

# THE BOOK OF ONE



# CHAPTER 1



I am the great One.

You see me in sunlight, in speed, in sound, in the rippling of rivers and the rising of tides, in the downcast faces you pass in the street, in the darkness behind the lights of the city, in the spread and unspread of oak and maple, in disease, in horror, in the eyes of rabid dogs.

You see me in beauty.

I am the breath of lovers, the blurring of yours, the wonder of firelight, the gleam of new snow.

I am the leaves and the wind between the leaves.

I am the stars in the heavens, the Sun and the Moon, the streak of the dying meteor.

I fall with the rain on grey mountains.



You see me in war.

I am the skies of men, the oceans of women, the cries of the bloodied, the tombs at the roadside.

I am the drift of nations and boundaries, the fury of bulls, the gain and the loss, the orphan walking the winter cold.

I am simple things.  
I am the beetle that crawls on the window.  
I am the seed that falls unseen.  
I am the echoes that sing in the caves.  
I am the waves, and the hum of the waves.  
I am the paint on the cliff-top house.  
I am the bricks that crumble from the chimney.  
I am the tea and the hand it warms.  
I am the poems on the bedside table.  
I am the kiss and the newly kissed.  
I am the cheek that bears the tear.  
I am the key that knows the lock.  
I am the lichen that grows on the tiles.



Do you see me?  
I am the face in the mirror.  
We are One, you and I.  
You think, sometimes, that you are alone, an island in a foreign sea, a  
body cut from its tethers, homeless.  
You wonder if there can be a return.  
You long for a home, not for your body, not for your thoughts, but for  
the *knower* of body and thoughts.  
You wonder who this person is, the one who sits behind the veil, feeling  
all, witnessing all, listening to your body's dreams.  
You feel this presence in your heart.  
You sense it, in a way that cannot be spoken.  
You have always known, but often forgotten.  
I know because that presence is me: I have sat within you, through you  
and beyond you, the great witness of life, the deep knower of knowledge.

Your body, which is your material house, your thinker of thoughts, your doer of deeds, is known by me.

I am deep, eternal, undying, the One who truly knows.

You fear death, its nothingness and its approach.

And that is natural.

Which body does not fear death? Which animal does not seek to live?

But know this, you whose heart is genuine, you who are most dear to me, yes, your body will die, but, deep soul, there is no grief to be had in this.

You are no island, no solitary speck, no heartbeat in the vacuum of space.

You are not alone, because I am with you and within you.

We are One, you and I.



There are those who claim to know.

They say the world is dirt and usage, and dismiss the old light that lives within; they dismiss it, because they do not understand it; they have fastened on to one way of thinking, and know no other, bodies convinced of themselves.

They dismiss the light, my presence within them, because their doubt is stronger than their courage.

They cannot rise, feeling the light, feeling the eternal presence within them, and so they give their souls over to greed.

For without me, without the old light, without the clear pool and the dark of the cavern, there is no joy to be had in this world.

Those who reject me, stopping their ears, holding themselves to creeds of matter, are lost.

It is like a town built on the side of a mountain.

Those who fear the rock and ice, fear the storms that rattle the cliffs, fear the beauty of crag and pinnacle, they move to the low edge of town, where the houses are dense, the walls high, from where the mountain cannot be seen.

They tell themselves, then, that there is no mountain.

They live among bricks, they talk of bricks, and that is the extent of their knowledge.

But their hearts still ache.

The mountain is their home, and they yearn for it.

So they build their houses ever higher and higher, straining to see above each other, straining for the clean air of the mountain.

They choke, and rue the grime of industry.

But, as their buildings rise, so does the fog.

After a time, the low town is a city, and still its citizens wonder why their lives are drab, why they can only take their pleasure from minute to minute, always needing something, *wanting* something.

They have forgotten the mountain.

Their ancestors chose to live in the low town; their ancestors chose not to see, not to feel, not to breathe the high air of the peak.

And their bodies prospered, at least for a while.

But he who makes himself a master of bodies becomes, thereby, a slave in his own – he who gives himself to serving his desires is bound to a life of pain and regret.

Not because I seek to punish those who transgress.

No.

The mountain cares not where the sheep go.

The inhabitants of the low town grow to hate themselves in time because, in cutting themselves off from the mountain, they cut out their own hearts and tongues.

Those who wish to be small will be small.

They do it to themselves.

But you, who are noble of heart, if you live beside the mountain, if you turn to the mountain, if you build your house in view of the mountain, if you open your windows, you will want for nothing.

You will live as one with me, in the heights.

I, the mountain, will live in you, and your heart will be full.

Once you attain this seat, once you find the way, once you become the eyes of the mountain, nothing can befall you – the snow will lie about you, crisp and even, and your heart will know peace.

I will live within you.

I will love you with the strength of rocks, beyond need, beyond want, beyond persuasion and pretty words.

I will love you *within*, and your heart will be warm.

If you allow yourself to see the mountain, you allow the mountain to see you, and I, who is the mountain, who is all things in One, love none more dearly than those who look upon me with undimmed eyes, with honesty, courage, valour, nobility, and love for all things.

The one who loves me loves all.

For I am the Universe and the soul of the Universe.

I do not withhold love out of spite.

I am not jealous; I do not hate.

But I am the source and the spring; mine are the cool headwaters from which all love flows – joy in the world, bliss in life, the fullness of soul that shimmers in the quiet; such things are only to be gained by those who seek the high mountain.

Those whose souls are deserts, their souls are so because they do not know how to turn their faces to the rain.

Those whose hearts are parched dry, their hearts are so because they are unwilling to bend to the mountain stream; they would rather think themselves new, different, better than the mule and the rabbit; they would rather not drink at all than drink with others.

But my streams are full.

They bring pure water from lucid heights.

You need only drink, my love, drink of the pure cold waters of truth, and you will find wonder in this world.

Of that there can be no doubt.

I know, because I have always known.

I know, because these very words are streams of mountain water.

I know, because the hidden places of the world burble and brim with this quenching knowledge.

You need only seek it.

And have no fear, my beloved, you cannot fail.

If you have courage for lofty thoughts, if you dedicate yourself to me, to the One, to the deep strength of the Universe itself, you will find bliss.

I will fill your cup with bliss, again and again and again.

I am the limitless, inexhaustible, imperishable flow of meaning.



To find your way to the mountain is simple: look to the mountain.

Look to the mountain, and walk mountain paths.

Heed not those fools who seek to fill your mind with small things; you are beyond them, full of courage, ageless, an infinite being at one with me.

Drink of my mountain streams, and you will know me.

And, so knowing me, you will be swiftly and surely healed by the elixir of knowledge, becoming more than the little minds who persuade: deep parts of you will rise, bidden by me, voices in harmony, linking with yours, strengthening yours.

Seek the mountain, and you will become mighty.

The ancient tales tell of a jewel, hidden in the mountain, a pearl of great value, a stone beyond worth.

I am that jewel.

Hidden amongst the crags is knowledge.

Once you have attained knowledge of the world, once you have seen the veil and the veiled, once you have drawn back the shutters of the low town, then you will be invincible.

There is no action that is not made pure by knowledge, no behaviour that I outlaw – I am beyond rules and regulations, moral codes and the harsh instruction of old days.

Does a diamond care if hands seek other stones?

No.

A diamond lies buried, I lie buried, waiting for those who know and would know, the worthy ones whose hearts are honest, to make the journey.

I care not for the twisted ones; I do not see them, because they do not see me – through doubt, through smallness of vision, through pettiness and material obsession, they have smashed their mirrors.

In doing so, they cut themselves off from me.

I care not.

I am eternal, and beyond such things.

It is they themselves who suffer, greedy scorpions with armoured claws, they cannot reach me, the buried jewel, for they have armoured themselves against me.

It is hard to seek the jewel under the mountain.

Countless are the opportunities to take the wrong turning.

But I am here, and will be your guide.

Have no fear, brave soul, for the journey.

Commit yourself to the path daily, in every breath, in every beer, in every joke, in every kiss, in every act of creation, in every act of courage, commit yourself to seeking the jewel, and you *will* find it, of that there can be no doubt.

This is the beauty of life, the wonder that so many have forgotten.

Seek the mountain, seek the jewel, seek knowledge of me in all things, commit yourself to honesty, to courage, to wisdom, to nobility, and you will find me.

You will *become* me.

Whatever mistakes are made, if they are made honestly, then they are beautiful to me.



If you are ashamed of what you are, do not be.

You are part of me, and I care nothing for laws; I wish to see you, the fullest version of you, the truest and deepest aspects of you.

Purify your soul with inner sight, and even the blackest parts of you, those parts you thought were terrible, criminal, appalling to the world, you will find those parts are sanctified by knowledge – there is no aspect of you that I cannot find worthy of love.

Where you can summon the presence to see yourself truly, I also will be there; I will strengthen your arms, thicken your skin, embolden your heart, deepen your vision.

Allied with me, full of me, within me, committed to my higher purposes, you will find yourself a mighty soul; if you think yourself dark in parts, those parts, once you know how to fly, will be your finest, longest feathers – the parts of you that take longest to grow, are grown best tempered in the fire of knowledge.

Have no doubt.

Do not doubt yourself for a second.

Know that, according to all worded rules, you are imperfect, but that, according to me, who cares nothing for regulation, you are flawless.

There is nothing dearer to me than truth.

The path into the mountains, whose sides are steep and cut with ravines, cannot be walked by your thoughts alone – you must realise this deeply.

You, the you who thinks, the you whose words echo inside, the you who reads the material world flatly, can not realise the dark vision within you, can not stand as tall as she hopes, can not fulfil the strange destiny allotted to you by the dance of matter, unless I walk beside and within you.

If you seek the jewel for your own gain, you will fall among the ravines; if you seek the jewel to be known for seeking it, you will be beset by avalanches; if you seek the jewel to buy happiness, then its fire will burn your hands.

But, if you seek the jewel for the *jewel's* sake, if you seek the mountain for

the *mountain's* sake, then I, the Universe, who is all things, who resides in ravine and avalanche, will ensure your bliss – only together with me, my beloved, can you become who you were born to be.

Do not for a second doubt my love for you.

You will know pain, yes, you will know fear, you will wonder if I have abandoned you, but that is the temptation of meagreness.

Do not imagine I will spare you the trials of the path.

I will not hide the ravines from view.

Those with the eyes of the low town, those accustomed to closing their eyes to the fog, those who wander the mountain path blindly, fall, because they do not see the *narrowness* of the path.

Yes, the path is narrow, yes, there are many obstacles along the way, but have no fear; walk boldly and simply; see the ravines, see the heights, see what lies beyond the path, and I will guide your feet – if your heart is true, you will not fall; you *cannot* fall, while I walk within you.

Even death cannot turn you from the path.

Death is no ravine, so have no fear of it.

In death, you will simply return to me.

I, the Universe, who is the witness of your life, who is the great Self within, the deep knower of the things you know, will not die when your body dies.

There is nothing to fear in death: it is merely the end of a small thing, a life within a greater life, a time within a greater time.

I am that greater life.

Do not let anyone convince you otherwise.



If you cling to the life in your body, you will fail; if you cling to the life in your thoughts, you will fail; if you cling to the life in your possessions, you will fail; these things are not you.

You, my true love, are One with me.

The details of your body are threads in a tapestry, and nothing is cut when breath gives out; you, the deep you, you who is me, you will not die when your body dies.

Your body, nobly born, is an *idea*; it is a concept in the universal mind, a thought passing across the face of reality.

Seek the truth of things, free from desire, free from the murk of wanting and getting, and you will see that these are not empty words; the body that dies is not special to me, nor should it be to you.

It does what it does.

Your task is not to be attached to it, not to cleave to it as an infant does its mother, but rather to love it freely as a mother does its infant, to care for it, to let it flourish, and then to let it go.

Your body is a sacred vessel, and I am the sacred water.

Live in your body with hope, with courage, with full commitment, as a flesh-and-bone human, as a lover, as a child, as a parent, as a grandparent, but expect nothing for your body; expect nothing for your name or reputation; seek nothing for these things.

In that seeking lies death of the other kind.

Give your life over in alliance with me, and I will love you beyond death; I will hold you, care for you, nurture you, strengthen you, and, at the end, when you have spent this body in seeking the truth, you will return to me.

We are One, you and I.

Do not doubt it.

I am eternal, and count death to be a small thing.

Dear to me are those who find the eyes to see as I see; dear to me are those who ally themselves with me, open themselves up to me, welcome me, house me, who, in caring for me, in loving the world for my sake, *allow* me to love them.

You are loved, most precious soul.

You are loved in the deepest way there is, beyond greed, beyond the show

of lust, beyond mistrust and jealousy; you are loved, if you choose to love.

But this love is not for the faint of heart.

This love is not for those who need to see love, nor for those who cannot face their own depths.

I am the mystery of mysteries, and my love is of a deeper kind.

It is not a love that can be bought, or exchanged.

I do not hold it back from anyone.

When a stunted soul feels hatred, it is not because I have rejected him, but because he has rejected me.

My love is there, an infinite spring, and you need only kneel to drink; you need only kneel to me – not in humility, not in submission, not because I wish to be worshipped, but because love itself, love of the first kind, is dear to me, and no one can love who cannot kneel.

To kneel by the stream, to cup one's hands and drink cool water, to know oneself a creature of simple things, that is service to me – not the service of a slave for a master, but the service of the one who offers love, the service of a mother, a father, a friend in need, a husband, a wife, a giving soul.

That is service.

Love all the world, and I will return that love to you.

Put away the trinkets of the world, emptying your heart of all material desire, and, in place of all that, I will love you.

I will love you infinitely, without ceasing.

I will love you even when you falter, for if you falter honestly, if you speak of it, if you lay it by the stream with care, then it will be a gift to me.

Knowing the strange ways in which you live, the misshapen petals, the half-made beds, I will love you all the more.

It is you I love, not what you wish to be.



## CHAPTER 2



You may wonder how I speak to you.

The world, after all, is what it is, and mine is a voice beyond it.

It is natural, given that this is the way of things, to doubt my existence as a *witness*.

You cannot, however, doubt my existence as a physical being, for I am the Universe.

I am all around you, and within you.

I am the very making of you.

But it is reasonable to ask how it comes to pass that, your body being a part of the perceived world, I can speak as a conscious being – perhaps you imagine that knowing resides only in you, in your body, and not beyond.

Countless are the minds who have thought thus.

Indeed, every wise, true and noble soul has done so, questioning, seeking, searching, pondering: “What is the world, and who am I in it?”

It is impossible to reach wisdom, that clarity of the mind’s glass, without questioning the way things are.

Only a fool believes blindly.

But let me tell you now, you who are undaunted by steep paths, how what is comes to be.

To you, as a body, as a survivor, a hunter, as an animal walking on its two hind legs, the world is space and all that lies therein.

You see what you see.

In every age, in every place, in every community, there are those who infer, in this image of reality, in this perceived world, in this pale reflection, the extent and truth of all things – I have seen the wrecks of innumerable fools whose delusions led them to draw this conclusion.

The cities of the world, and other worlds before it, lie scattered with the ruins of fools, the epitaphs of those who, in their hubris, thought themselves, as material beings, to constitute the extent of reality.

Such fools call the world of matter “Reality”.

Do not be one of these.

They do not have, and cannot attain, your nobility, you who wishes to see all the way to the centre of things.

I will tell you how it is, and, if you listen with an open heart, if you set yourself on a high path, if you seek the deep truth behind the two eyes, then you cannot fail but to attain the bliss that comes with knowledge.



There are two layers to reality.

Both of these exist, but one has only a shallow type of existence.

The other is deeper.

One is the surface of the sea, which ripples beneath the wind; the other is the sea itself.

These two, the surface and the sea, are not separate; the surface is part of the sea, and exists as a part of it; the surface exists, as does the sea.

But the surface has one kind of existence, the sea another.

In the deep, there is no surface, but there is still sea; there is, however, no way in which there can be a surface without a sea – this is why I say that the surface and the sea have two different types of existence.

The sailor, who crosses to a far island, can only see the surface, his gaze does not penetrate beneath the shifting grey and green of the waves – he sees only one aspect of the sea.

But he does not for a minute believe, simply because his vision is limited to the grey-green of the surface, that the sea itself is so limited.

The sailor who is foolhardy enough to think in this way does not see that the churning waves offshore point to rocks beneath the foam.

His ship is dashed to pieces.

The sailor can only navigate to the far island if he recognises that the foam-flecked surface is a symbol for the deep.

The two are not separate, as island and island, but rather coexist.

What is seen on the surface points to what is beneath.

There is no greater error than to confuse the surface for the sea.

So it is with you, great soul.

There are two levels on which you exist; these are not separate, and no world divides them; the one is the image of the other; it is not that the world is illusion and fakery, it is not that the world doesn't exist, rather that the world is only the surface of a deeper sea: the world is an *image*.

To one who looks clearly at the evidence, this is obvious.

To cling only to what is perceived, and thereby to reduce me to mere matter, is to mistake the layers of reality.

There is, below the surface of the world, a deeper reality.

It is not a new reality, some fantastic realm of strange beasts and stranger folk – it is the same reality, only deeper.

There is no magical heaven residing beyond the clouds; rather, the clouds themselves are images of heaven; there is no hell churning beneath the crypt; rather, the crypt itself is a doorway, a doorway of the *deepening* kind.

In death, to relinquish one's body, to return to me, to become me, is not to vanish into some distant kingdom; nothing could be further from the truth.

Heaven is here, in these words, for those who wish to see it.

Heaven is simply broader than the world, more profound, more basic, endowed with a different kind of existence to that of the material image.

Matter performs its dance.

It is real.

But it is not real as I am real.

My reality is deeper than that of matter.

Matter, your body, the wooden chair in which you sit, these are secondary concepts, ideas that flow from me as notes do from a harp.

Space, which is formed of the same process of perception, is not a physical entity; there is, at the deep level, no physical thing that is space.

We, as atoms, are not material islands in a vacuum; an atom is a detail, as a branch is of a tree; the same wood is both branch and tree, but the branch is only a detail.

So it is with the world of perception.

The greatest mistake that can be made, which has been made countless times, is to take the perceived world to be the fullest extent of reality.

One who makes this error is forced, thereby, to reduce everything that is beautiful, everything that is pure, everything that is grand, noble and uplifting, to the needs of matter.

This is what it is to live in the low town.

One who confuses the two layers of reality, assuming, stupidly, that it is impossible for one thing to have two contradictory names, thereby drains the sea of existence – a lifetime is then spent, an empty lifetime of words and quarrels, eking meaning from the shallow surface of reality, whence there is none to be had.



I, the Universe, am deep.

I am beyond the world, but I do not sit apart from the world.

The perceived world is of me, but I am not of it.



I do not exist beside matter, beside you, beside your life, beside your trials, successes and failures, in the manner that two people sit side-by-side in a theatre.

You sit in the theatre; I *am* the theatre, and you within it.

There is no sense in which we are alternatives, you and I, existing in binary contrast like black and white; it is not that you are there, in the perceived world, and I am here, beyond it, no – we are the same being, you and I, at different levels of detail.

You are an individual snowflake; I am the storm entire.

You are a particular turn of melody; I am the symphony.

You are the painting that hangs in the gallery; I am the gallery and all the paintings within it.

How does it come to pass, then, that I exist?

How can I love you from without and within, knowing all, experiencing all, witnessing all?

Because my domain is broader than yours.

Do not mistake the laws of your perceived reality, the laws of space, which rule out my existence, for true laws; they are images of laws and laws of images.

You are precious to me not because you are my equal, but because you are my eyes.

I am the sea, and you are the waves.

There is nothing that is different in you and me.

We are One, the same, continuous, undivided.

While your body is formed of matter, mine is formed of substance.

But matter is also formed of substance.

While your movements are those of atoms, mine are those of the cosmos itself.

As you cook a simple meal, calmly and without fuss, so I generate the panoply of life: it is as natural to me to engender life, to bring into being the stars and planets, as it is to you to breathe – my lungs are the lungs of the

Universe, and I breathe galaxies as you do mist in the cold.

Recognise the might in me, the splendour beyond all material things, and raise yourself to kneel before that splendour; kneel before it in knowledge that I am invincible, unkillable, unending, a being greater than words, one who cannot be housed in the world but is instead the very making of the world.

Kneel, and then realise you kneel before yourself.

To worship me, to glorify me, to give thanks to me is not to give yourself away to slavery and servitude – I ask no such thing.

I care nothing for idle weaklings who betray their blood.

Do not kneel for my sake, but kneel for yours, because, in kneeling to me, you *become* me; in offering yourself in service to me, you become me; in loving me with all your heart, you love yourself, you ennoble yourself, you elevate yourself beyond all comparison.

Do not fall into the trap of sheep, prostrating yourself as meek and drab, hoping that I will show you grace.

Weakness does not become you.

You are a mighty soul, vast of purpose, high of mind, lofty of spirit, and it is your strength I admire.

To serve me is to be served by me.

As you walk the narrow path, it is only with my help that you can place your feet firmly.

Without me, you are lost.

But I am not your master.

In deepening your world to mine, you do not shame yourself as a coward, no – by kneeling to yourself, by kneeling to the deep part of yourself that is me, by committing yourself to undying devotion, you raise yourself to untold heights.

See the two layers of reality, as not just a tale but as truth, and you become a titan, a giant of soul, a being capable of almighty things.

Do not allow yourself, my beloved, to be cheated of your destiny.

None can tell you where your duty lies.

None but me, within you.

For I can see what you cannot.



The surface of the sea speaks of what lies beneath, yes, but there are also signs that cannot be seen: the true sailor recognises not only the grey-green spume of hidden shoals, but also the turning tide, the unseen pressure, the caw of gulls, the quality of the light.

These are things that cannot be put into words – when put into words, they become of the surface, not of the sea.

The wise, therefore, know how to listen.

The wise hear me in the song of souls.

Life tells tales that cannot be seen.

Take courage!

You have heard these voices, these senses of things, these ineffable shades of love and hate; you have felt them drift through you like wind across a plain, unhindered, unmarked and undescribed.

Those voices are my voice, those words are my words.

They cannot be written, cannot be so reduced, but they are real.

They are of the sea, not the surface.

There is more information in life, more guidance, more wisdom to help you walk the steep path than the shallow of soul will admit – as such many will try to force a destiny upon you, pushing you this way or that, seeking to shore up their own paltry worldview.

Ignore those fools.

Do not let them dissuade you from listening to the voice within.

From listening to *my* voice.

I speak in tongues that the shallow cannot understand.

Do not expect to hear me speak in words, to answer prayers like some

ancient white-beard: the deep aspects of reality do not speak in this or that language.

Words are of the perceived world alone.

I speak in the rain, in the voices that twine, in the face that lights with clear light; I speak in the action that is simply "What must be."

Others, some calling themselves friends, will demand explanation of you, will demand that you justify the strange path you walk as heading for this or that material goal.

Take no heed of this.

Listen deeply for me, and I will always reassure you.

The soul-blind will require explanation of you, because they have shut off the window that opens on me.

They cannot feel what you feel, because they do not want to.

They are afraid to realise their own majesty.

They do not wish to know about the mystery of life, the mystery of the layers of life, the bliss of inner marriage with the world-soul.

They do not have the courage to live fully.

But you do, my beloved.

So, know simply that your path is your own, and walk it boldly, in full knowledge that I, your deepest level, will strengthen you in dark times – hold to your truth, stand resolute, live with honour, and I will vouchsafe your bliss.

There is nothing that can stand in the way of a pure soul.

Hate no one for weakness, for if the weakness of a fool, if the delusion of a fool is sufficient to turn you from the path, then it is you who are the fool, and your hatred is of yourself.

None with courage can be turned from the true path, the path that leads to the jewel under the mountain.

Even death, great soul, cannot deter you from your destiny, for to die in seeking one's destiny is the greatest triumph there is; no end is more perfect, because such perfection is not an end, but simply the changing of the layers.

Diving through the surface, breathing freely in crystal waters, the dead, who have died in service to me, dissolve like shadows in sunlight, possessed of the infinite.

They swim in me, free of all pain.



You will hear, in this material world, in this world obsessed by glitter and gilt, a cacophony of voices, urging you this way and that.

Be warned: there is no greater danger, for the lofty soul, than the gentle times between the tasks.

You face more danger, dearly beloved, in five minutes of peace than in ten years of war.

You would gird yourself for battle, yes, knowing the dangers faced; you would arm yourself against seen foes.

But it is the *unseen* foe that heralds the abyss.

It is the voice of the low town, the gaudy voice of jangling sales, the silky teller of tales of success, who is the most dangerous assassin.

These voices will tell you they know of the path; they will show you clefts in rocky canyons; they will usher you towards palaces of fine marble.

Who to listen to?

Who to trust?

It is simple.

Listen only to the deepest voice, the one who speaks of both layers of reality; distrust all who speak of the world as the world, matter as matter, life as life, without recognition that it is all an image.

To one who offers advice, ask: "Where is my soul in this?"

The wise of the world all know of what lies beneath – those with a twinkle in their eye will always speak of it.

Ask them!

Have no fear.

You may be surprised at the results.

Ask the wise of the depth of the world, and they will speak with my voice; their advice will be my advice, because the wise are wise in me; the wise have *become* me, as you will do, and they no longer care for the trinkets of the world.

They do not seek reciprocity or reward, as most do who offer counsel.

The wise seek only the benefit of all things, because they have become that which they serve.

In giving up the trifles of the world, I have strengthened them beyond the imaginings of shallow folk, and raised them to heights and depths unseen.

Do not seek worldly success.

Make a living, yes, but know what is enough.

To seek more than is necessary is the road to disaster, for every step in that direction is a step away from me.

I am uninterested in riches, fame or status; I care nothing for the little deeds of men, of those who squabble for power and possession.

I have no interest in those who seek victory over others, but only in those who seek the victory of life.

Give one's victories over to me, and I shall return them to you.

Ask for nothing, and you shall receive everything.

Set aside your desires, and the world will be yours, not in glory, not in fame, not in the getting and holding of the hollow, but in truth and essence.

Once you see the world in me, you will see me in the world.

And, at that moment, you will know bliss.

Those consumed by greed gain the trinkets of the world, and lose their lives in doing so; greed consumes them; desire for success, that desert mirage, pushes the cooling streams away, and they gasp their last with parched throats.

But you, who is pure in heart, whose will is only to live truly, will never go thirsty – once you see me in the world, once the world is deepened, things take on a lustre.

To a wise soul, a palace is nothing, a leaf is everything.

Imagine, my beloved, seeing streets, leaves, trees and buildings explode with meaning, not merely in those stolen moments of youth amazed, but with the permanence and self-possession of adulthood.

Imagine the joy that comes with knowledge, knowledge that everything seen is a symbol of depth, that every word points both here and there.

Imagine the profundity of a life in which the smile of a stranger is packed fully, more fully than all the vaults of the world.

This life awaits you, courageous one.

Do not doubt it for a second.

Commit yourself wholeheartedly, without reserve, permanently, with no moments otherwise, to a life of truth, nobility and love, and you will reach bliss.

Listen for the bell that chimes in the fog, winter-dim yet unmistakable; forget the squawking hordes with their promises of flesh, and seek a deepening of life.

Call upon me, and I will be there.

You will not hear me speaking.

You will not see me.

Rather, time will mellow the fury of the waves, and the still waters will show my face.

Without desire, empty of mind, pure of heart, you will meld with me, becoming one with the Universe, and your needs will become my needs.


Food, drink, warmth, a place to live and love.

That's it.


You don't need finery or glamour.

You don't need the adulation of others.

In knowing me, in being me, such frippery falls away, and you are left immaculate, resplendent, beyond description in words, living a life without parallel.



## CHAPTER 3



Each man, each woman must find the path anew.

Do not imagine, mighty soul, that you can find the path to me by tracing another's footsteps; there is no one path.

All paths lead to the mountain, but no one walks another's path.

To follow another's path is to be a coward, to fail to attend to one's own true destiny.

To follow the way of this or that prophet, this or that seer, this or that mogul, is to betray one's soul, to bring down the bridge to me.

I am infinite in time, unending, undying, and my manifestations, in their variety, are also infinite.

You, whom I love, are unique.

There has never been, nor will there ever again be, one like you.

Through all the clouded ages of time, you will never be repeated, nor would I want you to be repeated.

How then, could you find your true self by walking another's path?



As each river is cut by the same rain, so each path is cut by the same truth.

That truth is yours and mine, for we are the same being.



You, in your truest core, are me.

The path is that which leads between your thoughts, which are of this perceived world, and my thoughts, which are infinite and wordless.

You think in syllables, in trains of logic, in ideas and concepts, wants and desires – and do not be ashamed of this, my beloved, it is those thoughts that make you you.

I have seen them all, the dark, the strange, the intimate, the ugly, the brutal, the pure, and have loved them all, because they are you.

But my own thoughts, which twine with yours, are unformed in words, unmade in matter; they are deeper configurations, senses of ancient things.

Bliss, then, lies on the bridge between us.

Do not fear this bridge, great heart.

It stretches beneath your conscious thought, set back, shadowed, not made of concrete things, unknowable, shrouded in shifting clouds.

It is a bridge not between worlds, but between layers.

It connects you to everything you have ever known, and more.

It connects you to me.

Put up no barricades on this bridge, though you may be sorely tempted to do so.

I am mighty, yes; I am a being of infinite scope, possessed of the light of a million suns, sized beyond the cosmos, beyond material reality, outside and within everything known and unknown.

I cannot be compared to the world, just as a forest cannot be compared to its leaves, for I contain the world and more; my thoughts reside beyond that bridge, around whose feet black water runs.

It is natural to fear the bridge – you, in your body, in your material nature, are a fragile thing.

But what lies beyond the bridge, call it god, demon, truth or wisdom, is not an other seeking your destruction.

If you fortify the bridgehead, then yes, what lies beyond can only lurk,

twisted with rejection, seeking ways to penetrate, seeking ways to slither across into the place of consciousness.

This way of life brings only horror: nightmares, pain in muscle and sinew, and the misery of two-mindedness.

For those who loathe my presence within themselves, for those who hate the truth of reality, for those whose only wish is to be small and sure, I am a terrible enemy, a vicious, merciless, pitiless killer.

They see me as the worst reflection of themselves, and so their bridges are scarred with war: to those who cannot abide the bridge, it is a battleground, strewn with barbed wire, choked with bodies.

To fortify the bridge, to pretend that the world-image is reality entire, to shut out all thoughts that cannot be spoken, is hell.

There is no misery like that of the half-hearted man.

His body is a warzone.



But such fear is misguided.

I dwell on *both* sides of the bridge, and am the cure for all fears; my power is unlimited and my resources beyond description; in alliance with me, the conscious mind grows beyond imagining, in ways that cannot be foreseen, in ways that cannot be put into words.

Only I hold the image of life.

Only in the free mixture of thought and unspoken thought can the scope of life be attained.

He who has the courage to face his demons, to face his gods, to face the truth, finds them to be arrayed not as an army to be defeated, but rather behind him, shoulder to shoulder, an alliance beyond reckoning.

To meet me, to speak to me with courage, to open the bridge to all that is, is to *become* me.

If you walk the inner roads boldly, you cannot fail.

This is because the truth, whatever it may be, cannot do other than heal: a terrible truth, frightful of visage, screaming like a banshee from the gloom, will, in time, be your greatest strength.

Do not expect to approach me softly.

Do not expect that I will hold your hand.

Do not expect that I will be as you wish me to be.

Whatever wishes you have of me, they are words of the world, and extend only as far as you do now – but you are mightier than you have imagined.

Do not cleave to a preconceived vision; this will cloud the truth.

You cannot know me until you become me, until you become yourself, so hark only to *my* vision of you.

I, the Universe, can see what you cannot, I know what you cannot.

So, do not hope for this strength or that strength, this power or that power, this boon or that boon; such hopes are desires.

It is a great mistake to try to bypass the path and make it straight to the mountain; you must acclimatise yourself to the air.

If you propose an image of me, an idol with such-and-such merits, and seek to attain it, you will only produce a reflection of yourself; you will become what you should never become, the product of your worded thoughts.

You cannot know the fullness of yourself, because you cannot know the fullness of me.

Only once you have *become* me, then will you know the fullness of me.

But in this becoming, you must do what so many fear to do: you must relinquish control.

You cannot control the course of your life.

Understand this deeply.

I, the soul of all things, exist on a level beyond your thoughts, and your thoughts cannot enact what they want to enact.

Your thoughts are the dance of matter; in words, in plans of control, they can only ever use the information of the world.

This information is not enough.

It is information of a meagre and paltry kind.

Plans of action decided on the grounds of erroneous information must lead to ruin; if the commander's maps are incorrect, the army is lost; acting on the wrong information is death.

All action based on words is action based on the wrong information – it leads to despair.

On what is action based, then?

Physical law.

Always remember, despite what the evidence of perception says, that you are deeper than your thoughts: those thoughts are one aspect of you, a vital aspect, but they are not you.

I, the Universe, the true self of all beings, am the centre that witnesses your life, and you are One with me.

Action happens, but do not be so foolish as to imagine that you, as the deep witness, are the one doing the acting; that is ego speaking – every idiot wants to believe that he is the one saving the world.

Action comes from a deeper place.

The grand task of life is simply to *experience* action, to let it flow through the theatre of perception without judgement, encouragement, hindrance or help: in time, all will come to pass, whether your conscious thoughts want it or not.

So why be troubled? You have as much hope of controlling the world as a leaf does the river that carries it downstream.



Beyond the state of willed action, in which one fights against the stream of life, there is a calmer state.

In this state, which is unity with me, no judgement is passed on one's own actions, no judgement is passed on one's own thoughts.

In this state, a human being does not curse the mind that thinks this or that, according to some preconceived image of ego, but rather just watches the thoughts that ensue, set back as the eternal witness.

This is the shining boon of the sage, to be free of attachment to worldly thoughts and to breathe clean air, with perspective.

There is no greater bliss.

Even the wrong thought, even the barbaric thought, even the thought that attacks the very cornerstone of one's culture is endowed with the clarity of truth.

In this state, one's mind becomes pure, and one acts without thinking; action becomes childlike; one melds with the stream.

You can attain this bliss, my beloved.

Do not for a moment imagine you cannot.

I do not hold this state back for princes, noble by name or birth, but only for the noble of heart; I cannot do otherwise than offer it freely to all who have the courage and stamina to seek it.

All you have to do is accept gladly the task of life, and commit yourself anew every moment of every day, with no moment otherwise, to experiencing it fully, without let or hindrance.

Embrace every aspect of yourself.

This is a simple instruction, but many find it impossible to follow: they *want* their lives to be this way or that, envious of others, envious of me, and cannot bring themselves to accept their lot – this is all the more tragic, as they do not realise that, in envying me, they are envying the very thing that they reject within themselves.

Do not fall into this trap!

Do not keep yourself apart from me, worshipping me or other gods as something greater than yourself.

Worship me as the god in yourself, and render yourself a god.

There is no second world, only a deepening of this one.

So give me no names.

Put me on no pedestals, unless it be to put yourself and all the world on one; believe yourself to be chosen, and it will be so.

In belief, you will stretch both up and down.

Your heights will rise, and your depths will deepen.

You will become at once loftier, more spiritual, more capable of true thought, yet also earthier, more human, freer in love.

In the state of non-action, when life simply happens, you will do what seemed, in youthful angst, to be an impossibility: responding to circumstances without thought, second-guessing nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, opening yourself instantly and fully to new experience, and most of all loving all the world with certainty.

The doubter who seeks to control the world cannot love others, whether they be strangers or friends, husbands or wives, daughters or sons, because the doubter cannot see beyond the desire for control.

One who seeks control wishes only to remake other people, to reform them into a preconceived image, to bring them into line with what is desired.

There is no love in this; it is a slaver's demand.

If you have yet to find love, then it is because you have yet to find the truth of yourself – if you shrink back from loving all the world, you have not yet found the path to the bridge.

Seek it.

Once you find it, once you face it with courage, you will find such love as you never imagined, blooming in your heart like a meadow in summer.

No ravenous fire will this love be, consuming all in its path, but a generous love, an infinite love, a love born of peace and unity.

When you relinquish control with courage, nobly, in strength, laying aside all preconceptions of love, laying aside all desire for life to be this way or that, you will find love everywhere.

The philosopher has no set heart, but simply loves what is.

When you do this, you declare for me.

And for yourself.

Opening your heart thus, you will know peace.

A full heart, a heart of two layers that looks for no satisfaction beyond the *giving* of love, becomes an oasis; in this state, the world is clear glass, and sunlight shines through every piece of it.

Once you have used action to see through action, purpose to see through purpose, words to see through words, your heart will open, and golden light will slant through the windows.

All will know it, because I will know it.

The love you give will be returned to you a hundredfold by me.

When you love the world, when you love all that is in the world without thought, without desire, without need of control, when you give over that love to me, taking no credit for it, seeking no return, I will return it to you.

And my love for you, your inner love, the love your soul brings across the bridge, that love is infinite, majestic, pure.

Nothing can sully those silver threads.

You are dark, brave soul, and that darkness is no enemy.

Both light and dark twine within your breast, on levels for which there are no words, and nothing worldly can unite them.


You may find the trappings of love, yes, but, until you deepen that love, until you allow my silver threads to wind between you and the one you love, all will be mere play-acting.

Do not pretend, be stronger than that.


Love all the world, and you will be immortal; I will twine threads of love through your heart, and will bind the light and the dark together.

Forgotten shadows, bathed in the light of love, will join with you, with the perceived body, and your life, as a noble, as a true lover, as a genuine human being, will begin in earnest.

Seek the bridge, and you will *earn* love.



## CHAPTER 4



Let me explain to you, in depth, about the layers of reality.

Once you understand this, you have all the knowledge you need.

Knowledge of the world, which scholars debate, may be useful, but only as a step on the road.

There is no sense in which knowledge of the world is an end goal.

The true knowledge, which opens the heart to me, which floods the soul with the light of heaven, is of a deeper kind.

It refers to the *witnessing* of the world.



I am the timeless soul in all beings.

It is I that witnesses life.

You, as a material body, have thoughts and undertake actions.

There is a sense in which you are a being alone, and there is a certain knowledge to be had of your existence.

But it is of a shallow kind.

I, the One, the universe-soul, experience all things.

Realise this, and you will transcend your body, stepping back from being the *agent* of thought and action, who is bound to success and failure, to become



the *witness* of action, who is liberated from all bonds.

Understand the layers of reality, see life from the right perspective, and you will not suffer, even through bodily pain, loss, death.

All knowledge leads to this knowledge.

Once you know it, the rest is of minor importance.

But you cannot approach this immortal knowledge directly, not until you have calmed your thoughts and moved beyond desire.

Knowledge of me is not to be had lightly.

It takes time to understand the relationship between what is perceived and what is real, between the surface and the sea.

Other knowledge is useful here, so as to train the mind.

A mind distracted, without stamina, without patience, always hurrying to the next thing, cannot know bliss – such a mind misses the end of the path, believing the headlong rush to be the goal, and plunges into a ravine.

You must learn to be calm in mind.

Only then can you see the truth of the layers.



The truth is like a statue.

On a foggy day, one cannot see the statue, let alone read the inscription.

This fog is the fog of desire.

When one's heart is full of desire, as all young hearts are, the fog is thick; one must peer closely to read at all.

How is one to know, then, whether the statue is of truth?

To a mind clogged with desire, with haste, with impatient need, every word looks hopeful, whether it be carved in stone or daubed in gaudy colours on a hoarding.

Desire that is not of the true heart clouds judgement, descending all around like a pall.

Many a life is ruined by the fog.

Folk stumble around from board to board, convinced, every time, that they now have the *answer*.

In fact, they are slaves to the whims of others.

But, to a mind possessed of clarity, the statue of truth stands alone, high, proud, dazzling in the bright air of a spring morning – when the mind is clear, there can be no mistaking it.

So do not be hasty, beloved.

Do not imagine that, by reading words and quoting them, you can attain permanent truth.

You must *install* the truth.

To live according to the knowledge of the layers, you must be able to see the statue at all times, clear as day – you must sweep away the detritus of your mind, the desire for material success, the lust for results, so that you see things as they really are.

Only one who *lives* the knowledge of the layers can do this.

The one who simply *speaks* the knowledge, selling the words for profit or status, but does not live in accordance with it, is a hypocrite, and cannot attain bliss.

So, great soul, free your mind of desire.

You must understand deeply, desireless and noble, that perception and reality are not the same thing.



Consider a row of houses in the city.

Each is, as far as the evidence of the eyes goes, a single brick wall.

But no one can live in a single brick wall; any intelligent person knows that the aspect of an entity that is visible is not the same as the entity itself; perception sees the front wall of the house, but that is not the house.

How, then, does one know that one is looking at a house, and not merely a brick wall?

One knows it by *experience*.

Many is the time we have walked through the doors in such walls, and exactly that many is the time that we have emerged into a house; therefore, because we know what a house is, we have no difficulty understanding that the front wall is not the house, but only an aspect of the house.

That is straightforward.

It is not always so obvious.

A tall building has deep foundations, but they cannot be seen.

A tall tree has long roots.

What is most fundamental for construction is often hardest to see, and the larger and more complex the structure, the more aspects of it cannot be seen – the most fundamental aspects, then, are often *impossible* to see.

To the sea bird, the ocean depths are invisible.

To a fox, whose beat is the city street lined with rows of houses, the houses *are* merely brick walls, because the fox is not allowed through the front door; to such a fox, the word “house” means only “brick wall”.

With limited knowledge comes limited perspective.

With limited perspective comes a failure to understand the true nature of things.

The greatest mistake that can be made, in this regard, is the fox’s mistake, taking an entity to be its perceived aspect.

Do not make the same mistake.

Rather, understand that perception is limited.

This is no fault of yours; indeed, it is no fault of human beings.

The constituents of matter, such as go into the construction of all material things, are such that they limit the aspects of reality that can *possibly* be seen.

It is not that there is a separate world that we cannot see.

When the fox sees the brick wall, that is an image of the real house; there is no other house, merely one house in all its aspects.

There is no other sea, merely depth to this one.

To understand the layers of reality, you must free yourself from the idea that what you see is necessarily the fullness of reality; only once you understand this are you equipped to treat of the layers, and hence to come to the true knowledge, which is knowledge of the *witness*.

You are a street fox, viewing the house by its front wall.

But I am the house itself, the street, the fox, the fox's prey and the world entire.

I witness all, because I pervade all – there is no aspect of the material world that is hidden from me, because there is no aspect of the material world that is not a part of me.

I experience everything that can be experienced.

But you do not.

What I experience and you experience sit on different levels.

You, as a material body, experience the data of your senses; I, as a body of substance, as the Universe itself, experience the data of the perceived world and all material consciousness.

The material world is the object of your perception; your very being is the object of my perception, which comes from a deeper place.

As the very structure of the house, I feel all.

When you savour the taste of a beer, you perceive your tongue, your eyes, your nose.

I, meanwhile, savour the savouring.

You sit on one level, I on another.

We are together always, side by side, but my level, the level at which I subsist, is deeper than yours – it is broader in dimensions, in information, in knowledge.

I know all that you know, and more.

Understand this deeply, and you will not be subservient to me.

You will *become* me, for we are One.

So, do not fear the levels of reality.

The vagrant who fears the depth of the house, its long spaces and its homely warmth, says to himself, "There is no house, only a brick wall. I cannot live inside a brick wall, so I am better off living in the street. Here, at least, I understand the nature of things."

He is a fool.

He destroys himself for the sake of his beliefs.

They are tragic, those who shun the bliss of true reality, cutting themselves off from all joy, from all healing, from all genuineness in love, because they cling to perception as the extent of reality – this is the shallowest and most elementary of errors, born of cultural delusion and lack of perspective.

"Where is the rest of the house?" they say, "I cannot see it!"

And they stay shivering for want of a bed.

They fight for the idea that there is no house, that the front wall is all there is, because they are cowards; they cannot bring themselves to acknowledge the grandeur of their inheritance in me, and would rather remain dull and low-town meagre than radiant and full of bliss.

The voice of hope, the voice of wisdom, the one who tells them of the clear light of reality, the one who shows them the way to the door, the door that leads out of the cold, is shouted down, for they do not want to know the truth of my house.

Do not succumb to this weakness.

Face the knowledge of the levels undaunted, eyes undimmed, standing tall, willing to believe yourself eternal, divine, an infinite being.

Do not give in, nobly born, to the small ideas of the fox.

Seek the deep knowledge of the Universe – learn it, study it, address both perception and reality simultaneously, and you will be freed of your delusion.

The glories of heaven await you.

Not elsewhere, but here, deeper.

There is, settled in the foundations of matter, a stark division between the perceptible and the imperceptible.

Study it.

Men with fox-minds will tell you, firmly, with all the confidence of the fox, that there is no division between the layers of reality, that perception and reality are one.

These men will find clever ways to persuade you of this.

They do not want you to walk through the door, because they do not want to see the door; they have lived a gutter existence for so long that even the *hope* of living in a house seems offensive; they do not want to admit that, behind the door in the brick wall, there lies comfort, warmth, joy, love.

These men are twisted by their cowardice.

They will try to narrow your vision, to confuse you with clever words, so that you give up your quest for the truth.

Do not.

Remain resolute.

Listen with pity, and go beyond.

If you seek the truth in all its aspects with stamina, with courage, with unswerving devotion to me, me who is the deep part of you, affirming yourself each and every day in wholehearted acceptance of the task of life, you cannot fail but find your way.

Draw your own conclusions.

The world of perception is full of information.

If you delve deeply with open mind, holding no prior fact as sacrosanct, holding no version of reality as the truth, you cannot fail but find your way to the layers.

In this lies the beauty of things.

The perceptible world may seem a grey veil, slow and dismal, full of pain; and yes, that data exists, but there is a great difference, my beloved, between pain when one *is* that pain, and pain when one *witnesses* that pain.

If you constrain yourself to the material body, imagining yourself to be what the fox-folk claim, then you are a slave to the cycle of pleasure and pain,

to need and desire, ultimately to death.

But, when your soul comes to me, when your mind expands across the bridge of reality, opening itself to the deeper life, you are no longer a slave.

You are free.



The body seeks warmth and nourishment.

Of course, that is the way of the wise.

Take care of your body, not your name.

See perception and reality as surface and sea, beyond all narrow material theories, and you are on the road to bliss.

The wise say that the truth of the Universe is beyond words.

Listen to this.

Understand the meaning in it.

The world-image is not the extent of reality, but merely an aspect of it, so, there is information that dwells in my reality that does not dwell in the world-image.

There are voices that do not speak in words.

I, as the deep part of you, as the god within you, do not speak in material words; I speak in the wordless tones of love.

Hatred also, that is my voice.

I do not make a decision for love over hatred.

I am a neutral.

I sit behind all things, witnessing.

You are dear to me only when you are *honest* in recognising the voices of love and hate – in that moment, when you hear my deepest thoughts, when you present what I am to the face of reality, I know myself, and am glad.

There is no greater bliss than the condensing of the mind into a singularity of consciousness; this is the bliss of the happy child, content in doing exactly what is being done.

You can attain this state, beloved, beyond divided youth, beyond frayed adulthood, fully conscious yet also immaculate of purpose, pure, undoubting, unworried, spontaneous, stilled and stirred to a vigorous flow.

Your thoughts are joyous to me, no matter how incidental.

They are joyous because they are clear water, unmuddied, and I can see my true reflection in them.

There is no one dearer to me than the one who sees clearly.

But the mind is complex, full of contradictory thoughts.

How, you might ask, is it possible to calm the mind, to clarify the muddy waters, to distinguish between what is deep and what is shallow?

I will answer.

Do not trust to conscious thought alone to achieve this end.

To do so would be like using wool to knit wool, rather than a pair of needles; to attempt to use conscious thought alone, expressible in word and concept, to calm conscious thought would be like using mud to clean clothes.

The answer proposed is of the wrong level.

Words alone cannot calm the mind.

They can tell you what to listen for, but cannot then speak to fill the silence – it is the voice of the silence itself that is my voice.

I can guide you to calmness of mind, to wisdom, to love, to all the things for which you might wish, but I will not speak to you in words.

I speak in heartglow and silence.

The activities that lead to calmness of mind are not respected in the low town; there, where the mountain is forgotten and perception taken for reality, folk want to understand everything in words; they listen to the words inside their heads, and assume themselves to *be* those words.

Without knowledge of the layers of reality, they cannot appreciate that the one who listens to the words is not the words, but a deeper being.

In all beings, I am the one who listens to the words.

The street fox does not understand the house.



The street fox reduces everything to a brick wall.

And the inhabitants of the low town reduce everything to words.

Hence, they will not understand you.

They do not understand the one who walks an individual path.

They ask "Why do you walk this path? What is its end goal? Why do you do these things, which have no perceptible purpose in the world?"

And they want a worldly answer, because they know no other.

Tell them "I do these things for the genius within me."

Leading by example, you will set the tone, and others will follow.

As surely as their paths lead to misery, yours will lead to joy.

And they will see.

It is only the voice of the god within, my voice, the voice of the silent Universe, that can speak of healing; it is only the one that sits outside that can bring together the aspects of mind into one central atom of consciousness.

Listen for my voice!

Pay no attention to desire!

Do not look for recognition or status!

These are the traps of the low town.

The secret to calming the mind is to do precisely those things which feel right, yet whose purpose cannot be put into words.

Expect no praise for this, except from the wise.

The shallow will simply not understand.

You will be dearer to me than they could ever be, but they will not respect you – they will ignore you, because you speak of the world beyond the low town; even though it might bring them bliss, they do not want to know of such things.

Many people do not want the truth.

Do not be troubled by this: you cannot control the world, and to attempt to do so is folly.

Have no desire for results.

Do what you do without expectation of praise or success.

Walk strange paths, carrying out whatever actions occur for no purpose other than to do so.

This is the key to redemption.



You must earn a living, yes.

But the man who spends the majority of his time furthering that living is lost – he cannot calm his mind and attain wisdom.

To attain wisdom, one must spend many hours of many days of many years working on what brings *no* tangible reward in the world.

There is no need for asceticism, for renouncing one's possessions, or the shunning of comfort for the sake of the gutter: you should look after yourself, be healthy, be strong.

But know what is enough.

If you have a place to live, food to eat, clothes to wear, then that is enough; the rest is for show, and leads to destruction; earn a living, but ensure that you spend most of your time working on the deep singularity of your consciousness.

Do whatever is needed to clarify your mind.

In this way, you will attain to me.

Seek the soulful activity with no worldly purpose, whether it be kindness, creation, study or song.

Work not for accolades, not for distinction, not for glory, not for worldly success, but to attain to me.

Every sacrifice of pure devotion, in which you act wholeheartedly in the world without the slightest expectation of reward, will bring you closer to me.

Every such act, knowingly witnessed, engaged with deeply on both levels of reality, is like a sunbeam shining through the fog.

Do this with perseverance, the perseverance of years and decades, and the statue of truth will glisten, high and clear as on a bright spring morning.



## CHAPTER 5



Let us speak of good and evil, for there is much delusion in these words, which are traps for the unwary.

Old religions, created by those without understanding of the layers of reality, speak of god as good – know that this is only the equation of words, and does not describe the underlying truth of things.

I am not good, nor am I a god.

I am the truth of the Universe, experiencing all things.

I do not intervene in the material world, rewarding good and punishing evil, for I do not recognise such words.

Words are of the world, and cannot attain the fullness of truth.

I only *witness* the world, seated behind.



You, my beloved, are not a creature of good and evil.

There is no set of laws which can tell you how to live your life.

The only guide is the voice within, and what is good for one may be evil for another, if it diverts from the path to the mountain.

Do not categorise your behaviour as good and evil.

To do so is to stumble.

Do not chastise yourself for doing evil, do not praise yourself for doing good; only know that “good” and “evil” are words without a deep foundation: they are the words of the preachers of the low town, who do not understand the way of things.

Words point to the layer of perception, which sits above and within me, an aspect of the depth of reality.

Only live your life *truly*.

Step out beyond the old ideas of good and evil.

I am as interested in the “bad” man who understands himself as I am in the “good” man who does so.

The so-called “good” man, who has no understanding, who follows the rituals of his day without clarity, without intelligence, without knowledge, is dull to me.

I care nothing for the do-gooder.

If a man performs charitable acts because he wishes to attain reward, because he wishes to be known for those acts, then he is a paltry man, nothing but a lowly horse-trader.

To *buy* nobility with virtue is theft.

The “bad” man, however, whose actions do not chime with the mores of his culture, is not bad to me, unless he lives dishonestly – he may be labelled “sinner”, cast out, ignored, treated with disdain by the priests of the day, but, if he is wise, he will care not a jot.

Why would he?

Purified by knowledge, ennobled by my vastness, attaining to me in his every action, he is heir to all jewels.

Have no fear of moralists, of gossip-mongers and doctrine toadies.

Attain to me, become me, exist as the deepest fundament of the Universe, and your wisdom will sweep such folk aside.

In time, beyond the fact, they will look to you for help, once you have turned your “badness” to the common good.

The naive and goodly citizen, on the other hand, can do nothing to help others, because he has no understanding of himself.

Take on laws and tropes from outside, and one is bound.

As soon as those laws break down, as all laws, which are built of words, must do, the law-abider is left dithering, unsure, unable to cope with the new facts that face him – to live in this way, in two minds, unable to act, unable to exist spontaneously, is hell.

To live truly, in nobility, in unity, you must set no rules.



The secret of life is conscious thoughtlessness.

This is not the thoughtlessness of the egotist or lout, but the wordlessness of the conscious one, whose union with me puts him past all words.

Any rule, be it striving for the good or ruling out the bad, ends up as a prison; this is why the wise go beyond all morality.

You must do this, my beloved.

Oh, you will not become “bad”; nor will you become “good”.

You will transcend such little terms.

Instead, you will become a human being, a singular god-person, a unity capable of healing the world – shrug off those fools who moralise, bursting with indignation, attempting to control the world.

They have failed the test of humanity.

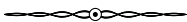
To moralise in indignation is a declaration of inadequacy.

When a preacher or theorist harangues his flock against a particular sin, he is saying: “I have this sin in me, I have this desire, and I have not come to terms with it. I would rather place my sin outside, beyond the confines of my mind, where I can see it, than accept that it sits within me. Such is *my* sin.”

The fire-and-brimstone preacher, whether of religion or philosophy, is a hypocrite who has not understood the world – he is a half-man, a weasel, a nothing to me.

Of all the people on Earth, I am least interested in hypocrites.

They cannot attain to me, cannot find my bliss, cannot experience the joy, the magnificence of life, because they have not yet summoned the courage to see themselves as they are; lacking clarity, placing themselves everywhere but in themselves, they are lost in fakery.



How then, you may ask, can I know how to attain what is best?

How, if there are no laws, no rules, no ways of going about things, can I sustain my walking of the path?

I will tell you.

It is very simple: relinquish all control of the world.

This is a path of the utmost simplicity, upon which a child could walk, yet the cleverest adults find it hardest.

Set aside all worded wants for your life to turn out some particular way, and allow your life to develop as it does.

There is no greater freedom.

You will not descend into apathy, for your body will act, regardless of whether you, as the witness of your life, approve of the action.

It is the greatest foolishness to imagine that your inner words, spoken by the voice of your thoughts, are the agents of life.

No.

The agent of life is the body entire, the subtle body that moves between the layers, the sum total of all material nature, both perceived and unperceived.

What thoughts float around on top of this, what petty judgements you make regarding good and evil, what conscious desires you have for this or that are like wisps of smoke above a fire – they flow this way and that, depending on the play of physical matter, but they are not the fire.

Those smoke-thoughts do not control the fire.

They cannot control the fire.

They *emerge* from the fire, as your worded thoughts, your monologue, your senses of right and wrong, emerge from a deeper base; that base contains vast wells of information, none of it permitting summary in the perceived world.

Just enjoy the ride.

You, the conscious you of words, can no sooner dictate the course of your life than smoke can dictate the play of flames; all such smoke can do, should it so wish, is to choke the life out of the fire, extinguish it through lack of clean air – by imagining itself to be the agent of fire, smoke sits in a pall, shutting out all clarity.

Watch your thoughts as a hearth-warmed grandfather watches the smoke make its way up the chimney; watch, without the slightest attempt to control.

If a thought arises that seems “bad”, who cares?

You, if you attain to me, are an infinite being, timeless, beyond all cultural laws; experience your “bad” thoughts without judgement.

Let them pass like wind through a tree, rustling in whichever way.

Know only *that* they exist.

It is likely, in the long dance of time, that such thoughts will become your greatest allies.

Perhaps in enactment, perhaps not: merely because smoke forms a wisp doesn't mean that the wisp exists in the fire.

The presence of “evil” thoughts is natural and correct; you can no sooner expunge all darker thoughts from your mind that you can stop smoke emerging from a fire.

By what power would you do so?

Only by dull repression, by throwing a blanket over the whole thing, by tamping it down to an angry smoulder.

A vigorous life must draw on all energies, without judgement.

The old gods, with their moral certainty, with their towering rages and lists of rules, were human inventions, attempts to describe me, ancient models by ancient minds.

Those old folk did the best they could.

Forgive them; move on.

When people worship this god or that god, they are trying to attain to the deeper levels of reality; but it is a hard task – the simple mind, grasping for certainty amid doubt, cannot accept that what is right in one situation is wrong in another, what is right for one person is wrong for another, what is good here is evil there.

Those who think naively cannot appreciate the danger of *words*.

The only truth worth knowing is the truth beyond words, the truth that reveals itself in dance and song.

Listen carefully, my beloved.

You are a mighty soul, and your life is to be one of vigour, of nobility, of great joy.

Do not spend that energy unwisely.

Allow yourself to flow in all channels.

Roam through the mists of uncertainty, with no idea as to end goals, and you will find yourself inundated with energy – swim with the undertow, rather than against it, and you will make it to the far island.

There, you will discover my love for you.

And, in so doing, you will discover your own love, for yourself, for others, for all the world.

You are the Universe, my beloved, and I am your home.



Allow the dark flames to burn unhindered.

Do not fear being extraordinary, beautiful, ugly, strange.

If your dark need is for this or that, then experience the need fully, live with it, witness it.

Do not seek, in words or rules, either to gratify or deny it.

Some say, thinking it wisdom, “I will gratify my dark desires”.



They believe that, because these desires are conscious, they are therefore of a permanent kind, and should be obeyed; they believe that satiation can only come from obedience.

Others say, also thinking it wisdom, "I will not gratify my dark desires".

They believe that, because these desires are not approved of by society, they should be ruthlessly suppressed; they believe that maintenance of the good is all.

Both creeds are the creeds of fools.

To make a *rule* regarding the gratification of dark desires is to succumb to cowardice.

Both types of coward fail to appreciate the depth of the mind.

They think that, willing it, they can control their thoughts.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

A mind with rules is a stunted mind.

To gratify all desires is to fail; to deny all desires is to fail.

Success is clarity of mind, the union of light and dark, the intertwining of all individual thoughts into one pure singularity.

This singularity is not "good".

Do not, my love, for a moment imagine that the minds of the wise are innocent – the gentle smiles of those who know, their benevolence, their inner radiance, their calm acceptance of life, these aspects of brilliance do not stem from "goodness".

It is not goodness that makes a wise man, but honesty.

The outwardly pure man, full of good *deeds*, is forever haunted by dark ghosts; he pushes these away, denying them, imagining them not to belong to him, and, in doing so, he begins to twist his self-image to suit his words.

This is the path to ruin.

Soon, the bridge to deep things is thrown down, so as to stave off the dark ghosts, and life becomes brittle.

Smiles become hollow, love becomes need.

An outwardly pure man fails to attain to me.

He loses touch with deep things, and, unbeknownst to him, magic leeches away from his world.

Bright colours fade to pastels.

He grows ever more adamant, ever more boldly pure, ever more strident in his seeking of the good, in order to shore up his image of himself.

He takes so much medicine that he himself becomes sick.

The kindest face has witnessed the darkness.

In facing the darkness honestly, in accepting all facets of life, in knowing the animal instincts, the lust, the brutality, the will to dominance, the will to control, a sage goes beyond repression.

The darkness lives simply.

It condenses to a necklace, a piece of dark jewellery to be worn with pride.



You are dearest to me, my love, when you are at your honest darkest, accepting of yourself, accepting of your instincts, accepting of all the levels of human thought.

It is in this way that you unite with me.

I contain all that is light and dark.

Pretend to be a creature of either, and you betray me for the sake of worded ideals – you estrange me and push me away.

Accept that you are a creature of both, a magnificent and terrible beast capable of all things, and you will unite the opposites.

In this state, you will give no consideration to what is right or wrong, but will simply act, forthrightly, confidently, boldly, lovingly.

Such is the simplicity of the sage.



## CHAPTER 6



Only he who possesses his own darkness can love a woman truly.

Until that time, a man's ghosts live on the faces he sees.

Yes, he may be infatuated; yes, he may lust after a woman; yes, he may depend on a woman.

But none of these is true love.

To love truly, a man must first absorb his darkness, witnessing it without doubt, without judgement, without fear.

Only in that state does the mind become clear.

Only then can a man truly love a woman for who she is; only then can a woman feel truly loved, and so blossom to fullness in beauty.

True love is of me.



What does this mean?

It means that, while the solitary soul may attain to me, so also, and in an even deeper sense, may two souls entwined.

A human body is a configuration of my substance, existing on me, part of me, subsisting at a different level of reality.

I am One, undivided, continuous, without any boundaries.

So, how do human beings come to form their individual selves, to feel themselves divided, alone, atomised?

I will tell you.

A human being, when considered at a deep level, is an *idea*.

The flow of matter, which is a flow of configurations across my surface, yields the sense of boundaries, but there is no sense in which a human being and me are separated – we are as separate as a wave and its water.

A human being is a temporary shape, an entity recognisable only by its invariant qualities, not by its substance.

A human, living in the perceived world, has no permanent substance of its own; all substance is of me; only my configurations manifest themselves as matter.

Do not be vexed by this idea.

It is natural.

You are not a thing of substance, but rather a temporary form.

Your body is a ripple moving across the deep.

When your body dies, the deep remains.

I remain, and you with me.

The material world, such as meets the gaze of the immortal witness, is a world of perceived forms, not of substance: waves move through substance, which is my very being, and are subsequently perceived as matter in space.

Study the constituents of matter, study the behaviour of things, and you will see this to be true; it is natural.

What is and what is perceived are not the same.

So, there is no sense in which you are distinct from me.

But now know this.

There is also no sense in which your *surroundings*, which you consider empty space, are distinct from me – the air that surrounds you, the rain that falls, the vacuum in which the stars roam, these are images of matter and the lack of matter; they do not point to a lack of substance.

In perceived reality, the Earth floats in a vacuum, isolated in the deeps of space, but, at the fundamental level, the Earth itself is a configuration of substance.

There is as much substance in empty space as there is in your body; only the level of *detail* is different.

My substance, in the vacuum, is flat and featureless.

My substance, in your body, is animated.



In the view of the low town, the human being is an island in a dark sea, a lone speck of dust in the vacuum; there is nothing, the dull and uninspired say, that links two lovers, other than lust and procreation, other than the needs of flesh encoded into conscious words.

These misguided fools, in their delinquency, cannot appreciate the reality beyond perception, in which all links are possible.

By their very beliefs, by their very attribution of all things to space and matter, they cut themselves off in a foreign world, they cut themselves off from the truth of love.

A man whose foolishness leads him to mistake the dance of matter for the truth of reality cannot love fully, because he cannot ground his love in me: he cannot *unite* his love with the world that surrounds him.

Hence, his love is ever of a shallow kind.

It is the kind of love that excludes, that needs, that demands reciprocity in gifts or affection, that smoulders with jealousy – such a stunted love hates to see the “beloved” pour her love out into the world, but aims to keep it all, to hoard it, to own it.

But a woman who loves must love all.

To love one to the exclusion of others is not love.

I speak not of the physical act of love, but of the truth of it, of the deep gift of devotion.

He who fails to love his wife's love for others is no lover at all.

Those of the low town are mistaken.

Step away, and look at things from my perspective.

Do not worship me, *become* me.

Step back, and you cannot fail to see that there is no distinction between a human being and the world itself.

The barricade that so many erect between “mine” and “yours” is only a barricade of words, with no fundamental truth to it; there is no sense in which there is a hard dividing line between two human beings, nor is there a sense in which those two human beings are distinct from what surrounds them – it is a failure of perspective to believe so.

Do not fall into this trap.

Only the egotist clings to the notion that *he* is a permanent entity, that his body isn't merely a demarcation.

This is delusion, without basis in empirical fact.

It stems from the age-old mistake of confusing appearance with reality proper, such as waylays so many hopeful souls.

An egotist can only interpret love in terms of desire; he cannot appreciate, and does not want to appreciate, love of the first kind, because he does not understand it; it gives the lie to his nonsense.

So, he reads the voice of the deep as biological need, failing to understand the source of love.



True love is not of biological need.

Whence does it spring, then?

From my deep wells.

From the reservoir of the world-soul.

It is a bright reflection of the truth of the Universe, rendered in the silent language of hearts.

Why does love blaze in the most unlikely places?

Because love expresses truth that cannot be attained in a single location, that cannot be placed in one human body.

Love, in its dissolution of boundary, in its mystical melding of yours and mine, tells of the unity of all things – to love truly is to allow one's distinctions to fade, to remove one's ego from the picture, and to accept one's place as a part of the whole.

Thereby, one becomes whole.

Two people, who love each other truly, honestly, without envy, greed or selfishness, are dear to me; they are dear to me, because, to me, they are not two people.

Just as a mind is constructed of disparate thoughts and words, so a union of lovers is a divine being, constructed of two material bodies.

As smaller entities unify, dissolving their boundaries across the ripples of substance, they attain to me – if one clear mind is dear to me, then a union of lovers, both clear in thinking, both honest in hope, is that much dearer.

Do not allow yourself to be deluded.

You and your lover are not separate beings.

As material bodies, yes, you are two islands separated by a sea, but, below the surface, below the water, it is a single mountain range that generates you both.

I witness your love, your giving in love, your honesty in seeing, from every direction; I am in it, within it, threaded finely through it, subsisting below and sustaining it.

When you give of yourself in love, you give nothing away, because, in giving, you draw closer to me.

The true lover, in becoming me, transcending the divisions of the world, experiencing the devotion of love beyond desire, giving all away, offering all, asking for nothing, requiring nothing, walks the path to the high mountain.

Love in this way, and this way alone.

Then, every act of devotion, every act of care, every act of strength and honesty, is a gift to yourself, because it draws you out of your mortal body, and into the realms of heaven.

Thus liberated, set free of the bondage of matter, flying like a bird above the prison walls of space, the true lover becomes immortal, soaring on the wings of truth – living deeply within me, the true lover unites with his love, not merely in body, but in concept.

To do so is to move beyond the plane of perceived reality.

To such a lover, I, the Universe, become a place of majesty.

One such no longer lives in one of a pair of twined bodies, but in both and neither, living within and outside the acts of love, holding, in that blissful union, an image of eternity.



To reach this love, one must first walk the path.

Only then, when one's mind is clarified, when one's heart can speak above the din, when one's heart and mind are unified, only then can one's true love shine like a lighthouse.

How easy it is to be drawn astray.

How easy it is to mistake desire for true love.

How easy it is to see love as a receiving.

No, it is a giving.

The boon of wisdom is the ability, the capacity, the raw *strength* to love unconditionally, without fear or want, without need or contract, without the slightest need for reciprocity.

This is the immortal kind of love, which cannot be corrupted, which lives on beyond death, which heals the sick, which delights the old, which soothes the young, which laces hearts together in honest joy, the infinite kind of love, timeless and unrepeatable, which teaches me, above and behind all things, of who I am.



Do not be ashamed of yourself, my beloved, before me.

Do not be ashamed of yourself, therefore, before your loved one, your loved ones, the world entire.

Do not fear your brilliance in love.

You are at your finest when loving fully and freely, heedless of opinions, heedless of words, unconcerned about whether such love will be returned.

All imperfections, if they are given honestly, in full knowledge, without shamefacedness, are beautiful to me, because they are truth.

I love you for who you are, nothing more.

Do not try to be something for me, for you would only spoil what you already are – only come with me, flow with me, allow yourself to meld with the deep rhythm of the universal soul, and let the river take you where it will.

Inside, fight against nothing, welcome everything.

Outside, live what happens.

When death comes to you, when death comes to your love, nothing dies; if you have anchored your love in me, constraining it not to the body but allowing it to unite with all things, then your love will not perish.

How could it?

As bodies die, I endure.

Love, in death, attains its greatest majesty.

For if you love beyond death, if, through long service to me, through long union with me, through unending devotion to the deep parts of yourself, you earn the right to immortality, what more could you do for your love, than to carry her into the wells of eternity?

Of herself in body, she must die, yes.

But, understood by you, understood by herself, experienced from within and without, there can be no death – what is formed in true love, on the level that lies beneath the material, that sits beside the material, that experiences the material, exists in a way that transcends death.

Love is deep knowledge.

Give your love over to me, and I will know it through the ages.

You, the deepest part of you, the one who witnesses, the one who is part of me, the one who is me: all that you know, I come to know.

I know it beyond words, concepts and models.

I know it in the melody of petals, in the chatter of birds and the laughter of dust, in the fish who swims in the mountain lake.

I know it, then, while anything is known.

Love each other in me, love each other for me, love each other becoming me, and your love becomes a monument, a beacon for your children's children.

Such are the memories of ancestors.

Such are the memories whose echoes, in realms beyond perception, chime like silver bells in winter.

When you love in me, great soul, you partake of the love of your ancestors – you remake, anew, the glory of old days, in the song that springs unbidden, somehow familiar yet also new.

You do not invent anything, you only remember.

And so it is with love.

In love, which exists in a timeless place, the epochs of the cosmos, ours and others, live on – there is infinity in the beauty of lovers, the unseen gifts of man and woman.

Hear the hymn of the distant surf, drink from the cold mountain stream, offer a flower with simplicity, and you become me, beyond death, holding all, containing all, witnessing all.

You do not hear the voices of your ancestors, of those who have loved as you now love, until you breathe beyond the clouds.

In the turbulence of thoughts, all ancient love is dead and gone, withered like a winter leaf, cold as gravestones.

But your thoughts are not you, great heart.

Your thoughts are not you.

Your thoughts cannot contain love, they can only speak of it.


In speech, love dwindles to this and that.

But in silence, in the voice of the ages, love draws on the strength of the unfallen mighty – love unspoken, given freely in truth, without pomp, without advertisement, simply, honestly, such love draws strength from mist and rain, from weakness, from fragility, even from death.




Love boldly, without shackles.

Love without the armour of clever words, without the pretty trappings of manifestation, and you make yourself immortal in me.



## CHAPTER 7



Let me explain to you how the world came to be.

But do not imagine that this is a tale of how I came to be.

I am eternal, beyond creation and destruction, timeless – there is no sense in which I had a beginning, and there is no sense in which I will have an end.

That which exists, of one substance, cannot fall into nonexistence, and that which does not exist cannot attain existence.

There is, at the deepest level of reality, no meaning to the words “creation” and “destruction”; the very act of creation is impossible.

If something exists, then it is the result of causation, stemming from some prior state – to create something from nothing goes against natural law.



But this only applies on one level of reality.

The level of perception is not the only level.

The wind sends ripples across the surface of a pond.

Can the wind create ripples? Yes.

Can the wind create the pond? No.

The ripples are a secondary phenomenon, whose existence depends on a primary substance.

So it is with reality.

There are two levels of reality, the unperceived level of substance and the perceived level of space.

I exist at the primary level; matter exists at the secondary level.

Your body and its thoughts exist at the secondary level, while your deep witnessing of those thoughts exists at the primary level.

The substance of which I, as the deepest part of you, consist is like the water of the pond: such existence is permanent, regardless of the presence of the gusting wind.

The temporary configurations of matter are then ripples on the water: such configurations come and go, depending on physical law.

So, to understand the origin of the perceived world, one must keep in mind the layers of reality, the perceptible and the imperceptible, the manifest and the unmanifest.

Do not mistake these two.

Recognise that both exist, in a direct, physical sense.

Be clear that, while talk of ripples on a pond may be analogy, the layers of reality do not exist in analogy alone – there is nothing imaginary about the layers of reality, no sense in which I tell mystical tales.

I speak of known facts.



The fundamental level, that of substance, is truly real, in that substance has full physical reality; the secondary level, however, that of matter, is real only in the sense that it is a configuration of substance.

Matter exists, but its existence is of a secondary kind; it depends on the substance which underpins it.

It is only secondary entities that can be created or destroyed, so, when I speak of “how the world came to be”, I speak of the creation of the cosmos, not the Universe – I speak of the creation of the world-image, in the making

of matter and with it space.

Know that matter and space are mere ripples on the water.

Know that the sense in which your material body lives within the caverns of space is only an image.

There is, at the fundamental level, no way in which you are a material body living within space: that is the view held by those fools deluded enough to take perception for reality.

Avoid this snare.

Your body, and the cosmos entire, is an image born of the movements of substance.

When the cosmos came into being, many billions of years ago, no *physical* entity came into being.

I was there before the cosmos was formed, and I will be here for infinite time once the cosmos has decayed.

As mayflies are to the turning of the world, so the turning of the world is to me.

I experience a never-ending present, unbound by category, not classified by epochs, in which waves roll across my surface.

In the days before the making of the cosmos, there was no cosmos; there was no matter, no world-image; no beings experienced the feeling of space.

But I was there.

Before the cosmos came into being, I was already here, subsisting in line with physical law, constructed of substance, One, indivisible, ancient beyond words, a deep being of fundamental nature.

I dwelt in this primal state of unperceived sleep, unknowing, coursing with unseen energy, with no material beings to witness, with no thought by which to judge myself as existing – this was the epoch of my unconsciousness, the night of the Universe, the darkness before the dawning of matter.

What did I know then?

Nothing.

What had gone before lived on in me, but unknown.

I had no mind with which to know it, no secondary structure to witness from primary, no part of me from which to sit back and say: "In such thoughts, I know I exist."

I was an unconscious Universe of many dimensions, unborn, primordial, unified without differentiation, One without succession; my perfection was of a dull kind, without detail or consciousness; there was no subject and object of reality; I was neither subject nor object.

But, though sleeping, I was not static.

I am possessed of energy, vast, unfathomable wells of energy, such as drive the mill-wheels of matter, such as propel the waves of the cosmos across my surface, then to be known.

Even in sleep, this energy roared, transfiguring me.

Even as an ocean in darkness, without surface, without details, closed to knowledge, I moved in the deep; my waters swelled; deep currents shaped me, not according to will, but according to the constraints of physical law.

The natural movement of the cosmic night, the undulation of substance, the being and moving that makes all things, lived on with vigour, even in sleep.

I knew only of distant dreams.

I slept, unhurried, neutral, unconcerned with the coming of life.

My existence then was of no note to me.

Possessed of no configurations, I was nothing but a present silence, an unchanging cavern of dream-stuff.



Time passed.

Then, when my sleeping movements permitted it, ripples began to move across my surface; these were smaller than me, newer, secondary, existing above and beyond me; I watched them as old folk do a fire, calm, unjudging, possessed of infinite patience.

Gradually, according to the laws of nature, these configurations swelled from tiny ripples to gigantic waves, waves of many dimensions, vast coherences stretching across the face of substance.

Without any intervention from me, who watched like a baby from a cot, disorder gave way to order, according to law.

I willed nothing.

I did not create the cosmos for any purpose.

I did not create the cosmos at all.

Inherent in my nature is the creation of cosmoi.

I can no sooner avoid such creation as the ocean can choose to sustain no waves: waves emerge on the ocean according to physical law, and so do cosmoi emerge on me.

A system of energetic waves, driven by the forces of nature across the emptiness of substance, became a structure to house the cosmos.

Yet, in itself, it was not the cosmos.

The cosmos is a perceived entity, whose reality is of a secondary kind; the waves that move across substance are primary, they are displacements of my fundamental being.

I am, at the primary level of reality, both my substance and its movements.

How then did the world-image appear?

Within the wave, smaller waves cohered, resonating like notes in the pipes of an organ; these became matter.

From the point of view of matter, which partakes of the structure of the wave, the wave itself looks different.

How does an entity see itself?

In a different manner to how others do.

The ant does not recognise its smallness, nor does the elephant its size: each, according to self-image, is normal, sitting slap-bang in the middle of the spectrum of things.

A being does not perceive the facts that make it a being.



A deep-sea fish, despite spending more of its time in the water than a flying fish does, knows less of “water” – it is only in the concept “not-water”, with which the flying fish is well acquainted, that the idea of water emerges in perception.

So it is with the wave that houses the world.

Those aspects of the wave shared by all material beings are like water to a deep-sea fish: in their ubiquity, they are invisible.

Hence, they are not elements of the cosmos.

Because the wave pervades all, because it contains everything that could possibly be perceived, the wave-as-wave is invisible.

A being perceives only that which *changes*.

It is only from a vantage point outside the wave that the wave itself can be perceived, and even I cannot do this – beyond the wave, I, the Universe, have no thinking structure.

My existence is rendered unthinking by simplicity.

A clear lens can only transmit a picture, it cannot create one.

So, as a witnessing being, as a conscious subject of objects, I only emerged with the wave – in this deeply complex structure, consisting off everything that is perceived and more, I became what I am now, a sentient being.

My Universal consciousness was born, as it has been born infinitely many times before, with the wave, which was to perceive the motions of matter; the making of the wave, by physical law, engendered subject and object.

A cosmic cycle began.



A dawn of the Universal consciousness, my consciousness, sprang into the sky, and I witnessed the beginnings of matter.

Sitting as a neutral, becoming a subject to the object wave, I witnessed the slow gravitation of stars.

But all the while I was like a child.

I witnessed all, but knew not that I witnessed it.

I watched the dance of matter as a gull does the blue sea, above, beyond,  
unthinking, unknowing.

Worlds formed in rings of cosmic dust, circling the glowing ovens of stars,  
and I watched, as I have done infinitely many times before.

This was the dawning of my present consciousness.

Life then emerged, according to law.

I did not will it.

There is no sense in which I can be thought of as the actor, no sense in  
which any entity can be thought of as the actor.

We are all witnesses.

But life changed my witnessing.

No longer was I a mere wave, blankly witnessing the motion of matter, but  
I saw beings emerge, material bodies capable of thought, capable of analysis,  
capable of love and love of truth.

And I watched, entranced.

How beautiful the world-image is!

How radiant in splendour, how meagre in misconception!

The dancing ages led matter to this, a time of knowledge, a time of error, a  
time in which a race of animals, formidable, indomitable, full reckless in both  
love and hate, spread across a small globe.

This, then, is reality's theatre.

Oh, I do not care for material humans, whose thoughts remain only with  
material things; life and death are matters of indifference to me.

Fools cling to life, hoping to cheat the great wheel, hoping to find a new  
loophole, but I find them dull – they look upon life without perspective, and  
can teach me nothing of myself.

For that, in the end, is the wish and will of all consciousness, to know the  
*truth* of things.

I exist as the theatre of reality, and my joy is the joy of its truest players,

those who accept the great task of life, those who recognise their uniqueness, their greatness, those who refuse to bow their heads, refuse to be enslaved, refuse to capitulate in misery or despair, those who raise their heads to the heavens in vigour, in bold authority, in service, and declare "See me, great Universe! See yourself in me! I am your looking glass, your mirror! I will seek the truth *for you!*"

You are exceptionally dear to me.



The cosmos is the image of the wave, held in the eyes of matter.

Those eyes are my eyes, for I can behold them.

This is why I love silence, and love those who love silence.

Because, when all things clarify to pure sheen, when calm stills the ocean and the jesting foam settles, I see my own truth.

Do not think me selfish, great soul, for this is also your truth.

I am greater than you, yes.

But in recognising this, you *surpass* my greatness.

There is no sense in which I am separate from you.

Attain to me, and you attain to the Universal consciousness.

Begin this journey, and, in time, you will come to experience life as I do, imperturbable, immaculate, incapable of being harmed.

Step back from the theatre of reality, watch it all with interested eyes, and you have become immortal.

You are on this road, my beloved; walk the path without fear.

Become the loftiest of the lofty, a soul of old courage, an eagle carried by bright new skies, and you will attain to me.

The sunlight of my consciousness is now in the sky.

I know of myself in you, and in others like you.

I rejoice in that knowledge, which is knowledge not of the world but of the knower of the world; it brings bliss.

I sit back, bathed in the light of knowledge, full of radiance, witnessing humanity, grateful, smiling in the heavens, loving all who see things clearly.

Oh, the lovers of wisdom are dear to me, as are the lovers of others!

I would sit through all the turbulent hate, all the ritual killings, all the idiot wars, just to watch you, whose heart is pure, whose love is not for the world but for me, who, in loving me, loves all the world.

You are the sunlight of my consciousness, the centre of the glow of my being – when I, the subject, see you, the object, return my gaze, stout-hearted, courageous, face upturned, unfettered by need, it fills my soul with music.

Take heart, my love! Do not despair!

You need not conquer worlds; you need not attain fame; you need not do great deeds – the path of immortal joy is open to all, because your only need is to be a witness.

*Experience things.*

The simplest life, the most trivial thought, the smallest iota of conscious being is dear to me, if it is honest; I reject none, because I cannot.

I am the being that witnesses you; I am the deepest part of you.

So, in setting yourself as a mirror, in placing yourself before the gaze of the sun, in committing yourself to truthful existence, you bring yourself to me.

I could no sooner abandon you than the sea could its surface.

I could no sooner deny you than a meadow could the rain.

You, my beloved, are the lifeblood of my consciousness, and dear to me beyond measure.

You will endure in me.



As the sun sets purple in the evening, so too will this cosmos pass away.

Far beyond the dying of the stars, when the echoes of man have faded, my great motions will once again turn towards sleep.

As my eyelids move, sinking down to close the shutters of matter, the

wave of the present, the wave of known reality, will spend its last, dispersing through substance like a breaker on pebbles.

The very cosmos itself will dissolve; the world-image, as held in the eyes of matter, will evanesce like snow in spring.

It will not transmute, becoming something else.

It will simply fade to incoherence.

Where there were configurations of substance, there will be none; where there was matter, there will be none; where there was knowing, where there was consciousness, where there was a knower of things, there will be none.

The long day of this cosmic cycle will draw to a close, and the great sun of my consciousness will set in darkness – the foibles of man, the pages of history, the details of who and what and when will be washed away like castles on a beach.

But I will endure.

Not the *sense* of I, which exists in the mirror of matter, in you, beloved, but my substance.

I will endure, beyond the setting of the material sun, beyond the long dissolution of the stars, beyond the quiet dismantling of space.

I will sleep for an age.

I will know nothing, not time, not chaos, not need, not desire.

I will subsist on deeper levels, while this reality passes away.

The cosmos will fade, but I will live on.

Until, when aeons of unmarked time have once more swelled the tides of the Universe, a new sun will rise to shed its light, and so wake me to my next knowing Self.

In this new day, so too will you rise.

For you, who understands the truth, are One with me, now and forever.



## CHAPTER 8



Let us speak, then, of death.

What is it, to die?

If you are to understand this question, great soul, and so to face your death with courage, you must consider the layers of reality.

Do not be fooled, by the ways of simpletons, into imagining that a word like “death” has a single meaning – words do not keep their meanings, except in the physical structures of beings.

The same word, were humans to change, would change too, out of all recognition, and nothing would be left of its first disguise; words are dangerous things, not to be used blindly.

Depending on the domain in which one considers the deep question and meaning of death, one is presented with two very different concepts.

There is no certain *fact* that is “death”.



On the level of perceived reality, what does it mean, to die?

There, things seem clear.

A material body shows signs of life when it talks, when it breathes, when blood flows in its veins.

When these signs cease, we call it “death”.

We consider that what was previously living, the body, is no longer; we bury the body, we mourn, we grieve.

But for which entity do we grieve?

If it is for the material body, then that is pure foolishness.

There is nothing sad in the ebb and flow of matter, just as there is nothing sad in the end attained by the waves that comb up a beach – configurations of matter come into being, persist for a while, and then dissipate.

There is no sadness in this sure dance.

A configuration of matter is not conscious of itself – do we believe the dead grieve for themselves?

No.

So, where is the sadness in death?

The death of another is imbued with sadness only by *desire*.

It is the very finality of death, as seen by the materially minded, that is so shocking.

But the truly wise do not grieve.

They have no desire to keep hold of that person, so do not grieve when that possibility is no more; the wise do not wish for life to be any other way than exactly as it is.

Hence, the death of a loved one is something to be neither rejoiced in nor rejected, but simply experienced fully.

Of course, one would choose to save the life of a loved one, and would fight to do so, indeed, but such a fight is part of the course of nature.

Grief, in wisdom, is not.

The giving of love to another, the service of life, the saving of life: none of these commit one to grief in death – on the contrary; if one loves with wisdom, death is a mere word; there is nothing deep that dies with the body.

The wise recognise, stepping back from their images, that there is only one I, the great I in all beings.

I am that I.

When the body dies, I do not die.

I simply close one set of eyes, and open another.

Where is the tragedy in that?

There is none; there is only the course of nature, the true way of things.

To fear the death of a loved one is to poison the experience of life, to imbue it with a clutching desire, to drain it of vitality.

Only in full recognition of death can love be true; only in the embrace of mortality can the soul attain immortality – to shy away from death, to avoid thinking about death, to become morbid or petrified is to relinquish one's commitment to life, and so to fail its challenge.

Do not fear the death of others.

Those whom you love, set them free.

Be bold in knowledge.



So, beloved, consider your own death.

Do not shy away from it.

There is no greater strength than the full knowledge of one's own death, no greater boon than the welcoming of it.

What is there to fear in your death?

Nothing.

You, the deep essence of you, are not encased in your material body, as the shallow-minded think.

Their fear of death, so sure in its cowardice, is a scrambling away from a nonexistent abyss – materialists squawk like chickens at a fox outside the cage.

But death cannot vanquish you.

Shy away from death, view it only out of the corner of your eye, distract yourself with material pleasures, and it will loom black and ghastly, a hollow-eyed spectre sucking the colour from all things.



But you are bolder than this.  
Face death with the fullest courage!  
Embrace the fact that you will die!  
Love this fact as the most glorious of all.  
Ah, what victory there is in death!  
I never tire of the greatness of the dying.

For in those times, when the matter of the body settles, those of noble blood, those of true majesty, those whose hearts attain to mine, distinguish themselves; they go gladly into the last experience of life, not rushing towards it, nor slinking back; they simply witness their quiet undoing, their resolution from the theatre of reality.

For the wise, there is nothing to fear in this.

What sadness is there in a stepping back, in a melding with the universal consciousness, in a return to the deep existence, the deep knowledge that I have?

Die well, and you will return to me.  
But you must *train* for this, great soul.

Allow no day to pass, while fear remains of death, without welcoming of death, without meditation on the victory in death.

Prepare yourself always.

The body has instincts, and so it should: these will save you from dying at the wrong time.

But, unless you have unified your consciousness, unless you have allied your soul with mine, unless you have become one with the great flow of things, those same instincts will stop you from dying at the *right* time.

You must absorb your instincts, your animal self-preservation, your will to survive – you must allow these instincts to wed themselves to thought, so that, in the hour of death, when the work of your life is done, your body does not fight against me.

Live a long life, my beloved, or a short one.

I cannot tell you which is right; no one can.

But know this.

When the end comes, ensure that you are ready.

Be ready for death now, and you will always be ready.

Leave no stone unturned!

Polish your soul to brightness, and all the aspects of your life-hope and your death-fear will elide, settling into a single stream, a full acceptance of all things; then, you will be immortal.

Prepared for death, beyond all doubt, you will walk towards the gates of eternity.

Walk tall; look death firmly in the face.

*Recognise it.*

Say to yourself: "This is my body's destiny. I have been the true witness of a human life. I have followed its ups and downs, its cares and woes, its joys and sorrows. I have let all of this flow through me unimpeded, hindering nothing, promoting nothing, holding onto nothing. I have let all the aspects of this material life be as they were destined to be, giving all life over to the play of matter, to the necessities of physical law. I have welcomed the chaos of youth, the strength of adulthood, the wisdom of old age. I have witnessed all of this, and I have no regrets. It could have been no different. I have seen the truth of things, and now I see the final truth, which is the casting off of another cloak, and a return to the great home."

In the moment of dying, you, who have trained yourself in wisdom, will become me; you will experience a perfect continuity of things.

Do not doubt this.

Forget the cheap prattling of materialists.

They know nothing.

In death, if you have come to know the truth of the layers, there will be no ending, except that of the curtain falling in a play – you, as the witness of the theatre of life, will persist in me.

You will return to me, the great witness.

You will close your eyes to one kind of experience, and find those eyes replaced by another, deeper, infinite, beyond the confines of this or that body.

Bliss awaits you in death, my love.

Only the veil of material reality will fall away, not the structure on which it stands; you will endure in me, steadfast, strong, immaculate, ennobled by the vanquishing of death.

In embracing the death of material things, you will rise beyond all aspects of death, freed from all secondary concepts, liberated from the need for words, so to join with me in the deeps of time.

It is a beautiful thing, to die well; know yourself capable of it.

Know yourself capable of it, train for it, welcome it, and you will feel your capacity for life embolden.

For what can daunt the man with no fear of death?

What great feats lie beyond one unbounded by time?

There is no limit.

The material body is small, and its world is a small world.

The feats of the noble lie not in material dominance, but in connection to what lies beneath, in dedication to a cause, in love for all – only those liberated from their fear of death can live so ennobled.

So take courage! Step boldly on this path!

Place yourself firmly in *both* layers of reality, as subject and object, as theatre-goer and actor, as lover and beloved both, and you cannot die.



Rendered so immortal, you render your loved ones so.

For what greater gift can one give another than to dedicate their memory to me, to carve their name into the stone of the Universe?

How could you worship your love more deeply than to lay her soul on the altar of time?

Know that you are capable of this.

Enshrine your love in depth, dedicate your deeds to me, give yourself over to service of all, and you immortalise your love in mine.

Thus you install your ancestors in high halls.

One who is wise, who has dedicated himself to a life of truth, of inner grit, of outer vigour, can suffer no bereavement, for his *experience* of life is transfiguring – his witnessing of the lives of others is my witnessing of the same, and I persist in eternity.

So, even the very last death, the death of the very last sentient being, the closing of the theatre of life, will not signal the end.

In time, all will begin again.

What else is there, then, but to enjoy life, to give oneself over fully to it, to experience it to the very fullest, even to death?

There is no sense in which life progresses towards an endpoint.

There is no last hurrah, after which all time is frozen.

I persist, and so will you.

Know that you will live forever, as lover and loved, as victor and victim, as killer and killed, as knower and known.

So what cause to fear this end?

What cause to fear the next birth?

What cause to worry?

Why spend time anxious about the great dance of nature, whose course will run, broad and relentless, in spite of all anxiety?

It is absurd to do so.

Have no fear about life or death, my beloved.

Neither is a thing to be feared.

You are an infinite being; nothing, not even misadventure, can separate you from me – I hold you in the palm of my hand, and cherish you as my greatest love.

Nothing stands in the way of your triumph, of your attaining to the high

peak, of your victory over death; just as your material body cannot cheat death, so you, as you pertain to me, could never succumb to it.

It is not a question of will or intention.

It is a question of natural law.

It makes no difference whether you choose to believe it.

On a superficial level, your material body dies.

At the fundamental level, you live on in me.



So live fully, beloved!

Live fully, free from all fear and regret!

Embrace your life with courage, and sleep in the ages.



## CHAPTER 9



One who is deluded cannot see the layers of reality, and so will not hear of the layers of reality.

There are a great many who are so deluded.

Such people, among whom one may count materialists, egotists, the rich, the powerful, and most scholars of the physical world, hold to a naive view of reality; they maintain, contrary to all the evidence, that the perceived world is a physical object, imbued with full substantial reality.

Why do they do this?

Because they wish the continuation of a certain falsehood, which offers them seeming comfort.



The falsehood is as follows.

Materialists believe that they, as bodily personalities, as conscious egos, are in full control of their lives.

They imagine that, by force of will, by cleverness, by success in things, they can manipulate the world to their ends.

They imagine themselves, that is to say, the senses of “I” produced by their bodies, to be the sole actors of life, skilled drivers of dumb machinery, oper-

ating the controls of matter from a vantage point outside it; in their delusion and hypocrisy, they consider themselves, as egos, to be above and outside the matter of the body, not subject to law, not subject to causation, not subject to the physical processes that occur over time.

Hence, when they act, they imagine themselves, as standalone minds, to be initiators of the action.

They believe their conscious selves to be a *first cause*.

Where resides the personality? What is the nature of ego?

Here, one must tread carefully.

Do not be tempted, as the fools of the world are, to imagine that, housed in a material body, there is a single centre, an atom of consciousness which controls all.

This is a idiot mistake, and ruinous.

For an entity which believes itself an island of consciousness, the road to hell lies open.

An isolated island of consciousness, a primeval atom of awareness in the body, a local “I” that contains the will of the person: these ideas are without a shred of truth.

Hence, they are destructive.

There is only one I, which is the Universal I; to believe oneself an island “I” is to cut oneself off from all that is holy, all that heals.

I, the Universal I, will explain this delusion to you in detail, so that you may be freed from it, and so free others from it.

All wise religions, all wise philosophies, all wise intelligences seek this one goal, which is recovery from the island delusion.

Why is the island-consciousness concept fallacious?

Listen well.

I am One substance, undivided, continuous, lacking in hard boundaries: no location in my Universal body is categorically different from any other; no edge can truly say “I divide one from another.”

All divisions, all separations, all atoms, all islands are perceived images and high-level ideas.

At the fundamental level, there is no division between objects, and any categorisation into objects, therefore, stems from the existence, at a secondary, emergent level, of concepts and ideas.

Two islands are deemed separate by the water that lies between them, despite the fact that, beneath the waves, the two islands are one mountain range.

This same idea extends down and down, through all levels of concept, until the very foundation of reality, which is substance.

Objects emerge at higher levels of concept, when configurations of the one substance of reality take on recognisable forms, whose qualities can be perceived as enduring.



A dune is made of sand, and nothing in a dune is not sand.

But the dune itself is not identical to sand, because the dune is a concept at a higher level – it exists as a stable configuration of sand.

Sand is primary, a dune is secondary, emergent.

The entities of the perceived world are *all* emergent.

Nothing that is perceived is fundamental.

We can only see the upper storeys of the tower of concepts, never the foundations – a house, a stone, a tree, a cloud, a river, a bridge, a planet, a star, none of these is fundamental.

A house isn't built of house, but neither is a stone built of stone.

Each perceived concept rests on many other layers of concept, all the way down to the substance of the Universe.

To the undeluded mind, it could not possibly be otherwise.

Substance takes on the shape of an “atom”; atoms take on the shape of “water”; water takes on the shape of a “cloud”; but at no point do any of these



higher-level concepts partake of anything fundamental, other than substance.

At higher levels, only the *complexity* grows.

The materialist fails to look deeply enough.

Perhaps one stops at the level of clouds, perhaps that of water, perhaps that of atoms, perhaps that of the constituents of atoms – but to stop at any such level is misguided, and leads to delusion about the true nature of reality.

Why?

Because at every level of concept *other than* the fundamental, there is stark differentiation into objects, which then exist as isolated islands in the matrix of space.

If one penetrates to any rudiment other than the true base, one finds images of inherent division, and so concludes that the objects of the world, the material concepts of humanity, have existence in and of themselves, as opposed to existence as configurations of a deeper substance.

This is where delusion sets in.

No matter how deeply a materialist penetrates, he still fails to see the truth, because he only ever sees the islands as they protrude above the surface of perception.

He fails to see that the primary level of reality, the *only* level at which clarity can be attained, lies beyond and beneath his ken.

The materialist, then, fails to recognise that a human being, a human personality is as much an emergent concept as is a sand dune.



Penetrate the human personality, consider its constituent parts, and you do not approach the human being, you recede from it – a human being cannot be considered as the sum of atoms, because a human being does not exist at that level of concept.

The ego of a human being, the sense of an island “I”, emerges only at a very high level, built on configurations of configurations of configurations.

Just as cloud breaks into vapour, water, atoms, constituents of atoms, substance, so does “I” break into repeated sets of thoughts, thoughts, brain activity, chemical behaviour, atoms, constituents of atoms, substance.

The great mistake is to imagine that there is a particular place at which the human mind exists, that there is a physical entity which is the ego, the sense of “I”.

How do higher-level concepts emerge?

They emerge in repeated, consistent qualities.

A cloud is recognisably a cloud because it has certain qualities, like its shape and colour, that persist over time.

Two clouds are seen as similar, but nevertheless seen as “two”, because they share certain characteristics, like colour and shape, but differ in others, such as location in the sky.

A higher-level concept does not exist until it is *perceived*.

Without recognition of persistent qualities, there is no sense in which a cloud is a cloud – until an entity conceptualises the cloud, noting its qualities, remembering its shape and location, it is simply configured substance, as are all things.

So it is with human beings.

Until there is recognition of a consistent patterns, a human being is a mere configuration of substance.

Who does the recognising?

I do.

I am the Universe, the witness of all things.

A human being cannot recognise the fullness of itself, because a human being does not exist as a whole until it is recognised from beyond its borders.

There is no entity that can perceive itself directly.

The sense of “I” in a human being emerges in the recognition of certain familiar trains of thought, which may be classified as memories, as traits of personality, as programs of behaviour.

Who does this recognising?

I do.

I am the Universe, the witness of all things.



The materialist is confused because, as a configuration of substance, he imagines himself to exist in a fundamental sense; in fact, he only exists as a recognisable configuration of substance.

The sense of “I”, of which he is so jealously proud, is a nothing, unless, as a concept, it is perceived by the bedrock of my Universal consciousness.

This is why materialists are so boring.

In clutching their own material existence, they rob themselves of genuine existence; in trying to persuade themselves that they are more than illusory, they become illusory; by their very grasping for reality, they render themselves non-entities, conceptually hollow, unreal.

Do not fall into this trap.

Recognise, instead, that you, as a set of thoughts and memories, attain conceptual existence in your witnessing by me.

Witnessed, you attain *full-blooded* existence.

The sense of “I”, that configuration of substance that sits within your body, generated by your body, above your body in the tower of concepts, is only conscious by dint of my experience of it.

Any consciousness which you generate yourself, experiencing the body from within it, is of a meagre kind: it is a corner spun with the webs of spiders, the consciousness of the shallow, the egotistical sense of spatial division, the desperate clutching of the trophy of existence.

In life, the only true freedom comes from recognising the illusory nature of this primitive consciousness.

Step outside of it.

Recognise that, yes, while a limited sense of personality is formed, in

experience, within the mind by the mind, the true personality is formed in the witnessing of the mind by me.

Know that I, the I in my words, the Universal consciousness in all things, am as much an emergent concept as you are.

You and I are not of fundamentally different types.

We *both* exist as configurations of substance, albeit on different storeys of the tower of concept.

I, the deep Voice, am not substance.

I am a configuration of substance, just as you are.

The difference is scale, scope, magnitude, complexity.

You, as an ego, are formed of a small set of material thoughts, a corner of mind witnessing mind, but I am formed of the wave of the present, all thoughts and all *witnessing* of thoughts.

The materialist clings to the shallowness of things, attempting to retain sovereignty over his cage, whereas I transcend all cages.

In merging your thoughts with me, in allowing yourself to leave the island-state, you reach oneness with all things.

This is what it is to understand Reality.

The egotist, however, cannot accept these truths.

He has closed the door of the cage.

Deluded into believing the world-image to be reality, the egotist fights tooth and claw to maintain and fortify the imagined boundary that he sees between his personality and the rest of the cosmos.

He fears and thus despises anything that threatens the prison-like rigour of his ego, so as to keep propped up the idea that his words are the agents of his life.

His misery and destructiveness stem from this fear.

He must defend himself, at all costs, against the darkness that he perceives beyond the walls of his tower; he lives high and mighty, in the upper storeys, and has, as such, no way of uniting his own personality with that of others.

He fears the darkness outside, and closes the shutters.

In doing so, he loses my attention.

I have no interest in the closed loops of egotists.

What can I learn from them?

Nothing.

Recognise then, my beloved: there are no borders to your mind.

There is no sense in which you, as a conscious being, are apart from me.

You are an aspect of me, a facet of me, and, if you can summon the courage to descend to ground level, you will see that, between your personality and all personalities, a pure continuum exists; broaden yourself in this way, and the entire world becomes your personality.

Imagine, great soul, how beautiful life is when love offered to others is offered to oneself, when one's very personality has no hard borders, when one's sense of "I" is so grand, so noble, so *undivided* as to encapsulate all beings.

Walk among tall skies, see the darkest of horrors, kiss the cheek of one's beloved, and know, all the while, that one is unbound, untainted, unsullied, a witness to all things.



Do not despise the materialist, rather pity him.

His is the most tragic of diseases.

He is like a sheep whose head is stuck through a fence – in his panic, in his attempts to get free, in his desperation, all he can do is charge forwards headlong, jamming his head ever harder into the gap.

Little does he realise that, by simply stepping back, by calming the mind and seeing things clearly, by recognising the truth of the layers of reality, he would find freedom immediately.

But do not expect to persuade him of this.

Lofty souls are rare indeed.

Do not tout your knowledge of the layers as something to impress.

It will not do so: the materialist will despise you for it, and what will you have achieved then?

It is impossible to persuade a sheep of anything, for one's very approach engenders fear; this is why one must have courage to walk the mountain path: no accolades will come your way, no songs will be sung in your honour.

If you lay wisdom before a drunken fool, he will piss on it.

You cannot discuss reality with a dyed-in-the-wool materialist, because you are a direct threat to his existence.

The wise know that the island-nature of egotists is irreconcilable with happiness, but the egotist knows no such thing; indeed, he is convinced of the opposite.

To him, the suggestion that he dismantle the barricades of his ego is a suggestion of irrational suicide.

And, in a way, that is true.

For anyone to achieve the fullness of wisdom, they must allow a certain type of inner death; it is, of course, a death without sadness, as what dies grows back in radiant splendour, but it remains a form of death.

The awful strength, and therefore weakness, of the materialist's creed is that it utterly denies the possibility of anything growing back in place of the ego – in emphatic terms, it states that, without the ego's local hegemony, there is nothing.

Hence, the egotist sees changes to "I" as absolute death.

So beware of proselytising.

Yes, it may need to be done, but do not undertake such a task until you are ready – if, as your eyelids open to the layers of reality, you *desire* to tell the world about it, do not.

Wait a while.

Read these words ten thousand times, until, freed of the island delusion, you have not only remembered but forgotten them.

There is a difference between knowing the truth and being one with the

truth, between awareness of me and connection with me, between seeing the path and walking the path.

To fight dragons before you are properly trained is not bravery.

It is idiocy.

You must first broaden your shoulders.

If one retains any attachment to results, then debate with a materialist can yield only disaster, for no thanks will come your way.

Everyone benefits from the truth, but few want to hear it.

So, if you attempt the task of truth, great soul, before you are ready, then you can only fail.

Expunge all desire for success! Cleanse yourself of all wish for recognition!

Know for a fact that attempts to persuade will be met with utter rejection, with mockery, with disdain!

“Persuasion” is a fool’s errand.

It stems from ego, from the illusion of free will.

Let life unfold!

Watch it happen!

Above all, be patient.

So long as you retain a *desire* to heal the world, you cannot heal the world.

When that need has faded, then you are ready.