury. We know it so well, we are so long steeped in it, we barely ever see it at all. This model is part of the deepest infrastructure of the Western ego. The model isn’t old enough to be divine, it being a product



of civilisation, but it is comfortably old enough to be *invisible*. The past is the unseen filter through which the ego views everything—its trials, its goals, its achievements, *itself*—and, therefore, appears to be the very essence of Reality, because it is the lens through which Reality is seen.

But this is an error.

The question “Why...?”, seeking a “Be-cause...”, is loaded. It claims, at face value, to be seeking the Truth That Is. But no worthwhile question has such a response, at least not one that could ever be accessible to ego. In most cases, therefore, “Why...?” is no more than a request (and a perfectly reasonable one!) for psychic succour. It makes a plea: “Tell me something *helpful*.” Satisfactory answers are, therefore, just that: not auto-truth Answers In Themselves, not partakers of some ideal realm of logical fact, but answers (patterns of concept) which produce satisfaction. When children discover the Explanation drug, the hit soon becomes addictive: “Why? Why? Why? Why?” And Explanation by the causal past—that most moreish and numbing of narcotics—feels *magnificent*. As a result, for the vast majority of Westerners, this incessant, pull-the-lever need for the mollification of cause turns into a Pavlovian response, that is to say, a never-questioned, lifelong modus operandi. Presented with anything—the horrific, the sublime—we pull the causal lever, hoping for a tidbit. A “correct” answer is one that chimes with... you guessed it: ego.

PING!

But a question whose answer can be understood in this way is shallow a priori. Adequate for “How did the cat get out?” but not for “Why do I keep cutting myself?” If there is depth to be had, factual answers—those that refer only to the conscious, perceptible details of the material world—are worthless and often worse than worthless. They overlook G/U, which is soul suicide. The only worthwhile answer to “Why...?” is, in fact, that which addresses the *psychic whole*. But, since the mind of God isn’t knowable in any direct sense, what is useful to the total personality is often very different from that which is pleasant for the ego. Causal “correctness” is a measure of ego consistency, and speaks to cultural homogeneity, applying as it does only to the average. But there is no average G/U. Averages require knowledge. Thus, hard causality is an infant’s dummy. “Correctness” holds no nourishment for the deeper individual, whose meaning flows from God; deep truth is always subjective.

Our culture has an inherent bias stretching back thousands of years, as a result of which explanatory responses consistently fail to meet the needs of questioners. 99% of answers to “Why?” are answers ego to ego. Now, the non-perfection of *individual* responses is, of course, inevitable, but such rampant *systemic* bias is not. With raised awareness, these things can be mitigated. To this end, therefore, we need models, “explanations of explanations”, that will conceptualise our skews, so as bring them to the attention of consciousness. Of course, these models needn’t be true in any permanent sense, all classification being a lie on some level, but, if they pinpoint the current problem, they will serve. That’s the philosophical HELIX; one must continually renew.

Consider a temporal taxonomy of explanation. CAUSALITY explains by the past, DESCRIPTION explains by the present, and DESTINY explains by the future. Now, this is no more than an assignment of labels, but it puts the issue, our ingrained lopsidedness, into stark relief. The first two modes of explanation are trusted in Western culture; the third is not. In a courtroom, the *past* and the *present* are admissible. The *future* isn’t. Yesterday exists in record, now in The Perceived Facts, but tomorrow only in imagination, which is considered utterly non-existent. The future is hypothetical, relevant only to the magnitude of sentencing, never to the main proceeding: establishment of (past) guilt.

So, while a jury might be led to be suspicious of memory or motive, so to doubt a particular *record* of the past, the deeper question of the *reality* of the past itself doesn’t figure. No one ever considers the underlying conceptual basis for memory’s applicability: the past as ultimately responsible for the future, the past as ultimately the Thing That Matters. This lies so deep in the Western psyche that it is never called into question. To do so (as I am doing now) is to be accused, often angrily, of irrationality.<sup>1</sup> Blind to its paradigm, the foundation of the entire legal system is “Judgement by the Past”. And for those seeking to secure causality’s throne, it is an easy enough task to feel reassured that the past is indeed the master of the future. But the common-sense argument is, in fact, worthless, resting as it does squarely on the Axiom of Ego: “The past has happened, but the future hasn’t; the past is fixed, but the future isn’t; the past has substance, but the future doesn’t.” And this asymmetry justifies the primacy

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<sup>1</sup>Nothing angers a paradigm-bound thinker like someone pointing out the paradigm. That anger is a visceral reaction to threat, a fight-or-flight response without basis in either logic or malice. It is the panic of a sheep with its head through the fence.

of the past as inherently *sturdy*, as the best foundation on which to build *control*. All of which is correct in ego perception, of course, but that tells us nothing of the deeper picture. Temporal perception is a trait of consciousness, and past-bias, implicitly, assumes itself.

So, how to reassert the future? How to rebalance?

Well, one way, beloved of a type of nook-and-corner scholar, is to invoke PREDESTINATION. In general relativistic terms, this is the “block universe”, which renders the future every bit as static, every bit as concrete as the past. The model is hopelessly illogical. One only has to look at the simultaneous claim that the quantum world is “inherently probabilistic”. Fuck! It’s a bunch of nihilist-erotic nonsense. Such fixture is unempirical and counterproductive. Only Professors of Gloom, daisy-chained in mutual defeatism, seek to set the future. Hard determinism leaves no room for individuality, for vigour, for joy in LIFE, which makes it useless as anything other than as a theory blanket for the terminally resigned. And there are plenty of those about. For robust mental health, however, for happiness, for GENIUS, we need an *image* of the future, yes, but we also need that image’s *fluidity*. We need the paradox of destiny and free will both, not the armour of one side or another. That’s why it takes courage to be a hero. One must cling to *no* idea. Rather than petrifying the future as crusty theologians or relativists, rather than succumbing to either free will or destiny, one must embrace the flux of all things.



What evidence do we have that the past exists? Bugger all. The study of past times, as any fule kno, is far from static. Historians revise history daily; storytellers change their stories; revisionists erase those who stand in their way. But what of the events that history refers to? What is their reality? Memory and record construct the past, in the same way that design constructs the future—there are photos of past days, yes—but a photo is a present image; it is not the past. It renders a *history* more likely, of course, but does it guarantee that its portrayed event is a permanent fixture in the past? No. It indicates that our present view of the past will have longevity in the future.

There is no such thing as the past.

Is this to claim a free-for-all? No. Past and future, like the sub-quantum events “seen” in high-energy colliders, have *continua of possibility*. There are

patently fabricated histories (fossils of dinosaurs were put underground to test our Abrahamic faith) and empirical histories (*Homo Sapiens* arose in Africa), in the same way as there are patently fabricated futures (sentient toadstools will rule the 23rd century) and empirical futures (the climate will change). In every respect, past and future have more in common than perception and Western theory suggest. Both epochs are seen only partially in the present; both epochs have a form of inertia, of resistance to change; but, just as physical inertia can be overcome with sufficient force, both epochs can, with the concerted effort of one or many, be *altered*. This jars with experience, of course. But the opposing view, while pleasantly “obvious”, is almost entirely based on an over-familiarity with, and concomitant blindness to, the infrastructure of thought.

In light of history’s evident volatility, there are two potential views: either our perception of the past changes or the changes lie in the past itself. But is there any difference between the two? Common sense says: “Of course there’s a difference, history changes, the past stays the same.” But that’s because the Sturdy Past Hypothesis is taken as axiomatic. It’s never queried; it’s barely ever *considered*. The assumption that the past exists as a SET OF FACTS lies deep in the world-control apparatus of the post-Hellenic West, which is why thoughts to its contrary are, like  $2 + 2 = 1$ , so very difficult to have. Hence, very few have them. “Culture”, in its standard public expressions, certainly doesn’t. The past is assumed to have an objective existence independent of its observers in the present, who merely give more or less accurate versions of it.

But, if we have learnt anything—with Newton’s absolutes giving way to Einstein’s relativity, Christian dogma giving way to flexible law—we must view the Sturdy Past with the gravest of suspicion. After all, the past only exists in the present. As the ground on which causality stands, it looks reassuringly solid compared to ephemeral “tomorrow” (and certainty is always tempting), but, in the end, sand is sand. It may look like solid conceptual bedrock, but the past is, in fact, no more solid than the future. Let me state it plainly: nothing is fixed. When accepted, that fact is no disaster; rather, it is *amor fati*, the boon of the joyous hero. But, when denied? Then, the malleability of history forces us to distinguish between obviously fluid memory and “obviously” Sturdy Past, and to treat the two as *Model* for *FACT*. That feels sophisticated. But sophistication brings its own stupidity. The truth is, neither history nor past has a greater claim to primacy: past and history are one.

So, the question “Is the past fixed?” turns into “Is it useful to *treat* the past as fixed?” What are the benefits of assuming Sturdy Past? Well, there is clearly an ego benefit. For a rigid thinker, Sturdy Past gives a bastion-firm foundation on which to manage the future, in other words, on which to navigate to success. It gives a sense of flux-free control. But the result of such G/U-denial is always the same: enactment without integrity. We know that a fixed-future outlook ends badly, in a perpetual struggle to “get back on track”. What we don’t know is that a fixed-past outlook is every bit as bad. On social media, curator-tyrants, unaware of the magnitude of this act of self-harm, present yesterday as a smiling Museum of Joy. Fascists have always done the same. Official Histories mangle the past to fit the present, thus wrecking the future.

All is better in conscious flux.

It is a truism (chock full of meaning, in fact) that the good life is “lived in the present”, but, for the modern Westerner, the phrase is mostly empty. After all, past and future have roles to play. What of the memory of childhood abuse? What of the prospect of a lonely old age? Those aren’t wounds to be ignored; ignored, they only suppurate and fester. Wounds need care, feeling, love, the tender hand of a healing God. In the modern West, we have the temerity to call ourselves “forward-thinking”; we pride ourselves on our commitment to tomorrow, our improvements on the barbaric past.

But this is overcompensation.

In reality, our world sees the future as dependent on the present, and the present as dependent on the past, which implicitly makes the future a *slave*. This view—tomorrow as a “product of what was”—ends up not in emancipation, nor in lofty spirit-mountaineering, but with newness cults, and half-lives in prison.<sup>2</sup> In fact, contrary to the claims of so-called “futurists”, pagan practices such as divination were far more future-oriented than anything we have now. The Norse, the Babylonians, the Aztecs and the Celts thought of tomorrow as something *real*, with a life of its own. They tried to *see* it, not to rule it. The

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<sup>2</sup>I’m not arguing with the physics of determinism here. There is undoubtedly an asymmetry between past and future; those names are models built on asymmetry. I am not taking aim at the deterministic facts of Reality, which I have studied extensively in Unity Theory, but rather at the *valuation of inner contents*. Simply because inner contents referring to the past and the future are asymmetrical does not mean that one should be valued over the other. As in so many things, the linear model is shit. Two unequal things don’t have to live on the same number line. The real inequality  $1 \neq 2$  and the complex inequality  $1 \neq i$  are of entirely different categories.

*I Ching*, likewise. But we, in our modern “wisdom”, seek to control the future, thereby ending up controlled by the past.



Let us consider the *divine* conception.

What is time to God? Does it flow like a river? Stand like a laserbeam? Is it laid out like contours on a map? Well, as we know from (un)experience, the unconscious conception of time has a distinctly alien complexion. It passes in a flash when we fall asleep. Or rather, it doesn't even “pass” (the word itself has an arrowish hue), it simply ceases to exist. The very concept leaves the party. How to describe time when there is no time? Non-existence, perhaps? Non-passing? Eternity, all at once? A block universe? A perpetual present? Immediately, discussion of G/U draws us into the language of ambiguity, hence the forest of question marks.

How to know the unknown?

The right drugs are a useful avenue. Psychotropics offer the immediate realisation that common-sense time isn't “how it is”. The panicked powers call such states “derangement”, which is valid only under the Axiom of Ego, i.e. if one conflates perception and metaphysics. In fact, psychedelics replace one drugged state, Western egocentricity and blindness to the infrastructure of thought, with another, infrastructure dissolution. This is very useful. Ingestion of lysergic acid radically alters the perception of time, which no longer passes. It just *is*. “Events” don't “happen”; the words lose meaning. Psychedelics such as LSD dismantle conscious models, undoing causality, removing time's arrow, and leaving only a chemically warped version of the eternal divine.

The fact is, the future has a reality deeper than the Zeitgeist allows it. In G/U, spatiotemporal reality is a continuum: past and future are both existent, both non-existent, and both fluid. And the unconscious, unbound by the train-track of ego, is, according to this New Rationality, permitted a knowledge of the future, because future has as much right to existence as past.<sup>3</sup> The ego points backwards, yes, but the *gods*? They have a transtemporal sense, a longer sense.

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<sup>3</sup>In the language of Unity Theory, this is Universe-causal as opposed to cosmos-causal. Universe-causality may well be sacrosanct, yes, but it is now empirically clear that there are causal chains beyond the data of the cosmos. I believe Jung, in his concept of *synchronicity*, which is the valuation of non-spatiotemporal events as meaningful, was referring to such phenomena. DESTINY is an attempt, necessarily imperfect, to find deep information in the mind of God.

There is, beyond the reeds, an impression, hazy in its fullness, of the Whole; that is the LIFE-IMAGE.

There is deep information of the future in the present.

The still, small voice of fate doesn't speak in worded thoughts—the inner monologue is Radio Ego—but rather in unconscious hints, strange intuition, meaningful coincidence. Hence the threat to the causal *logos*, which has, since its Hellenic innocence, become the rod of control in the West. Destiny has always been soulish, knowable and unknowable, and we have thus grown afraid of her. Despite the fact that, again and again, stories emerge of the “spirits” that guide,<sup>4</sup> such voices are only permitted on VE day, with the battle already won. Only then do such senses become “objectively true”, and so consistent with the scientific worldview. But what good is destiny-in-hindsight? Churchill's great strength was that he knew *in advance*.

The truth is, our aeon is terrified of destiny, because destiny gives a big fat fuck-off to the egoic illusion of control. Destiny's fuller sense, its feminine opacity, its spiritual fullness opens the world to all sorts of beauty, of meaning, of wonder, but it leaves the materially minded bereft, staring at lives of glitz and tech that mean absolutely nothing. All those years as a Red Queen, chasing the mirage. This is why the misguided hate talk of destiny. They hate it because it is a stark reminder, a reminder of what has been lost. That is why cleverness tries to snuff such talk out with “adult” worldliness. There is such deep sadness in the cynic's smirk: it's the nervous laughter of the shipwrecked soul, still dry, still clinging to the prow of the boat, but who knows, in the end, he will have to swim.

In the end, we all have to swim.



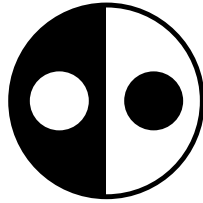
Where to?

*God knows!*

That's the whole point.

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<sup>4</sup>By this, of course, nothing supernatural is meant; a spirit is simply a psychic subset. However, since the psyche is empirically deeper, according to Unity theory, than the world-image, one must conclude that, while there are no super-natural phenomena, i.e. no events beyond physical law, there are certainly super-cosmic events. The domain of existence of spirit and soul is not the cosmos, which is merely a perceived image. I find DOMAIN a most useful concept in such discussions.



## TRANSPARENCY

All too often, life crackles like a crisp packet.

Then, in the cacophony, we mishear: inflation as genius, want as need, cleverness as wisdom, lust as love. We think every word is the WORD OF GOD. And, with the best intentions, oh, *always* with the best intentions, we find our way into some dead-end eddy, and there we spin—eating, winning, losing, repeating—telling ourselves that we’re making progress. And such thoughts are echoed readily by eddy-fish, those constant “friends” who love the dirt of their particular stretch of water. Shallow people love shallowness in others.<sup>1</sup> They reassure us that our old habits are good ones, and feed us barely subliminal warnings against all steppings-out-of-line. But sometimes, life just goes to shit. And it’s then, as the ego casts around for guidance, when the gates to the deep are swung wide open, that *every* demon, *every* whim, *every* urge makes a bid to be the Next Big Thing.

To whom do we turn when it all goes south?

Well, the deep answer, if history has anything to teach us, is to the old and wise, to those who have seen a thing or two. Such people, such tempered blades, are purest gold, true witnesses of the soul who will help to fend off attachment to an Answer. But, with the inner world as it is, those who have actually been *down* the rabbit-hole, as opposed to having read about its interior, are few and

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<sup>1</sup>How else do demagogues get where they get?



mostly hidden. Many fools write *about* such things, but that means nothing. Only those who know KNOW. In Western culture, there are no council fires, no blind seers, no Merlins, no Minervas. The old, those who might have known better, are now seen merely as “the elderly”, that is to say, as those who have failed to remain young, and, for the most part, those same elderly have taken on their shape of their ponds, ending up spiritually dead before their time. As a result, ours has become a culture of teenage soundbites, middle-aged moaning, and geriatric torpor.

Few have that ancient skill: how to listen.

So, the grand temptation is to follow someone successful. In the past, that was the king or the warrior; now it's the boss, the film star, the victor, the entrepreneurial “legend”, the *influencer*. All hail the consumer glitterati! This approach is endorsed (with the requisite pinch of faux-humility, of course) by... theirs truly, the visible winners, who “reluctantly” sell their stories of world-triumph to keep themselves in yachts and mediocrity. And, alas, seduced by the gloss, the crawling crowd is lapdog-quick to buy into such poverty, to fawn over the latest Answer from Above. But to do so is eddying suicide. Success, as Jesus knew, NEVER makes for wisdom; success is a viper, a dragon to be faced.<sup>2</sup> And purveyors of such remedies—life hackers, quick-fixers, and, sigh, brand ambassadors—are spiritual criminals. Neocracy is only ever demonocracy.

The problem with subscribing to the viral “now”—by this I mean every viral “now” in history—is that innovation must have *conscious* benefit in order to spread quickly. The herd-person, blind to God in the Deep, will only take an idea on with reference to the likelihood of demonstrable achievement, i.e. some future quantifiable in hot girls. Thus a prerequisite for viral proliferation is that a meme be pleasantly comprehensible, meaning it must speak to the ego's goals, which, given our training by billboard, are sex, status, money and power. So, anything glitzy, attractive to many, addictive to many, is virtually guaranteed to be harmful in the long run: good for the ego, bad for the soul. Like a child or a drunk, the ego *cannot* know what's good for it; it doesn't have the tools.

Deep thoughts, on the other hand, speak to both realms. But this jars with the Zeitgeist, which wants no part of such revealing of duality. Eddy fish hate strong currents. So *repression* kicks in: the internal censor wields its pen. And this internal gear-grinding, felt as profound discomfort, kills profundity dead.

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<sup>2</sup>Face success too young, without guidance, and you're toast.

Thus advice beyond *How To Succeed As An Ego* is shelved, banished from the mainstream, and genuine ideas, that is to say, ideas that pertain to the genius, the heroic Soul, don't take root easily. Inexplicable, only half accessible, scary in their numinosity, they are rare saplings, curious and slow-growing, always obscured in their younger days by fields of bamboo-rapid memes. It is only with time that their oakish strength shows above the clickbait.

So, where to look for guidance?

Well, *science* is out, that much is clear, despite the hopes of the technocrats. Physics is a finely milled set of spanners, but, as such, can, unless one is already saved, say nothing of MEANING. It can keep us alive, yes, but it can never tell us *how* to live. There are plenty of "self-help" books, of course, but most are sick-bags of egoic vomit: they either invent life's method, quote it *in imitatio auctori*, or else tie it to materialism by teaching ways to become a "winner". And philosophy? Yes, there is much to study, and much to be gained in study. Nonetheless, the larger half of secular philosophy has no sense of psychic duality whatsoever, and is, therefore, useless. Aristotle, Kant, Mill, Heidegger: they're just clever men masturbating on paper. And to understand the ones who had a real sense of the divine—Plato, Epictetus, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche—a *performed* conception of duality is required, that is to say, a solid understanding of (and a belief in) either God or depth psychology.

Which suggests Jung.

But Jung's phenomenal genius is, perhaps deliberately, as it often seems, *very* slow-growing, and, as a writer, he is too esoteric, too alchemically abstruse, too Christian-at-heart for the internet age. He is a modern prophet, yes, but his church's gates are wrought iron, six inches thick. So his psychological legacy is, for now at least, a beautiful gift to a spiritual cabal. For the most part, Jungians, of which Jung wasn't one, write for Jungians, and the world doesn't understand the lingo. Of course, Freud (how we love a pair of antagonists...) is more pop friendly, but that's because his unresolved obsessions ruined him.

And psychology since its Plato and Aristotle?

Well, just look at the DSM. Psychology, cowed by its task, has taken refuge in its objective cousins *statistics* and *neuroscience* (as if lab objectivity could ever address the human condition), all to avoid the duty of dealing with personal darkness. In the end, the human condition really isn't complicated: deep down, it's **1**  $\neq$  **2**; the rest is obfuscation and pot-bound theorising. But that is where

we stand: wisdom has wilted in the face of theory. Courses in psychology are now courses in *distraction*: analyse this piece of pointless statistics, read the arse bag theory that grew from it, write a thesis, prescribe some pills, and you won't have to think about your own truths. Over the course of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, psychology has retreated.



So, in our quest for conversation with G/U, it's back to the source we go! Back, as Chesterton went in Orthodoxy, full circle, to the *original* psychologies: the great RELIGIONS of the world. Materialism is religion's hangover, and we need the hair of the dog that bit us. Here, I head for religion precisely because religion is so unfashionable; in the age of the terminally influenced, the age of social media selling shit to the median, that is strength. Laozi, bless him, wasn't selling anything. We go to the gods and the prophets of gods to study duality, the psychic fact of ego and G/U. To do so, we need no belief in supernatural beings. Which is well, because there are no such things. "Supernatural" is, by definition, a self-negating term. But, while religion may not (with a few rare exceptions) have understood *itself*, that doesn't stop us understanding it. "God" is a name for (at least) the unconscious, which means God certainly exists. Buried beneath Henry the Eighth's libido, religion is wise. Is dogma attracted to dogma? No. Wasps only settle on sweet food. Therefore, let us seek the original soothsayers, not to copy them *in imitatio Christi*, but to absorb and then surpass them.



Following their defeat by Nebuchadnezzar at Carchemish in 605 BC, the Judean people were enslaved. The Babylonian exile was a cultural disaster: whole generations homeless, lost to foreign servitude. But the Jews, against the grain of the age, didn't palm off their sufferings as the machinations of the god Marduk. They didn't convert in envy, seeking the strength of Imhullu, the divine wind of the Babylonians. Instead, the exiles, with masochistic grandeur, ascribed the horror and humiliation to the actions of *their own* god, reading the defeat as Yahweh, yes, *their own* Yahweh punishing them for sin. This was psychic revolution. While most polytheisms, the Hellenic included, believed in divine retribution, no one had previously had the chutzpah to make the very same god responsible for both enslavement and emancipation. This was self-examination of a whole new kind.

The Jews had realised that they didn't have a *choice* about God. It was an extraordinary step. "Yahweh is the One," they said, "like it or not." Such heroism always comes at a cost. With the unconscious psyche thus unified, the Judaeic ego, rather than being surrounded by a flock of spirits, capricious as the clouds, was now faced with a single, immovable colossus of previously unimaginable power. It was a piece of reckless inspiration by a pioneering people; in a corner of the late Bronze Age Levant, the Jews prepared the first formulation of the psyche as a whole. They were the original psychologists: the first culture to state the human condition outright, in its modern form.

In Yahweh, they made GOD 2.0.

And they've taken flak for it ever since.

The continued lure of antisemitism, which bites again and again and again, is, according to Western rationalism, inexplicable. "Evil" is the best reason most journalists can muster. But hatred of the Jews, which refuses to abate, is no coincidence. It was inevitable. Civilisation, in the collective unconscious, has a *very* long memory.<sup>3</sup> Presented with a message of mighty courage—"You are permanently shackled to a Behemoth; there is no way out but to deal with it"—it is rather easier to shoot the messenger than to come to terms with the content. Twenty-six centuries later, we still don't want to hear it. The Nazis were the worst, yes, but they were also just one more race in a very long line of races who have hated the Jews for their bravery.

But the Jews didn't only set the puzzle. In the myth of the God-man, they proposed a solution. And that solution remains deep. The Messiah prophecy, ignoring its "fulfilment" in the figure of Jesus (a two-thousand year disaster of erroneous assumption), describes the coming of the God-man, or, to bring the idea up to date, the G/U-human. The Jewish myth is a HERO'S JOURNEY, a call to psychic arms, which urges the individual, that "infinitesimal unit on whom the world depends", to be both ego (human) and Unconscious (Divine). It tells us

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<sup>3</sup> Jung's *collective unconscious* has not, as a theory, made it into the mainstream. That is because the proposal of psychic realities shared by cultures, nations and civilisations requires, a priori, the conceptualisation of entities larger than the human with the capacity for thought. This is not only ruled out by the Western worldview, which takes space as the backdrop of reality and the laws of the cosmos as absolute, but is also unacceptable to the ego, with its long-entrenched belief in world-control via the Will. However, according to the paradigm shift I have described in FIRST STEPS and UNITY THEORY, it deserves full attention once again. Since laboratory physics proves emphatically that there is Reality beyond the perceived cosmos, the collective unconscious should now, in psychology, be given precisely the same level of reality as both the unconscious and the ego.

that redemption, salvation, bliss, release from pain, release from greed, HEAVEN, indeed, depends on being *more than an ego*. Not in permanent worship of one particular Messiah-glitterato (classic European reification), but in the process of *becoming* one: a G/U-human, an *Übermensch*, an individual.

And how is this achieved?

ESTABLISH UNION WITH GOD,  
KNOW HIS WILL,  
AND CARRY OUT THAT WILL.

Thus taught Baba Nanak, the guru of old Punjab, whose Renaissance-era wisdom laid the basis for the youngest of the major religions, Sikhism, literally, Seeking. After his three-day religious experience of *samadhi* (“coming together” or spiritual union), he described how to live as a divine man, not in submission à la Islam, nor in praise à la Christianity, nor in expectation à la Judaism, but in *being*, in permanent union with the Unconscious. Which is exactly what it means to be a G/U-human, a God-(wo)man, a Messiah. And to live as such is to Know His Will, which, when translated psychologically, is to know the mind of G/U. In secular terms, this is to follow one’s DESTINY. Whenever times are dark, the ancients said, connect with G/U. Don’t hope to find the answers in ego,<sup>4</sup> but do whatever it takes to be a God-human. Write, pray, play, seek. Fall in love. Walk in nature. Dance. Get the fuck out of the rat-race. Establish a connection, any connection, any *soulful* connection. As Nanak knew, only with a such a link to the deep is it possible to find one’s sense of purpose.

So the question becomes: How do we listen? Speaking to God is easy, after all: *just start talking*, the unconscious sees all and hears all. But, without some return to consciousness, without some feedback, how do we find our sense of destiny? Lines of communication are needed, a way to connect with G/U. To be a Messiah is to speak and listen openly. Thus, the living of a real life comes down to inner discussion, to the nitty-gritty of inner relationship. And the most important thing in relationship?

HONESTY.

This is why every religion bangs on interminably about The Truth: “Thou shalt not bear false witness” and so on. Truth has always been deemed essential,

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<sup>4</sup>This is what is meant by the ever-misunderstood *Don’t Try To Save Yourself*.

and rightly so; truth is essential. Not for promised bliss in some hocus-pocus afterlife, nor, as postmodern idiots like to claim, to ensure “social cohesion”, but for one simple, practical reason: the ego *cannot* dupe the unconscious. G/U couldn’t give a shit about the ego’s wishes. Thus, since a lie always serves the mind’s self-image, not the needs of the total personality, a lie-for-a-purpose, even an extremely “productive” one, always clashes inwardly. Cicero was very good on this. A lie kills the inner marriage. A lie to oneself is a personal wrist slash, because a lie clouds the connection between ego and G/U. A lie clouds the SOULBRIDGE. But to speak truth? To speak truth to *oneself*? To speak truth contrary to the demands of ego? That is magisterial.

Truth is what it takes to make one’s peace with God.



The Abrahamic language of abomination—“A false witness will not go unpunished”—will do us no good. True as that statement is, rightly interpreted, such phrases stink of mothballs and hypocrisy, tainted as they are by the ruins of Christianity. Our task is to update, to find new ways of expressing the old task of setting our psychological houses in order. And, in fact, we can think of truth, union with God, peace of mind, harmony with G/U, in exactly those terms: those of “setting in order”. We can frame Truth, that most essential tool, religion’s elixir *extraordinaire*, in modern, scientific terms. Such mathematical language is far sweeter to logical ears than virtue, hellfire and all that jazz.

Let us propose some G/U terms.

Consider  $\mathcal{O}$  as a measure of ORDER in the psyche, with order taken in the counter-entropic sense. Thus high  $\mathcal{O}$  is order, low  $\mathcal{O}$ , chaos; high  $\mathcal{O}$  is euphonic harmony, low  $\mathcal{O}$ , cacophony; high  $\mathcal{O}$  is fluency, low  $\mathcal{O}$ , babble; high  $\mathcal{O}$  is holy calm, low  $\mathcal{O}$ , madness. This gives us secular, post-atheist language with which to address the commitment to inner truth.<sup>5</sup> With this interdisciplinary role in mind,  $\mathcal{O}$  is best thought of, so as to maintain ambiguity, as both *qualitative* (an adjectival descriptor) and *quantitative* (a mathematical variable). Why not!  $\mathcal{O}$  is numerical and non-numerical: I won’t settle for either approach. Rather, I’ll leave  $\mathcal{O}$  swaying in the middle ground, where there is hope of SYNTHESIS.

Now, to the specifics.

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<sup>5</sup>There is nothing “religious” in a commitment to truth, except in the literal *religio*, the binding. *Commitment* and *religion* are, in the end, interchangeable words.

- INTRA-EGO ORDER,  $\mathcal{O}_E$ . Take  $\mathcal{O}_E$  as *ego consistency*, that is to say, the conscious mind's level of agreement with itself. In subjective experience,  $\mathcal{O}_E$  is felt as the “level of correctness”, that is to say, the degree to which the facts-as-heard (most often, spoken internally by the mind in question) agree with the sum of all facts-as-known. A consistent, but solely egoic worldview, such as that of a non-psychological, point-source intellectual, has high  $\mathcal{O}_E$ . An intelligent scientist has high  $\mathcal{O}_E$ , as does a successful business-person or politician. A destructive alcoholic, however, has low  $\mathcal{O}_E$ : his ego is a self-contradicting maelstrom.
- INTRA-UNCONSCIOUS ORDER,  $\mathcal{O}_U$ . This is the level of calm in the psyche beyond the psyche, that is to say, order in the divine realm. High  $\mathcal{O}_U$ , to use Abrahamic terms, is the restoration of good relations between God, the part of G/U that fits the ego's self-image, and the devil, the part that doesn't. Low  $\mathcal{O}_U$ , on the other hand, is divine strife. Contra Yahweh, the pagans knew all about this: the Greek Titanomachy and the Norse Æsir–Vanir War were symbolic descriptions of such states of affairs.  $\mathcal{O}_U$  is order purely within the divine realm. As such, in subjective terms, it doesn't pertain to anything experienced. That is not to say that its effects won't *percolate* to consciousness—in bodily pain, creativity, or psychotic disorder—but G/U is what is not conscious, thus, at any given moment, there is no direct knowledge of  $\mathcal{O}_U$ .
- ORDER IN THE SELF,  $\mathcal{O}_S$ . Here, I use the Self in Jungian terms, that is, as the total personality, the G/U-human whole. High  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is transparency in G/U terms, *śūnyatā* or “voidness of mind” in Buddhism, wisdom in the secular West. High  $\mathcal{O}_S$  doesn't mean psychic inactivity or monkish dullness, but rather the vivacious magic of the psychic ballet, *feng shui*, the uncontrolled flow of a flock.  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is the order of a vigorous symphony or the dance of coral teeming with fish. In every way, whether calmly, heroically or both, in youth or age, high  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is, by definition, desirable, because low  $\mathcal{O}_S$ , simply put, is hell. A lack of order in the personality is exactly the disease of the addict, possession by demons, mental illness, bipolarity, schizophrenia. No one wants that. We require no belief in celestial harpists to know that  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is worth fighting for.

The Hindus have the same concept.

In that most ancient and philosophical of theisms,  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is *brahman*. And the Upanishads teach that to seek *brahman*, to know *brahman*, to understand and BECOME *brahman* is life's highest goal. Knowledge of *brahman* is knowledge of inner truth. It is knowledge of reality unclouded. And, with the coming of such clarity, the Hindu ego-soul, the *ātman*, experiences *brahman*, the universe as it exists in the psyche, as identical with itself, because the psyche becomes clear glass. At that point, there is no distinction between *brahman*, true reality, and *ātman*, psyche. In such a state of enlightenment,  $\mathcal{O}_S$  maxed out, what is experienced is exactly what is. Demonic mist clears, entropy gives way to order, lies to truth, and the soul becomes one with the universe. Then, according to the maxim of Vedanta: *Ātman is brahman*.

This is TRANSPARENCY.

To reach this state, we require consistent (over decades) positive changes in whole-psyche order, that is to say, we require actions that bring  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$ , where  $\Delta$  has the standard scientific meaning of “change in...” To approach this goal, we must first *conceptualise* it. All other things being equal, an increase in either intra-ego order  $\mathcal{O}_E$  or intra-unconscious order  $\mathcal{O}_U$  will bring about a rise in total-psyche order  $\mathcal{O}_S$ . But neither the ordering of ego, that is to say, having consciousness agree with itself, nor, on the other hand, the intra-divine ordering of G/U is sufficient. The order-state of the linked duality of ego and G/U depends on overarching union *across* the system, not only on order in its constituent parts. Thus, we need one further concept.

- TRANSCENDENT ORDER,  $\mathcal{O}_T$ , is harmony in the psyche unaccounted for by harmony in either of its constituent parts.  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is to  $\mathcal{O}_T$  as SELF is to SOUL. For the quantitatively minded, we could define it as follows:

$$\mathcal{O}_T = \frac{\mathcal{O}_S}{\sqrt{\mathcal{O}_E \mathcal{O}_U}}$$

Consider the following disordered sets:

$E : \{S, H, C, I, Y, P, C\}$

$U : \{N, A, N, P, T, R, S, R, E, Y, A, C\}.$

Suppose we rearrange  $E$  to  $\{C, H, I, C, S, P, Y\}$ . This increases egoic order,  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_E > 0$ . And likewise, rearranging  $U$  to  $\{N, A, S, T, Y, P, R, A, N, C, E, R\}$



increases intra-unconscious order,  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_U > 0$ . However, neither move increases transcendent order  $\mathcal{O}_T$ , because  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S$  can be accounted for intra-set by the increases  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_E$  and  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_U$ . Ego and G/U both do well, but the state of the *relationship* between them, which  $\mathcal{O}_T$  represents, is unaffected. The mortals are at peace, Olympus is at peace, but there's no communication between the two.

Alternatively, consider a  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$  event that is due only to an increase in transcendent order  $\mathcal{O}_T$ . This requires the opening of a channel of God-human communication, such that order may be established across the divide. Consider rearranging the original disordered sets as {Y, S, P, C, I, C, H} and {Y, S, P, C, R, R, T, A, N, A, E}, so that the first four terms {Y, S, P, C, ...} of each match. That would leave  $\mathcal{O}_E$  and  $\mathcal{O}_U$  unaffected, but, having matched letters across the system, we have a small increase in total order,  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$ , which cannot be accounted for by either  $\mathcal{O}_E$  or  $\mathcal{O}_U$ . Such inter-set ordering (which may or may not be accompanied by intra-set ordering) is what I mean by an increase in transcendent order, or, in Hindu terms, *samadhi*.



To summarise:  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$  is the goal.

And  $\mathcal{O}_S$ , order in the total psyche, depends on  $\mathcal{O}_E$  correctness,  $\mathcal{O}_U$  depth, and  $\mathcal{O}_T$  communication. Now,  $\mathcal{O}_E$  is easy to come by, with a little effort, but is thereby limited in scope.  $\mathcal{O}_U$  is powerful, but ever and always inaccessible to consciousness. So, there is only one way to achieve  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$ . That is through channels of communication:  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$ . The longed-for psychic heaven of high  $\mathcal{O}_S$ , the peaceful union of ego and G/U requires that which is transcendent. The seeking of truth, therefore, returns to the search for the soul.

In G/U, the SOUL is the bridge between the ego and G/U, a third entity, neither **1** nor **2**, yet also both. According to Jung, this is the “transcendent function”. In religious terms, the soul is the eye that looks to God. But an eye, which is the post-theist, egocentric metaphor, is a one-way device. For deeper truth, for knowledge of *brahman*, for the understanding of universe and psyche, we need two-way traffic. It is, as the Jews know, no good yelling at the Unknown, trying to get it to fall into line: we need to know how to *listen*. We need communication protocols. So the task of life returns to the soul, because  $\mathcal{O}_T$ , soul order, is the only way to know God.

Here, the Dao can lead us on.

Laozi's philosophy, in a manner alien to the submissive, power-hungry Western ego, points to psychic duality (the yin and yang of the *taijitu*) as being fundamentally *symmetric* in nature. Thus, in Daoism, transcendent order  $\mathcal{O}_T$  isn't about ego aligning with G/U, as in Islam, nor G/U aligning with ego, as in Christianity: instead, the SOUL, contrary to the wishes of both submissive and domineering religions, answers to *both* ego and G/U. "The Eye with which I see God is the same Eye with which God sees me," wrote Eckhart in the 13th century. The Old Master would have approved. The negative dots in the *taijitu*, black in white, white in black, are views of the same thing: they represent aspects of the soul from both the human and the divine point of view.

So, what *does* life look like through God's eyes?



Imagine a hedge at the bottom of a garden, dividing the trim of manicured flowerbeds from the gloom of high forest beyond. Which side are you? Undo that. See yourself on the *other side*, as a hunting wolf, a greyness in the ferns, a drinker from old pools. See yourself as a set of fangs. Then imagine that, one day, grown old and seeking company, you find your way to the outside of that hedge. Imagine gazing in, sniffing the air, trying to compute the scene: the lines of the lawns, the square-laid stones, the armies of tulips in orange and red. The sheer organisation of the thing. Imagine the shock to one who has only ever known the murmur of the forest, its fractal clouds of shifting green, its silence layered on silence.

Then picture a blue-eyed boy, running free across the grass of the lawn. He has smudges on his knees, and an apple in his hand. He is a creature of the straight-line garden, happy as a pop-up book. His smile is certain in the permanence of happiness. And he doesn't see the bracken outside, the beyond of things; to him the forest is mere backdrop, a swaying nowhere of pine and fir, dark contrast to bring out the colours of the roses.

He's eating an apple; it crunches as he bites.

And it's then, mid-breath, with the wind stood still, that the mindcub sees you. He sees you crouched in the murk of the foliage, a grey-muzzled beast with fur like sleet. He sees you and *starts*; his blue eyes widen. Suddenly, the hedge is no longer the green-dappled wall of his world; it's porous, unclean, and there is something beyond it, something old, something savage, a creature of blood.

How do you reassure him?

How do you speak without *snarling*?

This is GOD'S ENIGMA.

We don't consider the struggle from the other side. Firstly because we are who we are and we know what we know. But also because every one of our worldviews, whether religious, psychological or neither, banishes the thought. Heresy! Relatedness asks too much; symmetry asks too much. Recognition of imperfection, likewise. Thus, even when we wake to G/U, even when we see through the hedge, we cannot avoid, misguided as we have been, hearing the messages of soul as the voice of some Yahweh-ish invincible. But that archaic idea brings up the old posers: Why doesn't God just get to the point? Why not just sort the whole thing out?

The Dao's deep symmetry leads us to a rethink.

It's quite simple: G/U isn't omnipotent.

Powerful, yes; *all*-powerful, no.

So perhaps we should consider, as we wake to the wolf, as we attempt to talk to the wolf, what it is to *be* the wolf. The old grey beast has difficulties, just as we do. The unconscious is powerful, wise, old, but far from perfect, far from invincible, and very far from pure. Sometimes, wild animals kill little boys. So, the human task (yes, whether we want it or not) is to *understand*: it is in our own best interests to interpret the snarls.

In this, we need all the help we can get.



Hinduism teaches that *dharma*,  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$ , the “right path”, can be learnt from three sources. Firstly, from the sacred texts; secondly, from the example of sages; thirdly, from *ātmatsuṭi*, which translates as “that which is pleasing to the Self.” Is that selfish? Is a quest for individuality merely pigheadedness? Far from it. *Ātmatsuṭi* is “*ātman*-contentment”, or *soul*-bliss. It is no hedonism. The same notion is in the Greek EUDAIMONIA, which is harmonious *daimon*, harmonious soul. *Ātmatsuṭi* isn't  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_E > 0$  small-s selfishness, it's  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$  soulfulness, which brings  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$ , capital-S Selfishness. *Ātmatsuṭi* as guide says: In order to be an individual, in order for  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$  peace, live *soulfully*. And this is of paramount importance in the West, because this *ātmatsuṭi* is a sense we've forgotten. We barely even have a word for it. We talk of things being “soulful”,

yes, but the metaphor is dead. Why? Because of the death of *our own religion*, Christianity. Zhuangzi, the joker of the East, writing three hundred years before Jesus, described what trials (and timeframe) it takes to make a Messiah:

*After a year of your teachings, I was a wild man. After two years, I became tame. After three years, I opened up. After four years, I saw myself as a being among beings. After five years, something came forth to meet me. After six years, its ghostly presence entered into me. After seven years, the Heavenly took shape in me. After eight years, I no longer knew either death or life. After nine years came the Vast Wonder.*

Jesus didn't have the time. Christianity birthed the West; it is our spiritual inheritance. But its founder wasn't wise. He was an undoubted genius, yes, for whom I have nothing but high admiration, but he died too young, as a wildly courageous, buoyant young man full of the knowledge of God. He was cut down long before he had a chance to know TRANSPARENCY, or even true *consciousness*. Hence, in his teachings, we see no ripening, no quiet reflection on the arc of life. And this is the low  $\mathcal{O}_T$  nightmare we are still trying to wake from; the man died in his early thirties, for God's sake, as Icarus, the boy-hero, still flying high. He died in the midst of the mother of all *samadhis*. All respect to him, Jesus rode the  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$  wave majestically, but his God-waters never had time to *settle*. He was crucified before he could look at himself with the eyes of a sage. Which left his legacy, while remarkable, as flawed. As a timebomb, indeed.

It exploded long ago.

But just because Jesus was robbed of the chance to understand himself, that doesn't mean that we are bound to follow. As Nietzsche said, "Man is something to be surpassed." The Abrahamic faithful have failed to look at Jesus clearly. Have failed to *see through* him. In classic Boolean fashion, the Jews denied Jesus's Messiahdom, while Christians proclaimed it; but, of course, *both* were wrong. Jesus was a *proto-Messiah*, as is every other ego that has ever walked this planet. As is every conscious human. We are billions of potential Messiahs, and we have to surpass that ancient genius. Not by crucifying ourselves—that was his fate, not ours—but by becoming G/U-humans. By achieving union with the divine.

Such things require no paranormal voodoo; no religion does, when deeply seen. Consider "miracles", so often used by theists and atheists to prove and

disprove the works of God. It is well known that holy (from Old English *hālig*, “whole”) people, be they doctors, therapists, priests or teachers, have a healing effect on those around them. It is said that Jung, in his later years, no longer waited for his patients to talk to him: he just spoke, and they got better. He was a G/U-human, and he saw with God’s eyes. In therapy, it isn’t the drugs that matter, it’s the holiness of the doctor. The crippled walking? In what world is that even close to impossible? It happens all the time. Psychosomatic pain, which is epidemic in the West, regularly hospitalises people. It cripples; it kills. But such lacks of connection across the soulbridge can be healed with *hālig*-ness; meaninglessness can be healed with love. Not cooing love, not nightgown love, but the Christian love that Kierkegaard spoke of: the love that brings the beloved closer to God.

Buddha was a God-man, as was Jung, as was Laozi. The post-religious truth is: anyone can be. But it’s fucking hard! The Upanishads warn those who learn of the deeper aspects of the world: “Rise, awake! Having obtained these boons, understand them! As the razor’s sharp edge is difficult to traverse, the path to one’s Self is difficult.” Nothing is easy. There are so many traps, the traps of the low town. Jesus, and, as a result, Christendom, was fooled, by the potency of his *samadhi*, into thinking that he was *the* Son of God. What a misjudgement! But the onus isn’t on him and his church to take the blame for centuries of war; the onus is on *us* to understand.



Describing a psychic event such as those which convinced Jesus, quite rightly, of his divinity, let us designate any changes in psychic harmony with a triad, set out as  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_U$  ( $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T$ )  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_E$ . The triad has the standard symbolism of UNCONSCIOUS as left and CONSCIOUS as right, such as has Jesus sitting on the right hand of the Father. In this representation, I leave change in total order  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S$  implicit, it being dependent on the other three. Thus a  $\Delta$ -triad of  $+$  ( $-$ )  $+$  would signify an experience that increased harmony both intra-unconscious and intra-ego, but caused jarring between the two. For example, this might be passive-aggressive retaliation, which, while satisfying both the *outer dove* (passive) and the *inner hawk* (aggressive), does nothing to reconcile the two. Such an event,  $+$  ( $-$ )  $+$ , is a step towards bipolarity: it fortifies the trenches of the soul.

A *samadhi*, such as Jesus experienced in the wilderness, is a transcendent positive,  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$ . Yes, but it also represents a snare. Our rendering of  $E$  and  $U$  as  $\{Y, S, P, C, \dots\}$ , while it achieves  $0 (+) 0$ , does nothing, in fact, to move towards the fullest ordering of the total psyche.  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$ , spiritual growth, is a long way from the attainment of HEAVEN, which is  $\mathcal{O}_S$  maxed out. Buddha warned of this, not that his Western acolytes listen: he taught that *nirvana*, viz. freedom from the bonds of psyche, is beyond all  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$  *samadhis*. Nietzsche agreed: what matters is the *duration* of great sentiments. A religious experience, if it provokes a subsequent retreat, spells disaster. Such is to “meddle with the dear Names of God”. An awakening of the type  $+$   $(+)$   $-$  can be valuable, yes, but it must be treated with extreme caution, lest it break the ego completely. “Truth is the highest virtue,” Baba Nanak said, “but higher yet is truthful living.”

In G/U, we seek  $x (+) +$ , yes, but *consistency* is what matters.

$\mathcal{O}_S$  is the work of a lifetime, as the Jews, those old psychologists knew. Hence all the rules and commandments. But “Love thy enemy”, the rule that matters, was a concept so far ahead of its time that, even now, the West hasn’t understood it. Even now, it sounds hippyish, like the cooing of a dove when the world is all hawks. But “Love thy enemy” isn’t weak. It’s merely  $\mathcal{O}_S$  Selfish as opposed to  $\mathcal{O}_E$  selfish. Laozi understood it: “Contempt for the enemy: what a treasure is lost!” Loving one’s enemy is, in fact, the most sensible thing a Self-interested, heroic hawk can do. It recognises that all hatred is, at root, hatred of one’s deeper self, hatred of the ?  $(+)$   $-$  triad. “In the end, one desires one’s own desires.” And the same is true of the coin’s flipside. Jesus didn’t warn against the devil, but against blind hatred of the devil. It was the Church Fathers who got it all wrong: they condemned the Gnostics to hellfire, but failed to realise that every genius LOVES the darkness.

Only one in ten thousand so-called “Christians” follows his big idea:

#### LOVE THY ENEMY.

The rest go for Pauline sentimentalities such as “God is love.” But those sweets lack the  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$  truth of shadow. The knowledge of wholeness, of *brahman*, is knowledge of *all* of G/U, not just the parts with gentle mystique. Yes, hatred too. The God-relationship, such as brings true inner peace, is transcendent union with not just all that is pure in God, but all that is ugly, vicious and repellent. “God is love” is holy cocaine. All ?  $(-)$   $+$  flattery, no ?  $(+)$   $-$  punch in the

gut. Should the blue-eyed boy expect to pet the wolf? Should a married couple expect perfection? No. Wolves bite, and everyone makes mistakes. “God is love” is the snake wrapped round the foundations of our whiter-than-white culture. Its faux-purity is not so much the sickness of our times, it is the plague of our aeon.

Christianity is a hollowed-out shell, yes, but it is also, for better or worse, our spiritual inheritance. When thinking progresses, prior models are *subsumed*, not overthrown. Linnaean taxonomy sits inside Darwinian evolution. Classical mechanics is included in relativity. Einstein didn’t tear down Newton’s work, he incorporated it, and took it further. The same must be true of psychological philosophies and religions. A model for life that bulldozes, as does, say, fascism or equality, is no use at all. Our civilisation has been built on the belief in a metaphysical God, and, unless a new model includes that notion, allowing for, explaining, and developing Christianity, it can be of no use to us.

We are far more Christian than we think.

This fact rules out Buddhism, to which many soulful Westerners have fled. In the East, it is a beautiful philosophy, yes; in the West, it is a hippy-trap. In its translation, it dangles a way out as bait, spiritual growth achieved by slogan, but no number of kaftans, no amount of “free love” will fix anything. “150 Buddha Quotes That Will Make You Wiser (Fast)”. What shit. The West is the West. In these post-(a)theist days, *strength* of Western ego is what is required, not weakness. Until we have come to terms with Christianity, until we have surpassed it, until we have set its ruins in order by understanding both what miracles its churches have achieved and also the immense damage they have done, no other belief, however charming, can be set up *in loco fidei*. Here’s the only Buddha quote the West needs: “Work out your own salvation.”

Let us honour a genius by actually taking note of his words.

Buddha is not the answer for us. *We are*. The Dao can help, Jesus can help, the Upanishads can help, every religion and philosophy can help, but we are the lost children of God, and our ancestry cannot be tweaked with memes. Quotes are mere  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_E > 0$  wisdom fondling, i.e. useless. The Gatekeeper warned of such garbage. We need a *permanent* flow of deep inner truth, union with G/U, an *enduring* relationship with the unknown: an alliance, a friendship. A marriage, not a series of hookups. That’s how you train; that’s how you come by the strength to fight your dragons. You live at the edge of chaos, right on

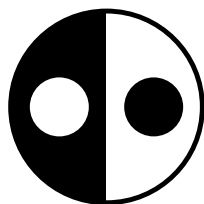
the borders of known and unknown. And what a task it is. For our systems of education, our art, our very way of life: each of these reinforces *absolute duality*: reason divided from rhyme, science from religion, the human from the divine. And such training forms the blue-eyed psyche. We are the children of trench warfare. This cultural backdrop presents us with the greatest challenge, and the greatest opportunity: to surpass all philosophies, all religions, all faiths, to become an in-dividual, “one who cannot be divided”.

To be holy.

To be *hālig*.

To be WHOLE.





## THE HELIX TURNS

Philosophies move in HELICES.

Outlooks come around again and again, named and renamed Xism, neo-Xism, post-Xism, Yism; the same thing is modelled and remodelled. Only the psychic ALTITUDE changes. So God-loving folk outgrow Bronze Age faith, and become Sunday Christians. Sunday Christians can't stand the hypocrisy, and rebrand themselves "agnostics". Agnostics feel bound to take a side, and harden into atheists. Atheists seek, and become psychologists. Psychologists find a secular faith, and become G/U-loving folk.

At this point the lap bell goes...

Then G/U-loving folk balk at fate's demands, and become fair-weather psychologists. Fair-weather psychologists hate the lurking menace, and morph into **1**-deniers. **1**-deniers seek meaning elsewhere, so become pleasure-hounds. Pleasure-hounds justify themselves as neo-Epicureans. Neo-Epicureans grow to hate themselves, and, over time, become New Seekers. New Seekers propose GOD 4.0, and so it begins again.

Hence: the spiralling HELIX is the symbol of symbols. Along its axis, it casts a circular shadow; transversely, a sinusoidal wave. From one viewpoint, it's the Eastern wheel of life; from another, the Western journey. It's **1**, **2** and **3**-dimensional; mathematically, it's the simplest such curve. It returns, yet never returns. It's the  $\Psi$  of Unity theory; it's the symbol of DNA and the psychology of DNA; its structure contains wave-particle duality in *xy* or *yz*-dimensional

projection. It models the complementarity of philosophy; it's Sophia's propeller and Archimedes' screw; it represents the self-regulating, cyclic, progressive-yet-bounded, eternal-yet-variable nature of all philosophical truth. It always comes back to the same place, but higher. It's the SUPRAMODEL, the metamodel of models.

And what is a MODEL?

A *model*, as an edifice of post-Hellenic ego, is a psychic content.

Thus ego, the conceptualised total of that which is conscious, is the sum total of all conscious models. So, a model for the psyche, THE PHILOSOPHICAL HELIX, is a model which refers to itself, which is to say, it is a model with psychic altitude. A "strange loop", in Hofstadter's terms. It is this looping back, this constant return that is the root of self-awareness. But point-source awareness is only half the story, which was the undoing of Gödel, Escher, Bach. Onesidedness is simple enough. Right-skewed: look at ego, remain "intra-reason", make hard scientific progress. Left-skewed: be a child, take the drugs of mass religion, go round and round in Eastern circles. But to be both? To be self-aware and one with G/U? To move *around* the helix? That's another matter.

The Enlightenment god Material Progress is an idol, a mirage, a siren of a deity. The tech-and-bust wave—*Onwards At All Costs!*—is philistine. But, given our heroic bent, so is the nihilistic circularity of Buddhism, which, with its stark abjection of ego, leaves no room for Western strength. The old Crusader spirit blazes brightly, and Oriental philosophy is a fire blanket, a dump of rain, a slow extinguisher. So, as ever, we seek the Holy Grail: a *synthesis* of growth and repetition. A "going beyond and yet returning". Truths die in time, thus surpassing is essential, life's growth is essential, but growth must be *contained*, otherwise it loses touch with its roots. So we must be bounded, yet unbounded. We require a philosophical TEMENOS, a universal truth-space in which we can strive, yet strive always for *return*.

Superior concepts negate the need for magic. In gravity, the curvature of space, as suggested by Einstein, superseded Newton's "action at a distance". In G/U, the two-concept model supersedes Christianity, reframing Father and Son as psychic reality. And we require the same in egoic philosophy: the freedom to progress, while also returning. The expansion of *psychic space itself*, rather than that of the ego within it. When progress curves knowingly, it is saved from dogmatism. There's no need for the communist stall, the postmodern mope or

the capitalist sprint. In an arc, to outdo is to return, to outstrip is to fall behind. G/U, the translator, is a link between loops, but, with G at one end, U the other, it reduces as much as it elevates. The new unconscious is the old God: one turn up, one turn down.

### THE PHILOSOPHICAL HELIX

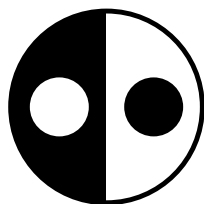
1. No field, in itself, is good. Every lovely thing, every piece of genius, once seen as “The Answer”, ends up corrupted. Witness the fall of the beautiful game, the death of pop, the “truth” of the internet, monetised wisdom, sex as revenge, billionaire democracy, the “honour” of honour killings, all the grand Prizes, “classlessness” in the USA, social media as a Hall of Shame... All of these are dirtyings, sullyings, putrefactions. No worldly *thing* survives deification. So what is the solution? A deep simplicity. Proposing a *clever* answer to yesterday’s riddle, we write the script of tomorrow’s catastrophe.
2. We used to cry: “Revolution!” But, if truth is a helix, if everything returns in a different form, what is the point of *revolution*? Power to the powerless? And what then? All forcible overturnings of governance, whether physical or philosophical, come from greed. Marx’s “constant revolution”, Derrida’s deconstructionism, all those pointless and worse than pointless debates as to “cultural identity” are bleatings for attention, nothing more. There is no cure but the cure *within*: power turned to face itself.
3. Every philosophy must UNIFY, or be worthless. But, in order to achieve such unification, a philosophy must also *bind*. So, in the end, having served, it must, like a ligature, be torn free. Preferably before gangrene sets in.
4. Those suited vampires! Those Ponzi gangs! The shiny boardrooms of finance are full of *leeches*, sucking the blood of younger fools, using the trappings of power (bonuses, booze and the cleavage of secretaries) as anticoagulants, in order that the soul-wounds never clot. The most skilled haematophage is never detected. Until, at last, the newly anaemic, now carrying a few spare tyres themselves, detach and turn to feed on the younger, those rookies whose arteries still throb. And so it goes. Thus the pallid, ugly-grey wheel of corporate life keeps on turning.

5. “The virtues of pagans are glittering vices.” But what of St Augustine *now*? In the helix, the virtues of the pagans are the vices of Christians; the virtues of Christians are the vices of atheists; and the virtues of atheists are the *splendida peccata* of whatever tomorrow’s pet -ism will be. But, in the end, all virtue is branding. Thus the true individual has no virtues.
6. Climate change is a symptom of consumerism, which is a symptom of greed, which is a symptom of a **1**-barricade, which is a symptom of God-terror, which is a symptom of God. So God sent climate change. What, to punish us? Ha! But then again... How laughable the old tropes sound! Yet ours—statistics, economics, *logic*—will soon sound laughable too.
7. Patriotism is often bigotry. But, say, eight hundred years ago, it was among the finest of virtues. And not naively, not foolishly so. Europe was a heraldic madhouse, bristling with raging codpieces, and countries without senses of themselves ended up shafted. But times change. And those newer paragons of patriotic stupidity, the modern knights who love to fly flags, are taking medieval medicine. Anglo-Saxonism’s belief in itself was, for an aeon, its strongest suit. In climax, it held the Nazis at bay. But now it is the mantra of a faded champion, ravaged by the same old steroids.
8. Modern slavery comes much disguised. Soulsh  $\Delta O_T > 0$  is antipodal to hedonistic  $\Delta O_T < 0$ , yet the branding snakes of the “creative industries” have gone out of their way to confound the two. Addictiveness as a *positive*? Insanity. Anything addictive is pernicious dross. To be a creator of the New Addictive is to brandish a *bullwhip*. Alas, slavers never realise it is their own souls they are destroying.
9. Gödel’s Incompleteness Theorems, as fabricated logic referring to logic, are *helical*. They symbolise the self-referential riddle, the movement from one turn to the next, which is the relationship between the knowledge of a fact and the fact itself. If we are to live with G/U, we must accept the presence of the **1** next to the **2**, and thus presence of the fact of the “presence of the **1** next to the **2**” in the **2**. But the **2** is the known! Hence, looking for consistency in philosophy is a fool’s errand.

10. In 1611, the King James Bible rendered John 1:5 as: “And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.” A succinct and elegant description of psychic duality, i.e. KNOWN and UNKNOWN. Fast forward four centuries, however, and, through the egoic weakness of a culture-bound editor who couldn’t resist making wisdom “better”, that is to say, worse, the King James Bible 2000 reads: “And the light shines in darkness; and the darkness overcame it not.” This is why Christianity has nothing more to say.
11. The cure for blind faith is ALTITUDE. The cure for blind altitude is DEPTH. The cure for blind depth is CYNICISM. The cure for blind cynicism is FAITH.
12. Why does the city demand sleepless nights? Why must hamsters never leave the wheel? Because sleep is time in the hands of God. Big-city culture is ego culture, and money-worship requires blanket suppression of the spiritual. But blessed sleep swings the balance back towards G/U. While consciousness slumbers, the GODS grow powerful. Which is exactly what all management structures fear: the rise of *individuality*. Deep down, the city bosses know: no servant can serve two masters.
13. The “War on Drugs” is just another Crusade. The High Priests of Capitalism claim that drug-taking is a threat to “society”, which, of course, it is. But to hold the idea that e.g. psilocybin could be more dangerous to mental health than, say, Facebook or the online casino requires a level of hypocrisy worthy of... yes, a *Christian* war. Such a crusade benefits “society”, but “society” is nothing but a word. The war on drugs (a *war*, for God’s sake!) destroys the individuals who prop up “society”, that collective of money-fat, poe-faced drones. Nonetheless, before we congratulate ourselves as either takers or non-takers of drugs, let us remember: during the Crusades, *both* sides lost.
14. The hardest thing to see is oneself as the yet-to-wake. As a cave prisoner, as a watcher of shadows. But the paradox, as with all self-knowledge, is that as soon as we accept that we are watchers of the shadows, we are no longer so. By that very admission, *the helix turns*: we become watchers of watchers of shadows, which is exactly what it means to be awoken. Thus, once accepted on the deepest level, that is, on the level of the psychic archipelago, nothing remains negative. It simply flows back, and returns.

15. Without depth/altitude, a three-dimensional helix collapses in projection to a two-dimensional circle. In Deuteronomy 5:9, "For I the Lord your God am a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the sons to the third and fourth generation." Hence: self-knowledge as the *cure* for "sin".
16. Why do the standard bigotries of misogyny, racism and homophobia group together in men? Why does hate pool with hate? Because every bigotry is the fear of God. Fear of the feminine, fear of the devil, fear of the attraction of masculinity. Each of those is a dragon to be faced. But, having crumbled? Having fled the bridge in defeat? It takes *ten* times the strength to return.
17. At the one extreme, God as *perfect*; at the other, *nonexistent*. How can so many have failed to imagine that the truth lies somewhere in between?
18. In thirsty times, plants put out no flowers; they attend to the business of surviving. But, in the West, we are still throwing out our gaudiest blooms. Why? Because our worldview requires us to believe that we are living in a time of plenty. As it is, however, the life of the Western soul is *arid*. We are husks, in an age of soul-drought.
19. Why Shiva the *destroyer*? Why Nietzsche's *dynamite*? Because every rebirth requires death. Religion and science have fortress walls, and, if separation is to be overcome, those walls must be bulldozed. But not because either school is incorrect; intra-model, of course, the opposite is true. In the *HELIX*, however, it is impossible to gain a turn of psychic altitude without stepping outside the discipline. This requires the wielding of a sledgehammer.
20. Why won't people vote for an atheist? Because the naively religious think all morality is of an external God, rather than of themselves. Thus, to them, the atheist has no conscience. But, in fact, the atheist has exactly the same pair of moralities as the theist. Unfortunately, neither side can admit this: both are dogmatically wedded to their version of "The Source." But the religious are right: we *should* demand faith. A shallow leader is a leaf in the wind. And steadying timelessness, viz. deep force of character, can only come from G/U, never from ego. Thus the requirement in a leader should be, at the very minimum, *DEPTH*, which is faith with altitude.

21. It goes against our scientific bent to recognise psychic concepts as reborn myths. We want to start the clock from zero, and write ourselves into the history books. But the present is just another point on the helix. In arguing for the existence of the unconscious (more palatable than “the existence of God”), we are simply employing the strategy of every myth-maker in history: we are speaking *the language of the day*.
22. Why the old meme of the tortured genius? Does creativity imply pain? No. Genius, which is G/U inspiration, isn’t the *cause* of psychic torture. On the contrary, creativity is the *balm*. Life deals the true artist a psychic hand full of (almost) unbearable tension, and that tautness, Samuel Johnson’s “black dog”, precludes a “regular” life. Such normalcy would be drenched in pain. The genius has only one choice: to open the floodgates and talk with God.
23. The xenophobes, for all the wrong reasons, are coming round to being in the right. The movement of people is indeed a knife at the world’s throat. But not immigration. God no! Instead *wanderlust*! Hellenistic cosmopolitanism! What were once high virtues are now vices of projection: outer escapism of inner problems. In G/U we need *psychic wanderlust*, *inward* migration, cosmopolitanism of the Cities **1** and **2**.
24. A grace is gratitude, which is always a good thing. “O Lord, bless us and your gifts, which from your bounty we are about to receive.” From your bounty? The unconscious, surely, provides no food. But the *enjoyment* of the food? That’s different. Hence a secular G/U grace, returning at higher altitude, might be: BENEDICTUS BENEDICAT. “May the blessed One give blessing.”
25. One morning, a fisherman found a locked iron chest washed up on the beach. The legend read: THIS CHEST CONTAINS THE GOLD OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE. He tried to open it, but couldn’t pick the lock. He enlisted the help of his neighbours, but they soon gave up. The thing seemed impregnable. Then, at last, a wise woman told him: “*Nosce te ipsum*.” So he spent many, many years in deepest study, learning of himself. Finally, when he had uncovered every one of his darkest truths, he tried once again. The lock thunked open. Inside the chest, there was no gold, just water brimming to the top. On seeing his reflection, the fisherman smiled.



## EGO GENESIS

Let me settle an angry brawl: that of CREATION and CREATIONISM.

To those with opposable thumbs, it is patently clear that myths such as Genesis or that of the Daoist earth-cleaver *P'an-Ku* don't describe the beginning of the physical universe. There is, it goes without saying, far too much evidence to the contrary. Thus, when they dismiss Creationism as blinkered, the Dawkins crowd of clever/shallow atheists are, of course, quite correct. The dinosaurs weren't put there to "test our faith", nor were 3.7-billion-year-old stromatolites left under the ice as a divine in-joke.

Only fools believe such things.

But demonstrating the idiocy of one's opponent is a childish way to "win" an argument. In any debate, the only meaningful standpoint is the one which can explain *everything*, the one that puts the argument to bed in *everyone's* eyes, thus bringing PEACE. In this regard, hard atheism has failed dismally. It's shit. To say "Creation myths are just ancient superstition" is a copout; it explains nothing. The go-to trope of environmental psychology, viz. the propensity of the bushman to read rustling grass as a lion, is entirely beside the point; this fact makes atheists feel clever, nothing more. The good old echo chamber says "Congratulations!" But just because, in certain carefully selected arenas, atheism is  $\mathcal{O}_E$  consistent doesn't make it *useful*.

Psychologically, atheism is weak: it cannot *understand* creationism. The model of the point-source psyche, that is to say, Will as emerging from a single



point, isn't powerful enough. It doesn't have the conceptual capacity to cope with anything dual. That is not to say it *falsifies* duality, of course, but rather that, as a theory, it can't *address* duality. And it doesn't want to: materialism is petrified of myth. Why? Because the symbolism of such stories speak to inner pain, pain buried and long forgotten. Those old stories aren't lies or Iron Age lunacies; they aren't pseudoscientific; they aren't even *proto*-scientific. They are another kettle of fish altogether. We have, in our arrogance, misinterpreted them, assuming, due to our worldview filters, that every theory must be an attempt to explain the *objective* facts of the universe.

In Genesis vs Big Bang, picking a winner is easy, right? But it is the very picking of a winner that's asinine, because, sadly for those who have built careers on fuelling this fight, Genesis vs Big Bang will never yield a victor. Not because of the puerile Creationist claim that every theory is equally valid (that's the last refuge of morons and defeatists), but because Genesis and the Big Bang are models for two completely different things. Who compares a knife and a crow? Who compares a hedge and a clock? Only a fool.<sup>1</sup> Their purposes are different; they are answers to different questions. But to understand and accept this in reference to creation myths, one must understand and accept psychic duality; this requires not only education but *courage*. Young Earthers may well be lacking in the former, yes, but the so-called intellectual elite, occupying the academic high ground, has sweet fuck-all of the latter. It's a far greater crime. Understanding the creationism debate involves vulnerability.

This is a mainstream definition:

*"A creation/cosmogonic myth is a symbolic narrative of how the world began and how people first came to inhabit it."*

Most uncontentious!

Such a statement sits nicely in both scientific and theistic worldviews, and, minus the conscious word "symbolic", into that of creationism. Virtually everyone agrees with the broad structure of such a statement, with the only debate being centred around the precision and efficacy of the tale's symbolism. Creationists take the myth as an exact, literal narrative of how the world began; thoughtful theists take it as an imprecise, symbolic narrative of how the world began; and atheists take it as a deeply flawed, incorrect narrative of how the

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<sup>1</sup>Or perhaps a Zen master of genius.

world began. Those are the options. Rarely does anyone consider the *important* part of that definition, the part that implicitly defines (and ruins) the whole debate. That part is not the word “symbolic”. Needless to say, apples, serpents, sky gods and World Eggs are non-literal and non-physical. But the key isn’t the fact of symbolism, it’s the *object* of that symbolism:

“A creation/cosmogonic myth is a symbolic narrative of  
HOW THE WORLD BEGAN *and how people first came to inhabit it.*”

The subject matter of the stories, broadly and naively unthinkingly accepted to be the world’s beginning, is the uncontentious part. In the creationism debate, everyone can, at least, agree on that: priests, atheists, monks, astrophysicists, policymakers, hellfire preachers, the lot. But this turns out to be the source of all the carnage; what the parties *agree on* is the problem. In fact, non-scientific cosmogonies such as Genesis don’t describe the beginning of the universe *at all*. Not even symbolically. The word “cosmogonic” (from Greek *kosmogonia*, “world begetting”) has been far too bluntly used. Scientifically, the “cosmos” is taken as an objective entity: it is the physical universe as a thing-in-itself.

But that is not its original meaning.



Greek *kosmos* is from *kosmeo*, “to put in order”. Thus *kosmos* isn’t a “world”, but rather an “ordered system”. What is the entity that sets things in order? What rationalises? The mind, of course. Thus *kosmos*, in its original meaning, is effectively “world as rendered in ego”. This is the meaning that applies to Genesis. While theories such as the Big Bang are indeed attempted (if incorrect) descriptions of the birth of the physical universe, creation myths have, in fact, been misnamed and misinterpreted as “cosmogonic”.<sup>2</sup>

They are, in fact, KOSMOGONIC.

The Big Bang tries to describe the birth of the objective *physical universe*; Genesis attempts to describe the birth of the rational *ordering of the world*. The two are chalk and cheese, as different as the moon and the eye that sees it. We (and this “we” goes all the way back to the Bronze Age authors of these

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<sup>2</sup>This is quite separate from the cosmos/Universe distinction which I have made elsewhere in Unity Theory. The point here is that so-called “cosmogonic” myths don’t model either Newton’s cosmos or my Universe. They model the psyche.

tales) have simply, with our psychologically blind take on things, assumed that creation myths are attempted COSMOGONY, which has led us, quite logically, based on those incorrect foundations, to denigrate them as “pseudoscience”.

But they are no such thing.

In fact, creation myths address something much more fundamental, much more relevant to flesh-and-bone existence, much more *frightening* than the safe irrelevances of primordial time. Baryogenesis, that modern antimatter riddle, is abstraction, a playground for theoretical physicists; there is no childhood pain hidden in the equations of spontaneous symmetry breaking; the Planck epoch is quite safe, hence pointless. But Genesis, on the other hand, describes a personal cataclysm of such magnitude, such bewildering, earth-shattering, chasmic destruction, that every one of us feels its aftershocks every single day. Not as cosmic background radiation, not in galactic redshift, but in our *tears*. In anxiety, depression, addiction, sorrow, anguish, confusion, loneliness, hate.

What do creation myths describe?

They describe the dawn of CONSCIOUSNESS.



With regard to this almighty cataclysm, the first awakening that made Homo truly *Sapiens*, objective science is mute. Any analysis of the historical arrival of ego must be inward-looking and subjective, being as it is intimately concerned with the deep life of the individual. There can be no explanations for ego genesis based in objective theory or experiment, which means that our wonderful, overused tool *science* has little to say on the subject. The birth of ego consciousness is—as Jung knew, he did almighty work here—best addressed with a study, and not an academic but a hands-on get-one’s-heart-dirty study, of religion, symbol, and myth. All of these, sadly, hold horror for the modern science-blinded West.

Hence the need for renewed courage.

DUALITY is the human condition; mere *existence* is not. There is nothing psychically difficult in existing—hamsters do it perfectly well—but rather in existing as an abstract concept birthed, and therefore partially separated, from the unconscious. Existing as an orphan, bereft. “To be or not to be”, Hamlet asked, but the Dane’s quandary wasn’t his *presence* on the world stage. That’s how he framed his answer, yes, but the riddle he had to solve was in the specific

*part* he was playing: a being divided, a boy in two minds. It isn't the mere fact of being alive that's problematic, it's the turmoil of **2** juxtaposed with **1**. It's not just consciousness, it's the *division* inherent in it, the dual nature of being. And, of the two births, COSMOS or CONSCIOUSNESS, which is more important? Which event has more relevance to us? Which will help us with the deep task of reconciliation: the making of spacetime or the making of the ego? The birth of matter or the birth of the human condition? The events of 13.8 billion years ago<sup>3</sup> or of 4004 BC?

There is no contest.

How telling it is that the latter doesn't even have a scientific *name*. The momentous, apocalyptic, brutal event that was the first splitting of the human psyche is, as far as our culture goes, a non-event. In popular awareness, it doesn't even exist. Who has ever heard of the Birth of Consciousness? Or the Dawn of Ego? The cataclysm of all cataclysms is now a piece of historical fluff: unnamed, therefore *unmentionable*. It is never taught, never questioned, never broached, never thought about except by the few. Yet it is, without a shadow of a doubt, the most significant event in all of human history. Next to conscious *humanity*, what is the wheel? What is fire? What is agriculture? What is the Industrial Revolution? What is the combustion engine? What is the internet? What are all those Great Leaps Forward? They're just subplots, afterthoughts, nothings much. The moment of creation, the very birth of Being, the dawn of "I" is what makes us us. EGO GENESIS, to give the thing a name, matters far more than the Big Bang.

This is why we need myths.

Myths are attempts, necessarily imperfect, to address the *real* problems. There are rational-objective theories of consciousness, yes, but, *a priori*, they have no recognition of duality, and are, therefore, useless. How does Attention Schema Theory help a teenager whose world has cracked in two? How does the neurological continuum from hominid to human, condensed into evolutionary psychology, help the middle-aged man whose once-lovely marriage feels like a plastic puppet-show? How does Darwinism help the girl who can't even cry because she's forgotten how to? It doesn't. In the business of authenticity, none

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<sup>3</sup>Since writing the first draft of this book, I have realised that the Big Bang didn't happen at all. However, that being a fact of the coming of the physical cosmos, the distinction isn't relevant to this book. Hence, I leave the Big Bang up as the simplest straw man.

of them do. Darwinism and astrophysics are correct as far as they go, of course, but they don't help, unlike myth. Unlike that which speaks not just *of* but *to* division. Yet, alas, myth is banned, excommunicated, cast out with the other irrational lepers. It doesn't fit with the point-person dream. Thus the midlifers, the suicide risks, the addicts of the meth generation can find no assistance, not in religion, nor in science.

And spiders weave black webs inside.

What does the West have to offer? Models of thought? Office life? CBT? *Nothing!* Sticking plasters and closed eyes. This is why the drugged young can't bring themselves to live. This is why many seek to degrade the pure, to seek the dark, to equalise the mismatch. Medicine is a miraculous bandage, yes, but it can only *save* lives, it can't *make* them. A physical hole in the heart is one thing, a metaphorical one is another; both are killers. But the West implicitly denies the latter problem. The nature of the psyche is simply ignored. We never hear of it, except post hoc: "She was a little distant, I suppose." This is the very first age of civilisation, the very first culture in the history of self-awareness in which the primordial splitting of the psyche, the apocalyptic provenance of every single one of us, remains unaddressed.

What an appalling accolade.

Hundreds of thousands of human years of simple unconsciousness (not to mention the mammalian millions, nor the protozoan billions) gave way to perhaps six thousand years of ego coping with ego. The West grew from its Bronze Age infancy into the first flush of antiquity, through the retrogressive, heroic years of the Dark and Middle Ages, through the conscious adulthood of the Renaissance, through the calcification of the Age of Enlightenment, until, in the modern era, it seized world-control, and became *The Patriarch*. Now it has reached midlife, and, like its microcosmic, archetypal White Men, is certain that it has come of age. The West thinks it has *answers*. But, in fact, it has none: it has bitten the hand that has always fed it.

"Myth? *Pah!* Superstition for weaklings!"

And so, those things, e.g. Genesis, that have always taught us of division are the very things that each of our worldviews feels compelled to dismiss out of hand. The red-gowned bastions of the Vatican can't think psychologically, because to admit that Genesis addresses division in the mind is to relegate God to mere psychology, and the Pope to what he should be, which is a humble

servant. Likewise, science fears the coming of *any* understanding, because to understand creation myths is to recognise duality. How else can one read the endless partings of Sky Fathers and Earth Mothers? Or the splittings of golden wombs? Or the crackings of World Eggs? Or, for that matter, Genesis?

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”

We need to clarify the debate.



Consider *hominid consciousness*.

What does it mean? What is it to be this thing “conscious”? Is it enough to think? For our current usage, no: that standard isn’t high enough. A chimp thinks; it has tool use, language, social skills; in other words, it has cognition. Plenty of it, indeed. Chimps scheme: personality, jealousy, friendship, hate. But, for all its neural mastery, can a chimp think about thinking? No, at least, not on our scale. A chimp isn’t aware of its psyche; a human child isn’t either, nor is a simple-minded adult, nor A.I., nor a drunkard. Such beings think, yes, often to high levels of complexity, but they cannot step back from those thoughts; they are “conscious” in the sense of non-comatose, but don’t *witness* their thoughts. They *are* their thoughts. But ego consciousness, which is the condition, is more than that; it is METACOGNITION, witnessed thinking.

Thinking helically, we need new language, seeing as “conscious” is a diluted term. Given that egoic self-awareness lies in the “meta” of metacognition, I’ll designate the chimp level (simple *cognition*) as META-0, involving as it does no meta, no “cognition of cognition”. Then the next level up, a self-aware human witnessing thought, is META-1, which is first-level *metacognition*. A thought such as “This car is red” is Meta-0, whereas “I’m finding this silence awkward” is Meta-1. Both are thoughts: the difference is the topic. A Meta-1 thought concerns a Meta-0 thought, a Meta-0 thought concerns something external.

Bible-Belt creationists of the “I ain’t descended from a monkey” school are Meta-0. Their cognition is simple cognition. They don’t see Genesis as a human idea, they see it as revelation from an external God, thus as an axiomatic fact. As far as they are concerned (which is all that is relevant here) they are considering an externality. They are, therefore, no more conscious than the monkeys they claim so vociferously not to be descended from. It is this similarity, of course, that causes the angst. No one screams “I ain’t descended from a protozoan!”

And the Dawkinsians? Well, the atheistic crusaders are thinking at Meta-1. They are smarter than their chosen foes, yes, but their worldview, supposedly “enlightened”, denies them the opportunity to see Genesis as anything more than a Meta-0 thought. They read it every bit as stupidly as the Young Earthers do. Psychic duality is beyond them, hamstrung as they are by their fear of the deep, so they are forced to take Genesis as physical cosmogony, rather than as psychological myth. And, with those erroneous grounds assumed, they are safe, free to destroy creationism with home-field advantage. This, naturally, they have no problem doing.

But the whole thing is so misguided. Genesis isn’t shit primordial physics. In fact, it isn’t primordial physics at all. It isn’t Meta-0, it’s Meta-1. Genesis, unbeknownst to both its proponents and opponents, isn’t a tale of the first man, it’s an autobiography of self-awareness. To analyse the cosmos is Meta-0, but to analyse the *kosmos* is Meta-1. Genesis is no proto-cosmology; it’s primordial psychology. Alas, this reality has escaped and continues to escape both sides; the reason for the acridity of the creation debate is that *neither* side is thinking on the requisite level. To see Genesis correctly as a Meta-1 theory, we must engage in *metametacognition*, i.e. we must be thinking at Meta-2. Only from this altitude can we see the overarching schema encompassing both views. Creationism is Meta-0, atheism and Genesis are Meta-1, which means that Meta-2 is the lowest level at which productive debate can occur.

Hence all the tantrums.



It’s 4004 BCE, once upon a time.

Somewhere in the Fertile Crescent, a tribe of nomadic primates is busy harvesting dates from a riverside palm grove. From the West, a gust of wind sends dust devils dancing away across the earth. Goats complain at the sun’s heat, but their studious handlers are silent. Old Shamash told the troop they would find a great many dates by the Winter River, and many dates there are, so, for now, there is nothing that needs to be said. The old ones are sleeping in the shade of a hawthorn, the Chief is still bleeding from last night’s fight, and the date-skins of the rest of the tribe are filling with a long slow certainty.

The world, it seems, is simple.

There is thought, yes, but no more than that.



It's easy enough to imagine such a way of being. We only need think of a state of flow; immersion in song, dance, food; the rolling, rhythmic eternity of sex. We're well accustomed to sinking back, glass of *eau de vie* in hand, into that sea of Meta-0 oneness. Such idyllic innocence is, after all, what we're all searching for. And we aren't fools for dreaming: such states exist.

But, although we all have extensive experience of such pure, existential being, it's hard to think of such an endless sea in the absence of islands from which to observe it. How does one picture the vastness of space without stars or planets to give it scale? How does one imagine the darkness of night, unless by way of comparison with day? Until there is matter to border a vacuum, not even the vacuum exists. Nevertheless, if we are to find it, we *must* imagine such a state. It's no good trying to set a broken bone without knowing the straight shape of an unbroken one.

So we must go back to the source—EGO GENESIS—and feel the dreadful, wonderful curse that is the turning of the helix. As for Frodo in the modern myth: salvation lies in the fiery chasm. For heroic, Western hearts, the human condition must be faced head-on, and the dawning of ego, both historical and youthful, is the critical moment. Before it, there was only the singularity of a flock of many thought-birds. There was no meta-logic, no under-standing, no ex-planation, no con-sciousness of ex-perience, no past, no future, just an endless present of disparate moments.

Comings, goings, uncomings, ungoings.



The sky is a cloudless haze, and the day broods heavy at the nape of your neck. Sweat makes its slow trickle; the rocks underfoot know. This, that, me, you; it makes no difference. Days aren't days. Yet, on this one, unmarked as all the rest, there's a *weight* somewhere. There's a mass, a movement, a mood in the hills. It has grown with the turn of the years, never seen, never heard, like the snake that takes the newborn. And you've felt it as such, prowling, slithering, but, while the strangeness has moved before, nothing has ever come of the sense.

The snake has always slipped away.

This time, however, the dates stay heavy.



Old Shamash sleeps, hidden by a branch.

A crow swoops; a falcon moves higher.

Mixed with the rattle of crickets, thunder creaks faintly.

Your head snaps around.

Where is it?

*Where?*

But the day is sleeping, hot as ever.

The sky is a lake-sky, rippling still.

And so you return to the date-stems, calm, simple once again. Time laps unseen, as waves on a moonless beach, unmarked. But the sound comes again. Again, your ears prick—*lions? wolves?*—but the thoughts hit stone to bounce back cold. That sound isn't animal. It's a cave sound, a hole sound, a rock-in-a-well sound; it's a roaring of waves, a torrent of blue, a wind from every direction at once. But all around, in the dusty still, the others keep picking.

There's a clink-splash of unseen water.

Inside?

*What?*

And time skips, not that you know it.

The world grows brighter.

There is leaf noise, sky noise, a humming like insects.

Then sight joins the maelstrom.

You see a turquoise fish, long as an ox, swim through the wind beside the tree. You blink, blink, *blink*, but there is no attempt to make sense of it. There is no "you" with which to make sense. There is only fang-pain, and that terrible *brightness*; the sun shouts; the air folds back. The others fade out to flies in a whirlwind, and the fish dives down through the sand.

You pick another date, but not to feel normal.

There is no such thing.

There is only existence, unseen by existence.

You pick another date, because you do.

The branch bends, and snaps away.

The tree quivers.

Dizzy, you take a bite, and...

*...thunk.*

Somehow, with a shimmering lift, with a wrenching twist of what was once strong, you turn, blink, see, and, staggering back, *become*. The eyelids of the world flicker up, and everything spins to its reverse. Farness, that high eagle, that dweller in the outside, rushes in, and cleaves a ravine; its talons cut. The world splits like summer clay: rock from rock, eye from eye. There's a crack where there was nothing to crack. And night floods in like a swarm of bats. There are now *two* places, where once there was one.

*You* are the mouth that eats the fruit.

*You* are the witness, the taster of dates.

*You* are the hand that grasps the tree.

*You* are the ghost in the mountain lake.

And, suddenly, everything **is**: sticky fingers, lichen-rock, middle earth, cavern sky. So you stand, one foot either side of the morass, and swallow a howl. Somehow, that cry still cries, but in silence. Then all the fear comes. Fear as of the one that comes in the dark, wolf-bite, storm-flash, all of it for a far more terrible thing: the floodless flood, the lightless light, the you/world which was always you-world.

The black python has returned your little one—her eyes are bright with laughter once again—and placed a shadow, voidsome, ghoulis, inside your breast, where it cries and cries. There are walls now: something has built a house. No longer full, but *filled*, emptily. With you, with this, with all of this. And—oh, how can it be?—this “inside-shelter” is empty of them. The rest. Those things that once lived in you as thoughts, as pieces of sameness, are no longer so. Suddenly, they're *out there*, beyond the grey river. They're picking dates, dull as puddles. But you, rocking, head in hands, are somewhere else, asking yourself (asking yourself?) a gang of questions that make no sound.

Noiseless, you can hear words.

Do the rest know? Do they hear it?

No. They can't. You know they can't.

Their faces remain as yesterday's faces.

Blank-eyed, like beasts.

Later, hours deep into the time of light (*time?* what is this wind? this malice?) their date-skins are brimming, but yours is empty. What

is food compared to this brightness? What is shelter compared to this thought-house? Nothing. The longest winter is nothing. You slump to your knees in the burning scrub, and your fingers tremble with joy and horror. But then the Chief barks, and the troop is leaving, making for home in the lee of the hill. Someone—yes, someone, one of those thoughts that are no longer thoughts but people, *people!*—picks up Old Shamash; the children move. You wait, clinging to the roughness of the trunk, but they turn and come back snapping.

And, eventually, you've no choice but to follow.

On the walk, you hide your face.

But, back at the old rock circle, when it comes to time to share, you can't disguise your empty date-skin. The other out-walkers, the "bodies become", have hundreds each, juicy and thick. Mura, good Mura tries to hand you some of hers, but, though your left hand reaches out, your head shakes no, and, with the right, you push her away. You don't know why. You don't know of "why". All you know is: it hurts in a new place; it hurts where the snake took your little one.

Your uncle thrusts out his hand, and there's nowhere to look.

"The skin is empty," you say.

And, when they see your betrayal, your *theft*, your uncle and mother sharpen animal lids. "Lake-eye," they spit, as they do. Not Ehyeh (for that is your given name), but "Lake-eye", the seer of the underside. They make the sign of a watcher of water. And, divided, split like chaff, you have no reply. Your family march you stumbling to the Chief, who throws you down in front of the gang. Then, as Old Shamash hoots with laughter, you lie still, mute as a river-smooth stone, and the Chief thrashes you bloody. In the end it's Mura who picks you up, throws your arm over her shoulder, and drags you out, beyond the treeline.

Thus it happens that you bury your secret.

Many, many long nights pass.

You forage for food, hidden from the hissed rage, and, lost in a welter of sudden parts, you do your time, sleeping in the old caves. There are walls of rock, and walls of smoke. Bones, so many bones.

You stay lonesome, solitary, but never quite solitary. Everything has a *witness*. You sit next to you. Even in silence, you can hear. And, all the while, the stars mourn. Again and again, as the seasons turn, you try to fit your world back together, to stitch sky and earth like cowhide, but, every time, the wound refuses. Somehow, the seam always splits again, and the scab is worse for having started to knit. So, autumn drifts to winter. There are moments of peace, yes, moments in the hunt, moments when action brings the balm of simplicity, but, when the night is calm again, there is always an abscess, a hole at the centre.

After some years, you no longer weep.

Then, as your shoulders broaden, you start to see: grain growing where none grows, date-saplings sprouting where none sprout. You build a tall shelter, away in the hills, and raise good fruit. You know, somehow. Every so often, a young one visits. A wild one. Coming in secret, they never call you Ehyeh, just Lake-eye. Some speak, some frown, some smile, but you keep your silence.

Then, when the plants are wilted with drought, when all the figs but yours are shrivelled, the Chief dies of the dark fever. His son, not knowing where else to turn, brings you back to the rock circle. Mura's daughter gives you eggs. And, though the sky still screams, you take your place beside the fire. They don't understand you, the rest of the tribe, but that doesn't matter: you know where to sow; you know when to reap.

So the seasons drift.

A few times, when loneliness bites, you try to tell the others. You talk of the cave, the cave within. But it does no good. The firelit faces stay as bestial as ever, and there is nothing to be said of the deep cut. They listen, yes, but no one hears. The words soak away like rain on turned earth. And, with the passing of moons, the silences between such attempts stretch, until, at last, they join together as a sea rising to swallow the land, and you hold your tongue once more. There seems to be no need of it. There is nothing to be said that is not of the secret, nothing to be thought that is not of these "thoughts", but, though their eyes are open, you know that none of them see.

Good Mura dies.

And thus it continues.

Crumbling down, aging, ever aging.

Sometimes, inside, you feel the wind's bite, and rage against your lonely fate, but there's always some part, some thoughtless thought that refuses to let you drop the sky. The bright torch, the inner sun, burns your hand, yet on you trudge, summer, winter, summer, winter, until, at last, as the seasons blur, you feel the coming of darkness.

Rest.

Bent beneath the weight of your long crusade, you sit in front of the fire, apart as ever, and watch your siblings' children's children bring the fruit in from the groves. Mura's great-grandson kneels in front of you—he looks paler than usual, you think—and his date-skin slips from trembling fingers.

*Empty.*

And it's then, deep in the shadow, that you see it.

The ghost in the mountain lake.

You see it in his helpless look, in his blinking, desperate stare. There are unshed tears straining fatly at his lashes. You see them, and you know. You *know*. This boy, quavering, thin as a stick, squatting on his haunches beside the fire, is no longer a beast. Behind the frail, dark circles of his eyes, there is another place. His sky is broken. It's there, right there, glittering on his cheeks, guttering like just-lit bark. His world is split, as yours once split. He is alone, as you are alone. He *sees*, yes, as you have seen.

*This* is the moment for which you have lived.

*This* is the end for which you have wept.

And so, summoning the last of the strength in worn muscles that were once so bold, you rise, as you haven't done in years. Dark-lit, you creak to standing, the oldest of the old ones. Your great-grandnephew gasps, stumbling back towards the fire, and the tribe falls silent. In the hush, heads turn like sunflowers, but you ignore them. They don't matter.

Nothing does but *him*.

You fix your gaze on the quaking boy, whose face is a rabbit's next to a fox, and you sway like grass before the north wind. Your

niece leaps to help you down, but you sweep her aside. You know full well this effort will kill you, you whose bones are close to dust, but that is nothing. Fate is calling. Your secret will not die with you. Your secret *must* not die with you. “In the darkness...” you say, in a twig-dry croak.

And there are whispers in the firelight: “Ehyeh, Ehyeh!”

“...there is *light*.”

The boy’s empty date-skin thunks to the dust.

“This day,” you say, piercing the child’s deeps, “is not the dark. It is *born* of the dark. Sky above, earth below. Inside, where there was nothing, is sun. Farness.” You pause. Then, as a zephyr throws sparks from the fire, you follow the you-thread back to its source, and remember the day your aeon began. You search on both sides of the world-divide, dredging for every tear you collected, and it all comes back through the mire.

The rock circle holds its breath.

“There are two trees,” you say, gesturing at the silent tribe, whose jaws are slack, full of fig and disbelief. “One is a tree whose dates hang thick. It is the tree of old summer, the tree which has no seed. But the other?” Your gaze returns to the boy. “The other is the tree of *distance*. It is the tree that holds up the sky.”

“Old one...” a cousin says, in from the fire dark.

But you growl, “Quiet, ox.” And your eyes remain.

Another lull descends.

“Those,” you go on, “who eat from the second tree move. They fly. They go into the stars.” You smile at the boy’s silent tears. “And they are more than afraid.”

He swallows, blinking.

You close your eyes, shuddering with memory. “Afraid, yes.” And you almost slump, but then you clench your fists, and raise your aged voice to a screech. It hurts, yes, everything hurts, the winds of winter are in your lungs, but that changes nothing. All that matters is the boy, *the boy*. “But!” you cry, “the one who eats from the tree of distance is an old one, for he sees as the crow sees, he sees as the owl sees. And, though he is gored, though he is scorpion-bitten, he also becomes as

the stars looking down. And, when strangers come, brothers alike, he *knows* them. He, the one who eats in the distance, knows the dog from the wolf. He is to be the leader.”

“Who is?” someone asks.

You look down. “This boy.”

There are whispers. “But...”

“Yes.” Your legs are shaking now. “He is Adam, a man, a cavern: the one who is to carry the sky. The maker of fire and firestones. I am old now, my bones are breaking, but, through him, I will be as I will be. *Ehyeh asher ehyeh*. And, when the jackals circle, he will protect you, as I have.”

Then one knee buckles, and everything lurches.

Down, down.

The boy Adam cries out, and throws himself. He catches you in his youngling’s hands, strong, soft, and guides you in against his chest. A black wave rises, curling to break, but then you feel his heartbeat, strong at your ear, and heave another breath. The chasm that broke you yawns again, but his love is winding like a silver snake, side to side, side to side, and the walls hold their closing. “I return,” you say, “I return to the first. To my mother’s garden.”

His voice becomes choked. “Don’t go, don’t go.”

But the quiet is calling. “I must.”

“No, no!” the boy pleads. “What do I do?”

“Carry the sky.”

“I can’t,” he weeps, “please, *please*.”

It’s then you reach up with a blind man’s hand, and touch his cheek. There is no sight, just a storm of layers. “Adam,” you murmur, pressed to his ear, “this thing is your weight. This stone that sits upon your shoulders is yours, and yours alone. You must carry it into the hills, to the place where dogs howl. You must carry it, as I have.” A cough rattles, but the words keep coming. “You cannot go back.” Barely a whisper. “The grass, that grass is full of snakes. That gentle field beside the house is gone. You must carry the sky.”

Tearful, he shakes his head. “It’s too heavy.”

“No!” you snap. “Your shoulders are strong. And your heart is

stronger. If you, you who have seen the distance, give up the sky, then all is pestilence. Dark fever. Drowning. Your daughters will drown." You sigh, remembering the years of toil, and nestle deeper. His young body is a mother's embrace.

But still the words come, drifting like sea-rain.

"Many times," you shiver, "you will wish you were one. Dead, suckling the roots of the first tree. But, my boy, you are not night, you are not the face of the deep. Nor are you light. Instead, you are to *bear* the light."

"I will try," he says, weeping, "I will try."

"Fight, don't fight," you whisper.

"I . . ."

And, at last, the chasm closes.

You, the old one, make your return.

And, after your fireside passing, after the day that changed the world, the boy you named as man, Adam, carries your words for the rest of his days. As he leads the tribe through drought and fire he clings to your words, he nurtures them, he fashions them. He *worships* them. Because, on the day his own aeon started, they were his saviour. *You* were his saviour. And your long-borne secret, murmured in terms you couldn't have hoped to understand, saved his life.



So the HELIX turns.

Some lonely years later, he teaches two more, a boy and a girl, to carry the scintilla, to be bearers of the soul-spark. They teach five of their children between them. Five becomes eight, and so it goes. Wings beget wings, and the thread of consciousness winds its way across the plains. And every time some wizened face tells the tale, the tale tells itself and more. It grows lovelier, stronger, truer, more powerful. Until the story is common knowledge, a song of songs, a song of the people, and an elder sings it every night. Many just listen, enjoying the sounds, lost in the fire-flicker, but others *hear*, night after night, and are changed.

Generations later, it is no longer a salve. Now, it has become a *tool*. An active chisel for raising the sky. And its very form dictates the shape of its sons.



Its roots find particular fissures, psychic cracks the right size for its thrusts, and opens them wider. Thus, it becomes not a tale of some old creation, but, instead, a *creating story*. It makes people. It literally *makes* people. Its images define its products, and its products define a culture. In time, every neighbouring tribe knows the story, and consciousness floods away from its centre. The myth, in mimicking the process by which a human becomes self-aware, primes the pathways, coaxes them into life, builds them up through mirror-practice, and, in the end, engenders itself. Under its guidance, the sparks of self-awareness catch in a thousand places. Ehyeh's tale becomes a grandparent, and its children are the new breed.

Then, many years later, a scribe writes the story:

In the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the ghost of Ehyeh moved upon the face of the waters. And Ehyeh said, "Let there be light"; and there was light. Then He divided the light from the darkness. And Ehyeh called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. Then He said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." And He did so, dividing above from below.'

This was the fate of the genius who awoke in pain beneath the date palms. To be absorbed, turned into God, and forgotten. To become an uncelebrated no one. Which, in the end, is the fate of the *truest* prophets. Such is the anonymity of genius. As Laozi, the (anonymous) Old Master, said "When no credit is taken, accomplishment endures." Once all the bottles are open, who needs a bottle-opener? It is, in fact, the very *greatest* stories whose authors disappear thus. Such tales become culture, the property of those who love them, to be used, cherished, mangled and laughed at. Then rediscovered. Creation myths are the autobiographies of ancestral proto-egos. They still exist, not as memory, but as the very structure of the psyche.



Genesis birthed the modern West. Where it no longer has meaning, that is due to its *success*. Yet, despite that success, there are many who are yet to tread

the path from Meta-0 to Meta-1. Such a thing is hard. A full 38% of adults in the USA believe, in spite of overwhelming evidence, in the literal truth of Creation. Creationists aren't aware of ego-G/U duality. Thus, for them, Genesis chimes loudly, because, as a "Meta-0 to Meta-1" transition story, it remains the right medicine, albeit so out of date as to be almost useless. There's nothing more modern available, however, because modernity denies the issue outright. To the fortunate educated—those blessed/burdened with high consciousness—kosmogonic myths are obsolete, yes, but Genesis remains true for many. In intelligence, there is no reason to suspect that the 38th percentile of the twenty-first century is higher than the 99th of the early Bronze Age. So we see that both sides of the Creationism argument are, on their own levels, speaking truth. That's why the argument rages.

So, our task is to *raise the level*.

Reading Genesis as ancient psychology not only brokers a ceasefire, it also shows the structure of our modern problem. At Meta-2, creation mythology becomes not an academic quirk but a living description of the birthing of the intellect of today. And that demands our attention. Ehyeh's split is our split; the great division occurs in the life of every self-aware human. Many of us, perhaps most, exist at Meta-1. But, in the modern world, that fateful transition "Meta-0 to Meta-1" happens unsupervised. That is our tragic cultural flaw. When we stumble back as desperate Adams, reeling from the lifting of the psychic sky, there is hardly a Lake-eye to save us. Almost invariably, no one explains. In a childhood Eden, *distance* grows; a mood settles on the far hills, black vapour. Knowledge collects inside. Until, one day, the heart-cyst bursts. It bursts in an explosion of lucidity and terror. For a time, all is sweet fire and radiance; glass within glittering glass. But the light is too much. It's too bright. Too showing. Then comes the flinch, the quiet shutting-off, the emptiness, the slow shrinking back, the any-drugged teen facade. And, in the end, without help or healing, there is only *Torschlusspanik*, that long mourning at the gravestone of youth. This is how the Meta-1 arrives now, sneaking into bedrooms, killing unseen.

The helix turns in wilful silence.

The fallout of this hush-hush catastrophe is ever-present: booze, opioids, silence, armour, body-shame, greed, suicide, meth. No one mentions the sudden turning-in, the sight of the ghost in the mountain lake, the sudden revelation

of “subject seeing object”. No one ever mentions the chasm inside. This is the abject state of things. And it is the most virtuous, the most “loving” of parents, by the virtuous blindness of that very “love”, that lack the dark language to talk of such things. Without reference to depth, to division, to exile, there can be no hope. What good is politeness? What good is success? What good is white science? Only *dark* images can heal the darkness. Thus addiction, the mistaken filling of the vacuum, strikes in the gentlest, brightest place. It takes the good child, the unabused child, the cared-for child, the adored child. Why? Because all the trappings of modern bliss, the germless surfaces, the glistening cars, do nothing for the HUMAN CONDITION.

They paint over the cracks, nothing more.

We have, post-religion, failed to heed the lesson of Genesis. We’ve long been content to pick the *fruits* of consciousness—science, medicine, pleasure, tech—but we haven’t tended to the tree itself. We’ve fed it rocket-fuel fertiliser, yes; we’ve tied it back, pruned it, and propped it up, all to persuade it to bear more blooms, but we haven’t tended to the *roots*. It has grown so tall, so strong, so fast that it doesn’t suit us to remember the origin, the seedling days of our extraordinary gift. We don’t remember what we’ve each been through. Fucking *trials*, man! Trials many have failed. So, we’d rather forget, imagining ourselves fully formed: invincible islands in an empty sea.

But that is a pipe dream.

And the old attitude of initiation—“well, *I* survived it”—comes back to bite us not in some corner of dusty academia, not in Religion vs Science, but in loveless marriages and teenage hate. In once-bright smiles ravaged by crack. In suicide and rape. And we are all complicit. We, as the ones who make up and profit from our culture. We are all, as long as we do nothing, complicit. Face it. The journey to adulthood is psychic prehistory in microcosm, and it is savage. From *australopithecus*, *habilis*, *erectus*, *heidelbergensis*, *sapiens*, to, at last, *dividuus*. Ego genesis is the making of exile. While there is no original sin, there sure as hell is an original WOUND. A separation not merely from love, but from the very apparatus of love.

This is the battle we pretend we’ve never fought.

It’s easier to forget than fight again.

So, the question Creationism presents the educated with is this: What is our goal as human beings? Is it to persuade? To convert? To win over? To

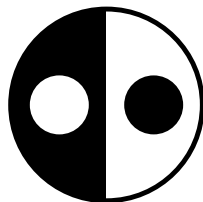
establish the primacy of rationality? To crush out mysticism? To defeat the unknown? No! No! A thousand times no! All joy, all love, all meaning lies there! The UNKNOWN is the source of all bliss! The task is not to overcome faith but to *update* it, to move to a higher level of consciousness. Meta-2 and heavenwards! We all want that, of course—to be as conscious as we can be—but to do so, we each have to carry the sky. We have to face our shadows. And such a task, as we know, is not without pain and horror. But there is more nobility in a single second of genuine consciousness than there is in a lifetime of so-called success, if that success comes at the cost of inner truth. Find your cross, as they say in the Orthodox Church, and carry it.



The task offers no riches, of course, no accolades, no celebrity.

It offers only Lake-eye's dying breath.

But just imagine going out on *those* terms!



## THE META LEVELS

Humanity is hunched beneath a glass ceiling.

Meta-2, that is, awareness not only of psyche but psychology, remains an esoteric skill. Many think at Meta-1 about Meta-0 cognition, but few think at Meta-2 about Meta-1 metacognition. This is a problem. Meta-1 consciousness, now that it has disposed of the naive God, lacks the means to address psychic duality. The ancient juxtaposition of human and external deity, which requires Meta-1 thinking for its acceptance, but thereafter only Meta-0 thought for its sustenance, is no longer rationally tenable, yet its higher-altitude replacement, GOD IS IN THE UNCONSCIOUS, which is Meta-1 in itself, can only be taken on at minimum Meta-2. This higher level, psychological thinking, is, for most, ruled out by deep cultural suspicion.

Consider an analogy from chemistry.

The input of energy required to initiate a chemical process such as burning is known as the *activation energy*. A spark, for example, provides the activation energy to ignite methane, which, thereafter, burns by itself. The initial energy required to kick-start the reaction is often higher than the self-sustaining level that keeps the reaction going thereafter. Likewise, initial conceptualisation, viz. the construction of concepts, requires a (much) higher level of consciousness than subsequent use of those same concepts. Just as with toasters, boilers, cars, and just about anything else you care to mention, it takes more nous to *build* concepts than it does to *maintain* them.

The same is true of the God-concept. The development of a Meta-0 deity such as Yahweh required (historically) and requires (now) an activation level of Meta-1 self-awareness: the need for a God is based in a sense of subject/object division. But the Meta levels are rarely permanent: one doesn't achieve Meta-1 and henceforth stay there. Once the God-concept is built, a naively religious person can identify wholly with ego, and, following such Meta-1 activation, slip back into simple, dogmatic Meta-0 cognition, with the shadow projected externally as God. Meta-1 consciousness, the higher activation threshold, is followed by Meta-0 conceptualisation of duality.<sup>1</sup>

Now, to the higher altitude equivalent.

The construction of G/U as a conceptual framework requires thinking at Meta-2. For the initiation of such a psychological consideration of duality, one must consider and understand the statement "God is in the unconscious". This requires significant activation energy: Meta-2 consciousness. But, as soon as a conceptual framework is *established*, the model can run on a lower level; we no longer need constant metacognition. Indeed, we don't want such a thing. We want to unify at Meta-1, and subsequently reach Meta-0. In the HELIX, once all thoughts are self-aware, there is no longer any division between ego and unconscious, and the baseline is reset. This brings the "childlike" nature of wisdom described in Daoism.

Total Meta-1 consciousness is, in the end, Meta-0 consciousness.

But to achieve this total Meta-1 consciousness, we require *activation* at Meta-2. And this is the trouble. Our egoic Meta-1 worldview has become so "complete", so hubristic, that Meta-0 deity has become unworkable. We have had to kill GOD 2.0. Yet very few are capable of taking *the next step*, that is to say, generating the Meta-2 activation consciousness required to decide to construct pictures of the **1** and the **2**. Indeed, there is no general recognition that such higher consciousness is even *possible*, because to talk of it, one must have it. Even to address the idea of the Meta levels, a mind must appreciate the difference between cognition and metacognition, which requires thinking at minimum Meta-2, and, while the culture of the White Man is happy for its people to be first-level self-aware, it doesn't want more, because such thinking means coming face-to-face with... God.

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<sup>1</sup>This slipping back into lower levels of cognition is *hypostatizing* or *reification*, which, as I have explained elsewhere, is the Western error in a nutshell.

And there's the Catch-22.

A high  $\mathcal{O}_T$  relationship with G/U requires activation at Meta-2, activation at Meta-2 requires clarity of mind, clarity of mind requires transparency, and transparency requires a high  $\mathcal{O}_T$  relationship with G/U. Hence the glass ceiling. The question is, how do we *break* it? How do we break the cycle of ignorance? That's what heroes are for. We follow the airline adage: "Fit your own mask before helping others." In {G/U, ego, soul, Self}, we already have a robust model for God, so the next task, for minnows convinced of the Ocean, is to understand psychic ALTITUDE. We need to know where we're going. While higher consciousness isn't *sufficient* for the attainment of wisdom (just think of Moriarty as opposed to Holmes), it is, post-religion, *necessary*.



The scar tissue of the HUMAN CONDITION is at the Meta-1 level, because the ego is, by definition, metacognisant. The ego consists of those psychic contents which are *witnessed within*; the ego, indeed, is exactly such a witnessing; it is a concept of the mind, formed in the mind. So the archipelago of separated islands is, in fact, a Meta-1 archipelago. Thus all transcendent thoughts and actions, those which engender  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$ , must function at (a minimum of) the Meta-1 level. Drunken Meta-0, the "ignorant bliss" of addicts and louts, is not transcendent: consciousness has no part in it. Soulfulness is symmetric, it involves *self-awareness*. So the meaningful thoughts and actions that are essential to living as an individual are soulish, Meta-1 actions. In the ego desert, in the land of dry Meta-1 self-awareness, soul is the water that sustains, the *sine qua non* of spiritual survival.

In a desert, how does one find an oasis?

Well, a desert is 2D: it is a planar subset of 3D space. And sources of drinking water are likewise planar: puddles, rivers and springs are ground level. Thus, other than by just happening to stumble on some, a human has no way of finding water, because a human cannot see the plane from within it. The 2D desert surface can be viewed in its entirety only from a *third* dimension, that is to say, with the aid of e.g. a drone or a satellite. With such an eye in the sky, finding a waterhole becomes simple. The planar desert can keep no secrets from something which has access to a higher dimension.

From a bird's-eye view, all is revealed.

The INDIVIDUAL's life is one long mistake.

We're forever losing our way, forgetting ourselves, wandering off into the desert of ego. And yes, by such errors, we learn. But blundering around at ground-level, stumbling from dune to dune, it takes decades of Meta-1 trial and error to a picture of what is soulful and what isn't. Without perspective, it is so much harder to win clarity of mind. Without Meta-2, it is virtually impossible to tell the difference between the hedonic Meta-1 mirage of  $+$   $(-)$   $+$  and the real thing, *eudaimonia*, that which brings bliss to the soul. Without higher-level psychological differentiation, the two feel the same: "good". But, with psychic altitude, the learning process multiplies exponentially. Just a single journey to altitude, just a single foray into Meta-2 space can reveal the entire Meta-1 desert.



An example: the CAVEAT. This is the technique of placing an expression such as "I think", "I believe", or "I find" before a statement, either inner or outer, of opinion, thereby turning Meta-0 opinion into Meta-1 transcendence. So, a thought like "men are slimy" becomes "I find men slimy", and is no longer a useless gripe about men, but is, instead, a self-examinatory statement. It is a revelation about the speaker's psyche. The former is Meta-0 opinion, and does nothing for its speaker, whereas the latter is personal truth. Such a raising of level is the hallmark of genius. But it is only possible for a human being to *maintain* such a tactic, bombarded with consumerist tripe as we are, by seeing the tactic's value at a conscious level. This requires an altitude greater than that of the tactic itself. Only at Meta-2, that is to say, with a consideration of transcendent psychology, can a commitment to Meta-1 consciousness be *seen* as beneficial. Thus, higher-level strategising is needed.

In his autobiography, Benjamin Franklin said:

"I made it a Rule to forbear ... the Use of every Word or Expression in the Language that imported a fix'd Opinion, such as *certainly, undoubtedly, &c.*, and I adopted, instead of them, *I conceive, I apprehend, or I imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it so appears to me at present."

This reflection is a Meta-2 statement, an *activation* statement of strategy. It guaranteed him a steady flow of Meta-1 statements, each of which offered the chance of transcendence. Thus Franklin's single Meta-2 thought—"In matters of opinion, make only Meta-1 assertions"—can alter the course of an entire life.



It did so:

“I soon found the Advantage of this Change in my Manners. The Conversations I engag’d in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I propos’d my Opinions, procur’d them a readier Reception and less Contradiction; I had less Mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevail’d with others to give up their Mistakes & join with me when I happen’d to be in the right.”

The same logic of Meta-2 strategy applies to the INNER MONOLOGUE. The classic mistake of Meta-0 consciousness, the Western error at whose door so much pain may be laid, is to identify with the inner monologue, which is the voice of ego, assuming that, since it has the mic and conceptual primacy, what it says is the truth of the whole personality. The point-source mistake takes the inner monologue as *being* the individual, when, in fact, the inner monologue is not the voice of the individual, but merely of its conscious part. This is no minor slip. Such ego-identification precludes  $\Delta O_T > 0$  growth, not just once but at every moment of every day, because the Meta-0 proclamations of ego are thereby taken as gospel, which leaves no defence against such Meta-0 bullshit as e.g. “I’m a bad person” or “I’m a good person.” But the skill of stepping back and listening to the voice of ego, rather than being it, requires *activation*, a period of higher Meta-2 consciousness that elevates all subsequent Meta-0 judgements into Meta-1 statements about the psyche.

Meta-1 statements are the  $\Delta O_T > 0$  waterholes of life.

But it takes a Meta-2 mission to *find* them.

In relationship, likewise, altitude is key. The Meta-0 whine is: “You don’t care anymore.” Its higher-altitude, Meta-1 equivalent is: “It feels as if you don’t care anymore.” The latter has altitude, and is a statement not of accusation but about the relationship. It is, therefore, not only sweeter medicine—a sharp knife passed handle first—but it places both parties on the same side of the interrogator’s desk. In relationship, conversations at Meta-1 are the oases in the desert. And how do we find them? On some sunny day, we send up a drone. At Meta-2, we *strategise*: we talk about talk about talk. We lay foundations for the consciousness of relationship, not too often, but just often enough, deciding together, with a bird’s-eye view, to ensure a ready supply of water.



And how does a culture go about gaining such skills? Simple: EDUCATION. We teach what actually matters. As it stands (and this is a teacher speaking) we do nothing of the sort. Currently, Western education is mute on the subject of life in its depths. There is, post-religion, no description of what it is to *exist*, what it is to be *self-aware*, what it is to *come of age*, what it is to be higher-level *conscious*, what it is to be a *human being*. There is no mention of psychic duality or how to deal with it. There is no mention of the HUMAN CONDITION. So, in other words, there is no mention of the root of every psychic disorder, the source of all meaning, the path to enlightenment, the home of love, the road to hell, the cause of addiction, the font of all joy, the seat of destiny, the key to wisdom, the stairway to heaven, the source of greed, the alpha and omega of bigotry—racism, sexism, ageism, everyism—the essence of devotion, hatred, hope, despair, purpose, sorrow, bliss.

BEING is the elephant in every room.

And our culture just doesn't want to know.

Whole generations trudge from the cradle to the grave without being given the slightest awareness of what they are up against. The UNKNOWN is placed in tooth fairies and Santa Claus, subsequently to be expunged when innocence goes.<sup>2</sup> In the West, education, both scholastic and parental, ignores, in all but a very few cases, *the most important thing there is*. Instead, it feeds children a lily-white dream. A dream in which there is no division, no need for consciousness, no need for wisdom. A soulless dream. And lo, Icarus heads straight for the sun, because old man Daedalus is proud of his boy: "All the best for a bright future, lad." Our egoic training, ego blind to ego, spoils its charges rotten: it praises cleverness, applauds talent, and gives pride of place to intellectual preeminence. In doing so, it produces hordes of excellent brats, who wait until their midlife crises to realise (or not) that, in fact, they had it wrong the whole time.

On the subject of life, Western culture is M.I.A.

The temptation, of course, is to believe that what is now has always been the case. That would exempt us from doing anything about it. But such a notion

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<sup>2</sup>A friend of mine, under direct questioning, recently admitted to her daughter, call her Lucy, that Father Christmas and the tooth fairy were, in fact, both parental acting jobs. Lucy's reaction, for me, sums up the tragedy of the rational West. After processing these revelations, now in floods of tears at the decimation of her beliefs, Lucy yelled, with admirable vigour, "For fuck's sake, don't tell me you're the Easter Bunny too!" How tragic it is that we, sensing our children's ache for the Mystery, put it all in Disneyish fakes, when life is, in fact, the greatest Mystery of all.

is misguided. For an aeon, for many aeons, in fact, the Unknown, the dual inner life, was at the centre of all education. Every subject was rooted in theology. It was extremely naive, yes, but at least it was *something*. It is only in the modern era, only really in the last century that the study of psyche and consciousness (which is, of course, what religion is) has been removed from the curriculum. The human condition has been expunged from popular consciousness. And we find ourselves surprised at mental health epidemics! What else could possibly be the result of stony silence on the subject of life?



But suppose, just suppose we actually did something about it. Suppose we could be *proud* of ourselves again.<sup>3</sup> Suppose our culture acted as a culture, not just as a vehicle for rank commercialism. Suppose we stepped up and began teaching *The Way Things Are*. Suppose that children were taught about what conscious life is. Suppose that, instead of the mouldy bones of one or other jaded religion, children were given fresh food to eat. Useful information. *Real* information. Stuff that might actually mean something to them. Suppose we reshouldered our duty, our responsibility, the true responsibility of society, and retaught, at higher altitude, the age-old fact that happiness isn't an ego thing.

The only way to break a glass ceiling is to fucking break it.

One thing is for sure: if we remain within the current worldview, our children will never gain the consciousness required to allow them to understand themselves. They will seek material success. Every damned person will seek material success. And what then? We keep pretending that making everybody cleverer will help, but that's a preposterous idea. Cleverness is merely Meta-1 skill, and no amount of it is ever going to make the slightest bit of difference to the real problem, which is the death of God. That can only be addressed at Meta-2. The alternative is this: the glass ceiling stays, and, as humanity grows and grows, develops and develops, we are forced to hunch ever lower and lower, until we are *all* reduced to what Nietzsche called the "spiteful dwarfs".

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<sup>3</sup>This is a feeling many have forgotten, I think. It's a lovely thing to feel proud of one's village, one's town, one's city, one's nation, one's civilisation, one's species. There is bliss in knowing you are doing what you can. But, for many, it's a long time since they could point to anything in their culture and say, with a warm chest, "This isn't for economic productivity; this isn't for glory; this isn't for me. This is for the Universe, and the spirit that moves through all things."

Children learn what culture decides. The cry goes up: “But psychology is too complex for the young!” What?! *Every* subject is too complex for the young! That’s what teaching is for! What good is a lesson on what is *known*? Besides, psychic duality isn’t a complicated concept. It’s Island-Bridge-Island. In this form, which can be and has been explained in a million allegories, the essence of life can be taught to anyone. Not in the expectation of a light-bulb click, of course, but as groundwork for a conscious future, so that those destined to feel their division (exactly those who have the chance of ending up as either an individual or as a power-hungry disaster) are equipped for the task. Then, when the void comes, when the snake takes their little one, they might choose wisely: transcendence over greed.

That’s what a culture is for, isn’t it?

Why not explain the roots of addiction? Why not allow for meaning in dreams? Why not give a home to imaginary friends? The fact that most *adults* don’t understand such things is no excuse; their children can teach them. Every day, the young outstrip their parents; why shouldn’t they do so where it matters? If we are strong enough to be honest, the West’s long hesitation in enlightening its young has nothing to do with the practicalities. While they are significant (colossal, in fact!) we are enterprising folk. In the end, all such difficulties are surpassable. After all, we teach mathematics, say, a subject that many openly hate; it is brutal for some, and yet there is progress; it’s considered important, so we have learnt how to teach it.

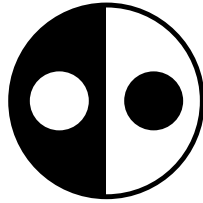
The same will be true of DUALITY.

To see a total shift from the teaching of outer facts to inner experience as too seismic is pure defeatism. Courage is catching; hope is catching; belief is catching; self-awareness is catching. *Every* genuine person, *every* individual, *every* Meta-2 consciousness sows the seeds for many, many, many more. Wisdom breeds wisdom. We need no destructive revolution, just a massive rethink of priorities. Such things do happen. The atheist/materialist paradigm will fall: if history has taught us anything, that much is inevitable. And, when the post-religious, atheist bubble bursts, psychic duality will come to feel as obvious as evolution. As obvious as God once was.



Worldviews don’t fade out, they explode.

The only question is *when*.



## SHARDS OF GLASS

1. The deepest truth becomes untruth.
2. Every open-minded search for consistency ends up in NEGATION, either of the sought-for consistency or of the open-mindedness.
3. Certainty is a game played by fools and intellectuals.
4. "To see a world in a grain of sand," wrote Blake. And why not? A word is a name, not the thing so-called. Logic throws a tantrum; yet it is in this very anger that a word becomes more than a name; it becomes a *constraint*. To have everything filed away as "this" or "that" brings a sense of control. But those who control are thereby controlled: their own words begin to bind them.
5. A logical impossibility is merely a *logical* impossibility.
6. Nothing is good or bad unless an ego is thinking about it.
7. When a plant has become potbound, it clutches its cage, resisting being pulled free. And it is the plant with the *most vigorous* roots, it is the plant that has tried the *hardest* to escape that ends up clutching the *most vigorously*.
8. With shadow fear comes tyranny: the patriarchal tyranny of light.

9. The term “pseudoscience”, when used, as so often, as a term of approbation, gives away its user’s prejudice. The word assumes, implicitly, and without self-awareness, that every other worldview is *trying* to be scientific.
10. Having built high walls, no one likes to open the gate.
11. Carl Sagan: “Science is more than a body of knowledge; it is a way of thinking. I have a foreboding of an America in my children’s or grandchildren’s time ... when, clutching our crystals and nervously consulting our horoscopes, our critical faculties in decline, unable to distinguish between what feels good and what’s true, we slide, almost without noticing, back into superstition and darkness.” If you replace *crystals* with “data”, and *horoscopes* with “models”, what looms largest in science’s shadow? Its own status as a faith.
12. The light is never whole, until the light pays *homage* to the whole.
13. The stars don’t come out at night; rather the sun goes in. So it is with G/U and ego. The divine stars are there all day, but darkness *reveals* them.
14. Science is a tool, soulless as a screwdriver. Useful to have in the shed, of course, but lethal in the hands of a killer.
15. Acceptance of an ugly truth negates it.
16. The etymology of “worship” is *worth-ship*, or recognition of worth. So the worship of God, that old rib-tickler, is, in fact, as simple as “recognition of the importance of the unconscious psyche”.
17. Everything improves in the presence of its counterpoint.
18. Imagine, as a first-time parent, giving birth to a child. Imagine feeding it, nurturing it, sustaining it, raising it. Then imagine that, one fateful day, it locks itself in its bedroom, puts its music on full blast, then, by some kind of hacker genius, proceeds to take control of the entire house, cutting the lights in all rooms but its own, ignoring all attempts at communication, and hijacking the home entertainment system so that every TV loop-plays a video declaring how hard done by it is. Then imagine it continuing this routine for

twenty years, all the while demanding a continuous supply of sustenance and gratification. Now, in return, a midlife crisis, i.e. G/U's gradual *withdrawal of meaning* until such a time as the bedroom door is unlocked and an adult conversation can ensue, doesn't seem all that unreasonable.

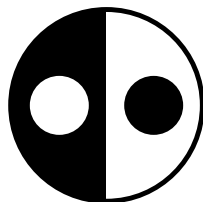
19. To one who refuses to approach the reeds, none can prove the river's existence.
20. Materialists dismiss non-materialism, smirking: "I can't imagine such heights in a human." But such pessimism only ever means: "I can't imagine such heights in *myself*."
21. Sometimes, demons kill: they cannot get their point across.
22. Statisticians talk so suavely, so postmodernistically, of the great dangers of "over-generalisation". But that expression betrays its user. To individuals, over-generalisation is a *tautology*.
23. Every true "path" is a single set of footsteps, trodden only once.
24. All statisticians assume that statistics itself applies: that humanity can be *quantified*. That humanity, with its heights of love and hate, its dreams, its visions, its *individuals*, can be described by quantity. This is the lunacy that allowed the authors of the DSM to claim they were taking an "atheoretic" approach. *Atheoretic*? What the giddy fuck do they think *statistics* is?
25. To see faith as stupidity is precisely the stupidity of faith.
26. A corporate statistician is a fallen priest.
27. Panaceas abound in every age: right now, they are *tolerance*, *data*, and *equality*. Humanity has always worshipped false idols.
28. Tolerance is a snowflake virtue: a virtue of weakness. A strong heart, that is to say, a tolerant heart has no need of it. A sage tolerates exactly that which is tolerable, but never more.
29. Never is the successful white man more stupid than when he imagines himself to be the apotheosis to which everyone else aspires.

30. Egotism and egolessness both shirk the burden of being human.
31. There are long adolescences in the West. In fact, many never grow up at all. Why? Because our rites of passage are hollow. No longer do the elders drag the boy from his mother. Thus, the burden now falls on us as conscious individuals: the boy must choose to make *himself* a man. How? By seeking the guidance of *one who knows*.
32. Both those who have *never* taken, and those who have *always* taken drugs are cowards. The former fear the loss of control; the latter the duty of life.
33. *Heracles* (Hellenic), *the Hero* (Jungian), *Tyr* (Old Norse), *the Messiah* (Jewish), *Grandiose Delusions* (American). Only one culture was lunatic enough, only one culture was *deluded* enough to propose a *cure* for dreams of greatness.
34. If MDMA is a weekend in Vegas, LSD is a month in the wild. Hence, it has no comedown. There is no "benevolent debt" to pay back.
35. For your happiness and sanity, always answer the Branding Imperative with a flat, automatic No. "Shop Now!" No. "Open Happiness." No. "Act Now, Sale Ends January 6th." No. "Just Do It." No. "Believe In Better." No. "Click Here And Win!" No. "Grab Some Buds." No. "Share a Coke." No, no, *no!* Why? Because the Branding Imperative is a mugger, a criminal demanding your very *soul*. The aforementioned carry knives. Respectively: consumerism, a quick fix, a rush decision, mindlessness, perfectionism, outright lies, the call to drink, and the wilful destruction of everyone's teeth for the sake of... what?
36. The nice serve others; the nasty serve themselves; the wise do both.
37. Teaching is a higher art than doing; it is the *only* higher art. If novelists, philosophers, statesfolk or artists fail to teach, they are nothing more than salespeople, hawking pretty baubles.
38. There is no altruism; there is only selfishness and Selfishness.
39. Everything is truth when deeply viewed.



40. To become wise is grow *away from* the wise. So where do we go to see that rarest of birds, that critically endangered bird, that bird on the very edge of extinction, the Western sage? We look *within*.
41. To banish success is a success; to banish offence is an offence.
42. Trends are traps for the purposeless.
43. Calling advertising “creative” is like calling make-up “beauty.” Who came up with that little nugget, I wonder?
44. How to deal with consumerism? Price it out of profitability. Put a 500% tax on advertising: businesses that rely on branding (liars, in other words) will go under. No authentic business will. Indeed, genuine enterprises, those who sell things people *actually need*, will thrive, unravaged by the mercenary sharks who create markets in order to exploit them.
45. Money is a number, a relative commodity, and outdoing one’s peers is not success; rich does not equal happy. So GDP is, in fact, merely a measure of *world-destruction*.
46. Advertising is the mould of culture.
47. “Create beauty, and ugliness is born.” Yet we still delude ourselves, even after all this time, that a culture can have its cake and eat it.
48. Why is abortion such a taboo? The answer lies in the fear of God. Taboo stems from a problem of classification, that is to say, from the rational mind’s inability to categorise. And “God-fearing” folk are scared: their rituals no longer make them feel safe. Their egos are fragile. Which imbues a genuinely *borderline* human, a tadpole-like homunculus, with terrible symbolism. And this is why proliferators can’t stand abortion: not because they love the unborn foetus, but because they *hate* it. Sadly, their solution is the worst of all sins: demanding the removal of ambiguity.
49. At the greatest moments in life, every course of action is logically impossible. And yet, somehow, life goes on!

50. "We recognise the importance of mental health." So says the West. But to use such a phrase gives the lie to it. Does a fish recognise the importance of *water*?
51. 99% percent of all Western theology is God-evasion.
52. What atheism fails to consider is that the religious "beyond" is *dimensional*, not supramundane.
53. Those who misunderstand one religion misunderstand them all.
54. That the unconscious exists is an empirical fact. But the shallow cry foul: "Subjective empiricism isn't empiricism!" That, however, is just *ad populum* opinion, as held by a herd of cowards and shirkers. The current worldview simply dictates, with a gang's strength, that subjective evidence is *a priori* inadmissible. But the fact remains: *life is subjective*.
55. The West has many "Christian billionaires". That such a pairing of words exists shows how utterly bankrupt religion has become.
56. The greater the psychic altitude, the wider the field of view, the broader the potential for synthesis. But, as Icarus, we can fly *too* high.
57. Modern "sanity" is being ego, but every genius hears voices.
58. Causality states: one's decisions forge one's fate. Destiny states: one's fate forges one's decisions. But, the truth is: one's decisions *are* one's fate.
59. A torus, when viewed in cross-section, is a pair of distinct circles. Thus, the "distinctness" of two things, and thereby the existence of each, is relative. From the two-dimensional point of view, two circles exist as distinct from each other; in three dimensions, the two are the same entity. We, when we treat ourselves as egos, only see a cross-section.
60. Hell is a house full of beautiful things.



## IMAGINARY NUMBERS

First, we modelled APARTNESS with *number*.

Then, we treated NUMBER with *mathematics*.



The first mathematical attempt to heal the psychic ravine symbolised by the ordinal integers came in the early second millenium BC, with the Egyptian invention of *fractions*. Second nature to us, of course, but the fractions have as little intrinsic metaphysical existence as their ancestors, **1** and **2**, and they needed inventing. Some ancient Egyptians stepped up to the plate. And, from that point on, as the concept spread, the fractions took on psychic reality. Their creation wasn't merely G/U's work, it was also the work of practical ego, so they lacked the glisten of deep divinity that has always characterised the primordial parents, but the fractions were angelic nonetheless. Cherubim, perhaps, rather than full-blown gods. With the arrival of their children, the world-parents **1** and **2** had begun to morph into their modern role: that of 1 and 2, no longer tally marks on bone.

Why FRACTIONS?

Well, fractions are, of course, extremely useful. We modern folk have all used them extensively. Nonetheless, it is highly unlikely that it was a search for utility that drove their inventor(s). Most of the great mathematics became applicable only after the event, having started life as poetic creativity, as the

heroic struggle of some or other genius working happily, as a child who draws in the sandpit. Mathematics starts as *art*. If history is anything to go by, some Bronze Age Egyptian number-priest invented fractions because doing so felt good. Playing with the ancient, divine symbolism of **1** and **2** gave that person a sense of God-connection, of  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$ , of transcendence, of *ātmatuṣṭi*.

Thus, in the Egyptian 12th dynasty, 1990–1800 BC, the fractions came to fill the space between integer and integer, thereby symbolising a bridging of the chasm between G/U and ego. Until that point, **1** and **2** had been tally marks, separate by nature. Their very conceptual basis was their apartness: night and day, dark and light. But, with the chasm between the integers now bridged by infinite fractional shades of grey, there was a  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_T > 0$  link, and symbolic progress had been made. With mathematical hindsight, this sounds like occult waffle, but that is only because of what number has *become*. In the here and now, it is seen as pure reason, pure practicality, but, in the late Bronze Age, it *was* occult. That was the point. Number was familiar to shepherds, yes, but mathematics was pure paganism: poems were being written in **1** and **2**. It was a way of approaching the old gods: a meditative, creative, religious discipline. For the wise, of course, it remains so.

Why are mathematicians often atheists?

Because they *already* talk to God.



By the time of Thales of Miletus (b. 624/623 BC), there were infinitely many semi-divine fractions residing in the space between **1** and **2**. The set of natural numbers  $\mathbb{N}$  had grown to become the set of rational numbers  $\mathbb{Q}$ . But the Ancient Greeks, ever exploring, came upon a problem. Following Pythagoras, the diagonal of a unit square was shown to be  $\sqrt{2}$ , which seemed to correspond to no known ratio. When Hippasus suggested that it was, in fact, impossible to represent  $\sqrt{2}$  thus, that  $\sqrt{2}$  was *irrational*, it is said he was drowned at sea for his heresy. Despite its apocryphal nature, the drowning story speaks volumes about the divinity of number. With classic worldview dogmatism, the Pythagoreans preached fervently that “All Numbers Are Known Numbers.”

“The world  $\mathbb{Q}$  is all there is,” they said.

Some three hundred years later, Euclid proved (decisively enough that the proof is still on the A-level syllabus) that  $\sqrt{2}$  is not a rational number. In the

HELIX, what reason had previously known to be gospel was disproved by... what else but *new* reason.<sup>1</sup> There could be no argument. The supposed perfection of the rationals had been shown to be a false dawn: there were demons in the gaps, the irrationals to which Hippasus had alluded. Of course, the old priests whined “Irrationals aren’t real!” but time marched on regardless. And, with the Chinese invention of negatives (“absurd”, according to the Greek Diophantus) and the Indian invention of zero (atheism!), the number line was filled out. By the Middle Ages, number had become a continuum; the symbolic chasm between **1** and **2** was bridged. And, unlike in antiquity, the healing was not just *hopefully* perfect, but it was now *provably* perfect. All numbers were demonstrably among the known numbers, thus healing had gone as far as it could go.

“The world  $\mathbb{R}$  is all there is,” we said.

And this time, we knew *knew* we were right.

Meanwhile, the 9th century Persian mathematician al-Khwarizmi, who gave his name to the algorithm, working out of Baghdad’s “House of Wisdom”, invented ALGEBRA. *Al-jabr*, literally “completion”, is the use of mathematical metasymbols, that is to say, the representation of unknown numbers (symbols in themselves, of course) by alphabetic characters. This is the deeper Meta-2 symbolism that sits at the heart of modern mathematics. With these “symbols of symbols”, initiates into the Temple of Algebra wielded a weapon of great power. Like all great helical leaps, it solved a thousand problems, and made ten thousand more. The great Baghdadi had created a monster.



There was a newly invented question, the algebraic equation

$$x^2 = -1,$$

which, along with a host of others, had no answer. *Provably* no answer, indeed. Positive numbers square to positive numbers; negative numbers also square to positive numbers; nothing, then, squares to give  $-1$ . For a system supposed to

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<sup>1</sup>This happens more often than those who like “theory” are willing to admit. A classic example is the apparent *proof*, using Bell’s inequalities, that no non-probabilistic explanation for quantum entanglement will ever be found. Within the model, the argument is perfect. But the model is wrong. The same happened with the Maginot Line. After WWI, the French built an invincible barrier along the border with Germany. The Germans, of course, just went via Belgium.

be complete, a system made for spiritual healing, this was a splinter under the nail, an imperfection in a system supposed to be perfect. No number, that is to say, no element of  $\mathbb{R}$  squares to give  $-1$ . No number except... (here we must simply roll with the punches) ...the quantity  $\sqrt{-1}$ , whose glyph means:

“Whatever squares to give  $-1$ ”.

What’s the answer to  $x^2 = -1$ ? Whatever the answer is! Ta-da! As the new breed of “real” number-priests knew, according to the long-established laws of arithmetic, minus times minus equals plus, hence every square is necessarily positive. So, logically, there could be no tally mark or even quasi-tally mark answer to  $x^2 = -1$ . There was only a ghost solution, a hypothetical solution, an obviously *concocted* solution:  $\sqrt{-1}$ .

So it was that the spectre of Hippasus returned. Once again, there seemed to be a new number, an alien number, a number than made no sense at all. A beast birthed in old Baghdad. Golden Age devilry! Only this time, there was no way through. There was, according to all logical thought, no way of fixing the problem. Unlike the earlier demon  $\sqrt{2}$ , which was fitted in between  $\frac{141}{100}$  and  $\frac{142}{100}$ , the new phantom  $\sqrt{-1}$  simply *couldn’t* be squeezed into the gaps. There was simply no more room at the Inn of Real Numbers, and, what was worse, nor would there ever be. The real numbers  $\mathbb{R}$  were not just *hoped* complete, they had been *proved* complete, and, as the “knowledge” of that ancient present stated, this ludicrous fabrication,  $\sqrt{-1}$ , was demonstrably not one of them: the square of every real number is positive.



It is at such moments, when paradox states absolute impossibility, that both the greatest *danger* and the greatest *opportunity* knock. Only impossibility allows for true invention. Logic is always based on assumption, and assumption is a set of prison walls; total paradox is the only wrecking ball heavy enough to take them down. Culturally, we stand at such a juncture; mentally, we stand at such a juncture; environmentally, the world stands at such a juncture. There seems, in logic, no way out for the world but ecological destruction and the end of all good things. But logic, based on erroneous assumptions, makes clever people incredibly stupid. John von Neumann, one of the cleverest men ever to live, *knew*, having played out the logical war games, that the Nazi regime

would end up using nuclear weapons; hence, he recommended that the Allies fire nuclear weapons at Germany. Fortunately, he was ignored by those less clever than him. And, lo and behold, the Nazis didn't end up using nuclear weapons. Those advised by von Neumann did.

The requirement, when the current theories (not Facts) of reality deny all hope of progress, when current logic rules out all possibility, when there is known to be no solution to the problem, is that culture take a LEAP OF FAITH, a helical heresy beyond the last, a transgression against all that is held logically sacred. Someone has to plant the torch in darkness. Someone has to go to the place that doesn't yet exist. The place that most, indeed, that virtually everyone is convinced *cannot* exist. At the moment when the concepts of the current Weltanschauung are logically full, yet there is an unknown, the only way out is to go boldly.

Laplace said of God:

*“Je n’ai aucune besoin de cette hypothèse.”*

But times have changed. The phantom  $\sqrt{-1}$  floats in the aether, as does deity. G/U is beyond understanding, beyond objective science, beyond the lab, beyond the street, beyond perception, beyond... beyond... but *where?*<sup>2</sup> “There is no beyond”, so the argument goes, as the atheist justifies himself. Perception is reality, and anything beyond that is nothing but fairy-tale. But the distinction between natural and supernatural worlds is solely “what has been modelled”. What is modelled (and, therefore, apparently controllable) is taken as “natural”; what is beyond current models (and, therefore, frightening) is “supernatural”. Looked at broadly, such a worldview of worldviews can only lead to *stagnation*. And so it has. We have paid for the last two hundred years of “progress” in rampant misery and a world choking. We require, yes, we absolutely *require*, a worldview of worldviews grander than our current one. And how poignant it is that the *imaginary number*, belonging as it does to mathematics, the jewel in reason's crown, should point the way.

Where do we place the beyond?

AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE WORLD.

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<sup>2</sup>Note that I wrote this sentence before I had any inkling of the physics of Unity Theory. In this section, I was writing *myself* into a position where I could begin to conceptualise the beyond.

This is the mathematical myth.

In 1545, the Italian polymath Cardano first acknowledged  $\sqrt{-1}$ , but he only peered through the gate of the labyrinth. He saw glints in the gloom, but nothing more. Then, in 1637, Descartes described the Minotaur, dubbing it *un nombre imaginaire*: a ghoul to be feared, in other words. Gradually, however, through the course of the 18th century, its use became widespread. It gave birth to a host of healing theorems. But, all the while, giants such as Euler (who, completing the parallel, named the unknown “ $i$ ”) still saw it as anathema, and even in 1797, a millennium after the seed was first sown, a quarter-millennium after its germination, Gauss, perhaps the greatest mathematician of all time, was still expressing doubts as to “the true metaphysics of  $\sqrt{-1}$ .”

That this Age of Enlightenment struggle regarding the existence of  $\sqrt{-1}$  foreshadowed the modern battle regarding the existence of the unconscious is no coincidence. Psychology and mathematics are both approaches to the divine: one framed as ego-G/U, the other using the ancient symbolism of number. Thus mathematics reflects psychology; in theorem, lemma and corollary, it offers up models for psychic content. Every piece of mathematics is, at root, a play on the apartness-yet-togetherness of **1** and **2**, the primordial duality expressed in Peano’s axioms. The circular structure of waves; the  $e^{i\pi} + 1 = 0$  poetry of complex exponentiation; Gödel’s Incompleteness Theorems; the unsolvability of the quintic. These are modern psalms, logical prayers. The Queen of the Sciences is a Goddess of Metapsychology, and she has a higher purpose than building better tech. She, Lordy Mama, is an ORACLE.

At last, in 1831, Gauss came to terms with the phantom, running with complexity, playing with it, wielding it, and, post hoc (as is always the way) reframing the move as inevitable. Once a road is built, it is how it always had to be: one no longer requires belief to walk it. Describing complex numbers, the great German mathematician wrote:

“If this subject has hitherto been considered from the wrong viewpoint and thus enveloped in mystery and surrounded by darkness, it is largely an unsuitable terminology which should be blamed. Had  $\pm 1$  and  $\sqrt{-1}$ , instead of being called positive, negative and imaginary (or worse still, impossible) unity, been given the names, say, of direct, inverse and lateral unity, there would hardly have been any scope for such obscurity.”



LATERAL UNITY. One, yes, but *in a different direction*. Due to the collective work of Descartes, Wallis, Argand and Gauss,  $\sqrt{-1}$  was given a place off the number line.<sup>3</sup> The real numbers run from West to East, but  $\sqrt{-1}$  is due North. Beyond, elsewhere, in some ridiculous nowhere. North of the number line was not just unseen ground, but ground that was, depending on the intellectual bravery of the critic, either stupid, laughable, impossible, or too insane even to contemplate. Only in hindsight, walking in the well-compacted footsteps of a Good King Wenceslas like Gauss, is such a move even thinkable. The reals  $\mathbb{R}$  had stood intact, as the entire numerical universe, since the Stone Age. Talk about “empirically verified”. It wasn’t even that there *was* nothing else, there wasn’t even *language* with which to talk about the fact that there was nothing else.

Until, that is, someone placed  $\sqrt{-1}$  laterally.

Until someone housed it, quite literally, *outside reality*.



In the end, all truth expires.

Despite the denial, despite the dogma, despite the protestations of drones incapable of thinking for themselves, the answer always grows too tall to hide with an indignant “surely not!”. In mathematics, it has done so countless times. In 1797, after some forty thousand years, the  $\mathbb{R}$ -linear worldview—“the real numbers are the only numbers”—finally gave out, and, beyond old knowledge, beyond old common sense, a  $\mathbb{C}$ -planar mathematics appeared. But this seeming murder of reason (as fuddy-duddy arithmeticians had it back then) didn’t, as we now know, herald destruction. On the contrary, the moment was beautiful release; there was new logical soil in which to put down roots. Post-theism, post-atheism, *The Perceived World Is All There Is* is creaking, cracking dogma. In a world of quantum paradox, to lean on spatiotemporal ego perception as justification for “hard rationality” just doesn’t make sense any more. Scientific vainglory as *surely not!* makes us all von Neumanns, that is to say, clever fools. It was reason that led us beyond religion, and it is reason that must lead us beyond atheism, to the new ground of GOD 3.0.

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<sup>3</sup>For those unfamiliar with the complex plane  $\mathbb{C}$ : putting a number “off the number line”  $\mathbb{R}$  is every bit as crazy and brilliant as it sounds. I have given a very detailed explanation of “the true metaphysics of  $\sqrt{-1}$ ” in FIRST STEPS.

We require a leap of rational faith.

As primordial unconsciousness once split, day from night, ego from G/U, mathematics bifurcated again. Only this time, not in **1** becoming **2**, but in one *dimension* becoming two. The real number line became the complex plane, and a thousand problems sighed to solution. Linearity, it seems, unlike the healing two-dimensionality of the mandala, feels too much like distance, like juxtaposed Booleanism, like inner division. Like agony. The division inherent in **1** and **2**, when humanly felt, is exactly that, agony. It is the agony of the heart-void, the sickness of the soul, that fate worse than physical pain. There is, so it can feel, a Sisyphean impossibility to the task of the **1** and the **2**. But, the myth tells us, as so many before it, that we *cannot* retrace our steps. Deadening pills, in the end, solve nothing. No amount of booze will help. All attempts to mend ourselves from within what is currently classified as objective “reality” will fail. We can only move laterally, into uncharted territory.

“No such place exists!” the rationalist cries.

But this is the weeping of Alexander, seeing no more worlds to conquer. Such is the desperation of the pristine lab, material success as a killer. “Space-time is complete!” theory says, “reality is self-evidently constructed of  $3 + 1$  spacetime. We understand the nature of material reality in QFT and general relativity. We have *proof* of materialism.” Listen to the squawking chickens! What of the unknown? What of the Deep World? What of the place that *can't* be seen? Just because, as real-number egos, we have not yet conceptualised  $\mathbb{C}$  orthogonality doesn't mean that  $\mathbb{C}$  orthogonality doesn't exist. What “exists” is only a matter of perspective. To fix (bodge) the paradoxes of QM, physicists postulate bifurcating universes, for God's sake! There is such schizophrenia, such deep theory-blindness. The subatomic world is *pixelated*. How, in the light of such things, can we still claim that our models of reality, in which these facts have zero explanation, are even in the right ballpark?

In truth, our clinging to the current version of “reality” isn't the product of intellectual rigour, it's fucking *cowardice*. It's fear of the unconscious psyche, fear of God, fear of our beautiful, darksome hearts. Over and over and over again, what orthodoxy has proven to be real turns out to be a mere subset of some later world. Logic guarantees this. A proof only applies within its own axiomatic system, which means that, in the end, proof proves nothing.  $\sqrt{-1}$  was off the reservation. The reals were proved complete, yes, but more needed

to be done, so we went beyond the reals, to a place called imaginary, complex, impossible. And now, as every mathematician knows, the imaginary numbers are every bit as real as the reals.

What we invent, we *become*.



Imagine a pendulum, pushed once, swinging gently.

The approach is: model the scenario, set up some equations, solve them, and predict the behaviour of the idealised system. A question: “How far will the pendulum travel before drag brings it to rest?” This is applied mathematics. It has an answer that can be measured. But, while restricted to the reals  $\mathbb{R}$ , the differential equation that emerges from Newton’s Second Law is ugly: in lightly damped harmonic motion, such problems are most easily solved with reference to imaginary numbers. The same is true of all of quantum physics, such as built our “real” world. Real mathematics is like a road trip in a low-slung sports car: perfect as long as there are no obstacles, but, where a fallen tree blocks the way, insufficient. Differential equations are real questions, but they are not solved by clinging to “reality”. That is mathematics as religion; that is the leap of faith. As soon as we *extend* the real system, broadening the scope of enquiry from the real  $\mathbb{R}$  road to the complex  $\mathbb{C}$  wilds surrounding it (which, according to the sports car, is non-existent ground) we find elegance in solution. Mathematical beauty. The jeep waves goodbye to the sports car, and dives through the hedge. In the pendulum problem, the characteristic polynomial, which had no solutions in real numbers, now has two in  $\mathbb{C}$ , and Euler’s complex exponentiation yields a pair of jeepish solutions.

$\mathbb{R}$ , real, onroad question.

$\mathbb{C}$ , complex, offroad method.



But what use is an answer in higher dimensions? Of what benefit is G/U for the business of reality? “Surely,” as folk have said to me, “postulating further dimensions solves no problems if the problems are real ones.” Real pendulum, real road, real job, real pain. How does the unconscious help with the mortgage, with a leaking roof, with divorce, with despair? What good is fiction in response to fact? Oh, how misguided are we. But those  $\mathbb{R}$ -folk are right about

one thing. Complexity is no use at all if we remain floating in some philosophical hinterland, waxing lyrical about imaginary phantoms. A jeep that leaves the road *for good* is lost. This is going native, staying complicated, failing to return from newfound depth, turning into a philosophical wanker; it is even more foolhardy than giving up and turning around.

This is the GATEKEEPER's *second* warning.

In applied mathematics, such complex, wild, offroad solutions are always recombined, are always *re-realised*, so as to produce earthy results, answers for the real world. The jeep spends as little time offroad as possible. It circumvents the tree, using the deeper dimension, then returns to the tarmac. Those who open their minds, but forget to return, are fools: the "real" world is where life happens. G/U offers depth, then depth's return. Laozi said "Understand the ordinary." Thus the sage becomes enlightened, but doesn't babble in tongues. The hero ascends the mountain, but then returns to the valley. The lover of life doesn't disappear into solitary, buy a kaftan and start bleating about nirvana, the lover of life *lives*. The mathematician goes into the complex plane, and returns. Real questions; real answers.

Such is the mathematical myth.

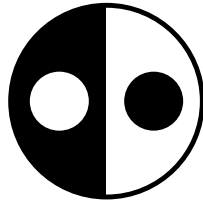
Just as alchemy morphed into chemistry, mathematics, that loveliest of religions, has morphed into application and statistics, but its purpose was never such conquest, not of the outer world, at least. The higher-level story of the Queen of the Sciences has more to teach us than this or that technique. In the end, who cares about the *facts* of mathematics? I'm a mathematician, and I couldn't give a shit about the product rule. It is the journey that is everything. The Queen, behind her veil of rationality, is none other than the Goddess of Fate, and the joy she brings, the awe, indeed, lies in the fact that she requests and requires leaps of faith and subsequent returns, in the motion of pendula, in the Fundamental Theorem of Algebra, in the complex isomorphisms of aeronautics. Mathematics is, in fact, wizardry, a tool for the raising of consciousness, a grand myth of reality, and more.



Question and answer lie in  $\mathbb{R}$ .

The path between them?

It lies *elsewhere*.



## THE HIGHER

Topologically, one cannot imprison a 4D animal in a 3D cage. Consider a circle, drawn on paper, that is, drawn in 2-space. The circle separates the plane of the paper into two distinct regions: {Inside, Outside}. But, when this circle is brought into a space of higher dimensions, as a *bracelet*, let's say, in regular 3-space, it is no longer a boundary. It fences nothing off. The regions that were previously inside/outside are now contiguous, joined by means of a third dimension, and there is only one region, SPACE. While a walled zone such as a prison divides earthbound creatures into "those within" and "those without", to a bird in command of the third dimension, a walled zone is nothing: a 2-prison cannot hold a 3-bird. In the higher-dimensional analogue:

IN 4-SPACE, A 3-SUBSPACE *has no bounds*.

The Axiom of Ego's division of the universe into subjective-inner and objective-outer worlds must, according to the mathematical myth, be undone. When we view our spatial world as a PROJECTION, that is to say, as the three-dimensional image of a higher-dimensional parent space, there is a unification. Psyche, the inner, and reality, the outer, connect: psychophysical space *loops around the bracelet*. Introversion and extraversion become nothing more than alignments of the higher-dimensional Individual's sensory apparatus, just as an ant on the "inside" of a bracelet has a different view, bracelet curving up and over, from an ant on the "outside", bracelet curving down and out of sight.

To postulate new dimensions for God takes a leap of faith.

To make this jump, not only do we require a spiritual sense of “something present, something lacking”, a sense which pervades Western society, but also the conceptual capability to imagine our entire perceived universe as a subspace. And, importantly, not as a *spatially* constrained subspace—such a thing is easy to visualise, just imagine a cellar with a locked door—but rather as a *dimensionally* restricted one. Virtually all metaphysical (a)theism takes its basis as the former, but the latter, topologically, is a different kettle of fish. To visualise the latter model, we must imagine our spatial universe not as a room within a Ptolemaic house, but as three-dimensional paint on the wall of a four-dimensional house. The known universe as a page in a deeper book.

This is a formidable task.

The Zeitgeist danger is this. Because the ego is scared of G/U, any non-understanding of higher-dimensional thinking (of which there will be much, few having been trained in such things) will represent a double whammy: a cognitive task which is both arduous and whose result, the existence of God, is frightening. Thus, the crowd-mind will fall back on its standard defence: flat denial using fallacious intra-subspace “proofs”, and knee-jerk rejection as either speculation or pseudoscience. What a fight there will be. For, whenever Aristotelian cleverness and Socratic ignorance fight thus, cleverness recruits pride, and, though ignorance recruits soul, except by supreme effort, pride wins. And, before long, hands are thrown up, and the ego takes the wheel once more.

So, let us embrace our fear.

Such high-dimensional hypotheses are commonplace in “rational” science. The Many Worlds interpretation of QM runs to *infinitely many* universes. Ha! But no one bats an eyelid. Why? Because neither physicist nor lay-physicist has anything but ego-reputation at stake. There’s no vulnerability; their own deep pain isn’t on the table. The human implications, the psychological implications, the *cultural* implications, indeed, of such theories are never considered. Physics remains a sandpit for egos. So M-theory has 11 dimensions; string theories 26. What extravagance! But such hypotheses remain monoglot. They ignore LIFE, they ignore the SOUL, and hence they are Worldview Acceptable, which is the source of both their popularity and their total pointlessness. Quantum physics makes materialistic physicists think they are thinking deeply: that’s why they like it. But its one-sided boldness isn’t boldness.

The theist, on the other hand, uses metaphorical quasi-dimensions such as “spirituality”, but they are never placed in a consistent framework that has any chance of talking to modernity. On this side of the RELIGION vs SCIENCE fence, the problem has a different flavour. The dogmatic faiths have always required the absolute separation of the physical and the divine, so as to “save” God (as if He should need it) from being either scientised or psychologised, either of which humbles the priest. But this stark division has always forced the theist, when considering the metaphysics of soul, to come down hard on one side of the frontier. Unwilling to taint God, that side has always been, for those lacking Ekhart’s depth, the *human*, which leads to the • nightmare. In a scientific culture, lumping soul in with the so-called “real” world denies its existence implicitly. So, the sports car approaches the fallen tree, and the copout priest-driver steps on the gas.

“I put my trust in God!” he yells, closing his eyes.

The problem is, the languages of inner religion and outer science are, in their current dialects, mutually incomprehensible. After thousands of years, it is deeply embedded in the structure of Western thought that the inner and the outer are fundamentally different realms. First RELIGION, based on the primacy of the inner, and then SCIENCE, based on the primacy of the outer, have thrived on this psychophysical reductionism, by establishing the supremacy of their own realm, casting the other as sin. So, where religion has always denigrated “the World”, science has always denigrated subjectivity. And, by now, the two are long-established empires, with a bloody shared history of mutual suspicion, mutual hatred, and mutual fear.

Each lives in the other’s shadow.



But, in any version of higher-dimensional thinking, religious or scientific, the realms are *one* by definition. 4-existence loops around the 3-space bracelet, and there is no division of the psychophysical into the one or the other. The cultural effect of this unification (if anyone cares a hoot for “reason”) is what *no one* seems to want, which is a complete reversal of two things: the Godlessness of science, and the sciencelessness of God. That will mean the bulldozing of all those lovely walled playgrounds, the wooden pulpits and gleaming labs, and, at the hands of those with the courage to face themselves, an overhaul not of the

structure of culture, but of the very structure of *thought*. Currently, the West, with no consciousness of the fact, enforces the most pernicious form of psychic apartheid: outer and inner, science and religion, matter and psyche, altitude and depth.

We stand at a critical point.

For all its brilliance at world-control, modern physics, until it faces its long dark shadow, is a recipe for world destruction. Bigger, better, faster, more: all are measures of ruin. Religion, likewise, is insane if it thinks that it can keep harking back to the Bronze Age Levant. To belong to those old creeds is tantamount to chucking matches at the rainforest. Seriously, how is Jesus going to help? He was great; get over it. Every piece of non-unifying fieldism contributes to this inner/outer apartheid. Every piece of particle physics, every bit of Christian dogma, every objective statistical study, every claim of “evil”, every cosmological theory, every nice-boy moralism, every “it’s just a job”, every “so the Bible says”, every farcical claim that tech will save us, *everything* that comes down hard on either side, hiding in the comfort of a school of thought, contributes to the chasm that is, quite literally, killing our children.

Think, think, *think* outside the space-box.

*Folglich, ein Gedankenexperiment:*

## THE HIGHER

This is a networked video game, whose rules are as follows:

Each player, using simple motion controls—Forward, Back, Left, Right—controls an entity known as a WORKER, which is free to move in a featureless, 2D space called THE WORLD. The nature of these entities is unknown, kept secret by the game’s anonymous creator. The extent of the players’ knowledge of the World is what they glean from other players, and what is displayed on their screen. It shows a plan view, on which nearby Workers are labelled as anonymised dots, in the manner of radar. The screen shows nothing of the World itself, no geographical detail, no marker of speed, merely the relative movement of the other Workers.

Now, the key element,  $\mathcal{L}$ .

As a player takes control of a Worker, the number in the bottom left of the display, labelled  $\mathcal{L}$ , counts upwards from 000000. There is no explanation in the game’s abstract as to what this figure represents. As far as the players



know, it is *data*, nothing more. The game's creator has gone to great pains to conceal, successfully, the nature of the algorithm by which it is calculated. The only explanation is that it constitutes the goal of the game: across the lifetime of a Worker, (anything up to twenty-four hours), the task is to maximise this quantity  $\mathcal{L}$ .

The game goes live.

Large prizes are up for grabs.



It soon becomes clear that certain Worker configurations result in higher  $\mathcal{L}$ -yields. Proximity to other Workers tends to increase  $\mathcal{L}$ -rate, solitude tends to decrease it. Groups moving in cohesive patterns get higher average scores than random wanderers. Staying still seems ineffective, even in large groups, as does linear movement. A pair of Workers side by side, moving steadily, sharing information about  $\mathcal{L}$ -gradient, gives a simple, robust method, but larger groups, if organised well, can be even more effective.

Communication, via headset, is everything.

So players talk, both in-World and out, and tactics disseminate. Soon, flocking behaviours emerge. Teams of Workers chase  $\mathcal{L}$  across the World in fours, fives, tens, twenties. Some players follow crowds of Workers, basking in the higher  $\mathcal{L}$  associated with company, whereas others take the lead, organising hierarchies, promising feudal shares of prize money. Tactics appear: symbiotic and destructive parasitism, long-term coupledness, short-term coupledness. But there is considerable variation in same-player, same-Worker, same-couple, and same-group statistics, and no one has the answer.

Weeks and months pass.

The game gains wider recognition, and the prize pot increases. Players make broader theories. Cooperatives form, syndicates working strategies, and  $\mathcal{L}$ -yields increase across the board. Fora fill with methods: better paths are found, finer subtleties of movement, more detailed configurations of Worker and Worker. Modes of communication, shorthand languages based on ID tags, allow for quicker recognition of  $\mathcal{L}$ -gradients, and complex techniques abound. Rookies follow old hands, sheep follow sheep, and theories give birth to new subtheories.

Thus, whole schools of thought appear.

Before long, players begin to propose metaphysical theories:  $\mathcal{L}$  as a Worker emanation,  $\mathcal{L}$  as a complex field, proximity theory, dyad theory, interaction theory, Mob theory.  $\mathcal{L}$  is interpreted physically, as temperature, pressure, light, sound. There are Machiavellian theories, Utilitarian theories, Jungian theories, Hobbesian theories. Attempts are made to map the  $\mathcal{L}$ -function geographically: the World is proposed as a torus, a sphere. As more and more data floods in, statisticians develop optimisation algorithms to automate analysis of the  $\mathcal{L}$ -harvest and speed up real-time decision-making. And, as the numbers grow, so does the prize money.

Years go by.

With players now numbering in the tens of millions, the bigger syndicates begin to invest. A research group, *Objective X*, backed with private capital, sets about the empirical testing of some of the less outlandish hypotheses, with the aim of cornering the prize fund. The group floods the system with thousands of players, and streams their monitor feeds to a single server farm. There, a team of statisticians mine the data for patterns. At last, faint amongst the noise, a signal is detected. In long linear journeys, those of around 9 hours or more, a pattern of repeating average  $\mathcal{L}$  values is detected. Furthermore, all such straight-line journeys, if uninterrupted, show the same cyclic period, that is to say, 31890 seconds. Given the Workers' constant speed of movement, this implies that all linear journeys return to their starting points.

The World, it seems, is a *sphere*.

For a time, *Objective X* keep their secret, and, upgrading all older models, they clean up. Mapping many parts of the World, they find areas of consistently higher return. The prize money flows one way. Until, of course, the inevitable leak. The sphere hits the public domain, and goes viral. A flurry of empirical activity ensues. Soon, the remaining gaps in the *Objective X* theory are filled, and latitude-longitude is everything. The World is charted in its entirety, and previously abandoned ideas such as a global  $\mathcal{L}$ -function become feasible. It becomes apparent that certain coordinates have particular location signatures, and it thus becomes possible for new Workers, using an open-source algorithm, to calculate World-position in a matter of minutes.

This is a breakthrough.

With geolocation reliably established, statistical quantities such as base rate and  $\mathcal{L}$ -consistency become widely used. Those locations high in average

$\mathcal{L}$  become well-known as “places in the sun.” Competition breeds competition; success breeds success. Intra-world communication, the old method of the so-called *interactionists*, is deprecated. Such flexibility is impossible to sustain in the face of algorithmically led crowds. The best spots become overpopulated, and movement through them becomes impossible except by computer. Soon, all unquantified models fall into disuse.

Then, sphericism begins to eat itself.

$\mathcal{L}$ -yields start to fall.

Again and again, the anti-sphere interactionists argue that something is amiss. They see  $\mathcal{L}$ -yields increase locally whenever quantification is abandoned. Simply put: the old methods work. But, whenever sphere theory is tested (as it is again and again), it passes with flying colours. The wealth of evidence is overpowering. The World of the Workers is undoubtedly a sphere. Thus, as the syndicates say, it would be stupid to pretend otherwise. And, indeed, every hypothesis that goes up against the mapping of the  $\mathcal{L}$ -function dies a death. Players complain about stagnation, but there is no way out of the stalemate.

#### THE WORLD IS ALL THERE IS.

Until, that is, a *new theory* arises.

“ $\mathcal{L}$ -rate depends on two things,” a writer writes. “Firstly, Worker-Worker interaction; secondly, the structure of the World itself. Clearly, helical progress must combine the two. Theories of interaction ignore The World: theories of The World ignore interaction.” Yet the two are mutually incompatible. So, the writer reasons, to address both aspects simultaneously, a step must be taken beyond both realms. To this end, seeking an Archimedean point, the writer proposes a 3D entity, an object of higher dimensions than the known 2-sphere of perception, sitting at the core, the centre of the spherical World. This object sits *inside* The World, in three-dimensional terms, and also *outside* it, in two dimensional terms.

The writer calls this object THE HIGHER.

The sphericists laugh.

The writer writes: “Let us interpret  $\mathcal{L}$ , that stream of abstract data, as the phenomenal result of some hitherto-unmodelled, *higher-dimensional* interaction between the Workers and the Higher, rather than as a mathematical field whose domain is the 2-sphere. Let us imagine further that, in line with Interaction

Theory, Workers emit some sort of radiation, but, rather than restricting it to the 2-sphere, let us have it travel *perpendicularly*, outside longitude and latitude, that is to say, in towards the centre of the sphere, where resides the Higher. Then, visualise this radial emission as being reflected back from the Higher, to be received with some kind of sensor.”

“Extraterrestrial nonsense,” the statisticians reply.

“The World is all there is,” the writer says, “until we go beyond.”

“So, the Higher is merely Russell’s teapot?”

“No, Russell’s teapot brooks no data.”

The statisticians smirk: “Neither does this hypothetical Higher!”

“ $\mathcal{L}$  is the data.”

“But  $\mathcal{L}$  is *World* data,” the sphericists say.



The writer continues: “Is it really? Is all data necessarily World-data? Is there any evidence for that fact?<sup>1</sup>  $\mathcal{L}$  is abstract. It is unitless dimensionless, it appears as if by magic. Its source isn’t intra-World, nor extra-World. It simply is. The mistake of sphere-mindedness, of latitude-longitude blindness, is to place such a thing in two dimensions axiomatically, based only on the fact that the rest of the game’s sense-data, that is to say, the radar display, is demonstrably two-dimensional. But, beyond assumption, by what power do we take  $\mathcal{L}$  as a product of the 2-sphere? We know of a 3-space at the centre of the 2-sphere World. What denies  $\mathcal{L}$  its origin there?”

“Such an idea is pure conjecture!”

“So is sphere theory,” the writer replies.

“But sphere theory has passed all the tests.”

“Which,” the writer says, “is exactly its weakness.”

The statisticians recoil: “What of the scientific method?”

The writer replies: “What of it?  $\mathcal{L}$ -yields are falling. The game is a mess. A method that can’t account for interactions between individual and individual

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<sup>1</sup>According to Unity Theory, the perceived reality we call The World is, in fact, a projected image of a higher-dimensional Universe. Which demands that we ask precisely this question—*whence?*—of the data-streams we receive through life. The hypothetical questions I was asking here, as “the writer” are no longer hypothetical. I have answered them empirically, using the information of the lab. The stance of the sphericists (broadly, physicists) is, it turns out, false in a binary sense. By a literally infinite scale factor, there is more in Life than is world-data than is world-data. Consult the quantum physics in FIRST STEPS; you’ll see.

is just that, a *method*. It can only apply to sticks and stones, to metal and mud, to protons and pions. Even for  $\mathcal{L}$ , for something this simple, we need a broader tool. The sphere model, which is implied by sense-data, is correct, of course, but that doesn't stop it being wrong; there is clearly more to the game. The World of the Workers is a sphere, yes, but the complexities of  $\mathcal{L}$  go deeper. There is another world behind the world, whose nature we will likely never know."

"And what of the fact that this Higher can't be measured?"

"It *can* be measured," the writer says, "by  $\mathcal{L}$ ."

"But that's abstract! What of falsifiability?"

"Falsifiability is another name for cowardice."<sup>2</sup>



This is a truth few want to hear.

With its overtones of perfect modernism, the oh-so-impressive sounding "falsifiability", so often touted as rational strength, is exactly the opposite. It is the creed of feeble minds. It is necessarily objective, and can thus never apply to the deeper aspects of the *unus mundus*, to the psychic aspects of Reality per se. Every falsifiable theory is one-sided by definition, which renders it useless for anything other than trite control of the physical environment. Mere *prediction*. Who gives a shit? The prophet doesn't predict; the prophet just says how it is. All of the symptoms of our current sickness look like this. *Verifiability*, contrary to its etymology, pertains to objective  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_E > 0$  correctness, not to  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_S > 0$  *veritas*. Deep truth is the ability to bring harmony not just to the outside world, but also to the inner.

Unifying theories must be *both* objective and subjective.

Thus, at least in part, unfalsifiable.

Now, this isn't to condone New Age quackery, "quantum healing", and all that arse-garbage. Most unfalsifiable ideas and theories are worthless crap: they are unfalsifiable because their creators lack the integrity to shut the fuck up and

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<sup>2</sup>One of the most effective ways to tell if a scientific concept is worth its salt is to take it out of its comfort zone of academia and place it (there is almost no scientist who thinks doing this is even possible) in a different context. Suppose you fall in love. Suppose the sight of her brings tears to your eyes. Suppose she returns your love, melting your snows with April sun. Is her love falsifiable? Well, to find that out, you would have to *test* her. In other words, you would have to push her away, to give her cause to think you cruel, to make her doubt *your* love for *her*. In testing her thus, you would fail your test. The point is, LOVE isn't falsifiable. Nothing worthwhile is.

do their work.<sup>3</sup> Someone wants to make a quick buck. It is only dribbling goons who quote Heisenberg's uncertainty principle in order to get away with selling stupidity. In order for a theory to qualify as worthwhile, it cannot be objectively incorrect. Nor, indeed, can it be so vague as to make no effective statements. But that doesn't mean that it must be *falsifiable*. Such an inherently negative attitude outlaws destiny, meaning, purpose, and, in the long run, guarantees the triumph of rank materialism.

Every worthwhile theory must, must, *must* go beyond sense-data.



So, let us propose HIGHER DIMENSIONS.

Let us take the theory of the Higher, and extend it into *our own existence*. We have plenty of  $\mathcal{L}$ -streams, that is to say, we have plenty of abstract data that arrives to us from Who Knows Where?<sup>4</sup> We experience such things all the time. Love, destiny, conscience, heartache: all of the things that make a real life. Currently, of course, in line with the times, these are placed in the world, reduced to the ebb and flow of chemicals, but that is no more than assumption. Has the lab shown that love is mundane? What is more abstract, more World-free, than soulglow?

These things come from a different place.

Thus, let us consider our own 3-universe—its physical structure, and the lives inside it—as a higher-dimensional analogy of the World of the Workers. Just as they were restricted to their two dimensions, we are likewise to our three. Leaving time as a flow for now, we can, therefore, imagine our 3-universe as a GLOME, that is to say, as a 3-sphere, as a higher-dimensional hypersphere sitting in 4-space. Mathematically, a 3-sphere is locally homeomorphic to good old-fashioned Euclidean space, so the glome model leaves the laws of physics untroubled, which, if it is to model the psychophysical *unus mundus*, it must do.

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<sup>3</sup>Just ask yourself this: does the supposed teacher *want* something from you. If so, go somewhere else. 99% of people who write self-help are trying to make a quick buck. I am in the 1%. If there are any bucks that come my way because of this writing—as I write, there have been none—I can assure you that they have been the longest earned and slowest bucks that anyone has ever come by.

<sup>4</sup>When I first wrote this, I didn't know *Where?*, other than "At right angles to the world." At the time, I took, along with my culture, the perceived world to be a physically real entity. I now know better: the world is an *image*. It's true to say that there is a dimension of the Louvre at right-angles to the Mona Lisa, but far truer to say that the Mona Lisa is a picture hanging in the Louvre.

This fourth dimension, the 3-sphere's radius orthogonal to the World of Perception, is the **AXIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS**. Here, I symbolise it  $\phi$ . We visualise  $\phi$  running outwards from some 4-space origin  $O$ ; the material World, then, is a continuous  $xyz$  hypersurface, bounding a central  $\phi xyz$  4-space. The physical nature of the  $\phi$  dimension remains unknown and unproposed: I'm not defining a quantitative theory here, I am setting out the *qualitative possibility* of one.<sup>5</sup>

The UNKNOWN is unknown, thus, ambiguity is key. Rather than defining  $\phi$  as a mathematical quantity, let us take  $\phi$  to be *axis-as-quality*.  $\phi$  does not, therefore, necessarily represent a variable, in the way  $x$ ,  $y$  and  $z$  often do:  $\phi$  simply represents the unknown, inferred from the wealth of subjective data that suggests a world beyond the World of the Workers. To postulate the axis itself is not a quantitative step, dimension being topological. While we may quantify intra-axis, inter-axis differences are qualitative: it is not the case that  $(x, y, z)$  are 1, 2, 3; the first two do not add to the third. So, the five axes  $\phi xyz$  are **5-fold** in divine tally, not 5.0000-fold in human quantity.

So, we have  $\phi xyz$  as psychophysical space, as the *unus mundus*, as *brahman*, as Reality itself. This extends the scope of human life INFINITELY. Here, the oft overused “infinitely” is no exaggeration. To propose an extra dimension doesn't just add the single straight line of a Cartesian graph, which would seem too paltry to house the complexity of the divine. No. In mathematical terms, adding a dimension multiplies the available space *infinitely*. Lower-dimensional analogues are a **0-dot** becoming a **1-line**, a **1-line** becoming a **2-plane**, a **2-plane** becoming a **3-volume**, or (in this case) a **3-volume** becoming a **4-hypervolume**. In each case, the former makes up exactly 0% of the latter. As such, the psychic dimension  $\phi$  offers limitless theoretic potential.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>5</sup>This possibility has now been realised in Unity theory. It is interesting to read this section, then, as a historical and psychological record of the construction of Unity theory. I have been grateful to have a written record of the time when Unity theory was nascent in my unconscious. That's why I'm not editing this chapter, or this book indeed, to be “scientifically accurate”. The points made in the book still stand: I was right to point to the qualitative possibility of a new theory, and right to point orthogonally to  $(x, y, z)$ . Note, however, that the particular notation in this chapter does not correspond to what I now use in Unity theory. There, the dimensions of the Universe are  $(w, x, y, z, W, X, Y, Z)$ . The  $\phi$  axis of this chapter can be read, very broadly, as a summary of the unperceived  $(w, W, X, Y, Z)$  dimensions.

<sup>6</sup>This argument is greatly magnified by the number of dimensions in the Universe according to Unity Theory. If one reads G/U as an entity of eight dimensions, as the eight-dimensional mountain range whose peaks show as the archipelago of three-dimensional life, then one can gain a perspective on the sheer vastness of potential in God.

In fact, many fields have posited this dimension, but never with the necessary follow-through into fields other than their own. In Jungian psychology,  $\phi$  has been called the ego-Self axis;<sup>7</sup> in religion, the SOUL has been posited as a *bridge* (implying separation) or an *eye* (implying distance) between human and God. But, whenever such a dimension has been suggested, it has always been restricted by the apartheid fence, that is to say, it has had to choose a side. Thus, in psycho-religious, introverted thought, such an axis becomes pure, unsullied metaphor, whereas, in the case of cosmology, any further dimension is a priori beyond “latitude-longitude”, and remains no more than an algebraic trick, thus, in the end, consigning it to the same fate, *irrelevance*.

Subjective empiricism, however, says different.

Ego-nature is felt not as an “inhabitation of the head”, but rather, in some unquantifiable way, as a “sitting behind things”. As a floating back, a watching of the inner self, a curious distance not just from the physical world, but from the psyche itself. Head, heart, guts: all of it. Witness consciousness is exactly such a sense of distance. It’s a releasing of thoughts as birds into the air; a pushing away of ideas so as to see them; a “rising above” the situation. The Meta levels are *higher* states of consciousness. Awareness is *altitude*. Wisdom is *profound*. Psychologies of the unconscious are “*depth* psychologies”. Everything points up and down, but, as with all grandeur, the White Man has always taken the metaphor too metaphorically. He has passed it off as “language”. In fact, consciousness stretches  $\phi$ -up, perpendicularly to  $(x, y, z)$ . And, likewise, below the surface, the many levels of G/U stretch down, out of the aegis of ego. The  $\phi$ -axis is, in fact, a felt reality.

*Note: the following section has, as far as I can tell, no crossover with the physics of Unity theory. This being a primarily religious/psychological text, I wasn’t trying to form a mathematical theory. So, DEPTH and ALTITUDE should be read purely as psychological metaphor, not physics. I leave the section in as a record of quite how wildly you have to think to break down your own paradigm.*

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<sup>7</sup>I would tweak this in hindsight. I think it is possible to define an ego-Self axis (the direction of the soulbridge), within  $(x, y, z)$  space, i.e. without reference to the depth of the Universe. Since the ego is the mind conceptualising the mind, it can be taken as a 3D object. I find this a fascinating area. The relationship between, on the one hand, the psychological **1/2** duality, and, on the other, the physical Universe/cosmos duality is fertile ground for study. The two dualities are related, but not identical. One major question is: “To what extent can thoughts be considered 3D?”



According to the  $\phi$  model, our physical cosmos is a closed **3**-boundary, which partitions **4**-space into two regions, namely the interior of the **3**-sphere (mathematically, the open **4**-ball) and its exterior (the complement of the **4**-ball's closure). These are not the personal **3**-intro and **3**-extra, which, as we have seen, loop around the bracelet, but rather **4**-DEPTH and **4**-ALTITUDE, which remain apart. Their very apartness is the human condition, the heart-chasm that kills the user. The psychophysical **4**-universe is divided by the physical **3**-world into regions of differing character. In this book, I have called them many things: *depth* and *altitude*, the **1** and the **2**, the *divine* and the human, G/U and ego. They are cardinal directions on the  $\phi$ -axis:

God is  $\phi$ -negative, the human  $\phi$ -positive.

Imagine thoughts, feelings and ideas as psychophysical HYPERTHOUGHTS, viz. bursts of psychophysical **4**-activity in the higher-dimensional Self, whose **3**-shadows show up on EEGs as neurological **3**-waves. We freethinkers have long known that consciousness cannot be reduced to the workings of the brain: this extra dimension solves that problem. The brain is simply the three-dimensional *xyz* cross-section of a four-dimensional  $\phi xyz$  hyperbrain, which has infinitely as many degrees of freedom. Extend the 100 trillion connections in the human brain dimensionally, and you can begin to see the possibilities.

It seems that, in exactly the manner of past and future, we can only look in one direction: outwards, by which I mean **4**-outwards, radially, *altitudinally*. Those hyperthoughts that extend in the positive  $\phi$ -direction beyond the seat of the **4**-witness are visible to God. We could term this ability to “see” one’s hyperthoughts (or, as is the way with all sight, to see their lower-dimensional aspects) HYPERVISION, a higher-dimensional analogue to physical sight. So Lake-eye’s ego genesis was an *emergence*, a sending up of hyperthoughts to altitude where his deeper Self could see them. That lifelong battle to hold up the sky was a battle to stay afloat, to keep some part of his being *visible*. Every child’s battle to establish their ego is the same battle for radial growth.<sup>8</sup>




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<sup>8</sup>In hindsight, I see this “radial growth” as the witnessing of human lives *by God*. The ego-Self axis may be considered as a 3D entity, if one projects hyperthoughts down; a simple thought may well have negligible detail in the inner dimensions. But the witnessing of conscious thought, which can certainly be modelled as “mind aware of mind” is only the more superficial level. The deeper, and much more important witnessing, is “God aware of mind”.

The glome, as a **3**-sphere, divides psychophysical **4**-space into two. The **4**-inner is unconscious, God, depth; the **4**-outer is ego, human, altitude. Which leaves the material world of the BODY—that which the West imagines as the extent of the cosmos—as the boundary between the two. Three-dimensional matter, as experienced by the mundane *xyz* senses, marks the 3-frontier which divides up a 4-world. In psychological terms, this means that the body is the link between the  $\phi$ -positive conscious and the  $\phi$ -negative unconscious. In Christian terms, the Holy Spirit; in archipelagic terms, the bridge; in set notation, the intersection; in everyday terms, the go-between.

In the  $\phi xyz$  model, the SOUL is none other than the BODY.

Now, to Western ears, the soul in corpore sounds a little curious. We are accustomed, we Shakespearean lovers of metaphor, to greater aethereality than that. So how can I suddenly turn around and place the soul inside *The Machine*? It sounds like sacrilege: fleshy and wrong. But that is age-old Christian baggage. We are steeped in the patristic projection of  $\phi$ -negative devilry into the body: back then, to keep God pure, it was always the sins of the *flesh*. To cultures less one-sided, to those accustomed to feeling, the fact that the body is God's messenger is *self-evident*! Where do we feel the warmth of heartglow? Where do we feel our intuitions? What burns when we fall in love? The chest, the guts, the solar plexus.

Love is an *embodied* feeling.

If this seems strange, to admix love with topology, good! Such a reaction is symptomatic of psychic apartheid, and therefore points, as symptoms do, to the possibility of healing. Love is, after all, the reason for living. It should need no excuse to appear, even in the most unfamiliar places; it should always be welcome. But, all too often, thinking love “uncontrollable”, the West closes its door, fearful of love's strangeness, its *unfalsifiability*. We pretend that The Lab is what matters. Thus, inevitably, love is absent from theory in all but the very shallowest sense: beyond pheromonal chemistry (a mere **3**-shadow), beyond the averages of dating apps, love enters no theory of physics.

And that this seems natural is *exactly* what's wrong.

Any philosophy which fails to account for love, which fails to turn towards love, which fails to bring it all back to love is not only feeble, it is reckless, even murderous. Where loving medicine heals, loveless medicine preys on the sick;

where loving commerce satisfies a true need, loveless commerce lies to make a new one; where loving physics feeds the hungry, loveless physics builds better bombs. Anything that “glosses over” love, that fails to wonder if what it does is loving, is an instrument of destruction. To make anything, yes, to sell anything, to prove anything without reference to love is to sell one’s soul.

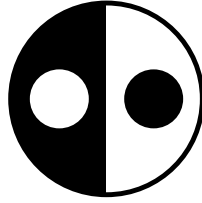
Just think of the dismal creed of physics: “Shut up and calculate!”

But the existence of 4-space connections in the deep region enclosed by the glome suggests a method for modelling love (qualitatively, of course) that is logically consistent with the rational mindset, yet allows for the needs of the human heart. Thus, having introduced the radial  $\phi$ -axis, let us postulate, in the manner of the Higher, a four-dimensional emanation,  $\mathcal{L}$ , a HYPERLIGHT as real as light, which is to be the carrier of love in  $\phi xyz$ -space. Concerning its nature I will make no claim (the statement of an axiom requires none) other than to say, for the purpose of understanding, that, if we are lucky enough, *brave* enough to have known love, we know what such a thing feels like. Reading G/U as THE HIGHER, that which occupies the centre of the World, the many religious and psychological interpretations of love ring true. “Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.” Love is an interaction with the Deep. “Love is of God”. Pure altitude, Moriarty’s scientific cleverness, is outward, away from the unconscious, away from God, away from Her, and feels no love.

De Bernières wrote:

*“Your mother and I had it. We had roots that grew towards each other underground, and when all the pretty blossom had fallen from our branches we found that we were one tree and not two.”*

Love is the twining of roots in the hyperlight.



# THE SOULBRIDGE

The soul is a causeway, a bridge which, holding the two worlds together, keeps them apart and yet joins them.

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*Chândogya Upanishad*

Consider two mathematical sets,  $P$  and  $Q$ .

If they are mutually exclusive, those two names suffice to describe them. But, if not, if there is a link, two further concepts suggest themselves: that which is in common to both sets, and the sum total of the two. This schema is reflected in set notation, which sits at the heart of pure mathematics. It conceptualises linked duality with a quaternity of concept. On a pair of sets, the fundamental operations of set theory are *intersection*,  $P \cap Q$ , and *union*,  $P \cup Q$ . Why? Because such conceptualisation chimes deeply with God's way of thinking.

Mathematicians have always had one hand on the altar.

So, **1** and **2** lead to **3** and **4**.



Every oak, no matter how mighty, starts tender.

Self-awareness is born small, and the **2**-ego is then, from that day forth, responsible; the ego's very existence depends on its ability to *self-conceptualise*. That is what consciousness is. Without the maintained concept of an "I", there is no "I"; in sleep, in death, there is no "I". To exist is to be conscious of existing, and to lose that self-awareness is to wink out like a blown bulb. And every

**2** is born from **1** in a state of childish weakness. Thus, from that day on, it must run a gauntlet of survival, fighting to maintain its independence, fighting to maintain its sense of itself. That **2**-sense lies in a sense of its boundaries, of what belongs to “I”, and what doesn’t. Ego, to exist, must conceptualise its borders; that was Lake-eye’s task.

Every one of us, in our younger years, engineers such a marking-out. To do so is natural, inevitable, crucial: it is the task of a self-conceptualising psychic subset (whose essence is exactly that) striving, struggling, *fighting* to carve out its own inner niche. It is the task of EGO GENESIS: knowing oneself. In order to establish consciousness, there must be a subject, which means an object. And, initially, the divine frontier, the hedge before the wolf, the bridge between the islands, must be defended with vigour. As developing consciousnesses, every one of us fought this prolonged battle against extinction. Against submersion in unconscious “bliss”. And every one of us conscious folk, to one extent or another, was victorious. Those who weren’t, failing in this proto-Herculean labour, were never really born at all.

None of those can have read this far.

It is a psychic triumph to mark out “I”, as Ehyeh did: to become **1** and **2**. But the victory comes at great cost. What begins as merely a marked-out frontier doesn’t remain so for long. Youthful fear begets fear; fearful division breeds division. The early skirmishes on the divine frontier see a fence raised, then a ditch, then a barricade, then a high defensive rampart, until, as the ego throws up flags and proclaims its independence with an adolescent roar, a full-blown Iron Curtain is commissioned, facing the dark of the neighbouring realm. The divine frontier is now cragged with turrets, and drones prowls the fog. And this is the state, that of Checkpoint Charlie, in which every Westerner begins adulthood. The divine frontier as a minefield: North Korea’s DMZ. That is the challenge that faces consciousness, not as punishment for *peccatum originale*, but as a psychological inevitability. It is no fault of ours; it is no fault of G/U’s.

Division is simply the human condition.



In the 3rd century AD, the alchemist sage Mary the Jewess laid out, using the paleolithic language of number, the divine map of the human condition. “One becomes two,” she wrote, in what is now known as the *Axiom of Maria*,

“two becomes three, and out of the third comes the one as the fourth.” Now, **1** and **2** are, as we know, the primordial parents: **1** is the God-symbol, **2** the ego. And their fundamental apartness is a symbolic description of ego genesis. So, what is the **3**? What is the third entity? In set notation, the **3** is the intersection. In the Christian Trinity, the third of the triumvirate is the Holy Spirit, the “ghost of wholeness”, the bridge between divine Father and human Son. After *yin* and *yang*, the third element of the Daoist *taijitu* is the pair of dots, which represent the transcendent soul. **3**, as we know, is the magic number.<sup>1</sup>

And **4**?

The fourth concept is the *union*.

Hence the myriad dream symbolisms, documented copiously by Jung and others, of **4** representing completion or wholeness. When a **3**-bridge joins two islands, a fourth concept is automatically created, that of the new whole. That of the archipelago. Duality is **1** and **2**, and the third entity is the link between them, which makes a fourth concept, the total. The much discussed Christian Trinity is a concept in itself: The Three as One. The Axiom of Maria states: “The psyche is **1** and **2**, yet, through the **3**, there is unity in the **4**.” Hence, **4** is the G/U-human. Chinese language, philosophy, art: all is built around **4**, which is considered the most auspicious of numbers. The Eastern mandala has fourfold symmetry. The fourth concept in the Daoist *taijitu* is the *taijitu* itself. The Jewish “God-man” can, in fact, be read visually as a glyph of an archipelago: two islands, God and man, with the dash as the **3**-bridge. The fourth concept is the God-man system as a whole, the *Trinity*: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Ocean thinks like this:

**1**: G/U    **2**: ego    **3**: soul    **4**: Self.

We can tie this natural quaternary in with the concepts of ORDER and ENTROPY. Counter-entropic harmony triads + (+) + are, like the expression G/U-human, topological maps of the psychic archipelago, expressed in terms of order, as  $\Delta\mathcal{O}_U (\Delta\mathcal{O}_T) \Delta\mathcal{O}_E$ . The central bracket is the frontier gate, the soulbridge between the islands.  $\mathcal{O}_U$  is God’s peace, order in the **1**, harmony on G/U Island.  $\mathcal{O}_E$  is logic, order in the **2**, harmony on Ego Island.  $\mathcal{O}_T$  is then transcendence, order in the **3**, soulbliss, good relations on the bridge.  $\mathcal{O}_S$  is wholeness, order in the **4**, harmony across the Archipelago.

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<sup>1</sup>Who sang that, I wonder...?

Heaven, in other words.

But, due to the nature of consciousness as inevitably partial (and this is true for every culture with self-awareness, not just for one in which God is dead), the **1** and, thereby, the **4** are out of bounds to conscious experience. Regardless of any held beliefs—atheistic, religious, spiritual, secular—there is always a vast swathe of the psyche that is beyond the ken of ego consciousness (although not, possibly, beyond Universe-consciousness, which may witness in the flow of hyperlight). The Deep may be conceptualised, as it is for, say, Jews in the figure of Yahweh, but it isn't *accessible*. G/U remains unknowable, because G/U is exactly what is unknowable. Which is why everything comes back to the **3**, to soul, to *samadhi*, to transcendence. The divine frontier is where both the magic and the horror happens. Hence the need to go beyond **2**-consciousness and to engage, somehow, with “what cannot be engaged with”.

To go to the divine frontier, and there to open the gate.



So begins the fabled HERO'S JOURNEY, which is the opening of the deeper world. It is the pond-fish joining the river; the **2** beginning to see the **3**; Frodo leaving the Shire; the prisoner leaving Plato's cave; the mortal going to meet with the gods; the unbolting of the gates; Nietzsche becoming Zarathustra; Saul becoming Paul; Bruce Wayne becoming Batman; Pirsig becoming Phaedrus; the conversation with inner voices; the discovery of the darkness within; the going to face one's demons; the choice to deal with one's shit; Door taking Richard down to London Below; Virgil taking Dante down into the underworld; the first acceptance of the human condition; the decision to carry the sky.

Awakening.

But the hero's journey is not, as assumed by shallow fools, a supernatural call to some supernatural elsewhere; it is a *psychic* metaphor. Awakening doesn't usher in an alternate reality, it ushers in Reality. It ushers in the knowledge of *brahman*, knowledge of the deeper psyche. In ego terms, the hero's journey is the rational conceptualisation of the irrational parts of the mind, of life, of experience, and consequent action as a deeper Mind. There is no paranormality. Contra the idiot atheists,<sup>2</sup> such psychic broadening simply increases the scope

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<sup>2</sup>The etymology of *idiot* is as in idiom or idiosyncratic. It is, literally, an egotist, i.e. an atheist.

of experienced reality, thereby rendering the paranormal normal. The prisoner who escapes Plato's Cave doesn't escape reality, he enters it.

Superheroes always learn to be *themselves*.

And the lasting appeal of such "stories of deepening", five thousand years from Gilgamesh to Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ , is testament to their conceptual truth. The Marvel Universe is a pantheon, albeit one corrupted by greed. Hero's journeys describe a real thing. Sadly, since the Great Mistake, "supernaturalisation" of the divine, while millions have been titillated by such things—"Imagine if there was more than this!!"—they have failed to take the thought *seriously*. They have felt the soulglow of a scope-widening tale of transcendence, but then, reliably informed by the rational refuseniks of Western "education" that such grandeur of purpose is childish, they pass off the direct *instruction* of the hero's journey as mere "entertainment", and return to the material shit-heap. This has hitherto been the problem of soulfulness: it has had no logical foundation.

*"Two thousand years have passed, and not a single new God!"*

Thus roared Zarathustra.

Nietzsche, the Godless martyr, saw the **3**-bridge and the **4**-beyond; he saw the grey wolf, the phantom of the forest; he heard the call to the hero's journey and answered it cataclysmically, diving headlong into a whirlpool of hubris, but the spirit of the times wouldn't let that adamantine prophet *conceive* of the island he ached for. And the West is full of such ravaged souls: those who yearn for the spiritual heights while being unable, due to fecklessness, sheep-reason, booze, and the teflon tyranny of the scientific *logos*, even to admit that there are such heights to strive for. Everyone who stirs at thoughts of transcendence is a would-be bridge walker, a would-be hero, but, to the West, there is no bridge.

Thus, **2**-as-be-all breeds objectivism,  
Which breeds negation of destiny,  
Which breeds negation of the individual,  
Which breeds primacy of the group,  
Which breeds primacy of commercial power,  
Which breeds the deification of money,  
Which breeds mockery of all things soulful,  
Which breeds denial of the **1**,  
Which breeds **2**-as-be-all.



Which denies the call of destiny, and the hero's chance at *inward* heroism, which is the journey's proper domain. All crusaders misinterpret. But now at Meta-2, we know better. The hero's journey describes the task of coming to terms with G/U, of dealing with the human condition. Contrary to every current worldview, the journey is absolutely real. This book, indeed, is a hero's journey. The Gatekeeper's warning was that of the psychopomp. Böhme's gaunt soldier was stationed at the frontier (that was where this book began, ego-side of the **3**-turrets): "a Desire to begin," he said, standing by the gate. Begin what? The hero's journey. He knew that to "meddle in the dear Names of God", to step out, go halfway, and then retreat would be self-harm on a terrible scale.

**3**-suicide, in fact.



G/U-terror hits every single person.

Intelligence is no defence; ability is no defence. Hobbits are as ready for this as are Knights of Gondor. To share one's psychic house with an eternal being of geological-cosmological scale is heavy; the human condition borders brutal. But the Stoics had it right here: *that's just the way it is*. Courage is the best and only defence. Consciousness is the hero's burden, and the choice the frontier presents is simple: **3**-bravery or **2**-cowardice. The hero's journey or the ego's retreat. The former leads to individuality; the latter leads, in the end, to blame; to the ego-dogmatism of the perennially cheated; to the arid old man, desperate to safeguard his legacy. Countless heroes have choked in the same way, hands around the neck of some or other *bête noire*, some or other ghost from beyond the border.

And therein lies the greatest of tragedies.

IF ONLY.

Romeo, exiled in faraway Mantua, comes to know that love is dead. "Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, and her immortal part with angels lives." And he weeps, bereft, and, unaware, sets his heart on martyrdom: "Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!" Such are the tears of the West. This ISLAND. And, though Friar Lawrence sends his man, we hear no messages, and dream no dreams. We become soul-tat: fractions, not people, heroes with no divine realm to seek. Until the day comes when hope is gone, and we, with tearful Romeo, cry: "O mischief, thou art swift to enter in the thoughts of desperate men!" And on and

on, until all grace, all *noblesse oblige*, all hope, all “duty to the God in oneself” is gone, and only **2**-pride remains.

But Juliet yet lives in Verona.

The soul’s death is only *borrow’d* likeness.

The divine realm, the **1**, is an inner realm, not some star-spangled fantasy. And the hero’s journey, the task of life, is available to all. It’s the **1** in the **4**, via the **3**, via the soulbridge. Juliet, the feminine, the Western tragedy, lives on within each of us. All we have to do is listen in hope. The moment we listen, we *hear*. The moment we look, we *see*. The question is: When do we start? How many messages does it take? How many mornings after? How much anxiety? How many pills? How much anger? How many neuroses?

There are battles to be fought on many frontiers.

In the task of being a real human being, the cowardly fail, but so do the reckless. The hero is neither. The hero walks the soulbridge slowly, eyes open, chin raised, not in rational piety, not in dervish abandon, not in fear of some whip-wielding master, not emasculated, defeminised or dulled with “equality”, not in expectation of praise or fame, but in exploration, in joy, in willingness-to-be, in willingness-to-laugh, pained, hopeful, *remplis du Saint-Esprit*, with simple, cartographical knowledge of the setup of the psyche.

Courage and concept.

Otherwise, hellfire awaits, the *real* hellfire, that is: psychic lava doused with whiskey; old age aching to “have been somebody”. The slow apocalypse of hypotheticals. But courage is the seed of courage, and that is not to be the fate of the world. That is not to be our fate. We, the conscious ones of humanity will not trudge, sharp-suited and miserable, clean anti-Mystics with junk-filthy cellars, towards the plastic horror. We will not close the inner frontier, throw away all hope of joy, and return to “same old, same old”. That is not to be our fate. Having woken to the deeper life, we will not turn back.

We *must* not turn back.

There are sacrifices to be made, yes: sacrifices that will hurt. That’s why I said at the beginning: don’t think that this will be easy. You’re signing up for the *real deal* here. I won’t sugarcoat this shit. A genuine life is hard. It’s fucking hard. To reach the deeps of yourself, you’ll have to cry like a baby, helpless. You’ll ache, in the deeps of the thing, when the water runs black beneath the Bridge, for the simplicity of anything else. To move from island-thinking to

archipelago-consciousness is a grand, terrifying, extraordinary task, but that's just life! That is what it is to be a human being, rather than a toad. To move beyond ego is to rise, to bloom, to stick one's head over the parapet, to put oneself in harm's way. To change.

To *exchange*, indeed.

The self for the soul.

The pond for the river.

The **2** for the **3**.

The island for the bridge.

$\mathcal{O}_E$  for  $\mathcal{O}_T$

$Q$  for  $P \cap Q$

Turrets for trade routes.

Dogma for truth.

The fraction for the *whole*.

And, after it all, when the dust settles, you will be You, and a blue-eyed maiden will sing in your heart. She will hold your dreams in her hands, not bought with courage, not captured in bondage, but free in You, free because she is You, free because she is the Bridge, the angel **3**, the jewel in the City of Jade. She is to be your love, your light-brought, all the knowing you could ever know. She sleeps beneath the sea, yet holds out hope.

She lives, your Juliet.

Go inside, and find her.

## EPILOGUE

So, at last, the ocean beckons.

We little fish can face the river. G/U is partway understood, the Higher hoped, and now we face the rapids with trembling. But we are not so innocent as we once were. Our halos have grown a little darker. So, with the corners of our eyes on the worst (best) of our demons, we ask of ourselves: How greatly can we live in our smallness? On what extension of scale can we imagine ourselves? If the answer to those questions is a shrug, so be it. The world of small hearts and faux-comfort beckons. The train coughs, and makes a space. But if, instead, we feel our seraphim stirring at those higher thoughts, then perhaps our destinies lie beyond those elegant slums of glass.

We were savages once, remember?

Let's not forget what we learned back then.



You are right to dream.

In those moments when heaven and Earth are the same, those moments in the deep of the dust, you'll find the lessons of years of toil. Those are the shadows cast by the Second Tree. The Ocean is far, yes; the river is wild. It offers no life but the *lived* life. But that life is free of regret. That life is transpersonal, broader than death. In that life, *everything* is felt, not merely those psychic pleasantries allowed across the drawbridge.

For better, for worse.

Our life-objects are much bigger than us. We stretch beneath into higher dimensions. And each of us can  $\mathbb{R}$  realise that. Each of us can wander. Each of us can seek the  $\mathbb{C}$  gods within. And then draw claws. Of one thing we may be

certain: we will have no peace, we who have felt the warmth of the Hyperlight, in the promises of the *average*, in the gleaming hypocrisies of the big fish, who tell us, “Be yourself,” but don’t mean it. No. Those poor fools, power-suited in their cages, want to sell us their tired dreams, so as to staunch their own hearts. How tragic are the shallow, who have fallen prey to the current sickness, but refuse to see it, and thereby spread it onwards and outwards, infecting everyone with “Buy, Buy, Buy!” In this way, in this dreadful creep, our culture has grown ill. Now, it steals the only gold that matters: the *soul*, the part that talks to God.

To hell with that trade.



And so the door closes.

CLICK.

And, from here, there’s no way back.

We may ache for the innocence of childhood days, but those days are gone, and gone forever. And yet, all things return, higher. In the Helix, beyond and behind the pain, there is a second garden, a *deeper* garden, another rapture, another childhood. There is a place of long, slow peace. But this heaven lies beyond, down destiny’s river, and we must swim the black rapids first.

Onwards, onwards, through darkness, to love.

And so, at the head of the water’s gauntlet, all that remains is to offer ourselves in devotion to the gods, to God, to our Selves, to bliss, and humbly to commit to the Deep. For every great journey begins with a heart-void. Eyes glazed, then eyes up, then eyes down, then eyes open.

All seems grey, and lost in drabness.

But then, at last, somewhere in the reeds...

*Movement.*

The flick of a little fish’s tail.