

Box 1 Folder 1

Robert de Grimsom. notes

Undated

deary London Nanan X-hl.

paper London Greece Israel Turkey, New Orleans, LA, N.Y., Oceania

Fond. Miami, Toronto, Miami, N.Y.  
Palermo, Rome, London

N.Y. N.O. Boston.

1963	J.	
1966 <sup>1/2</sup>	J. m.	←
1970	L.	
1973 <sup>1/2</sup>	L. m.	←
1977	S.	
1980	S m.	←

June 1963	J.	
Dec. 1966	mid J.	←
June 1970	L.	
Dec. 1973	mid L.	
June 1977	S	
Dec. 1980.	mid S.	

NOV  
 Oct. <sup>N</sup>67. ~~Nov~~ First Order founded  
 Oct <sup>N</sup>74. ~~Nov~~ Second Order founded.

Oct. 81

Process founded	June 63
First Order founded	Oct-Nov. 67 <sup>3/2</sup>
Second Order founded	Oct-Nov. 74 <sup>7</sup>
Third Order founded	?



In the Valley there's no light  
 No gentleness to soothe the soul  
~~In the Valley there's no sound~~  
 No warmth of love to touch the heart  
 No sound to please a waiting ear

The Valley of the Shadow of Death

In the Valley there's no hope  
 No gleaming promise there ahead  
 No driving urge to find success  
 No purpose, only futile dead

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.

In the Valley, there's no truth  
 No logic in the twisting road  
 No vision in the inky dark  
 No clarity to guide our steps

The Valley of the Shadow of Death



In the Valley there's no help  
No outstretched hand to lead us on  
No loving arm to shield our face  
No waiting rest to keep us strong.

The Valley of the Shadows of Death



The *COVID* was taking over

Gradually the desert ~~was taking~~ the land. The wells dried up, the rivers ~~became~~ became streams, and even <sup>some of the</sup> springs which had been bubbling out of the ground ~~for~~ as long as anyone could remember suddenly vanished overnight.

The <sup>villagers</sup> ~~people~~ were worried. "Eventually there'll be no water," they said, "and then we'll all die of thirst. What shall we do?" But no one had a satisfactory answer.

One day a <sup>stranger</sup> ~~man~~ came to the village.

"The desert is gradually taking over your land," he told some of the villagers.

"We know it," they said, "but what can we do?"

"You must leave the village" at once" said the stranger.

"But where shall we go?" they asked.



"I can take you to a place where there will always be plenty of water" said the stranger.

"Where?" they all asked at once.

"A long way from here, on the other side of those mountains," said the stranger pointing.

The villagers looked. "We see no mountains," they said.

"You will" said the stranger.

"How will you find it?" they asked.

"I have a map" said the stranger.

"All right" they all agreed. "Let's go. If we stay here, we'll ~~die~~ simply die of thirst."

So the following day they set off. The stranger, now their guide, led the way, &



all the villagers followed.

The original group he'd spoken to stayed close to him & he talked to them about the place to which he was leading them. It sounded strange, ~~but~~ & they didn't really understand, but as long as it had an endless supply of water they ~~were~~ were ~~the~~ satisfied. He showed them his map. But that was even stranger. They studied it closely, ~~but~~ ~~some~~ Some of them thought they understood it - or at least pretended to - but <sup>to</sup> most of them it was fairly meaningless. But as long as they were going to a place where there was plenty of water that didn't matter.

~~As they went~~ To begin with the journey was easy & everyone enjoyed themselves. But gradually they found ~~themselves~~ <sup>they were</sup> going further & further into the desert itself. A few became disillusioned by this & turned back. This couldn't possibly be the way to water. The guide watched them go sadly, but made no move to stop them. If this part of the journey deterred them, there was no point in persuading them to go any further. Sooner



or later they would fall back anyway.

Later the mountains loomed up before them. And as they got closer the guide began to veer away a little towards the south east.

~~There~~

"Where are you going?" asked the <sup>spokesman</sup> ~~leader~~ of the group of villagers which travelled close ~~side~~ to him.

"There's a ~~valley~~ pass through the mountains this way," said the guide. "It's the only way through."

"Let me look at the map" said the spokesman.

He studied it for a moment. Then:

"You're wrong" he said. "The ~~right~~ only way is straight ahead."

"I've travelled this road before,"



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Said the guide.

"You're out of your mind" said the spokesman. "Look!" And he pointed to the map.

"Let me explain something," said the guide. "What you see here" — and he too pointed to his map — "is not a road. It leads to an impasse, and then if you followed<sup>ed</sup> it round for long enough you'd find yourself in a village just like the one you've left. You'd be back where you started."

"Wrong again" said the spokesman. "That way will take us straight over the mountains. We don't need the pass."

"No," said the guide; "Believe me. I know the way."

"I think you're a phoney," said the spokesman. "I know the way. And I don't need your map any more." And the others agreed.



DAN

with him, because he was persuasive.

The guide was unhappy. ~~He tried~~ There, who had followed him so closely & become his friends, he tried for a while to persuade. But it was no good.

"You'd better follow us" said the Spokesman. The rest of the villagers will, & you'll be alone. Besides where you're going you'll die of thirst.

The guide said nothing. There was no more to be said. And the group left him, heading for the mountains.

When they'd gone, the guide sat down & rested for a while. "I'll see you where the water is" he murmured absently.

"What do you mean by that?" asked a voice behind him. ~~And~~ he turned & asked that one of the group had stayed behind & was also sitting down a few feet away.



"Never mind" said the guide. "They'll get lost, but not for ever. Why didn't you go with them?"

"Because I wanted to stay with you" said the other.

"Not because you believe I'll lead you to the water...?"

"I don't care about the water."

"Come on. Let's go." The guide stood up. Then he looked at his friend. "I will lead you to the water."

"I know you will" said his friend.

"And eventually I'll lead them there too."

"Maybe" said his friend. "I don't care."

So they walked on towards the pass through the mountains.

Meanwhile other villagers had caught up with them.

"What's happening?" they asked

The guide & his friend told them briefly.

"But this is terrible" some of them said. "What shall we do?"

"You must make a choice," said the guide.

"But that's ridiculous" said someone. "We're all supposed to be going to ~~there~~ the same place."

"Ultimately, we are," said the guide.



"What's that ~~is~~ supposed to mean?"

"Never mind," said the guide. "Make a choice. We're going on."

At that moment one of the ~~original~~ group that had headed for the mountains came back to explain their decision, & the guide & his friend moved on, leaving the others to make their choice.

So the villagers divided in two. Some followed the group that had headed for the mountains. Some followed the guide. But no one was altogether happy about the situation. Some, for a while, kept travelling back and forth between the <sup>two</sup> groups either endeavouring to convince them or unable to decide which <sup>one</sup> to follow. There was talk about the mountain group drawing up a new map.

"On the basis of what?" asked the guide when he heard about this. "But no one knew. And no one had seen the new map. So



perhaps it was just a rumour.

The guide & his friend travelled on towards the pass. And a new group formed around them.

And the guide was thoughtful.

One day he collected his new friends around him, & said: "I want all of you to have a copy of my map. Then if anything happens to me, you'll be able to find the water on your own."

Everyone liked this idea. And so it was arranged. And soon after, they entered the ~~map~~ pass.

The pass was green & fertile. And <sup>there were</sup> many roads ~~go~~ through it. And there were streams & springs & birds & animals. It was beautiful.

By now the guide's friend



was very familiar with the map. He studied it closely & began to understand it. One day he said to the guide: "Why don't we settle in this beautiful valley?" "There's plenty of water here." &

"Not for long" said the guide.

"But we could always move on when the water supply began to dry up" said his friend.

"By the time the water here begins to go, it's too late" said the guide. ~~But~~ His friend was skeptical, but didn't argue.

&

Later the guide called ~~a~~ <sup>a general</sup> meeting. "There are many roads in this valley" he told the villagers who still followed him. "And now that you all have your own maps you're free to follow your own road. They all lead to the same place. But let me warn you. Don't be deceived by the water in the valley. It won't last, & we must keep moving if



we want to reach ~~at~~ the other side of the mountains in time. And remember also the map is easily misread." But very few of them listened to what he said. They had their own maps now. And that was really all they needed.

Then ~~and~~ some of his new group of friends got together <sup>one of them</sup> & said: "What do we need him for? We have his map. And I get the feeling ~~that~~ he doesn't really know how to read it. He could take a wrong turning. I mean look. Have you noticed that sometimes he holds it upside down? And sometimes — get this — he even turns it over & studies the back of it."

"Yes" said another "And did you notice the way we went yesterday. We walked ~~all around the track~~ through all those caves, & I'm sure we were going round in circles, & when we came out again, I could have sworn that we <sup>had gone</sup> ~~were just~~ back, <sup>ward</sup> not ~~just~~ forwards. Because there was that tall oak tree again. You know the ~~to~~ one



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we passed a week ago."

"It was a different me" said someone.

"I don't think so."

"Nor do I" said someone else "And besides. I don't think he really knows what he's doing. Sure, he's got a map, which probably someone gave him. But I used to think he was some kind of genius. Now I reckon he doesn't know any more about that map than you or I do."

"I don't believe the water is going to run dry here" said another. "I think this would be a good place to stop & settle. I don't think he knew about this place. And now he's just saying we shouldn't stay because otherwise he'd have to admit he was wrong all the time."

"Well he was right about the road straight <sup>to</sup> the mountains being a dead end,"



Said someone else. "Have you heard about the people who followed that group. ~~The rest~~ ~~up in a valley~~ They got completely lost & ended up in a village just like the one we left. It's ~~big~~ bigger & much more plush, but there's even less water there than we had."

"Yes, but they made the mistake of abandoning the map. They thought they could do without him & his map. Now we haven't made that mistake. We trust his map. And we've got it now. (And believe me we're very grateful for it.) But we don't need him. Particularly if he's going to misread the damned thing & lead us all astray."

"What bothers me," piped up another voice, "is that with all this water & lush green around, practically every day he takes ~~us~~ us along this dry twisting road up & down the side of the mountain through caves & thickets & all kinds of things. He says it's the quickest way & that someone has to take it or else when we get to our destination



we'll be too late to claim it. But I think he's just a masochist. It's ~~just~~ like being back in the desert."

"But you don't have to go that way. He told you that. As long as he does, & maybe a few others, he'll have the place all ready for you when you get there."

"Yes, but he says that ~~can~~ if we take it easy now, we must be prepared for hardships later on. And I don't believe him. I think there's a ~~quicker~~ quicker & more comfortable way to get where we're going. I think he's the one who's going to be left behind."

"He says, ultimately, no one will be left behind."

"Well I think a lot of the time he doesn't know what he's talking about." His maps O.K. — although I even begin to wonder about that sometimes when I look at him."



"You poor benighted idiots!"

Everyone turned. It was the guide's close friend. But he said no more, just turned on his heel & walked away.

"Well that proves it," said someone after an awkward silence. "That's his friend."

"But wait a minute," said someone else. "The guides brought us here at least. Even if he's wrong about the so-called everlasting water on the other side of the mountains, isn't this a good deal better than what we left behind? He's helped us; you can't deny that. And <sup>even</sup> if he has got everything a bit screwed up, the least we can do is return the favour & help him."

"How?" asked someone.

"Well, we could save him from <sup>so-called</sup> friends like that one who just left,"



~~Said~~ said a low voice.

"Whatever you say," that one's a  
good & true friend"

"I agree!"

"You can have him!"

"You're just jealous!"

"You're just stupid!"

And the meeting broke up in  
confusion, with nothing resolved.

~~C~~  
"That's a heasty bunch of followers  
you've got there," said the guide's friend to  
him later. "You go through hell & high  
water for them, & all they do is call you a  
fool, & say you don't know what you're doing."

"Oh come on," said the guide.



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"What else would you expect them to do. They're going through it too. This is their hell & high water."

"Yes, but you ~~didn't~~ <sup>don't</sup> have to do it. They have no other hope."

"Believe me, I ~~can't~~ <sup>do have</sup> to do it. I can't occupy that water ~~all~~ on my own. Imagine how I'd feel there all by myself."

"Well, I'd share it with you."

The guide smiled. "You wouldn't be satisfied, any more than I would."

"I don't give a damn about any of them." And ~~at~~ sometimes I think you're out of your tree to bother about them."

"It's not altruism, you know"

"No, it's lunacy!"



"So you agree with them."

"What do you mean?"

"~~What do you mean?~~" "You agree that I'm stupid & I don't know what I'm doing."

"Don't twist my words." "Here let me look at that map."

The guide's friend went off with the map, suddenly unringing a confusion which he didn't quite understand, & therefore dismissed as irrelevant.

The guide sat for a while ~~thinking~~ in silence. "Perhaps I am wrong," he thought to himself. "Tomorrow I must study the map again very carefully. Something's wrong, that's for sure. And the next day he did. And <sup>so did</sup> his friend.

~~"If we got rid of all the ones who don't believe in you" said his friend a~~



~~few days later, "we could take a short cut,  
I've studied the map very carefully."~~

"There's a short cut," said his friend  
a few days later.

"What?" said the guide.

"I said there's a short cut" repeated  
his friend somewhat irritated.

"Show me," said the guide.

"Here," said his friend, the defenses  
dropping somewhat when he realized there was  
going to be no argument. And he pointed to  
the map.

The guide thought for a moment.  
"It might work."

"It will work. Let's go."

The road was even rougher, narrower,



D4N

steeper & drier than usual, & half the company fell out & went back to the old road. The guide watched them go & thought "they'll need my help when I've finished getting the ones that are left through this." His friend ploughed on, & the few still with them.

They came to a resting place.

"What about the others?" asked someone.

"Don't worry. I'll look after them later," said the guide.

"Yes, but let's leave them behind," said his friend. "They'll never make it, anyway."

"We'll see" said the guide.

"It's every man for himself now," said his friend.

"It's always been that" said the



guide. "No one's ever been carried." That's the whole idea.

"Yes, but now it's different. We all know how to get there. We've got the map & that's all we need. We don't need to be led. Those of us who make it make it. Those of us who don't, don't. And that's all there is to ~~it~~ it."

"Anyway, I know I'm going to make it. And if anyone ~~with~~ comes with me that's great. If not, that's too bad. It's every man for himself now."

There was a moment's silence.

~~Morrison~~ "What about me?" asked the guide.

"You have the same chance as every body else. Either you make it or you don't. ~~the~~ But it's unfair to expect you to lead us. Anyway ~~if~~ we don't need it any more. We can do it ourselves. You



yourself

^ Said we had to ~~do it~~ be able to do it ourselves."

"True."

"So now, even if you get lost, each of us has the means to get there on his own."

There was another silence.

The guide stood up.

"Well" he said, ~~with a sigh~~ "I'm going back to help the others find their way. I'll see you later."

When he returned, the group was huddled over the map, making their plans. He already knew the next best move. The so-called short cut had been useful & instructive. And it had helped the other group to find a way ~~to~~



through the pass were suited to them. But it had in fact taken them out of their way. So he had ~~to~~ had to find a real short cut ~~to~~ in order to make up the time.

The others looked up as he approached.

"We've planned the next stage," said his friend.

The guide ~~thought~~ was about to explain the position. But he looked at their faces & decided against it. It would do no good. It had never done any good.

He laid his map on the ground. "That's where I'm going," he said pointing to a narrow defile between two overhanging rocks.

Then he stood up. "Anyone coming?"

~~No one~~ spoken. They all looked



at his friend, then shook their heads.

"What's the secret?" said his friend.

"No secret at all," said the guide.

What's

The guide looked at them for a moment. "Animal Farm," ~~said the guide~~ he murmured.

"What?" asked someone.

"Nothing," said the guide.

"You'll get lost," said his friend.

"We're all lost," said the guide.

"What's ~~the~~ the secret of being found?" See you at the water." And he strode off smiling to himself, but a little sad.

\*

The next day the guide ~~was~~ rested in a clearing and studied his map. But he couldn't concentrate. Something nagged at the back



of his mind. Something was not quite right, not quite as it should be. But he had no idea what it was. Perhaps he should have tried to persuade them. But that he knew was not the answer. Trying to persuade them would have made the situation worse, not better. He shelved it, knowing the answer would come to him in due course.

Suddenly he heard a movement behind him. He turned. And there was his good & true friend, ~~behind him the others,~~ <sup>& behind him the others,</sup> whom he had left behind the day before.

They ~~stood~~ stood at the edge of the clearing smiling at him.

"We've ~~just~~ come home," said his friend.

"What made you change your minds?" asked the guide.

"I've read Animal Farm, as well," said his friend. And together they travelled on to find the ~~best~~ water.



Am I carrying negative expectation too far? It seems not. Because the results are always delightfully surprising. ~~So~~ I invariably expect the very worst outcome. And I usually end up with the best. Of course, if there was any negative emotion with my negative expectations then I'd be in trouble. That would then become negative suggestion. But there isn't. I simply adjust myself in advance to the furthest-from-optimism possibility. Then ~~if~~ there's no demand in the situation



Security is within.

That's all well & good, but when there is confusion within, there's no security.

What is confusion?

It's a scrambling of various levels of reality. It's an inability to contain the paradox. It's a conflict as opposed to a union of opposites.

Clarity comes only when we separate out the various levels & then ~~to~~ relate them logically to one another.

For example, you find that you don't like someone but you need him. That's confusing. That doesn't make sense. You can't sort out your feelings. No clarity. However if you find the logical relationship between the two seemingly mutually exclusive ~~and~~ realities, clarity appears. On one level you need him. But another aspect or level of you wants to be independent - I mean compulsively



wants to be independent & not to need anybody.  
So that aspect has an aversion to the person  
you insist on needing.

But without that relationship between  
the two realities — which is, after all, an awareness  
of the fundamental unity — the result is confusion.

The understanding of paradox is the  
ultimate cure for confusion.

What could be more potentially  
confusing ~~that~~ than living with a sense of choice,  
& at the same time a sense of complete choiceless-  
ness? No wonder both feelings usually end up  
largely suppressed. But once you understand the  
paradox, the confusion goes.

Confusion thrusts us in on ourselves.  
We attempt compulsively to unravel the knots, to  
find a synthesis of the contradictory elements,  
or to suppress one side of them. This is the



compulsive pursuit of clarity. Of course so clarity emerges. For a while we can sometimes create a convincing illusion of ~~clarity~~ it. Or of course we can escape from the situation which reactivates the confusion. But the problem is still with us, shelved temporarily, but all ready to emerge again at any moment & drive us painfully inwards.

There is no trap quite like the trap of confusion. It ~~is~~ almost seems to be constructed of walls facing one another. Faced with one aversion — a wall which obstructs movement — or one frustrated desire — another wall which obstructs movement — we turn away from it & almost immediately find ourselves facing a counter-aversion or a frustrated opposing desire. We can't move freely in any direction. Every way is blocked by something. Every wall seems to be equally impenetrable.

Confusion is made up of a divergence of realities. This is right, but so is this, it's opposite.



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This is true, but so is this, it's opposite. This is wrong, but so is this, it's opposite. This I want, but I also want this, it's opposite. This I hate, but this I also hate, it's opposite. This I fear, but this I also fear, it's opposite.

When the negative parts of a confusion are # strong; fear, letted, frustration; the confusion produces a very intense pain. It's not the anguish of total despair, that only comes when the confusion carries you to a peak of total & helpless frustration. But when we're still fighting to escape or clarify, the pain ~~is~~ takes the form of a mounting sense of anxiety which can reach a point of emotional panic before the walls close in completely & all we are left with is despair, helpless, agonized despair.

And here is the paradox we must face if we are beginning to learn that our security is within ourselves. Because there comes a time when we feel that even there



we in fact have no security whatever, only confusion & pain.

The normal human way which we use to deal with this 'brink-of-death' point is to switch off our feelings one by one. It's as though our machinery has gone wildly out of control & all we can do is cut the power. We sink into apathy, which is a state of minimal feeling. We go out of contact with everything & everyone around us, in order to ~~prevent~~ avoid anything which might reactivate the machinery & bring the pain right back.

Sometimes we use artificial ~~of~~ means to switch off. Drugs, alcohol, ~~and~~ harmless but attract in getting distractions. These may work temporarily, but when the effects wear off, we find that the pain is even more intense than before. Because the artificial substitute fools us into dropping our natural defences of suppression. And then it takes time to reinforce them. By which time we've probably already made use of the substitute again. So the defences never come



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into play, so they become weaker & weaker, & the substitute becomes the only way<sup>out</sup> for us.

The actual defences are certainly preferable to the artificial substitutes, but they are still defences. They tackle the symptom. They deaden the pain, but ~~but~~ they don't resolve the confusion, & nor do they remove the cause of the confusion.

So we look inside for our security. But inside all we find is confusion. And then, <sup>really</sup> naturally enough we begin to doubt whether there is any security to be found there, ~~after all~~. ~~But~~ Maybe after all we should look for something more solid & definite on the outside & give up this fruitless search for strength within ourselves. Obviously there isn't any — at least for us.

This conclusion — even the possibility of it — can bring on an intense depression. Depression is a kind of mental & emotional



Exhaustion. We don't have the energy any ~~to~~ longer to escape. We've used it all up trying to conquer the confusion & the pain that went with it. And we don't have the will to go on searching for the resolution of the problem; particularly as we've decided - or almost decided - that for us there is no resolution.

So depression settles on our souls like a cloud & we go further into isolation. Empty time hangs on us like a heavy garment, & we begin to wonder why we're alive at all. What for?

Even if the energy is there to tap, we don't use it. We don't create an impetus for ourselves, because that will take us straight back into the confusion.

It's as though we've been injured. And we've found a position to lie still in so that the pain is reduced to a minimum - a dull ache. But we know that if we move, we'll bring back the excruciating pain.

So ~~but~~ even in this state of dull depression,



we know the confusion hasn't gone. We know that the contradictory realities — <sup>denies</sup> fears, moral agreements, aversions, etc. — are still very much there overlaid by a thin desensitising curtain.

Now normally, if we don't succumb to an artificial anesthetic, we'll hold that state of depression for a while, & quite unconsciously build on ~~that~~ the desensitising curtain. We'll try to forget the whole thing. We'll try to put enough emotional distance between ourselves & the pain of the confusion, to enable us to operate again effectively ~~without~~ without diving straight back into it. We'll wall up that agonising dichotomy so that we <sup>can</sup> relax into feeling again & still be immune to it.

After all, what else can we do? We can't go through life constantly fixated on an almost unbearable pain that refuses to go away. It would take all our attention, & all our energy, & we couldn't possibly operate effectively in any direction.



But there is another way; a way to resolve the confusion, to eliminate the pain, instead of having to suppress it.

Confusion, confusion, confusion. It sounds rather a light & harmless concept when you just say it like that. And ~~that~~ on its most trivial & superficial level, it is. We can get confused about the meaning of a road sign. We can get confused about what we want to order from a menu or buy in a shop. A little irritation perhaps, but rarely a matter of any real torment.

But carry the same concept onto the level of deeper ~~reasons~~ & deeper emotions, more & more intense desires & frustrations, carry it into matters of real importance & significance, & a little irritation, a mild worry, a slight sense of deprivation, becomes a monstrous agony of ultimate consequence. Your entire emotional existence hinges on it. Your life depends on it. Your motivation, your self-esteem, your salvation, your security, everything is hanging in the balance between the divergent poles of this



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earth shattering dichotomy. At least, that's how it feels. And whether it's true or not is irrelevant. ~~But~~ Because it's how it feels that matters.

We can look at other people's intense & crippling confusions, & think: 'What on earth are they getting in such a state about?' The issues seem so trivial to us. And very often that's how they see our confusions. But reality is what you feel, not what you see.

You may even look at <sup>some of</sup> your own areas of painful confusion & wonder why you feel so strongly about such unimportant matters. But that doesn't stop you feeling strongly. All it does is add another dimension to the confusion. There's now a dichotomy between the way ~~that~~ you see the situation & the way you feel it.

But the comparison between the trivial painful confusion & the horrendous soul-searing confusion gives us a clue. If we can persuade our emotions to put both of them



in the same category of importance — the lesser category, of course — then we eliminate the pain.

Well, that sounds easy. But persuading one's emotions of anything except their own complete validity & appropriateness, is not an easy task. We might just as well try to defuse the anger of a bull by scolding it.

But remember, we know something that changes the whole perspective of this apparent confrontation between ourselves & our emotions. We know that WE CREATE OUR OWN EMOTIONS.

So the question is no longer: 'Why does this particular confusion make me feel so bad?'  
It becomes: 'Why do I make myself feel so bad ~~about~~ in relation to this particular confusion?'

Now although we certainly do create our own emotions, we don't of course do it on the basis of a free & conscious choice. (I know there are times when we do do that, when we



quite deliberately generate an emotion in ourselves for the purpose of tackling a particular situation. But that's not the case when it comes to the anguish of a deeply felt confusion). The choice is unconscious & spontaneous.

The question is what makes us choose?

Well, the ~~idea~~ mind is a very complex piece of electronic machinery. Everything that we observe through any of our five senses, registers within the mind. And at the same time as it registers, an instruction is passed to the part of us which creates emotional reactions. This instruction is based on that long & complex series of survival ~~instinct~~ agreements ~~or sensitivities~~ which we talked about in B5 40. And, of course, by now, ~~we~~ because of the tortuous line of associations which we discussed in that context, many of them are anti-survival agreements.

Whatever the precise agreement may be that ~~we~~ prompts us to create a sense of anguish in



relation to a specific area of confusion, one thing is certain; the agreement involves the reality of a very severe threat to our survival. It tells us that the confusion & the various elements which constitute the confusion represent a disaster or a potential disaster of colossal proportions. A really major failure has or is about to come upon us.

All right, now the question is how to deal with this agreement & our consequent choice to feel intense pain.

The first thing is to recognize that the object is to resolve or eliminate the confusion — or at least to relegate it to insignificance.

The second thing is to recognize that in order to any one of these, we must reduce the intensity of pain. Because as long as our attention is fixated on the pain which the confusion is supposedly causing us, we have no clarity of vision, no understanding, & no awareness.

The third <sup>step</sup> move is to set about reducing the pain. Now this pain is purely <sup>an</sup> survival. So we



could switch levels of identification (BS 39, Step ~~two~~<sup>three</sup>).  
But when the pain is really intense, step four is  
the only truly effective method.

We know intellectually that we  
create our own emotions. We must convince ourselves  
emotionally. So we tell ourselves over & over again:  
'I create my own emotions'; or 'I control my own  
experience of pain'; we can even try: 'I create my  
own confusion'. This won't necessarily ~~do~~ resolve  
the confusion, but it will undermine the sense  
of being victimised by the confusion, as though it  
were something inflicted on us as opposed to  
created by us.

Convincing ourselves of the internal  
rather than external source of the pain - or the  
confusion itself - is a sure way of reducing that  
pain to nothing or almost nothing. Then the next  
move is to examine the nature of the confusion  
itself.

This is initially difficult ~~to~~ due to  
the very fact of it being a confusion. It's very



nature is in clarity. So don't at one try to separate out the various components. This is very often the smart way of falling straight back into the trap, & almost immediately reactivating the pain.

No, look at the whole area of the confusion. Accept it as a confusion. See it's totally confused & ~~inherent~~ irresolvable nature. Live with it. Don't even try to sort it out. It will only become worse.

Confusion is not a fact, but a response to a number of facts. So whatever you do with the facts, the confusion remains. You don't eliminate the confusion by putting the facts in a different order, or relating them in a different way. You only eliminate it by responding to them in a different way. All that has to change is your emotion.



The Luciferian Christian pattern; a potential for a combination of love & wisdom, but at its negative end a manifestation of ~~weak & futile, or victimish ineffectuality,~~ weak & unreal fertility coupled with confused & victimish ineffectuality. A quietly powerful pattern with an equal potential for self-destruction & self-creation.

And remember, the positive end of the pattern may either be predominantly ~~Luciferian~~ Luciferian or predominantly Christian, & whichever it is the negative end is the opposite.



## EPilogue

You've read about the individual patterns, & of course you instinctively - or quite rationally - looked for your own characteristics there. And you ~~find~~ found something that fitted you no doubt in all four sections. But if your perception was good you noticed a predominance in one of the four. And let me repeat it's predominance that we will find in people not totality. And if you were being really perceptive you saw a predominance in one of the first two - the Jehovahian & the Luciferian patterns, & a predominance in one of the second two - the Satanian & Christian patterns.

Then you went on to the pattern combinations. And hopefully the picture became clearer & you saw yourself more clearly in one of them than any of the other three. But perhaps one point you could never quite decide. You were quite sure whether you were Christian or Satanian, & if you were Satanian you may even have been satisfied about whether you were predominantly Suerp



or Goat or an equal balance of the two.  
But perhaps you became a little confused  
about which mind pattern you really were.  
Sometimes you thought you were Jehovian  
or then at others you thought you might be  
Luciferian.

Well, the final decision is quite  
simple. If the difficulty is that as a general  
rule you are definitely Jehovian, but when  
things get really tough or someone comes very  
close to you you seem to become Luciferian,  
then you are Jehovian, but when the image is  
~~too~~ pierced by intense contact, either positive  
or negative, the Luciferian core manifests  
itself. And of course it's the same the other  
way around. Get close to a JC or a JS,  
& he begins to come across like an LC or  
an LS; & make intimate contact with an  
LC or an LS, & he begins to behave like  
a JC or a JS. And you will find severe  
threat at close quarters has the same effect.  
The image crumbles & the core emerges.

This inversion accounts for  
the fact that we are not the same people



at very close quarters or in a particularly tight spot as we are in 'normal' circumstances. Our intention pattern remains the same — Satanic or Christian. — ~~not~~ but our personalities change & become the opposite.

But bearing that in mind, & now that you have covered the spectrum, go back to the beginning & start again. And this time, if you really want to know what you are, underline each characteristic that you manifest, as you go through. Or better still ask someone who knows you to do it for you & you do the same for him. (We always manage to see ~~our~~ others much more clearly than we see ourselves). Then see how much you agree with his assessment — & also how much it hurts or flatters you!

The final refinement is to see whether your mind pattern is predominantly on the positive side & your ex-mind pattern predominantly on the negative side, or vice versa.



If you can assess, or have that assessed, with accuracy — & believe it, then you will know which of the 8 possible combinations, VC, CV, JS, SJ, LS, SL, LC or CL, is you.

Then read <sup>about</sup> your own individual patterns & your combination pattern over again, & learn more & more & more & more about yourself, which is always a highly rewarding — if sometimes embarrassing — activity.

But there's more to the God patterns than simply knowing yourself — although that is the essential first step. You can know about other people; the people close to you for example. If you have enough clues to ~~get~~ assess accurately their pattern combination, you can then read ~~that~~ about that combination & its individual parts, & learn all about them. ~~That~~ That will help you to relate



to them. It will help you to understand them,  
to satisfy them, to avoid antagonizing them,  
to bring out the best in them, or whatever <sup>it is</sup> you  
want to do.

Life is relating to other people.  
If we don't know what it is we are relating to, we  
are groping in the dark & there is a majority  
chance of antagonizing, alienating, hurting,  
damaging - & failing by our own standards.  
But if we know what it is we are relating  
to, if we understand it, that is "white news  
game", which promises a far far greater  
chance of success. And if at the same time we  
know & understand our own propensities &  
characteristics, ~~and~~ that further increases the  
odds in our favor.

And one last repeat. Don't expect  
carbon copies. Just as every Aries is different  
from every other Aries & every Capricorn is  
different from every other Capricorn, so every  
LE is different from every other LE, & every  
LC is different from every other LC & so on.



~~But~~ There are major common factors. The basics are the same, the overall patterns are the same. But everyone has his <sup>own</sup> personal, & individual idiosyncrasies. Look for basics, look for predominances, look for overall effects. Those will be the clues & the confirmations that reveal the patterns. And don't be misled by the details.

And finally, don't struggle with it; enjoy it. Like all truly beneficial activities, it's fun. But if you have to struggle with it, that already gives you a vital clue to at least one side of your own pattern. ‡ So at least enjoy that particular irony!



that nothing can be wholly unaware of it;  
 Christian knowledge illuminated by Luciferian  
 light. And just as the  $\text{JS}$  positive  $\text{JS}$  force  
 is irresistible, the positive  $\text{LC}$  is inescapable.

The <sup>positive</sup>  $\text{LC}$  combination of thought  
 & intellect is not rigid any more than  
 the positive  $\text{JS}$  combination of emotion &  
 intuition is chaotic. These ~~are~~ characteristics  
 are to be found at the negative ends of  
 the patterns, where the  $\text{LC}$  ~~is~~ encloses  
 himself ~~in~~ unreachably in a cacoon  
 of irrelevant unreality, & the  $\text{JS}$  lays  
 about him ~~with~~ uncontrollably with a  
 whirlwind of destructive confusion. No, at  
 the positive end the  $\text{LC}$  combination is  
 pliable, adaptable & resilient, but at the  
 same time manifesting a basic unchanging  
 continuity, & the  $\text{JS}$  combination is  
 ordered, precise & penetrating, but at the  
 same time manifesting a basic dynamic  
 mobility.



~~And~~ At the positive end the Christian  
intention is to create unity — a real & relevant  
unity, ~~in~~ to bring together what has the capacity  
to benefit from being brought together. The Christian  
side knows & understands the significance of  
unity, the wholly positive outcome of unity.  
His intellect is founded on knowledge of <sup>the</sup> fund-  
amental unity of all things, which is God.  
And with the Luciferian power of reason to  
show the way, to light the path, to point  
realistically forward into ~~the future~~ a truly  
possible future; that intention is carried out,  
coolly, rationally & inexorably. (Inexorably is  
one of the ~~Luciferian~~ Luciferian Christian's favorite  
positive words. It expresses the relentless  
power of cold analytical logic, & denies both  
the concept of futility ~~with its concept of~~ — negative  
L — & the concept of ineffectuality — negative C.  
Inexorability is at the opposite end of the same  
scale as futile ineffectuality, & it lies at the  
very basis of faith).

But in case anyone has the  
impression that this cool rationalist is ~~not~~ identical



with the classic character who only believes in what he can touch & see, & rejects everything that doesn't fit his preconceived notions of what is rational & logical, such a person is the opposite of rational & the opposite of logical.

It is against all logic to suppose that what we ~~do not see~~ cannot see or touch does not exist, because it requires the illogical premise that we can see & touch everything that exists. And it is utterly irrational to believe that because we do not understand something it necessarily means it is not true, because that requires the premise that we have infinite powers of understanding.

~~But~~ No, the true rationalist is aware of his limitations — they are logical. Also he is conscious of the validity of emotional & intuitive reality, that they are as <sup>purposeful</sup> meaningful ~~as~~ as his own criteria.

Similarly the positive JS, ~~is~~ with who bases all his decisions on what he feels, rather than what he knows, is not identical with the classic character of an irrational bigot who follows blind



instincts regardless of the facts, & rejects everything which doesn't appeal to his emotions & ~~feel~~ confirm his prejudices. Such a person is the opposite of sensitive.

No, the truly instinctive person feels the validity of realities other than his own, & ~~the~~ also the value of reason & intellect, & the fact that they can guide a person just as effectively as his own emotion & intuition guide him, is not lost on his sensibilities.

Heat can warm as well as burn, & cold can cool as well as freeze.

The advantages of this pure pattern are obvious. The extent of the agreement has been made quite clear.

The prime disadvantage is at the negative end, needless to say, where an overall ~~and~~ unconflicted sense of weakness & helplessness prevail to ~~the~~ the extent of making the negative Luciferian Christian into



a miserable & pathetic victim unable to hold his own in the face of even the mildest threat of opposition. He may not actively set out to destroy, as <sup>doing the opposite number</sup> the negative Jehovahian Levantist, but the effect is no less destructive. He drags those around him down into his well of misery & martyrdom as effectively as if he had thrown them in from above & stamped on their heads.

The negative JS 'separates' by putting others down & him self up — temporarily because the Universal Law must have its due. The negative LC 'unifies' by putting everyone down, him self included.

But even at the positive end of the his pattern the LC, like the JS, embraces only one side of the Game. The emphasis is all on reason & logic. Emotion & intuition are alien territory. He understands them, he does not reject them, but he has no identification point with them. They are real to him only as ideas, rather than experiences.



The Luciferian Christian, even in his most positive state, needs someone — a Jehovian or a Satanist — from the other side of the Game to complement him in his function. At the negative end, shut off as he is in his own private & unreal world, such a thing is impossible. No one can make contact with him! But at the positive end, he is willing to recognize the logic of this need & accept it. And in fact the need is a blessing, because it necessitates cooperation between the two sides of the Game, & therefore it provides a focal point for unity.

## NEGATIVE DISAGREEMENTS

The negative Christian element wants to suffer & be burdened down with failure & oppression; there's ~~some~~<sup>no</sup> scope for martyrdom without that. And here the negative Luciferian element wholeheartedly disagrees. ~~For~~ A sense of futility he will abide. It gives him a good



justification for taking no action & no responsibility. But real pain, real suffering, a real sense of personal failure, this is distinctly unheroic — at any level of the pattern.

Life has to be as easy & comfortable as possible

The hero needs <sup>some</sup> sense of well being in order to be able to float ~~off~~ ~~int~~ out of contact & into unreality. One cannot be very unreal if one is suffering, & one cannot be uninvolved ~~if~~ with a situation if the situation is painful. That is involvement.

But the Christian cannot go along with this. He cannot allow himself to opt out unless the pain is so great that the situation is impossible. He cannot be ineffectual if he feels good. It means that he isn't really trying. And he cannot reconcile that with his compulsive sense of responsibility. It wouldn't be fair if <sup>relieve</sup> was able to ~~stop~~ his own suffering without being able to relieve other people's. He has to be underneath everything for his conscience to be satisfied.

So a certain amount of to-ing & fro-ing goes on in this matter. For a while



The Christian side manages to persuade the  
Sacrificer side that ~~a~~ pain is necessary if  
~~to~~ they want a good justification for helplessness.  
So they suffer for a while together, until the  
Sacrificer side ~~manages~~ manages to persuade the  
Christian side that all his pain is getting them  
absolutely nowhere, & they might just as  
well switch off & take it easy. No one is  
benefitting from their warty rdorn, & nothing is  
being achieved. So off they go into painless  
unreality until the Christian side starts to feel  
guilty & drops them back. And so it goes on.  
But the agreed upon common factor is of  
course futile ineffectuality, whether they are  
suffering or not.

And work is something else that  
they cannot agree on, for the same reasons. Work  
is necessary for the <sup>negative</sup> Christian to prove that he is  
really trying, really well-intentioned, really giving  
his all — so responsible. But work is anathema  
to the <sup>negative</sup> Sacrificer who sees no point in it, no  
future in it. He regards it as a waste of  
energy which only invites failure — & failure



he cannot abide. It's much too painful.  
So again there is a compromise of some  
work <sup>in order</sup> to salve the Christian conscience, but  
not too much <sup>in order</sup> to spare the Quakerian  
the rigors of faith & reality.

But on the basic aims, futile  
ineffectuality, there is agreement, so  
compromise on the means of achieving it  
is not too hard. Like the Jewish  
Saboteur, the Quakerian Christian is  
far more in conflict with his terrible  
oppressive environment & the cruel & brutal  
people he has to put up with than he is  
within himself.